

CHAPTER 1

Homefront Part I / In Opposition

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A Star Wars Story

NOTES

The following piece of fiction focuses on Vrayth Arastair Xyler, a skilled mirialan armstech and operative of Clan Taldryan who is accompanied by his former apprentice, the Nightsister Niesza. However, the story arc will kick-off when the team is joined by a new member, the young Dark Jedi Amari Vhen.

This combined fictions in this document will eventually span various competitions throughout the Dark Jedi Brotherhood as well as private work for character development. I would like to thank everyone in advance who is involved in this project either through their characters or as proofreaders.

***Disclaimer:** The following pieces of fiction may contain mild violence in both dialogue and action and may not be suited for every reader. If you continue to read, you do this on your own risk*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Vrayth Arastair Xyler (Vax); Force Disciple (mirialan male)

Niesza; Force Disciple (dathomirian female)

Rian Taldrya; Force Disciple (mirialan male)

Amari Vhen; Force Disciple (human female)

Appius Wight; Force Disciple (human male)

Sanguinius Tsucyra Entar; Force Disciple (human male)

Zentru'la; Loyalist General (twi'lek male)

Masakado; Mercenary Infiltrator (shistavanen male)

Lilina Mirin; Jedi Defender (miraluka female)

Nuy Vexus; Liberation Front Weapon Specialist (pau'an male)

Konnus Dreen; Liberation Front Weapon Specialist (falleen male)

Gwendolyn "Sparks"; Technocratic Guild Scavenger (twi'lek female)

CONTENTS

01 Homefront Part 1 - In Opposition

02 Homefront Part 2 - Against the Hive-minded

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away. . . .

Homefront Part 1 - In Opposition

Ektrosis Landing bay,

Chyron

Caelus System

6 AM Caelus time

The Landing bay reserved for the forces of House Ektrosis was a buzz of activity. Droids and personnel buzzed from ship to ship, fueling and arming them to full. The call to mobilize had come only six hours ago and by now most of the ships were already ready and their crews were only waiting for the final orders to depart. Others though were still running through their pre-flight checks...

Vrayth Arastair Xyler looked at the small screen on the inside of his gauntlet. Finally, the tank was full and he could remove the tube from the ship. One step closer to be ready he mused to himself as he twisted the handles of the tube and put it back onto the tank car before turning to the front of the ship. Coming up from under the ship's wing, he was almost run over by a woman focussing on the datapad in her rather than the direction she was moving.

"Whoa, easy lady," Vrayth said to her when she crashed into him.

"Is that what you call an apology." She yelled when her eyes picked up the letters on the side of the ship

Her gaze running down his form from head to toe before she spoke again, this time in a much softer tone. "I have been given the order to report to this ship. Can you tell me where its captain is?"

Only seconds later Niesza appeared from within the ship, a datapad in her hand. "Okay, pre-flight checks are done, once you finished fueling up we are ready to go."

"I am Vrayth Arastair Xyler, but you can call me Vax," Vrayth said to the woman. "and that is Niesza. As for the question who is the pilot, that would see to both of us. And who are you if I may ask?"

"Of course you do." The woman replied, her voice as sweet as honey. "I am Sith Knight Amari

When, your ship has been designated as my ride for the upcoming events. Though if I would have known its captain would have been such a handsome one, I surely would have come here much earlier."

Before either Vrayth or Niesza could have replied to that, the booming voice of the Ektrosian Aedile sounded through this part of the hangar, ordering them to gather around a large portable holo tank next to him.

Once everyone had gathered around him, Appius activated the tank. "A few hours ago, the Collective has staged an attack on the heart of the Brotherhood by attacking both Mattock and Nesolat Station."

Appius paused so everyone understood the gravity of what happened before continuing. "Lady Erinyes has given orders to all members of Taldryan to follow the orders of the Iron Throne and assist them in fighting back the Collective.

As Appius spoke, Niesza nudged Vrayth into the side before nodding at a group including Rian and Vodo walking past the assembled House towards the Quaestor's ship.

"For this reason, orders were given to Tarvos to meet with the Consul and Proconsul aboard Mattock Station where the Resurgence is currently docked for maintenance."

Appius took another break so the mumbling between some of the Ektrosians ceased.

"Ektrosis however, has standing order to join the forces of the Iron Legion along members of the other Clans to help repel the attack on Nesolat Station so its personnel and items of extreme value can be safely evacuated. Ektrosis, you got your orders, now let's get them. May the Force be always in your favor."

