**Shar’s Helmet**

**By 15036 Major Xuner Holst and**

**4856 Adept Macron Sadow**

**Links:** <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/competitions/15386>

Xuner Snapshot: <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/15036/snapshots/2108/3925>  
  
Macron Snapshot: <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/4856/snapshots/1711/3905>

**Colour:** Black (Xuner), Red (Macron)

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Story:

**Date:** 37 ABY

**Location:** Orian (System), Aeotheran (Planet), Sang Karash (Region), Pandaemonium (Location)

With a nod given towards Xuner, Macron remained behind cover while he concentrated his thoughts. Five Human security personnel that sided with the Collective were standing on the other end of the corridor. Blaster fire from two of them had pinned the two Sadowans in a corridor as the other three, armed with riot batons and riot shields, marched towards them. With synchronized precision, both the Madman and the Loyalist sprung from cover.

With a slight grunt, the Son of Sadow spun his body, using both his hands and the momentum, Macron had willed a large amount of Force energy towards the three enemies closest to them. As the Aedile heard the sound of bones breaking under the pressure, he acted. As the three armed with batons died under the overwhelming pressure, the two at the far end pointed their blasters towards the now exposed Alchemist. This gave the Major the opportunity to strike.

With rapid secession, he centered his A280 Blaster Rifle upon his targets. As the enemies’ bolts impacted harmlessly against the Elder’s personal shields, Xuner returned fire. The two dropped with one having a blaster wounds seared over his heart and the other with a hole burnt through his sternum, having separated his spinal column. As the two began walking down the hallway, Macron released his grip. The two continued passed the three bodies, but Xuner not wanting to take any chances, unsheathed his knife. With quick, yet brutal thrusts, he slid his knife into all five Collective sympathizers, cutting deep into the base of the skull.  
  
With a smile from the Madman, the pair moved on. The two made easy work of the security personnel, mostly from Macron’s strength in the Force and Xuner’s exceptional skill with a blaster rifle. The most trouble for them came as they neared the main security hub. There they would have the information needed to track the HVT’s and the cargo.

The Elder reached out to gauge the number of occupants in the room.

"Five. Eight. Nine total."

"Nine. Got it," Xuner responded softly as he primed his blaster pistol.

The Sadow Force user pulled out his lightsaber, igniting its blade pointed towards the durasteel door. The crimson blade pierced into the door, burning its way into the lock. With a combination of raw strength, amplified by the Force, Macron broke the once locked durasteel door as Xuner fired at the sliders. With the door dislodged, Macron shoved the door into the room. This act stunned the nine individuals as the durasteel slab went from one side to the other side with such speed and force.

Using the same technique as they did in the beginning, the pair spun into the room with Macron using the Force to shove two into the console board with one hand. Using his other hand, another two were lifted into the air each gasping for breath. Xuner’s training kicked in as he spun into a crouching position, firing off a quick succession of blaster bolts, easily killing two in this position. Upon their deaths, he stood up and walked fearlessly into the room. Braving an increasing amount of blaster fire, Xuner’s quick movements prevented his death as he dodged every shot that came his way.

As Xuner was dodging the barrage of blaster fire, Macron took advantage of the sympathizers ignoring the real threat. He extended his arm towards the line of workers, flinging the two he held up in the air into them. They landed into two, while two more were simply knocked off balance. As he tapped the Dark Side Macron could feel the essence of darkness that surrounded the artifact they had come for. It was nearby, perhaps even in the next room.

“Nice work with the blade earlier Major,” commented the madman. “Good of you to make sure they are dead.” The Adept grunted through his vocabulator as he streamed two crackling lines of evil blue lightning at the mass of bodies in front of him. Though he enjoyed showy usages of the Force to demoralize his enemies there was a limit to that sort of power expenditure even for an Elder. He was beginning to tire.

The Alchemist’s nonchalance was a counterpoint to the Major’s precision. Xuner’s shots were clean. He kept his breathing under control, acquired targets, and shot them quickly one by one. The Loyalist’s sharpshooting gave the madman time to catch his breath and center himself. Beside him Xuner could hear the older man’s ragged breath slow and deepen through the helm he wore.

The Sith dropped a lightsaber hilt into one hand and giggled. “Time to get up close and personal. Now, we are ON!” The Juggernaut stomped into the room and headed for the corridor beyond. The tangerine blade clove flesh with smoking cuts, and the open fist and feet smashed bones with the sounds of crackling branches. The Alchemist drove towards the back of the room and the corridor beyond while under heavy fire. “Xuner! I’m holding them off! Get the artifact! It’s in that chamber to the right!”

