

[Option 2][GJW XIV Phase I] Fiction - In Opposition

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USING AN NPC!

Character: [Reaver Rakkas Kat](#)

Prompt: Option 2: PURGE THE PLATFORM

Write from the perspective of a Collective soldier and join in the assault on the platform. Your goal is to prevent the deviant Force users from evacuating and to seize control of the station. The Nesolat contains many dark secrets. The most puritanical of the Collective would see them all destroyed, but some more practical elements might be willing to turn the abominations of the Sith against their masters.

An insides job

"Rakkas! Rakkas! Pay attention, you cannot save him! Let him go, I implore you, some of us are expendable," the Collective Captain became increasingly annoyed as the male Ongree kept doing his very best to save even the most badly wounded soldiers.

Rakkas Kat's tall frame and heavier muscular body structure made him a sight to behold and he was somewhat of a hero to his fellow fanatics. One of the soldiers pulled out their blaster rifle and aimed it towards the domineering Captain.

"Rakkas has never failed anyone, relieve your title and we will fall in line under the doctor," the soldier commanded while the Captain held his hands in the air.

"It is done! You Humans have an anatomy that is easily mended," the Ongree freaked some of his companions out during social interactions, but when it came to healing their wounds there was no one better.

Despite his alien nature the Liberation Front doctor knew each of his crew better on the inside than on the outside. Without hesitation his dual digit hands took the Captain's insignia away from him.

"I humbly accept this for our righteous cause, and you Captain, under me you will not die. Please keep that in mind," his creepy laterally located eyes and upside down mouth inspired little trust, but Kat's undisputed ability could convince even his enemies. It was short of miraculous to see him work on Humans.

A new bionic eye, a leg replacement, bandages, several medical kits and a gentle pat on the shoulder later and the wounded soldier could continue fighting once again. This time inspired

more than ever, especially after the other teams reported in to the Captain with staggering losses. Apparently the new Hive Mind Marines even though they did their jobs exceptionally well, killed hundreds of Collective soldiers in their suicidal blasts and lack of empathy.

Rakkas however, he could save them all, if only the leadership put their faith in him. One request was granted though, a fresh supply of captured Brotherhood members, especially those Force Sensitive. The Ongree had plans to funnel their Force energy into a device that could save thousands of Collective soldiers on the brink of death, Force sensitive essence distilled into medical kits.

The Nesolat was terrifying for their platoon however. Creepy corridors. Artifacts of unknown power. Force users that could do things that cyborgs and hive minded super soldiers could not do no matter how much research was poured into their projects. And worst of all, their resources seemed limitless!

But Rakkas, he was no ordinary doctor, soldier or Liberation Front member. He was out to capture live specimens, for the greater good, so many lives could be saved. The galaxy was at stake. And the best way to defeat a terrifying enemy such as the Brotherhood, well, that is to study them from the inside.

The only thing his soldiers were afraid of was that he would take capturing someone too far, or worse, heal their enemy before they themselves and leaving them to die. Rakkas however reassured them that if they do their jobs perfectly they will be nigh invincible. His arrogance could blind him at times, but he could feel for the men serving under him. Every stab wound, every blaster bolt to the body was felt by the Ongree.

Then there was a call. His previous Captain tapped Kat on the shoulder, only to hand him his holo-communicator.

“We got one! An acolyte! He’s begging for his life. We found a small red triangular artifact on his pers-,” the image shocked everyone that glanced at it as the object erupted in a bright flash of lightning.

“Let’s hope that the Acolyte is still alive, go go go!” Rakkas ordered his platoon to move.

Corridors upon corridors, metal walls, black and crimson. The location was clear, their locators pinned it down carefully, but the halls seemed endless.

When they finally arrived about five soldiers were burned to a crisp, with only the acolyte still alive and suspended in mid-air.

“Collect him, but be careful.” The Ongree ordered his men.