

Pathetic. The battle before her could hardly even be called such. The Brotherhood's forces had boarded the shipyard's assembly plant right where she had thought they would. Once their soldiers received the first bloody engagement of the day, did they alter their tactics? No. No they did not. They continued to hammer at a frontal assault in a vain effort to overwhelm the Collective forces arrayed in front of them. Even with fresh troops and a few overconfident force users to bolster their ranks, the Brotherhood continued to use the same idiotic tactics the Empire was so in favor of. The large assembly area that lay below her position in the control room had scattered bits of both finished and unfinished starship parts. The walkways in between the assembly lines were perfect choke points for her defenders. Captain Crimson began to wonder if a lone Private was in charge of their entire force due to the complete lack of anything resembling an intelligent plan. She let out a sigh out of boredom. Is this all the Brotherhood had? She looked over at Lieutenant Kira, one of the company commanders. She was bringing up her company from the reserve forces.

"Lieutenant, I want you to set up a strong line of defense halfway into the plant from their breach point." The Captain ordered.

"Ma'am?" The confused Lieutenant replied, clearly wondering why they would give up so much of the plant to the enemies. Her Captain stopped what she was doing to just stare at the younger woman. Without another word, the Lieutenant nodded and carried out her Captain's orders. Crimson then stepped over to her long time communications NCO, Gunnery Sergeant Holcum. A man she has had with her for many, many years.

"Sergeant, Contact Lieutenant Pierce. Tell him to pull up two platoons on either side of their breach point. Be ready to envelop and engage on my mark." The Sgt. nodded and relayed her orders. Within just a few short minutes, both elements were in position. On her order, the Collective forces holding the breach point fell back to the secondary line of Lieutenant Kira's Company. The Brotherhood's forces, to their credit, seized the advantage as soon as it presented itself. The forces of various Brotherhood clans swarmed into the "breach". The battle cries of the soon to be dead enemy echoed off the walls of the assembly room. Once the Brotherhood's forces had fully entered the plant, Lt. Pierce's two heavy weapons platoons moved in behind them and began to pour heavy fire into the rear of the enemy's forces from heavy repeating blasters to E-Web crew-serviced weapon batteries. The cries of enthusiasm soon turned into cries of pain and fear. The Brotherhood's forces numbered near three hundred troops with maybe 20 force users scattered among them. The heavy weapons tore through life and limb, caring not for what it hit. While the force users were holding their own, the line troops were not. Within just a minute their number had been cut in half. More than a hundred lay dead or dying on the dirty, unkempt floor of the assembly plant. Screams continue to reverberate of the steel around them. A few cries for their mothers sprinkled in between.

"I'm going down." The Captain said as she placed her helmet on her head. She turned and walked to the lift at the rear of the control room. She was at the floor of the plant in mere moments. Master Sergeant Zim saluted when she approached. She nodded to the Sgt.

"Status report." Was all she said.

"Ma'am, the Brotherhood forces are in bad shape. We now count them to be less than 100 and falling fast. Their Force users are starting to fall as well, and several of them attempted to break containment but failed." informed the MSgt.

"Okay. Let's mop this up. Close the noose." Crimson ordered.

"Yes, Ma-.." The concussive blast emanating from behind the Master Sergeant tore him apart as it threw him into Captain Crimson. She landed on her back facing up at the ceiling as the wind was completely knocked out of her. She began gasping for breath but as she did so she saw figures on the ceilings. A purple light was falling towards her. It was a man. A man holding a purple lightsaber in his left hand and another weapon in his right. At that moment the pain in her chest and her right arm was intense as it was immediate. The Captain cried out as she began to move, her right arm hanging limp. Her shooting arm. She rolled away just before her attacker landed, the bloody parts of the Master Sergeant slid off her heavy armor, steaking it with blood and gore.

The purple lightsaber worked fast, joined by several others that were red. Her command structure lay in cauterized pieces all around their command post. Crimson grabbed her DC-17 blaster pistol with her left hand and began to fire at the closest force user, striking him in the leg before the blaster was ripped from her hand by the enemy with the purple blade. He tossed it to the side. His blade made a quick strike that sent her left hand tumbling to the floor without her arm. She cried out as the man was quickly on top of her. He unsealed her helmet and pulled it off. She looked into his blue eyes with her own. She did not see the rage she knew her eyes were displaying. Instead, all she saw was contentment. Like a feline that had caught their prey. She would never let her face show the fear that began as a small kernel inside of her and was now growing. The man reached down and grabbed Crimson's hand and looked at it before tapping her on the head with it.

