

GJW XIV
Phase 1
In Opposition

[Shimura Keibatsu](#)

[Beka Drell](#)

[Kaxase Drell](#)

Nesolat Platform

“This way! I think I remember seeing some kind of back door out of here on the schematics!” The female Zabrak yelled to the other two Zabrak as they chased behind her. “It’s just down the hall here!”

Blaster fire dogged at their heels and occasionally screamed past their heads. Their boots echoed down the hallway as the blaster fire ceased for a brief moment, causing the hair on the back of the Sith’s neck to stand up. Following the twins, Shimura spun around and slid to a stop. His left hand held his unlit saber while he stretched out his right arm in front of him with a flat palm. Nearly as instantly as he did so, a quadruple burst of blaster shots pummeled into him and danced off his Force Barrier as they were absorbed.

“We’re here! Hold them off while I get this lock opened up.” Kaxase shouted to her brother and Shimura. She pulled a panel from the lock and produced a computer spike before the Battlemaster turned his head to face back down the hall. A snap-hiss echoed a second snap-hiss as his crimson double bladed saber jumped to life.

“What do you think I’ve been doing?” Shimura snarled under his breath.

Almost as if a second voice was telling him where to place his saber mere moments before, his arms began to move rapidly as his saber weaved a defensive arc causing blaster bolts to be hurled into the floor, walls, ceiling and occasionally even back at the attacker. A few of the Collective Marines had been caught in the shoulder or square in the chest with the redirected bolts but barely seemed impeded by an otherwise lethal strike.

The Collective Marines must've known they were in a stalemate because two grenades came bouncing down the metallic hallway at Shimura. Instinctively, the Sith outstretched a hand and pointed at them both with his index and middle finger before turning his hand over and flicking them back down the hallway with the Force. The pair of grenades bounced back perfectly into a set of doorways that the Collective were using for cover before exploding with a muffled thud. To Shimura’s surprise, two of the previously injured marines had jumped on the grenades to spare their squad mates. Shimura scowled scornfully. *These are no run of the mill infantry*, he thought to himself.

“What’s taking so long?” The Sith yelled behind him to the female twin as her brother returned fire from the adjacent doorway.

“Just another minute. You can’t rush perfection.” She snapped back.

Shimura continued to braid scarlet arcs from his lightsaber as he pirouetted in place to bat blaster bolts back down the hallway. Beka didn’t have much luck either halting the Collective advance since his blaster pistols were designed for much closer targets. The targets he did hit managed to shrug off the attack much like Shimura’s redirections.

“C’mon Kaxase!” Beka chirped.

Kaxase grunted her disapproval as she tapped the final keys on her data pad and popped the locked door open with a hydraulic hiss. She turned around towards her brother after retrieving her computer spike. “See, piece of cake.”

“Are you kidding?” Beka said, showing defeat through his body language.

“What? I just got us out of he-” Her statement trailed off as she turned around towards the locked door and noticed that it wasn’t a retreat, but rather a vault with no exit.

The Sith heard the door pop open and defensively retreated to it before sliding into the doorway. “Really?” He asked unamused.

“I swear that’s what the schematics said!” She retorted as she tried to recall the blueprints.

Shimura thought for a second, reached across the hall, grabbed Beka by the collar and threw him in the vault before shoving his sister behind him. “It doesn’t matter now, get in.”

The Keibatsu looked past the twins sprawled out on the floor and gazed up on the larger number of different sized shelves that held a portion of the Shadow Academy’s Sith artifacts. A cruel smile crept across his face. *This is better than any exit or armory we could’ve stumbled upon.* The twins groaned as they pulled themselves up from the floor, Kaxase’s mouth dropped when she realized where she was at.

“I’m not a nerd or anything...but this is COOL!” She said defensively at first, and then excitedly. She reached out to grab one of the dagger artifacts before Shimura swatted her hand away.

“Yeah, coooooool.” He said mockingly. “Be careful of what you touch, it’s as deadly to you and me as it is to them out there.” He added. “You’re the smart one, figure out what they’re used for. This just turned into our last stand.”

Kaxase immediately began to approach each artifact much more carefully after Shimura’s warning. As she combed through the collection, Shimura occasionally had to dart into the hallway to dispatch one of the more brave marines. Beka doing his best, side kicked dutifully.

