

CHAPTER 2

Homefront Part II / Against the Hive-minded

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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)

Konnus Dreen; Liberation Front Weapon Specialist (falleen male)

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

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

CHAPTER 2

Homefront Part 2 - Against the Hive-minded

***The following fiction is a follow-up on the events submitted to the following competition:
[\[GJW XIV Phase I\] Fiction - In Opposition*](#)**

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 1.

Amari trailed the voices several minutes, proceeding slowly through the corridor back towards hangar bay 1. Suddenly the voices before her stopped. Wrapping herself in the Force, the Disciple pricked her ears up on them.

"I can't believe they took him here." One of them, a towering male Falleen spoke to the female Twi'lek next to him.

"Indeed," She replied, "it's time he rejoins us in our fight. Here it is, open the door."

Following the Twi'lek's order, one of the others who without hesitation drew a plasma cutter from his belt and started slicing open the door next to them. As Amari thought of it, for all the time, she had only heard the Falleen and the Twi'lek speaking. Maybe they were modified to be unable to speak though she couldn't tell as they were clad from head to toe in black armor.

Anyways, whatever they were after, if it was of interest to the Collective, and that for it was sure enough of interest for her.

As the armored guy was done cutting a hole through the door, one by one stepped through it and into one of the dimly lit hangar bays Amari and the others had passed through on their way to hangar bay 8. Following them in, she watched the Falleen guy and the Twi'lek lady as they moved through the rows of crates until one of them stopped.

"I found him." The Falleen said after a while.

Coming up next to the Falleen, the Twi'lek lady gently ran the fingers over the crate.

Ok, time to crash the party. Amari mused. Connecting her code pad to a terminal next to the door she had slipped through. Just as she was about to bring back the light in the hangar, she was hit by an electrical discharge.



Hangar bay 12

"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."

They raced after Zentru'la and his team and almost caught up with them when they came up at the junction to hangar bay 2. Looking down the corridor, Vrayth's eyes caught the ones of Zentru'la. The hulking Twi'lek nodded in understanding before continuing his way down the corridor.

Scanning the area for their missed teammate through a hole that surely wasn't there the last time,, the couple stepped into the lit hangar bay.

"Well, I didn't expect that." Niesza said, remembering the last time they trespassed the hangar bay.

Vrayth nodded grimly, while reaching for the lightsaber at his side. "There," Vrayth said, pointing into the center of the hangar where a shackled Amari lay on the ground.

Just when they reached her, a holo-transmitter sprang to life, showing the form of a female Twi'lek appeared for them.

"How predictable you are." She called out the two Taldryanites. "But sadly you are too late. We got what we came here for. Now that Nesolat Station has fallen, your pity shield generator will be the next testament to show you how deerly your Brotherhood has to be eradicated from the galaxy."

"I must correct you, Nesolat might be lost but as you can see, the Clans are already pushing back your attackers and soon it will be us striking at you united and destroy your Collective."

"If you say so." The Twi'lek let go a maniacal laughter before becoming dead serious. "Sadly you won't be able to see that happen."

"Anyways, I have other things to attend to, though I left a present for you. Too bad I can't stay to see how they will kill you." Gwendolyn "Sparks" ended the transmission with a group of four hulking black-armored cyborgs stepping out from their covers.

The hive-minded warriors advanced at the couple at once as the station was shaken heavily.

"This one didn't come from any turbolaser fire." Niesza said, steadying herself against a large container.

"Yeah, that must be the headmistress separating the prongs from the rest of the station," Vrayth replied. "We better hurry up getting out of here."

"I am all game." the female said, the emerald blade of the lightsaber in her hand instantly ablaze.

Vrayth followed suit, a deep indigo blade bursting from the hilt in his hand. Together they charged the cyborgs, who spread in perfect sync, before opening fire from their blaster rifles. Both Taldryanites stopped in their tracks, forming a defensive wall of bi-colored light in front of them while the cyborgs continued fanned out to circle them.

"What are these guys?" Niesza shouted over the sound of blaster fire.

"I don't know," Vrayth replied, sending another volley back into cyborg that fired it at first hand with only little effect. "These are seriously some tough guys. I just hit one right in the chest and it barely slowed him down."

"You are right, more so it seems to barely phase them at all to get harmed." the dathomirian said, ricocheting a volley of blaster fire.

"Any ideas?"

