



## **Phase I: Fiction - In Opposition**

Entry by V'yr Vorsa (6463)

**Option 1: DEFEND THE PLATFORM AND AID IN THE EVACUATION**

## Nesolat station

### Arx system

With the wail of booster engines the [Limbo's](#) boarding craft charged across the gap between the ship and the massive station. The pirate ship had jumped out of hyperspace above the station and far enough away from most of the combat happening in space around it to eject its cargo. In total, ten landing craft departed the ship along with its fighter complement, with a mission from the Grand Master to defend the edifice and evacuate whomever they found aboard...but also to procure as many artifacts and Sith relics as they could for their captain.

Morgan herself stood at the front of the conical craft, leading by example it seemed to her men. In truth she was after specific artifacts she wanted to keep for herself and trusted no one else to find and keep them safe. The crunch of durasteel yielding under pressure signaled that their vessel attached itself to the outer hull of the Archive section of Nesolat — their target. Lasers buzzed as they cut a hole in the metal wide enough for two men to pass through shoulder to shoulder.

“This is it boys,” she yelled into her comm to those in her pod, as well the others in her party, sixty pirates in total. With a loud bang the cut out section fell onto the floor inside and Morgan sprang into action with no small amount of vigor. The first blaster shots met her mere moments after entering the station. Her lightsaber sprang to life in a second and deflected several shots wide as she covered for her men who, once outside, looked for cover and fired. The enemy, a squad of Liberation Front Partisans, charged them with determination only found amongst those truly lost to sanity. Morgan’s lightsaber seared through a Zabrak’s skull just as his compatriot, a Nautolan woman, sought to impale her on a makeshift pole weapon. The pirate captain sliced the weapon in half along with its wielder while searing another partisan with a charged bolt of lighting from her fingers. Her men mopped up the rest before they rushed down the corridor, towards their compatriots.

“Status report,” she ordered, once more into her comm expecting a response as she and her team of five rushed along.

*“Team Besh ready and able, cap’n,”* she heard one of the team leaders say.

*“Aye, these partisans are cheap as chips. I thought we’d have a real fight,”* the second, Team Dorn, chimed in.

*“Real fight underway!”* Team Cresh was under fire from what she could tell through her comm unit. *“They have monsters fighting us, captain! Six of them. Help u—”* the feed cut off with the sound of an explosion and static.

“Team Esk and Forn, you’re closest to Cresh. Find them. See what’s going on,” she ordered and took a left turn into a large archive vault, now opened by way of explosives. The enemy had already reached inside.

*“Yes, captain,”* both teams replied, understanding their orders.

“Teams Besh and Dorn, see if you can find the offices on your level. There are people there that may need our help,” she barked the order with noticeable annoyance.

*“You sure, cap’n?”* Besh replied, hesitant. *“Ain’t we supposed to steal all we can and bug out?”*

*“You heard what the captain said. Time for some thrillin’ heroics, boys!”* Dorn replied with gusto, blaster fire emanating from his open communicator.

“Ain’t that the truth,” she whispered to herself as they slowed down to inspect the open vault. It was as a massive edifice forged from durasteel able to withstand massive punishment. Whatever the collective used to open it made the whole station rumble, she was sure. Shelves with half-ruined parchments and tablets littered the floors while datapads and data terminals lay wasted in every corner. The vault was large enough to be a fighter hangar, by her estimates, and held untold riches.

“Spread out. Search for survivors,” she ordered her team. The five men, disorganized and lacking any disciplined training, trailed off one by one, searching through rubble and shelves. Morgan took the middle, knowing full well what she was looking for and where it was located. She jumped onto a ruined table and overturned shelf and heard whimpering. She

jumped down and crouched underneath it to see a crying woman, a Togruta with bright red skin and white stripes. The woman was mortified.

“Well, come on then get out,” Morgan ordered, only slightly more annoyed than earlier. The woman shook her head with fear and drew even further under the table, if that were even possible. Her boots scraped the rubble and dust on the floor just as her fingernails dug into her own elbows where she had squeezed them tightly.

“T-They’re here,” she said when she heard a buzzing in the air. She began crying when Morgan turned to face the source of the unnerving sound. She saw them in the flickering light just as they were throwing a grenade towards her. Eyes wide she did the only thing she could. Morgan grabbed the grenade with invisible fingers and tossed it right back to its source. The thermal imploder detonated on impact with the ground, creating a vortex that sucked in any matter around it, including its owner. She could finally see him better for but a moment — black armor, jetpack and a payload of weapons. Four more rushed at her, jetpacks roaring. Hive troopers. She had read the reports on them, but neglected to mention details to her crew. The fewer they knew, the better for their sake.

“Enemy front!” she yelled to her squad who, by now, had realized what was going on and took cover. Blaster fire peppered the hall between the two groups littering the shelves with green and red bursts of flame. Morgan’s blaster landed into her hand with a thought and she fired a volley that forced one of the Hive troopers into cover behind a massive pillar. Two charged her men with abandon, while the fourth rushed at her, jetpack clearly depleted but with no less momentum. Before he could depress the trigger Morgan caught him in a web of electricity springing joyfully from her fighters. She intensified it as the man struggled, but soon had him on the floor, spasming and smoking. A volley of fire forced her to jump back, over the table and shelf she was standing next to, and find cover.

A scream of pain drew her attention. One of her men fell dead at the feet of a Hive trooper, vibro dagger sticking from his thorax. A blaster shot struck the trooper square in the head, followed by an angry howl and multiple volley from the end of a repeater held by the dead man’s brother. She saw the thor trooper surrounded by the other two in her squad, who seemed to have left the last combatant to her, again. The Hive trooper she had aimed for first, sheathing

she had no lightsaber, charged with his vibro dagger. He slashed at her expertly, leaving a deep gash in her abdomen. Morgan dropped her blaster as she grit her teeth and reached out with both hands, arresting the man in the air above her. With a sickening crunch and loud bang, she smashed his body against the pillar and broke his back. He wriggled, no doubt kept alive by his cybernetics, but very unable to move. The three other men in her group finished the last hive marine, leaving the battle with injuries they'd not soon forget.

"Blast it!" Morgan cursed aloud turning to the dead sailor on the floor. "Get him and the civilian out of here," she ordered. "Then meet with Besh and Dorn to help with the evacuation.

"Captain, what about you?" one of them asked.

Morgan walked deeper into the vault. "I have an artifact to find."