

[Objective 1] GJW 13 Phase II Multiobjective-prompt Fiction

By 4856 Macron Goura Sadow

Snapshot: <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/4856/snapshots/1711/3242>

Clan Naga Sadow Assault Transport Lyra K Alpha System

“Sir, our ships are taking a heavy beating from the 5th fleet elements,” stated the Zabrak Sergeant seated in the cockpit chair.

“I’m well aware of that Sergeant Chok,” commented the armored man sitting behind him. “Your job is to get me onto that ship. Then I will complete my mission.” The Sith checked his weaponry and the Inquisitorius datapad he held. His mismatched eyes re-read the instructions.

“Grand Inquisitor. We have uncovered a plot to assassinate leaders of the Clans along with mutinous elements of the Principate 5th fleet attacking our forces. While others will guard the assassination targets, we will need high-level captives for bargaining power. Your mission is to invade VSD Oneraria and capture Captain Crimson. As well you are to disrupt their operations and kill as many of their command staff as possible.”

“Understood sir.” The Zabrak manipulated the controls of the shuttle with a practiced hand. Around them blasterfire flew by as the Brotherhood and Principate mutineers exchanged fire. “Landing on the hull in 5.” X-wing fighters from Clan Naga Sadow swept by, clearing the path of the TIE fighters that the mutineers had deployed. One blew apart as an enemy TIE blasted it.

The Adept frowned and said nothing. The pilot had surely died in the line of duty. It was an honorable death. Macron reached up and triggered his helm to lock into place. As the gases puffed out to seal it the Sith stood. His voice echoed from the vocoder within the helm as he addressed the droid standing behind him. “HK 22, prepare yourself for EVA operations.”

“Yes master. I am ready to terminate multiple meatbags.” The droid raised a heavy repeating blaster. “Droids are superior and do not need atmosphere to operate.” The assault ship bucked as it landed on the hull of the Star Destroyer with a clank.

“Your astute grasp of the obvious astounds me as usual boltbrain.” The madman handed a thermal detonator to the droid. “Toss this through the hole that I’m going to cut. Let’s go.” The Sith and the droid stepped into the exit tube and sealed it behind them. As the door cycled open, they stepped forward into the cold of space and onto the hull of the Star Destroyer. Macron ignited an orange lightsaber and began carving his way into a hatchplate.

Above them fighters and capital ships continued to duel. The blasts and explosions would have been beautiful if the Alchemist had time to watch them. His attention instead remained focused on the task at hand. After a minute he had a sizeable hole cut. The Sadow reached out and focused his hatred on the metal slab, yanking it out into space with the power of the Dark Side.

Gases blew out and the HK droid threw the detonator in. “Mangling of organics in 3, 2, 1...” **KROOM** “Organics mangled master.” Both figures stomped forward into the now-open hole.

“Droid, sometimes I wonder why I am cursed with you,” commented the Sith dryly. As a hatch-seal slammed shut behind them shouts could be heard in the corridor. The droid wasted no time and opened up with a barrage of repeating blaster fire. “Then again, you are pretty good at murderous mayhem.”

“Thank you Master,” replied the droid in a cheery voice. “Nothing makes me happier than terminating meatbags!” HK-22 stopped firing and changed an eclip in the blaster. “Reloading!”

“I can see that you’re reloading moron! I don’t need the running commentary...” Shots began to arc in from down the hall, bolts of green and red blaster fire that peppered the area around them both. “Ah. Our hosts have finally come to greet us. Excellent.”

The Sith held his tangerine blade up and channeled the Force within his body. Then the Juggernaut moved ahead, directly into the line of fire. “Cover me 22.” Behind him the droid took partial cover behind a corner of the corridor wall and began to deliberately target each of the attackers.

Macron continued forward, deflecting blaster shots. The few that made it though splashed off his armor, shield pack, or armorweave cloak. Once the madman was within close range the carnage began in earnest. The lightsaber clove limbs from bodies,

crushgaunt-clad fists cracked bones, and burst of electrical power fried the two that tried to run.

One trooper lay on the ground grasping a comlink. A shot from HK 22 had caught him in the leg. "Mayday! We're under heavy attack! Send reinforcements! We..." He gurgled as Macron stomped his throat in with an armored boot. The Sith picked up the comlink. "Oh yes, **do** send more please! I can't wait to have more **fun**! Bwahaha!"

"Who is this! This is a secure line..." The Sith crushed the comlink with his armored hand. "Get yourself ready 22. Stack those bodies to form a barricade. Nothing like a stack of your friend's corpses to unnerve the weak-willed. They will surely send their best. Hopefully my target will be among them."

It did not take long for the cavalry to arrive. Leading in the front was a crimson and black armor-clad young woman carrying a blaster rifle. "Okay, move out! You two, surrender and we won't kill you!" Her eyes widened a bit as she saw the stack of trooper bodies. "Frell!"

"Surprise!" Macron stood up from behind the stack of bodies and threw his lightsaber with wicked speed. The glowing orange buzzsaw split the front three troopers in half as the rest opened fire. The Sith raised his left hand and erected a barrier of power as his right fist caught the lightsaber arcing back to him. The telekinetic barrier shattered just as HK 22 stood up and opened fire from beside him.

While the droid fired his repeater and was shot in turn, Macron ducked behind the stack of corpses. Blaster shots were hitting them and spraying giblets of burning flesh everywhere. The obstruction wouldn't last long.

The Sith shouted, raising one hand and directing the full flow of his anger at the stack of bodies. The entire thing blew apart and was slung forward, limbs and chunks spinning akimbo. The inside of the hall looked like a slaughterhouse as the mass of gory flesh impacted the relief force. All of them were painted red with the blood and innards of their dead comrades. Most of the troopers were knocked off their feet from the power of the invisible hammer-blow.

Captain Crimson lived up to her reputation as the droid finally dropped from a perfectly placed shot to its main processor. The madman jumped directly towards his target as she shot the droid. CC dropped her blaster and quick drew a stun baton and vibroknucklers.

Macron had no intention of doing anything stupid like dueling her hand-to-hand for sport. He had a job to do. Vibroknucklers and a stun baton were, unfortunately, no match for a lightsaber. As he split her stun baton in two with the orange blade, she punched him hard in the side with the vibroknucklers. Even with the armor it would have seriously injured most people. But not a Juggernaut. The madman's skin hardened in an instant like durasteel under the armor.

His response was a brutal Echani knee-strike that cannon-balled with the power of the Force behind it into her guts. Her armor took the brunt of the blow as it caved in her stomach plate. An elbow dropped on her head as she bent forward from the blow. The woman was a talented martial artist and managed to deflect most of the strike with an upward arm block. A straight punch from her off-hand was caught in a crushgaunt-clad fist. The servos in the glove whined as it shattered her hand into bony putty.

Her grunt of pain was immediately followed by blasts of azure electricity that arced across her body. As she dropped to the floor in convulsions the madman's hand directed the flow of hateful energy to the troopers that were now staggering to their feet. They dropped and twitched.

An armored boot kicked Captain Crimson in the head with the Force behind it, ripping loose her helmet and knocked her out cold. Macron breathed a sigh of relief under the helm. He was nearing the end of his strength and would have been unable to keep up the level of Force usage he had been displaying for much longer.

"Stupid droid." The madman holstered his now-unlit lightsaber and grabbed the droid and the woman, one in each hand and began to drag them to the hatch.

