

GJW Small Team Co-Op Fiction

Battlelord Etah Deimos Kilij-Bloodfyre | [Dossier 8075](#)

Battlelord Hades | [Dossier 8596](#)

Warlord Ciara Tearnan Rothwell Tarentae | [Dossier 359](#)

[[Google Doc](#) | *Snapshots linked in Dossier Nos. Above, Writers Indicated By Color*]

Thillon Research Facility

Moon of Thillon

“As I said, ensure your men are on high alert. The attacks on Lyra colony and the shipyards occurred suddenly and boldly just as negotiations for potential alliances were about to begin.” The holo-transmission flickered a moment before catching up with itself. “We have reason to believe the Brotherhood has an interest in an artifact recently transported to your facility from the colony’s ruins; this must be guarded at all costs. There has already been an explosion in the ky–”

Director Evol Coupet tapped the comm console repeatedly as the sputtering audio faded to nothing, followed shortly by the entire transmission. “Explosion? Where? Commander!”

No amount of button smashing could restore the transmission or steady the wave of dread that was already beginning to churn his stomach. Evol knew precisely where the officer meant. He also knew what it meant when your comms went down on the heels of such a transmission. War was upon them.

“Terrorists,” Evol spat. His time spent as an adjutant at the Imperial Academy just before the fall of the Empire had exposed him to men and women driven to serve the Empire by everything from ambition to self-preservation. For the most part, they were harmless; some would even go on to form the Severian Principate. Then there were those who took Tarkin’s doctrine of fear to heart like some personal ideology. They were the ones who took pleasure in the subjugation of races, the destruction of worlds and the power such acts afforded them. His own Commandant had been such a man – one day, an Imperial officer, the next, the leader of a terrorist cell.

These were the ideals and men Evol had hoped had fallen with the Empire. At the very least, he had hoped the Severian Principate could offer its citizens – and his family – some semblance of peace. Instead, the Principate had brought them again to his door and asked him to make a terrible choice.

“The mines. Have we heard anything?” Evol’s voice carried to the few workers and soldiers who, having not been immediately dispatched to shore up the security at the research facility, were now working frantically to restore the comm relays.

“No, sir, w– we can’t get a word in or out.”

A frown creased the director’s lips as he studied the same in his officer’s brow. Evol was not the only one who had family working in or living near the kyber mines.

“Go to them.” Evol had drawn closer to utter the words quietly, but whatever discretion he’d intended went out the door faster than his scrambling officer. He knew his decision would not be sanctioned by his superiors, but protocol took a back seat in moments that could well be the last moments for him or any under his charge. One communications officer would not likely turn the tide of the events to come, but one father might turn the tide for his family.

“Sir? The artifact?”

The voice of his security personnel brought Evol’s focus back to the task at hand. He knew what artifact the Brotherhood likely had an interest in – the one they’d helped discover in the temple ruins on the good will and naivety of the Principate. They had not been happy about its removal, and they were coming to retrieve it for themselves. He was the facility’s director. It was up to him to safeguard the artifacts and the men and women who served within.

“Bring a crystal and meet me in the lab,” Evol spoke quickly as he secured his blaster to his belt, collected his datapad and made his way out ahead of the officer. “Make haste!”

Kyber mine medbays
Moon of Thillon
Temnos Excavations Co.

“I’m okay. We’re okay!” Ilaria Coupet gently tugged her husband’s worrying fingers away from her dust-smudged cheeks and held his hands firmly in hers. “We weren’t near the explosions. I’d hoped we could be of help here to those who were.”

Evol held the cerulean gaze that shone with the compassion he so admired in his wife for several slow, steadying breaths. Her heart was surely truer and braver than his – but he could not bear to lose it.

“No. No, you can't stay here. These people, they'll stop at nothing to –” Evol caught himself in mid-sentence as he caught the gaze of his young son. “I want you to go to the shelter. Do you remember how to get there?”

“You're not coming with us?” The timid question came from below.

Releasing the hands of his wife, Evol crouched before his son and drew a small object from his belt. “I have to make sure everyone at the research facility is safe. Do you know what you have to do?”

Caius shook his head.