Now that the others were returning to their ships, Appius turned on his heels, as he too had been given orders to follow.

Once they were out of earshot, Niesza whispered to Vrayth. "That was Rian with Vodo, wasn't it? I haven't seen him going to the frontline since Nancora."

"Yeah, things must be really bad then."

"Bad for who?" Amari chimed in, hooking up with Vrayth. "Vax, maybe you could give me a tour of your ship once we are back while Niesza could see that my droid is taken care of."

"I am not your servant. And hands back from Vax." Niesza retorted.

"Waaaait, are you two... more than just a crew?" Amari asked, her voice full of curiosity.

"None of your business." Niesza replied, entering the Shadowcrest first."

"Well in that case, unless he had put a ring on your finger yet, the game is on." With that Amari entered the ship tentatively shaking her hips, leaving Vrayth forced to watch her show.



Hyperspace

On Route to Arx System

Two Lightminutes from Arx

The flight was uneventful, though one could have expected Amari trying to pick up more fights with Niesza, luckily the Sith left Vrayth and Niesza doing the flying for most of the time while she snooped around the small craft's interior. Eventually, it was only when the nav comp gave out the two-minute warning that Amari poked her head in between the two pilots.

"Booooring." She said, placing herself in the auxiliary station's seat, one leg casually dangling over its armrest. "Why does the flight to Arx take so long? I can't remember it taking so long when I was sent to Caelus."

"Relax, we are almost there," Vrayth said, over his shoulder. "Prepare for a rough ride, by now

the space above Arx must be blistering with opposing starships and we will jump right into it.

Vrayth pulled the lever back and the moment the blackness around Arx replaced the cerulean churn of hyperspace, the Shadowcrest was shaken by nearby anti-fighter fire from a Collective Corvette. Jerking the controls of the ship around, Vrayth guided the Shadowcrest and the flight of ekstrosian shuttles in its wake through the turmoil of space fighting around Nesolat Station.

"Receiving an encrypted message from the Shadow Academy," Niesza called from her station after she sent their ID-codes. "We are cleared to dock in hangar bay 1 near the port side prong to help with the evacuation."

"Copy that, all ships report in, we are cleared for landing in hangar bay 1 on the port side prong," Vrayth repeated their orders on the flight's channel before altering their course to come in low above Arx Major's planetary shield.

The Shadowcrest came in fast, too fast for those within the hangar closest to its shimmering containment fields. Dashing for safety they turned and watched the Tie/Reaper burst into the hangar, abruptly decelerating to a full stop once it was safe inside.

By the time, the transports boarding ramp clanged onto the metal deck of Nesolat station, a tall human clad in the traditional colors of a Jedi awaited them, hands pressed into his sides.

"Sanguinius Tsucyra Entar," The man exclaimed leading them deeper into the hangar. "I halfway doubted Taldryan would send more than just that one small attack team. Though it wouldn't matter much as you are too late, by now."

"Vrayth Arastair Xyler. I am glad we got the chance to disappoint you." Vrayth returned the greeting with a nod. "This is Niesza and Amari Vhen."

Looking around the buzzing activity in the hangar bay, the Taldryanite followed up: "What do you mean by too late, it looks like you are still in the middle of the evacuation."

"Like I said you are too late. The Collective is about to break through our defense line in hangar bay twelve. That for the Headmistress has given the order to relocate all artifacts already moved here to be moved back into the administrative section. Nesolat station will be given up."

A distant explosion shook the station followed by a wailing alarm and blinking red lights on the walls going live.

Sanguinius tapped the communicator in his ear going silent for a brief moment. "The Collective has broken the defensive line in hangar bay 12, General Zen'trula's team is relocating to hangar bay 8.

Mustering them, he continued. "By the looks of you, you are probably better off helping them hold their position for as long as possible while we continue with what we are already doing."

"On our way." Vrayth acknowledged. "Nies, Amari, let's get moving."

"Sadly there is no shortcut to hangar bay 8, you need to pass one hangar after another." Sanguinius motioned in a general direction. "You should not encounter any enemy forces but still it won't be a quick one to get there as all hangars in between have been shut down on the orders of General Zen'trula to further slow the enemy down in the case his team fails."

"Don't worry, we will make sure you have enough time to finish your job." They nodded at each other then left the Sadowan to his doings.