"Sure we can't take them out with ranged attacks, but maybe if we get close enough." Saying so, Niesza propelled herself into the air and onto a container.

"Guys, come and get me." She said, falling into a dead sprint hoping to draw the attention of part of their opponents. To the dathomirian's disappointment, only one of the black-armored warriors split from the group. "Really?!"

Vrayth used the momentarily pause in their attacks to launch himself at the nearest cyborg, slashing at the armored chest, leaving only a scorched line. The cyborg grunted something unidentifiable. Letting his blaster rifle fall to the ground he tried to reach for the mirialan, but

Vrayth stepped back, avoiding the grab.

"Nies, their armor is lightsaber resistant." Vrayth shouted at his companion.

"What?" the dathomirian's disbelief was immediately proven when her own blade struck at her opponent. She immediately jumped from him, bringing some distance between herself and the cyborg.

This new threat were something they hadn't seen and giving their situation, the duo had not many options left if they wanted to get out of this alive. But their situation was just about to get worse when another rumble shook the station and the prong, freed from its bondings began to tilt as it was drawn deeper into the atmosphere and towards the powerful planetary shield of the Brotherhood's capital.

It took the cyborgs a few moments to adapt to the new situation but as soon as they had regained their footing they started to advance on the two Taldryanites again. Niesza continued to dash from left to right, front and back, trying to catch her cyborg in a compromising position where her blade would be able to kill it, but sadly there were almost no weak spots to exploit.

Suddenly the droid began to shake and shiver in front of her as if it was hit by an electrical discharge. Taking it by the luck, she leashed out, separating the cyborg's head neatly from its shoulders. She should feel relieved by her victory, but something within her scratched at her awareness. At the last instant she felt what was about to happen and she dashed for the nearest cover.

Only a moment later the cyborg exploded, covering the area in an undefinable mass of blood, flesh and cybernetics.

Stopped by this new kind of explosion within the hangar, everyone, Taldryanite and cyborg alike stopped in their tracks to look at what had caused it. Eventually Vrayth knew Niesza to be safe but seeing her step from her cover enlightened his heart. Focus, the mirialan reminded himself, there were still enemies to fight. But when he went for the cyborgs again, the three remaining were going after a new target.

Amari must have had recovered at some time during the battle and was now standing in some distance, her hands outstretched but still shackled in front of her.

"Their minds are digitally connected." Amari explained, her hand gesturing at another cyborg, making it shiver like the other one barely a minute ago. "I can stop them, but only one at a time."

"Nies, that's our chance." Vrayth dashed through the line of advancing cyborgs much faster than any human should normally be able to.

Positioning himself between Amari and the remaining cyborgs, he became a bulwark of defense, protecting her from any incoming harm. Coming up from behind them, Niesza cut down the still shaking cyborg, this time telekinetically shoving it into one of his comrades, turning them both in an erupting ball of blood and gore.

The last cyborg however turned into a frenzy, knowing he could not stand his ground for much longer, his programming demanded him to take at least some of them with him. Throwing his rifle aside, he dashed for the mirialan but an invisible hand kept slowing him down and as much as he fought against the telekinetically grip. The last thing he felt was an overwhelming, burning ache in his head that made him spasm. Death came at last when a pulsating emerald blade thrust through his neck from behind.

"That was close, now let's get out of here." Vrayth ordered, already moving towards the door to hangar bay 1.

With the women right behind them, he pushed past the door and into the hangar, finding his ship still parked in its bay, though it had slid against the nearest wall.

"Will it fly." Amari called racing Niesza to the boarding ramp

"Yeah, the 'Crest is a tough one." Vrayth said dashing up the ramp and into the cockpit first. Jumping into the pilot's suit his hands flew over the console, ignoring the ships droid brain requesting the usual pre-flight checks.

"Come on." He said to himself as he fired up the engines. Then they took off and out of the hangar.

Once they were clear, Niesza and Amari joined the mirialan in the cockpit.

"I almost thought we wouldn't make it. But luckily you came to my rescue." Amari said, her

hands making a gesture in the air and the shackles on her hands fell on the ground.

"Are you kidding me?" Niesza said angrily. "Does that mean you could have helped us the whole time?"

"How else could I have known for sure you could actually free me?" Amari replied with a sweet voice.

"Though partially I knew Vax could do so." Amari continued, coming up on Vrayth, giving him a kiss onto the cheek.

Behind her, Niesza was fuming. "I swear, if you do this just one more time, I will curse you."