

In Wyn-position

The Shadow Academy platform was on fire but it wasn't his fault. This time, at least.

Wyndell Tyris calmly stepped off the transport and into the warzone, hands tucked into the pockets of his nerf-hide jacket. He yawned as he pulled out his syndicate issues datapad and checked the mission parameters once again.

Relics? Heh.

Mysteries? Heh.

A Jedi needs not these things.

Fortunately, he wasn't really a Jedi. But he did consider himself as a "Disciple" of the Force, and he certainly knew how to shake what his dead-beat papa-gave him. Plus, everything he knew about the Collective was that they did not care for technicalities like "Sith", "Jedi", or "Other".

That meant that things were actually pretty simple. *Get them, they're different!*

Stepping around a nondescript corridor, he casually drew his twin LL-33 blaster pistols—*Dexter* and *Doakes*—and flourished them into a firm grip. A warning from the Force told him to duck, so he did, avoiding a stray slugthrower bolt that whizzed overhead. His eyes scanned for the source, and landed on a stand-off between a squad of Iron Forces soldiers and Liberation Front Partisans. The Iron Forces soldiers were definitely outnumbered and at a disadvantage, retreating from their position.

From what he'd learned over the years, the *partisans* were the more loyal of the Collective forces, but also tended to have the more rudimentary training. No fancy cybernetics, and no secret agents. Just some good old, gun tote'in, freedom fighters. Still, while he didn't always see eye to eye with the Brotherhood's politics, he figured Marick would appreciate it if he helped out the old boys.

Wyn sighted down the hallway—which looked exactly like all the other hallways, really—and fired a volley of blaster bolts in the direction of the Liberation Front *partisans*. He only managed to hit one in the shoulder, but the others were quick to adjust, shifting cover and splitting their focus between the newcomer and the Iron Forces.

One slugthrower rifle and a pistol trained on Wyn and opened fire. Which was perfectly fair, since Wyn had not bothered to strafe, dodge, or even look for cover. Instead, he

smoothly holstered one of his LL-30's, lifted his hand and focused his will into a protective barrier in front of his body. The slugs slammed into the invisible wall, creating a corona of displaced light on impact. Unfettered, they continued to fire as Wyn slowly pushed his way closer towards their position. Wyn listened carefully for the tell-tale sign of the *partisan*'s weapons needing to reload. Sure enough, a series of clicks let him know he could lower the barrier.

In the same smooth motion, Wyn reached for the discs he kept on his belt and tossed one forward as if flicking a pazak card onto the table. He tossed a second one towards the wall and then a third to the far wall, and the disks adhered in place. Neat.

The *partisans*, for their part, were accustomed to fighting Force Users, it seemed. So it should not have surprised him when a grenade rolled towards his direction.

"Well, that's not very nice," Wyn murmured as he flicked his wrist and sent the canister rolling back in the direction it had come from. It detonated a few moments later, and Wyn now took a moment to dip into an open classroom momentarily to avert his eyes. Sure enough, the flash bang detonated and the Liberation Front *partisans* all cried out, clearly blinded.

"*Mahp*, indeed," Wyn nodded as he stepped back into the hallway and drew a bead with his remaining blaster on the blinded *partisans*. Instead of the easy shots he probably could have squeezed off, he instead pointed at the wall and made a quick calculation in his head.

With a nod, *Dexter* screeched and sent out a blue blaster bolt into the first disc he had stuck to the wall. The shot bounced perfectly off the first disc, ricocheted into the second disc on the floor, then bent around the *partisans* cover to *miss*.

"Karabast," Wyn swore as he adjusted his aim and fired off a second, third, and then fourth shot. This time, the trajectory was more accurate, each bolt striking one of the *partisans* and toppling them down to the floor with smoking holes in their uniforms.

"First try," Wyn said with a pump of his fist and a grin. He looked around and found the remaining Iron Legion soldier and started to walk towards them.

Wyn, where are you? I need your help with an extraction, a familiar lilted voice cut in over his comlink.

"Oh, hey bro. Sure thing, on my way to your location."

Wyn tipped an imaginary hat to the remaining Iron Legion soldier who stood a bit dumfounded having witnessed Wyn's method of taking out the enemy. He awkwardly saluted in return, before shaking his head and moving along to regroup with his unit.

Sometimes, war wasn't always about the big epic missions. At the very least, Wyn had helped one of the "good guys", and sometimes that was all you could do.