The Entar was right, at least in the first hangar bays they passed there were no members of the Collective to encounter. Still, it took them a considerable time to get there as the hangar bays were not only poorly lightened by emergency lights but also cramped to varying degrees with ships and crates of all varying sizes, creating a maze of sorts that slowed them down.

Arriving at the last door, the group stopped to check up for a last time before joining the fight on the other side. Touching the controls of the door, Vrayth nodded at the two women.

Just as she was working on the controls leading to hangar bay eight, something in the back of Amari's head made her turn. Though she could already hear firefights behind the blast door, something made her turn from the door and towards the far wall of the hangar. She could faintly make out the form of a door leading to a maintenance corridor. Turning from the others, she made her way to the door, putting an ear onto the cool metal.

Voices, almost unheard but she definitely heard voices from the other side of the door. She wanted to tell the others but when she turned her head to the blast door, she only saw a cone

of light from the other side shining through. Amari weighed her options, she could run after the others and leave the voices where they are or..

The Disciple visualized the door's locking mechanism in her mind while her hand flew over the scomp lock. The door slid open and Amari poked her head into the corridor. Whoever was in the corridor was already out of sight. Slipping through the door she stood there waiting and probing with both her mind and ears. Then set off in the direction leading back to hangar bay one.



Hangar bay 8 Nesolat Station

The blast door slid open and both Taldryanites dashed into the hangar bay to join Zentru'la and his team as they were fighting constant stream of Liberation Front Partisans. To their right, the General was shouting orders over the cacophony of blasterfire, directed his team while using his blaster rifle to cover another member currently using the Force to patch up a third member of the Vornskr Squadron. Vrayth instinctively dashed to his side, his indigo blade forming a defensive shield between the advancing Partisans and the Twi-lek raining death upon any of the Partisans Vrayth missed with the redirected blaster bolts. A short nod from Zentru'la confirmed his gratitude for the help.

In the meantime, Niesza used the Force to propel herself onto the back of a nearby transport shuttle and from their back to the hangar deck right behind a group of Partisans. Her emerald blade found its mark, cutting down the first two before their comrades even realized what happened. A quick eruption of her hands sent the next one flying against the shuttle. Finally, the Partisans managed to set up a line against her, forcing her to switch from the offense to the defense. As the Partisans drove her back, a dark entity emerged from the shadows, cutting down a Partisan before disappearing back into the shadows. The game repeated itself another

time but for every single Partisan the members of Taldryan fell, two more emerged from the next hangar.

Within minutes the group was forced to fall back to the blast door connecting the hangars 8 and 7 with the three Force-sensitives forming a defensive wall with their lightsabers while Zentru'la and his other ranged combatants continued to take out the advancing enemy.

"General, we need to stop their advance or we won't be able to hold this position much longer," Vrayth shouted over his shoulder.

"You are right. Masakado, get that door closed and sealed," Zentru'la ordered, "Once the door is sealed we will retreat to Hangar bay 4.

The Shistavanen cyborg immediately started to slice into the door controls and within seconds, the doors shut again, putting several inches of hardened durasteel between the Taldryanits and the Collective forces.

Lowering his blade Vrayth turned to face Zentru'la. "I fear this won't hold them off for long."

"He's right," Masakado growled seeing a reddish glow appear at the edges of the blast door. "Though I have an idea about how we could deal with them."

"Speak free."

"There is a control room in every hangar, we could lure them in and then open the hangar doors," Masakado explained, following the walkway leading to a room right under the ceiling with his index. "However there is a downside to this plan. Since we shut down all hangars on our way here, I have to reroute power to make our plan work."

"How long will that take?" The General asked.

"Maybe five minutes or more depending on the system," Masakado replied already heading for the walkway.

"Wait, where is Amari?" Vrayth said, looking around the group.

"Who or what is an Amari?" Lilina asked.

"Just an arrogant, little brat who got assigned to come with us before we left Chyron," Niesza explained.

"Nies." Vrayth remanded her, earning him an eye-roll from her. "Though I have to admit you are partially right."

"However the last time I saw her was right before we joined you in hangar bay 8 but not for as long as we fought there."

"I only felt the two of you in bay 8," Lilina said. "And there was no disturbance in the Force announcing someone dying either."

"I can use the computers in the control room to locate her." Masakado offered. "No matter where she is, I can find her."