“You have to make sure that your mom stays safe.” Evol watched Caius' eyes widen as he pressed the crystal into his tiny hand. “This will help protect you both. But you can't lose it, and you can't tell anyone about it. Do you understand?”

Evol kissed his son's nodding head as he stood back to his feet and embraced his wife, lowering his voice next to her ear. “The crystal, it's important. If I don't –”

Ilaria pressed her fingers to his lips.

“You will come back. Go, quickly.”

Far Approach Moon of Thillon

“Okay, how do we do this?” Ciara frowned as she played with the controls for the game table in front of her. Etah nodded, agreeing with the young Warlord. “I mean, their comm's systems are down. The friggen towers were destroyed. Even if we managed to catch the Collective doing the Force knows what to the Principate forces, it doesn't matter if we can't get that info out.” Hades could tell his newly returned old friend was frustrated. The Battlelord leaned up against the corridor of his ship. It was Battlelord Etah's apprentice, or wait, friend? Concubine? Slave? *Whatever*. It was a young Sephi woman who piped up.

“You have a backup comm unit on this rust bucket, don't you?” She asked Hades. He thought for a moment, then nodded. “Yeah, it's in the back. Why?” The young woman stood and began to pace.

“If you guys can set that up nearby on the moon, I can walk Ciara, or one of you, through setting it up so I can slice into the holofeeds of the security feeds of the Principate. Then, after you're dropped off, James and I can take this tub up to high orbit and relay a transmission to the Principate Command!” The young woman

slammed her fist into her other hand. The three former Tarenti looked at each other and nodded.

“Well, damn. That seems to fly,” Hades said. Etah stood to his full height and looked to Phobia.

“Make arrangements.”

A few minutes later, the unassuming YT-1300 slowed its approach to Lyra, holding a very high orbit of the local gravity well. The pilot, his robed figure looking over his right shoulder, nodded to the younger woman behind him.

“OK. We’re ready,” she said, yelling down the connecting hallway. The computer terminal by the gun ladder was occupied by the young female Sephi who was already working her magic. The man standing over her shoulder stood in absolute silence. His gaze fell intensely upon the console. His apprentice could feel his anticipation. She could also feel his disapproval only an instant away if she failed. Disapproval she did not want. Disapproval brought anger. Anger brought pain. After several minutes, she let out a breath and nodded back to her Master.

“It is done. Once you are on the planet, set up the remote holorepeater. I’ll maintain high orbit, and we can transmit any security holo that the locals have.” The man standing over her nodded. That was about as much praise as one could hope for, really. He turned and walked to the cockpit. There, in the pilot’s seat, was his old friend, Hades. In the co-pilot’s seat was his pilot droid, James. Behind the droid was another former Tarenti, Ciara Tarentae.

“We’re a go,” said the man, whom Hades jokingly referred to as a “big ball of murder.”

“OK. Making our descent,” Hades said as he engaged the controls.

“Alright. We will be on the planet in 20 minutes. Have your crap ready to go,” Ciara told everyone and no one. She stood to leave, but turned around toward Hades.

“Is this going to work?” She asked flatly.

He turned to meet her gaze and nodded. “All of the comm towers and backups have been destroyed by the Collective. They are massing around the colony, but haven’t attacked. If we can get in before they do, we’ll be in a prime position. Not to mention they won’t be worried about holo feeds because, again, everything is down.”

The younger woman nodded and left the cockpit. Hades turned around and, sure enough, twenty minutes later they made a quick touchdown and unloaded. The

pilot droid quickly ascended into a high orbit of the planet. The young Sephi woman, Phobia, remained at her terminal.

Thillon Research Facility **Moon of Thillon**

Director Coupet looked up at the cameras. Sweat poured from his forehead and dropped down to his face. He'd made it back just in time. The flashing lights and blaring sirens invaded his sight and hearing, driving home the singular fact that his nightmare had become a reality. The Brotherhood had invaded the facility; they were coming and he knew in his heart of hearts that he would die here.

"How had we been so short sighted?" he asked himself for the millionth time that day. It was maddening how the pacifistic Principate decided to deal with demons, with no thought to the consequences, despite all of the warnings the Collective had given them. Evol Coupet imagined the Brotherhood as a great beast and the Principate as a young child petting the beast and not expecting to be eaten.

