

On Way to Eos City Naga Sadow Transport Ship

“We have a traitor in our midst, it’s...no this can’t be right.” the comm officer momentarily checked her notes again. “Yes, apparently the traitor is your old boss Sir, Evant.”

Kojiro raised an eyebrow but said nothing for a few seconds. “The Deputy Grand Master?”

“Yes Colonel.”

Kojiro sighed, he had served under Evant for nearly two years as part of the Regency staff and he had always thought highly of the man. The fact he had turned on the Brotherhood was of little surprise given what the collective were capable of it had just come as a shock to the veteran. Kojiro flexed his own gauntleted cybernetic arm, a souvenir from his days in Collective hands after the fall of Orian. In fact Collective technology was laced through the clones body and whilst it was effective he had always wondered off the consequences.

“Pilot, alter course to intercept Evant.”

“Yes sir.”

The Haxion droid behind Kojiro hummed slightly. It had remained quiet throughout most of the trip and Kojiro looked over his shoulder at his faithful companion. “What is it?”

“I never expected you to be so sentimental when it came to these matters,” the droid’s voice cracked. It sounded like humour interlaced with a murderous tone. “How do you plan to tackle this man?”

“The same way we deal with all traitors. Maximum force.”

They sat in silence as the pilot arced the transport over the wartorn planet. As they neared the entrance to the tunnels that the Deputy had been last seen they could just make out the forms of figures scurrying around the ground. Blaster fire ricocheted off the hull of the transport but fire from Iron Legion Forces kept the majority of the Collective occupied.

“I can’t land in that Sir”

“No need to pilot, just get us close enough for a quick drop. Ready up Skjoll, maximum brutality.” Kojiro needed no confirmation from his partner as he heard the tell tale signs of the droids heavy repeater start to hum. “Pilot bring us down on top of them!”

To his credit the pilot didn’t flinch at the orders and the transport rocketed towards the collective forces. He maintained enough height and did a flyby and as the ship passed overhead the two warriors leapt from the side door. Kojiro’s jetpack roared to life and his TL-50 roared to life striking two of the opposition before they had a chance to respond. A shot rang up and hit his pauldron, sending him into a slightly uncontrolled spin. The Clone allowed himself to drop and roll into some semblance of cover behind a wall.

Skjoll was less graceful. He dropped like only a ton of metal could do, straight onto the unlucky Collective trooper below. An audible crunch emanated from his victim before the heavy repeater he carried kicked into life.

It was controlled carnage. Both combatants took their fair share of hits but due to their heavy armour they weathered the majority of it and the momentary distraction allowed the Iron Legion forces the time to push up and overwhelm the position.

There were no survivors. Not that Kojiro expected any from these fanatics and the loyalist Forces didn’t have time to sit and check for any as it was. A Legion officer approached Kojiro and saluted.

“Sir, thank you for that timely assist. This is what appeared to be the rear guard of the Deputy...the traitors forces. We fear he may already have a solid head start on us.”

Kojiro returned the salute, he had served alongside the Legion during the Lotus insurrection and had a fairly high respect for the men who served. “He’ll have a greater one if we sit here talking about it. Bring your men and let’s go hunt this traitor.”

“Yes Sir!”

They entered the tunnels and proceeded with haste. Signs of conflict were everywhere. Legion scouts and assault forces lay scattered around the tunnel. So too did the bodies of the fanatics and Kojiro was glad to see the Legion gave as good as they got.

“We’ll collect the bodies when this is over,” he said as the squads hurried on. “Leave no one behind to rot. Hopefully there’s still some guard ahead giving them a run for their money.”

As if someone above heard a blaster bolt soared down the tunnel and cracked into the chest of one of the Legion soldiers to his left. Another joined it, then another. The Legion returned fire moving up with the cover afforded by the tunnels walls. Heavy repeater fire soared down towards the opposition giving the Legion forces enough time to proceed as the Collective were momentarily pinned. As they rushed the position something caught Kojiro’s eye. The flash of a red lightsaber.

Suddenly the short wave comm cracked into life “He’s here, we’ve found him! All Forces open fire!”

The tunnel exploded into a lightshow. Blaster fire and explosions rocked the tunnels as Collective and the Legion clashed in close combat. Kojiro’s repeater screamed in the semi dark, whilst off to his left he could make out Skjoll gunning down his opponents whilst smashing any fanatics who got close enough with his huge fist.

“We can’t kriffing hit him.”

“Stand still traitor!”

The voices echoed over the comms as the soldiers did their best to hold their own and gun down the elder. Kojiro’s jetpack ignited and hurled him in the direction of the brawl. As he soared his TL-50 gathered energy and unleashed a concussive blast that wiped out three collective soldiers, allowing the Clone to land without interference. As he rose his blaster was allowed to swing back on its sling and he reached around to unclip his electrohammer. It sprung to life and began to dance as Kojiro made his way towards Evant. Electricity cracked as the hammer struck the Colonels opponents squarely, those it didn’t kill outright were crippled and send to the floor. Blaster fire struck the clones armour again but he kept slogging on, cracking skulls and shins as he came into striking distance of the traitor.

The saber seemed to come from nowhere and it took all Koji’s skill to raise the hammer in time to block the blow. His foot kicked out and met the Elders shin causing him to stumble back. “TRAITOR!”, Kojiro yelled though as soon as he did he felt a strange occurrence in his head, like the line had been shouted once before in a similar scenario in time.

“Ahh Kojiro! How lovely to see you here. Come for my head? Alas it won't be that easy!” The lightsaber danced and Kojiro instantly found himself on the backfoot. His swings, whilst able to crush a normal being, constantly went wide as the Elder instinctively dodged. The saber pierced Kojiro via the right side of his armour. The pain was unbearable but before Evant could finish his work a heavy bolt struck him and sent him spiraling to the floor.

The elder rose, a hole in his arm from where the blaster fire had struck him. The now unignited saber dropped to the floor and this gave Kojiro the few seconds he needed to raise his hammer and bring it crashing down upon Evant's legs, smashing one then the other with a fury he hadn't felt in years. Before he could bring it down again he felt a metallic hand grab his arm and stop him. Skjoll looked down at the clone silently and Kojiro brought himself back to the moment.

The fighting had died down, a few Collective still remained but were being mopped up. Evant lay broken and was being cuffed by two Legionaries.

“I guess it's over Sir,” a voice said from behind him.

“Not by a longshot. Gather this scum up and make back to the surface. We have a war to win, and a home to protect!”

With that the loyalist Forces made their way back to the surface to rejoin the battle for Arx.