

Forged of Flame and Steel

By: Mune Cinteroph

Dossier #3607

In one violent motion, the Inquisitorius operative drove his katana up under the chin of one of the enemy invaders. The tang of blood and smoke tickled his nostrils, but a taste of the battles that were sure to be breaking out throughout the Nesolat platforms as teams scrambled to push back the Collective threat. Sliding his sword free from the meat of the fallen soldier, he dropped to a knee and cut another soldier off at the knee before driving the point down through the viewport of the man's helmet. Blood ran in crimson rivulets along the cold durasteel of the curved blade.

His men were scattered about the hangar, what he managed to finagle for his foray into one of the enemy's multiple points of entry onto the station. Their invasion would not stand, Mune flicked the blood from his sword and turned his eyes to the battlefield. Blaster fire flashed back and forth, flashes of plasma that singed the air and blackened plated armour. Bodies carpeted the cold, hard floors. His target was here, of that he held little doubt, he had but to locate it in the muddled mess of a battle that the hangar had turned into. He reminded himself that it could have been far worse, the Vanguard was certainly keeping things from getting too out of hand, at the least, for the time.

His eyes flashed from one end of the hangar to the other, searching out his target. Seeking out one man in particular that held strategic value to the Brotherhood and its defence against the unprecedented attack by their enemy. Eyes narrowed, the Shistavanen sidestepped the body he had left crumpled upon the floor and moved deeper into the fury of battle. Sensing more than one blaster trained upon him, he reached back with the Force. He wrapped a corpse in ethereal fingers and lifting the dead weight flung it towards the oncoming fire. In shock, the soldiers were thrown back in a tangle of body and limb.

Do not overdo it just yet, he reminded himself.

"Caleb, can you hold them here?" Mune spoke into his commlink in Togorian.

"We are hard-pressed, we'll do everything we can," came his mate's response. "Are you closing on the target?"

"Roger that. Interception underway," the Shistavanen responded, switching tongues to his own native tongue.

"Don't die."

“My time is far from up. Stay alive yourself,” Mune quipped, grinning from ear to ear.

Mune’s eyes surveyed quickly, seeing the opening he had been waiting for. Without a second’s hesitation, he bolted for it. More than one soldier was caught off guard as he rushed them before he dropped into a slide to spring back up behind them. His katana flashed in a vicious slash that took an arm. He plunged the point into the man’s throat before he could cry out in agony. Blood splattered the Force-user’s Inquisitor Armour, spots of crimson that only darkened further the cloak that whipped about him. Ripping the katana free he took the head clean off the second soldier before turning to find Konnus soft grey eyes boring into his own. Mune’s senses were very aware of the E-11 Blaster Rifle trained on him.

“Force-user scum...” Konnus pulled the trigger.

Mune twisted. He felt the heat of the plasma bolt whip past. There was definitely a rend in his cloak, noting it was better than a hole in his chest. He felt the movement in the back of his consciousness, the Force a gentle brush in the deepest depths of his mind. Without thinking, Mune had dropped into a roll. Successive blasts left smoke marks upon the floor behind him. He was as quickly back in a crouch, feet planted and leapt, his right hand grabbing a crate and vaulting over it just as no less than three more bolts skimmed the edge of his cloak all over.

He knows how to use that blaster! Slag! Mune’s mind raced.

“Coward! Come at me!” Konnus taunted. “I’ve trained long and hard to put your kind down!”

The falleen edged around the crate, keeping enough distance that he surmised the shistavanen could not pounce upon him. He kept his rifle levelled to send a bolt into his enemy’s chest. “This station will be ours, it is inevitable. So just come out and die already instead of wasting my time.”

Mune rolled from cover. Guided by the vulpine Inquisitor, the rifle was wrenched sideways by the Force. The shot went wide, Mune’s katana rent the air in a wicked arc. Konnus twisted, his reflexes garnering him the hair’s breadth he needed to evade the cutting edge of his opponent’s sword. The falleen had not expected the sudden surge of momentum that twisted him around violently, finding him terribly off balance. His assassin did not stop there. Off-balance, Korrnun found his feet ripped out from under him by the Force and the ground greeted him like the solid it was, painfully. The air erupted from his lungs and his rifle skittered from his grasp.

He does not use the Force like the average Force-user. Konnus realized, his mind calculating rapidly how to counter.

His breath came rushing back and he saw the point of Mune’s blade plummeting towards him. It was only thanks to his reflexes that he managed to twist and receive a cut along the top of his

left shoulder. Green blood stained the edge of the blade. The pain became distant all at once, the fallen letting his implant do its job. He rolled, taking but a moment to get back into a crouch and catch his breath. His hand rested on the pommel of his rapier.

“Do not draw your sword. Surrender.” Mune’s eyes narrowed, his ears perked forward and his tail held up in an aggressive stance.

Konnus, however, had no mind for giving up.

The shistavanen’s lips curl up, a snarl emanating from deep within his chest. He watched his opponent draw his rapier and himself, took his sword into a two-handed grip and lowered his stance and so his center of gravity. His enemy made the first move, sword thrusting forward, testing Mune’s defences. Mune turned the jab aside and brought his own blade into a shallow slash. The counter was parried. The sounds of blaster fire grew distant, there was only his target. The mission.

Konnus slashed and jabbed, his attacks coming in quick succession. He found the vulpine figure keeping pace. He analyzed the way his opponent moved and noticed the ruby eyes just as intently analyzing him. He frowned, sweating beginning to bead upon his brow. His advantage was that the Force-user had to battle to get to him.

“I offer you one more chance, Konnus Dreen. Surrender, or die here by my blade.”

“Oh quit with the yammering. You’ve lost, that is why you chose to prattle on like a child. Now lay down and die, boy.” Konnus slashed wide and when Mune moved to parry, he redirected the rapier into a jab.

Mune twisted, reflexes as tuned as his opponent’s with the Force to bolster his reaction with a moment’s warning. He inhaled slowly, calmly. Something told him not to let his enemy’s weapon find even the slightest purchase on flesh. If it drew blood, subconsciously he knew there would be deeper trouble for him. He heard the fabric splitting. He’d have been more annoyed at the damage to his cloak if it were not for the alternative. He exhaled, he drew on just enough of the Force, measuring out what he needed and trickling it into his muscles just enough for the slightest increase in his agility.

The surprise lasted but a moment for Konnus. The pommel of his opponent’s sword slammed into his gut. For the second time, the wind erupted from his lungs as his diaphragm was forcefully compressed. He saw stars, but not as many as he saw when a fraction of a second later his nose was smashed by an elbow and blood fountained over his lips. He stumbled backwards and could not stop his collapse to a knee. His implant released a coagulant and stoppered the blood from his nostrils. The pain from the broken nose quickly subsided... his anger did not.

“You snotty little slag sucking... I am going to enjoy killing you.”

“Would you just...” Mune cut himself off when an alarm went off at the back of his mind. His katana dropped from his grip and a lightsaber snapped down into it and ignited in one fluid motion.

Konnus had fallen to a knee with his rifle at his feet, unbeknownst to Mune until the Force sounded the siren. The fallen had the rifle up in a quick motion born of years of training and experience and a plasma bolt flashed across the distance between him and the young Inquisitor. He saw the flash of blue plasma a millisecond before it deflected the energy bolt. It happened so quickly that the next thing he knew he was face down and his vision was fading to black.

“Target neutralized... we’ll clean up here.” Mune closed his commlink and eyed the fallen. There was still work to be done.