It was clear the Collective wasn't exactly who they claimed to be, either, but better to deal with your average run-of-the-mill criminals with delusions of grandeur than the spawn of the rotten inner core of everything that was wrong with the Empire. The idea of Vader given flesh and multiplied a thousandfold gave him chills. It was folly and it would be the downfall of their great experiment in evolving the highest ideals of the Empire.

The Director's ruminating was broken as a hatch exploded off its hinges and through it stepped the very monsters he had feared. The leading figure wore a shredded cloak and a skull for a mask. The visage was immediately terrifying. Though in a state of shock, the director had come to expect his death, so he allowed himself one last facetious thought. The Director silently mused to himself that though he knew he would die today, he didn't know that death itself would literally come for him.

Several beings slipped through the hatch, one right after the other. His various aides and office personnel were efficiently cornered, rounded up and separated. The Director fleetingly compared the efficiency of the group's moments with that of his last Commandant at the Imperial Academy of Coruscant as the Empire fell. But those thoughts were broken as the Grim Reaper approached him.

"Ah, Doctor Evol, we meet again," Etah said in a throaty voice that one might mistake for a Darth Vader impression. Etah looked the director in the eyes as he removed his helmet. The director's eyes started to bulge with silent memory.

Evol immediately recognized his old commandant. Not just his appearance, but his countenance. Of course this soldier turned terrorist went on to become a scary thing of legend. No part of the Imperial Werewolf becoming a demon surprised him. But he did realize that if Etah wanted him dead, he wouldn't have taken off his helmet.

"It's been awhile," Evol replied with historically awkward small talk.

"I hate to get to the point, but we don't exactly have time for chitchat," Etah continued with an amused tone, fully knowing that his former subordinate hated and distrusted him. "We're not here for the crystal, we're here because the Collective is after the crystal."

The director tried to wrap his head around the lies he knew he must be being told but a frightening revelation came to him. The relic was in the possession of his son, what if the Collective knew somehow? What if they hurt his son to get it?

"Where is the relic?" Etah asked.

"My son has the real one," the Director could hear himself saying. Adrenaline spiked up the spine of the director as he realized both what he just revealed and that such a man had the kind of power that could compel him to reveal truths.

"Your son is in grave danger. The Collective wants that relic and they will stop at nothing to get it," Etah informed his former co-worker. "So the one you have is a fake?"

"Yes," was Evol's only reply.

"Give me the fake. We'll try to lead the Collective away from the real relic." Etah commanded the man. He did not use his mind trick this time, but he might as well have. The man silently handed the armored Battlelord a crystal that Etah well knew to be useless.

Etah turned and handed the crystal to his companion, Hades, who then took off running in the other direction. The small army that had invaded the office and occupied it, then began to follow Hades out of the building.

"You can't see it, because the Collective has slowly isolated this facility from surrounding holo networks, but the Collective is closing in on this facility. You may think us evil, but tonight we have saved your life and very likely the life of your son," Etah said poignantly as he began to follow his compatriots out of the door as the monitors in the office lit up with the image of Collective Huntresses engaging the group of Dark Jedi who had just left this room, proving that what he said was true.

Coupet family shelter
Moon of Thillon

“Mother?”

Caius rubbed a pudgy hand against his eye as he woke from his sleep to the sound of a small commotion outside his makeshift bedroom. He reached instinctively to ensure the crystal his father had entrusted to him was still safely in his pocket as he slid off the bed and crept toward the door.

It opened before he could reach it. He held his breath.

“Caius!”

His held breath was released as he rushed to embrace the legs of his mother.

She smiled, but drew back and knelt down before him.

“Caius, I don’t want you to be alarmed, but dangerous women are outside - they say they’re huntresses from the Collective.” A hand brushed through his downy hair as she spoke. “I need you to give me the crystal so I can make sure it stays safe.”

He hesitated, but complied, reaching into his pocket to deposit the precious artifact in the woman’s outstretched hand.

“Good boy. Now, stay here and lock the door. Don’t let anyone but your father inside.”

Ciara smiled as the door locked behind her. The research director truly loved his family – it’s what had made it so easy to learn their location, names and all the detail she needed to secure the genuine artifact. Pity she had to kill the wife. Lovely lady.