“I have just the thing.” Xuner knelt behind one of the crates in the room, counting on the imposing Juggernaut’s physical assault to buy him a few seconds. He slipped on a breath mask, slung his blaster rifle, drew his Blastech pistol in one hand and a Dioxis grenade in the other. He counted that the madman was generally known to have sealed armor. The Major popped up and hurled the canister at the far edge of the inner door frame. It bounced at perfect ricochet angle into the room and exploded with a loud POP.

Choking sounds ensued. Spilling from the doorway came four Collective goons, each of them grasping at their throats. Their eyes bulged as blood vessels burst in their purpling faces. Xuner dashed past them and grabbed the small durasteel casket they had been guarding. There were other items in the room. He grabbed a tapestry to wrap the box in and ran back out.

Macron stood at the far end of the room. He was beating a kneeling man to death with a severed leg that had been removed from some other hapless being in the small pile of corpses around him. “Just DIE already!” screamed the madman as his final blow broke the man’s neck. He dropped the leg casually and turned towards Xuner. The madman’s armor had several blaster burns, and his helmet was cracked. He sniffed inside his helm. “Tastes like Dioxis. Heavy buzz man. We should probably get out of here. Did you get it?”

“I did,” replied the Loyalist as they hustled back out the way they had come from. “I wrapped it in this tapestry.”

“From the look of that, it will be valuable too. It used to hang in our Headquarters. It’s one of the original banners we found of Shar Dakhan’s. It’s not a Force relic, but it has a lot of morale value for us.”

Xuner’s gaze turned to the prize. He studied the finer details of the banner, taking a few moments to admire the historical value of the cargo. After shaking his head, he refocused to the current task at hand: Exfil.

“Lord Macron, we need to get out of here.”  
  
The Elder nodded in agreement. Before the pair could leave, both had noticed what appeared to them to be a miracle. One of security agents, apparently the last man alive, was attempting to crawl away. The both loyalists turned their deathly gaze towards the Human traitor.

The officer's body reacted disturbingly. Having spent more time than he could've liked around Force users, the Collective sympathizer knew that certain feeling when a Dark Sider's frigid stare of death was upon him. This, mixed with boiling bloodlust from Xuner's hatred of traitorous men, made one point true: he was destined to die within the next few minutes.

"Do we have for him, Lord Macron?"

His wicked smile shot fear into the heart of the Collective scum.

"Next time, Xuner."

With those words, the Human male sighed with relief. This audible sound broke Xuner’s calm demeanor. His face quickly distorted with absolute seething rage, coupled with a loud snarl that surprised both the traitor and Macron. His hand instinctively reached for his blaster pistol, ripping out from it’s holster. The barrel snapped directly towards his face.

“No, wa --” The sound of a bolt tearing through the air, straight into his mouth. He gagged for a few minutes, with Xuner and Macron leaving him to die.

"Choke on that, worthless traitor," he spoke as they departed.

“Well he could have been useful for interrogation,” chuckled the madman as he looked at Xuner from the side. “But I understand how you feel. No matter. He was scum in any case.” The Adept shrugged. “I might have done the same.”

As they walked out the corridor, Xuner’s keen eyes spotted movement in the courtyard ahead. “There are several of them up there waiting on us.” He unshouldered his blaster rifle and flipped the telescopic sight up. “I’m pretty sure I can get most of them except the few right up front.”

“I see. I have enough strength left for one more trick,” replied the Alchemist. “That being said we should go ahead and signal for a pickup. I’m nearly out of tibanna, so to speak. And I’m guessing you are close to out of eclips.”

“Fair enough.” Xuner replied.”Go ahead, I’m going to get in position.” He knelt down, crept forward and squatted behind a loading crate. “I’m ready, on your mark,” whispered the Loyalist.

Macron nodded. The Sith stepped out and threw his lightsaber. The buzzing orange disc sliced cleanly through two Collective soldiers that stood at the end of the corridor. Xuner’s blaster shots nailed the two further away with neatly placed shots to the torso.

What neither of them had counted on was the self-propelled grenade that one of the more distant Collective soldiers had fired. Macron simply did not notice it in time to erect a barrier. Xuner barely had time to shout “Incoming!”

The world went white and then black as the explosion battered both men. Seconds passed before either of them moved. Xuner groaned as he got to his knees. “I’m hurt.”

“Yeah,” coughed the Adept as he rolled onto his side. “Me too. I think I’m going to need a new liver.”

“The blast got you there?” Xuner looked around slowly. “More will come I’m sure.”

“No, the alcohol did. But I’m bleeding pretty good.” Macron pulled some bacta spray from his medkit and sealed the rent in his leg. “That stings. C’mere, let me spray that rip on your face.” A whooshing sound was heard as some sort of air vehicle dove in on the courtyard. “Hell, they sent a larty. We’re karked.” Macron sat up to face the new threat.

“I don’t think so. It’s one of ours. It’s our ride,” replied the Mandalorian. “Time to go!”

THE END