

Nesolat Station
Artifact Studies Chamber 003

It was a veritable treasure trove to the Gungan Sith Lord who stalked through the rows of tables. Power radiated from the objects that covered them, surrounded by datapads, magnifiers, and cleaning implements. The fools from the reclamation society had no idea what they were abandoning here as their station burned. To Yeet Yolo it was obvious. It was raw strength and power, items that would allow the Sith to broaden their power base even further. They stepped over another body, one of the station's security forces that had a charred hole through their chest from trying to stop them.

Yeet had no need for loyalty to these weaklings, to these fools, the acquisition of further power was enough reason for the mutilated Gungan to hunt upon this station. Already Yeet was thinking through how to get most of this off the station...perhaps piling it in the nearest escape pod and launching off with it. They were more than capable of overpowering any idiots who dared to rescue or capture them, and thus gain control of a vessel to leave the Arx system with. Under the crimson helm, Yolo allowed themselves a rare smile, which turned bloodthirsty as they sensed approaching sentients.

Mesa was getting bored, thought the Gungan, his hands rising. With barely a twitch of their fingers a pair of blackened and charred hilts flew from their belt, slapping into Yeet's gloved grip. Scarlet blades snapped to life as they turned, already batting away a pair of blaster shots from near the chamber's entrance. They squinted through darkened lenses, taking stock of the enemy.

A quartet of soon to be dead men, covered head to toe in heavy armor. The Sith's smiled deepened; this could actually be amusing. They fired in concert, putting the Gungan on their back foot at their coordination. Yeet hissed in annoyance at this, even with their power and skill they only managed to stop three out of four of the shots. It left a blackened mark across one pauldron of their armor, turning them with the impact. Another volley came, this time stopping inches from the armored form, splashing against a field of Force energy. Another round of carbine fire hit the barrier, causing the Sith to growl through their helmet.

One of the troopers lowered his weapon, his fellows beginning to fire sporadically at the energy field, seeming at random spots. The one not shooting lifted his arm, a small rocket appearing along his forearm, and fired at Yeet's feet. It exploded brilliantly, and for a bare moment, the barrier held before shattering, tossing even the formidable Sith back. This also pulled Yolo out of the field of fire, and they rose back to their feet with a singular saber, held in a guard position before them. Again the carbines spat fire, which Yeet blocked or attempted to deflect back in turn, their offhand trailing behind them. Presenting only their profile, the Gungan had an easier time stopping the coordinated assault, but even so it appeared they were only buying themselves time.

The troopers began to advance, spreading around the room to attempt to gain additional lines of fire on the Sith, certain they had figured out how to end the red armored figure. One paused, barely a second as a thought passed between the AI network controlling them. It had spotted movement near the floor, among the broken glass and debris from the rocket attack. It looked like one of the artifacts almost, a twisted piece of burnt metal that sprang up from the floor when the left most trooper got too close.

Yeet was sweating under their helmet, but still amused when they activated the dropped saber. It had occurred to the Sith that they faced an enemy that seemed well trained for the executing of Force Users, and that even the few deflected shots back had done little more than scratch their armor. So it was with great precision and care that the fallen saber, igniting with a snap-hiss, speared through the trooper's abdomen. The trooper locked up, trying to continue firing even as the hilt passed through the burned hole. One of his fellows turned to try and track the weapon, firing several bolts towards it before Yeet twitched their offhand once more, the floating hilt ducking behind the wounded trooper.

The injured soldier tried to stay upright, firing again at Yeet before his knees buckled. When he hit the floor the Gungan was certain they could hear a low pitched whine coming from the body, and flung their freehand once more forward. The flying saber spun towards the next trooper much more haphazardly, causing the trooper to duck, only to realize that the weapon was traveling aimlessly. Yolo had planted themselves behind one of the study tables, one hand out and forcing out another barrier as the Force called out a warning to them.

The fallen trooper exploded, washing the room in flame before the fire suppression system kicked in. Water filled the air, snuffing the fire, and adding a cloud of smoke to the situation. Yeet grit their teeth and released the barrier, armor growing more scorched and smoking as this went on. Another warning prompted them to look down as a metal ball rolled across the floor towards the Gungan, and a dismissive flick of the wrist sent the thermal detonator back towards the troopers. A bloodthirsty grin etched itself across Yeet's scarred face as they watched the troopers stand stock still for a handful of seconds before some kind of decision was made. The trooper on the far right dove forward covered the explosive with their body and his fellows ducked behind cover.

"So invested in killing mesa that yousa ready to die? Mesa appreciates that," taunted Yeet, reaching out for their lost saber hilt. It flew up into the air, but was snatched by one of the troopers even as the thermal detonator exploded under their fellow with a muffled sound. The sacrificial trooper was atomized, and much around it was as well, though the radius was smaller than it might have been. "Yousa gonna give that back," hissed the Gungan, dropping their other saber to the floor with indifference.

It was no longer time to play with these fools, no more tactics, anger was bubbling up over the Sith's thin veneer of calm. The troopers rose as one, carbines leveling towards the unarmed Yolo. Yeet didn't wait, reaching out with both hands and clenching, causing the ends of the

blasters to crumple. With a wave, both carbines flew from the troopers' hands, who did not hesitate to reach for their next armaments or explosives. Yeet snarled through their helmet and lifted both of their fists against, pulling the troopers from the deck and slammed them into one another, once, twice, three times before throwing their arms wide and putting them into opposite walls. They brought their hands back together with a loud clap, smacking the two troopers into one another again.

"Mesa saw yousa's friend bombad explode when mesa put a hole through him," stated the Gungan, stepping up to the two dazed troopers. "Mesa wonder what else makes that happen."

A crackle power wreathed one of the Sith's hands, before leaping out to scintillate over one of the soldiers, waves of lightning licking and probing the armor. Their body writhed under the assault, and again Yeet was certain that a high pitched whine could be heard. Coiling powerful legs below them, the Sith jumped back and once more hardened the area before them with the Force, and was delighted by the explosion that followed. A secondary one followed shortly after, nearly overwhelming their barrier, as the last trooper succumbed to the injuries of being so near his fellow.

"Mesa win," Yeet stated, clenching their fist and looking around at what artifacts had survived. "Flawless victory."