The moment they arrived at the control room, Masakado got to work while the others arranged a defensive perimeter on the walkway. "I will open the hangar doors as soon as power is restored, better prepare for a sudden loss of atmosphere."

A controlled explosion bust a charred hole into the blast door and as the smoke vanished a lone person stepped through it. Striding with confidence, the Pau'an paced hangar bay as if he owned it with several Partisans in his wake. By the time he reached the edge of the walkway he spoke: "As much as I am delighted by seeing you flee from my troops, your deaths are inevitable."

The lights in the hangar suddenly went on, making the Pau'an pause for a brief moment. "I don't know what you are up to, but I will make you a one-time offer. Lower your weapons and surrender, and a quick death shall be granted to you."

"And I thought the Sith were arrogant," Zentru'la whispered. "Masakado, how long?"

"A few more minutes, I need to re-route several backup and safety protocols."

"I doubt that guy will talk to us for much longer," Niesza said, looking the Pau'an starting to pace forth and back his troops, numbing something unhearable.

"Doesn't matter. I got an idea." Vrayth said leaving his cover. "Whatever comes, trust me."

The Collective Partisans immediately trained their blasters at the Taldryanite. Staring into the business ends of a dozen blasters he spoke: "I would like to make you an offer myself. Grant me a fair duel. You win, we surrender. You lose, your troops will open fire on us."

"Or, I could simply forgo the duel and shoot you right away."

"But there is no honor in doing so."

"You dare to speak of being honorable?" Nuy Vexus said a hint of amusement in his voice. "I have seen what that mutants like you are capable of. Only because of the likes of you claim to be gifted with some magical powers, you assume to be the rightful leaders of the galaxy."

"Yet I am here, standing at your mercy." Vrayth countered, making a diplomatic gesture with his hands as he moved forward to the Pau'an.

"Well if you are so eager to prove yourself being different, I shall grant you the duel you've been asking for." Nuy stepped aside, letting Vrayth pass. Just as the Mirialan had passed, he unsheathed a set of Vibro-Arbir blades attacking his opponent from behind.

Vrayth rolled free from the Pau'an's first horizontal, the sharpened blade cutting the air only a split second after he was gone. Nuy pressed on, stabbing and slashing at the Dark Jedi as he brought up his indigo blade to block.

Vrayth continued to stall for time, staying ahead of the Pau'an's attacks until eventually, Nuy Vexus saw through these tactics.

"Is stalling time the new form of honorable dueling," Nuy said, backing away when a loud klaxon split the air. "And what's this all about."

"There is one thing you should know about me, I treat everyone as fair as they treat me," Vrayth said revealing a small grappling hook in his left hand when the doors of the hangar began to split behind him.

Within mere seconds, the air inside the hangar became a maelstrom, tearing everything not tied onto the ground into the open space outside Nesolat station. The Taldryanites clang onto

their covers, watching the Partisans being sucked into the void of space. Once the last of them was gone, Masakado activated the emergency containment fields.

"Well done Masakado," Zentru'la said when he entered the control room followed by the others. Vrayth came in last, just in time to hear Masakado take the spoils for his idea.

"Thank you, General. But there is something I need to tell you." the Shistavanen said. "the Headmistress has just given the order to separate the stations administrative section from the rest of it. We got twenty minutes from now."

"No way we can make it back to our ships if we need to go all the way back through the hangar bays." Lilina said.

"True to that, but there is a maintenance corridor behind this control room that runs parallel to all hangar bays, if we move now, we can make it just in time." Masakado said, mechanical fingers running over the control pad to open the door to the maintenance corridor.

Before Niesza and Vrayth could follow the group into the corridor, Masakado stopped: " forgot to tell you earlier but I managed to slice into the stations surveillance cameras while I was working the airlocks. I found your friend, she is alive." the Shistavanen hacker said.

"Right now she is in hangar bay 2 along several other individuals that don't have Brotherhood ID's." he continued.

Niesza knew what Vrayth was about to say even before the first letter went over his lips.

"Don't say it," she cut him off. "that woman has been nothing but a hindrance to us and now you want to save her?"

"She is a member of Taldryan just as you and I, we take care about each other, no matter what."

"Niesza rolled her eyes. "Fine, but if we die, I will kill the both of you."

*** This fiction continues in my submission for the following competition: [Competition: \[GJW XIV Phase I\] Fiction - Combat Writing*](#)**