“Alright,” Shimura started, with a bead of sweat dripping down his brow, “what have you figured out so far?”

“Well,” Kaxase responded, “judging by the text, I’m guessing that one there has something to do with immortal life.” She said as she pointed toward the sarcophagus.

“Wait a second. You can read that?”

“Yeah, it’s just Sith.”

“How do you know Sith?”

“I’ve hung around your “friends” long enough. Plus, it’ doesn’t take me that long to pick up a language.”

Shimura tried not to look impressed. A Collective Marine jumped into the doorway and started firing at them. The Sith batted the bolts back but barely missed. Beka whistled sharply as he tossed a nearby spear to Shimura. He grabbed it from midair with his right hand, stepping forward and putting all of his body weight into the throw. The spear caught the marine dead center in the chest and sent him hurtling towards the wall and pinned to it. Immediately the marine grabbed for the spear and began to dessicate under its unholy effects.

“Nice choice.” Shimura said to Beka.

“I do aim to please, my liege.” Beka said back jeeringly with a half bow.

Just as Shimura was about to blow his top at the jest but a pair of thermal detonators clanked into the vault. Without a second of hesitation, Shimura launched them towards a mirror that caused them to disappear immediately upon impact. Two loud explosions were heard from outside the vault. Beka, amazed, picked up the mirror.

“No! Don’t!” Shimura yelled as Beka picked up the mirror, causing it to shatter in on itself as it caught its own reflection.

Beka's facial features were indiscernible, but he raised his shoulders in a shrug. "Oops."

Shimura exhaled loudly. "STOP TOUCHING THINGS!" He yelled as Beka reached out for a Durni paw. "That will place a curse on you where nothing but bad things happen for seven years." Beka shivered at the thought.

"This one!" Kaxase exclaimed as she pointed to one of the artifacts. "I'm pretty sure this will help."

"How so?" He snapped back, looking at the less than spectacular wooden staff before picking it up. As he did so, eerie, semi translucent green shades began to materialize in the room. They appeared to him as men and women, both with tattoos on their face, but only the men had horns. Shimura groaned, knowing what he had awakened. *Nightsisters and Brothers.*

Correct, Sith. The foremost Sister seemed to spit out telepathically.

The Keibatsu squinted inquisitively. *Convenient that you possess your abilities, even in death.*

And unfortunate for you that you must now die for us to sleep again.

The split second of shock that rolled across Shimura's face like a crashing wave was hidden well, but not well enough for Kaxase not to notice. "We're going to die aren't we?" She asked.

There's no reason for them to die. A voice said as it came from the back of the spirits, before moving its way to the front. A woman, face tattooed, her hair a lighter hue of green than many of her sisters, wrinkles creasing her brow, mouth and cheeks.

"Yajj..." Shimura said in a low tone, letting it trail off.

Hello Shimura. She turned to her Sister, disregarding the Zabrak trio. *We only have to unleash our vengeance on someone, it's not limited to the someone who wields the staff.* Yajj's Sister didn't look amused.

"Yajj, how... how did you..." He stammered.

She turned back to him. *After the Collective left you for dead in your last encounter with them, I stabilized you and transformed you into what you are today. They found me. They knew I helped you. I'm not sure how, but they did. They did terrible things to me...*

His fists clenched as the anger within him began to boil. "The Collective is here. We're at war, again." The green glow from the spirits began to instantly flare brighter. The lead Sister

turned and moved through the rest of the apparitions and out of the door. *Come Sisters and Brothers. Let us help our Sister sleep eternally and aid in her vengeance.* One by one they all followed their leader out, Yajj was the last to leave.

Goodbye, child. May your Force be with you.

Thank you for everything, Yajj. Sleep well. He said to her telepathically before she left. Shrieking from the spectres echoed off the metallic walls followed by the screams of the Collective marines. It took Kaxase putting her hand on Shimura's shoulder to break him out of his last memory of Yajj. He shrugged her grasp off of him and did his best to clamp down on his emotions.

"The Collective will be busy for quite awhile. Beka, grab the other side of the sarcophagus." He ordered. "BEKA. LETS GO!" He bellowed as Beka silently followed his order once he was shaken from his shock. "I know of a particular Grand Master that may find some interest in this."