"You are a hard person to kill, Captain. My compliments." He stood then pulled her to feet. The pain was searing but she refused to let another sound escape her lips. She looked around at her dead soldiers. Soldiers she had trained, soldiers she had molded. She cared for each and every one of them. The worst part was that this evil maniac probably knew that fact and was using it against her.

He held the Captain in place as a few of the others stripped her armor off of her. She was soon only wearing light clothing she usually wore under her armor, however blood stained it was. She could still feel the slug in her right shoulder joint, each movement accompanied by sharp pain.

“We studied you a long time, Captain. Your tactics. How you like to deploy your troops. How you take care of your people. It’s really quite telling of how good a leader you really are.” The man paused and smiled at her. He then gazed out at the additional troops pouring in from the ceiling of the plant. The Brotherhood’s forces had already silenced the heavy weapons that were so very deadly just minutes earlier. He looked back at her.

“But one thing kinda piqued my interest. And that was you seemed to become bored rather easily. That was interesting to me. That told me that if your plan was working and the situation was not as exciting as it should be, you would adjust your plan to have this big dramatic finish. Just like you did today. It also helped that you liked to get your hands dirty, which is admirable.” He walked over to her and looked into her eyes. Battlelord Hades could see her eyes become just a little less rage-filled. A little less angry and a little more scared. The former Tarenti stepped back from his captive. He looked over at his friend, Battlelord Pel Tarentae, the one with a few blaster shots in the leg. Pel frowned as a medic tended to them. Hades then smirked and was met with an offensive gesture. Hades then turned his full attention back to Captain Crimson. He drew himself to his full height and locked eyes with her.

“Do you know who I am?” He asked her. She spit at him. She nodded his head and pursed his lips.

“I didn’t believe you would. I am no one important. But I was someone who you apparently wanted to wipe away from this universe just for existing.” He said as the venom began to creep back into his voice. “I had no choice in this! I was born with a connection to the Force! And for that reason alone you have decided I am not worthy enough to live? That if I had a family and children that they would be a threat to you and must be eliminated?” The Sith’s hand clenched as his voice grew louder, almost shouting.

“Who are you to decide if an entire portion of the galaxy is not worthy of life? You are no one! You are nothing, just like me...” The hatred was dripping from his voice as lightning began to dance around his hands. The Captain spit blood off to the side and lifted her chin.

“It’s okay, Sith. We are just trying to make you one with the Force. Isn’t that what you people wanted?” Her laugh was short lived as Force Lightning surrounded and penetrated her body. Her screams were as loud as they were involuntary. The lightning lasted for several seconds before it withdrew. She slumped to the floor, crying out as it caused her right arm to move. She glared at the man standing above her. He nodded to someone off to her left. Soon, Sergeant Holcum was standing beside him. Crimson’s eyes went wide. The Sergeant’s hands were bound behind him.

“Ah. Gunnery Sergeant Holcum. You’ve been with the Captain here for quite a while, correct?”
Asked Hades.

“Eat a bag of..OOoff!” A swift punch to the gut from Hades ended that.

“Now, now. That’s no way to be. Poor Gunny.” Hades grabbed a viroblade from one of the other Sith. With his left hand he pulled the Gunny’s hair back, exposing the man’s throat. He held the blade next to it.

“NO! Leave him be! It’s me you want!” Shouted Crimson. Hades smiled.

“Oh, but Captain. I want you all.” He held his smile as he moved the blade to the man’s stomach and sliced it open. The gunny’s innards spilled onto the floor as the man went to his knees, screaming. The Captain cried out and moved towards her friend. He slumped over onto his side and the blood continued to pour out of the opening in his stomach. The Captain cried out again, begging for Holcum to look at her but it was of no use. Soon his eyes rolled back into his head and he was no more. The Captain’s eyes were full of rage once again. He pulled her up to her feet again and grabbed her by the hair like he had Holcum. He turned her to look out at her fallen men and women whom even now were being impaled by lightsabers to make sure they were dead.

“You monsters! You deserve to die!” Screamed Crimson. Hades turned her head to face his. Their faces were no more than a few inches from one another.

“Your Collective took my home away from me. My friends. My family. We did nothing to you. Now... Now I take you away from the Collective. I will take you all from your precious leader until he stands alone. Then he will die. Just like you.” Before she could retort he kisses her as a last act of hatred, knowing that will be the last thing she feels in this existence. He spins her away from him and slides the viroblade across her throat. The Captain tries to scream but is unable. Hades carries the blade through the rest of her neck, severing her head from her body. He then holds it up in front of his forces, who all cheer with raised sabers and weapons.

Crimson blinks as his head is raised up higher than what should be possible. As the darkness begins to erase her vision she screams inside her own mind. Finally, nothingness consumes her.

Snapshot: <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/8596/snapshots/1879/3560>