

## Great Jedi War XIV

### Team Fiction

Grand Master Muz Ashen Keibatsu

Colonel Kojiro Keibatsu

Battlemaster Shimura Keibatsu

Koji 8106

Snapshot - <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/8106/snapshots/2832/5007>

Koji is RED

Muz - 3714

Snapshot - <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/3714/snapshots/2779/4898>

Muz is Purple

Shimura 3530

Snapshot - <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/3530/snapshots/2908/5130>

Shimura is Blue

Officer's Lounge

The Fallen Spear

Orian Space

An emergency broadcast had just come across the Brotherhood's broadband channel. The Collective were back and assaulting Arx. Shimura clenched his gauntleted hand, the anger seething from him was palpable. Kojiro stood not far away, looking into his matte black helmet. Muz stared out of the viewport, his cybernetic arm folded across his chest as his right hand stroked his mustache. The trio said nothing to each other, they all knew what was going to be asked of them. The Zabrak and Clone's attention shifted to their patriarch as he spun on his heels to meet them in the center of the room. His boots clanked on the durasteel floor, as nimble as it were his own hand, his cybernetic replacement produced a holocomm from his belt. Muz stared it expectantly as it laid across his metallic hand, as if willing it to life. As commanded, it bleeped its response to the Grand Master. An armored figure appeared through the blue haze of the holographic projection, Eminent Idris Adenn, The Voice.

"Darth Ashen..." His voice trailed off as he greeted the Grand Master with a respectful deep bow. "As you're aware, The Collective is back and The Dark Lord wishes to use your and your families.... talents."

The Sith joined beside his cousin. "Cut to the chase. Who do you need dead?" Shimura growled.

Adenn's eyes shifted to the Zabrak and back to Muz. "Very well then. The Inquisitorius has shifted through comm chatter during the assault on Arx and we believe high ranking Collective personnel to be present. More specifically, Ghafa Ordam, one of the Collective leaders. We also wouldn't be opposed to any intel you were able to capture or if you were somehow able to decommission their capital ship." Kojiro immediately turned to Shimura, who immediately turned to Kojiro, the excitement on both of their faces showed exactly what they were thinking.

"We could just kill them all and take their ship, utilise it for the family...I mean Brotherhood," Kojiro could feel the stern look from Idris rather than saw it. "It's an idea anyway. Come in from behind riding their ship and boom."

"Yes...if you think you were able to do such a feat why not." Idris replied. "However, the goal is elimination not acquisition. I am forwarding the details to you. I want this done properly and as one the last surviving great families I am positive you are more than capable. Good day."

The holo feed went dead and silence rang around the room. Muz hadn't said anything, but Kojiro had noticed the subtle movements and twitches as the short conversation played out. A hand ran across the Grand Master's Chin and he stood deep in thought for a few moments before uttering a word. "Ready yourselves. We depart soon."

That was that. Kojiro and Shimura exchanged another glance with one another and departed the ready room heading towards the Spear's armoury. It was only a little trek and on the way they passed the hulking figure of Kojiro's Haxion.

"Come Skjoll, we hunt the Collective and we are in need of your strength." Kojiro called without missing a step or slowing down.

"Is it time to kill again?" Skjoll queried as they passed. "I hope so. I grow bored sitting waiting."

"Yes, we are going to kill. Maybe steal a ship while we're at it. But mainly blow scum up."

A short laugh emanated from Shimura as they rounded the corner, the three pairs of footsteps echoing as they did so. "I am not sure Idris will let us keep their ship, cousin. Though it is a good plan in theory. I think they would be a bit concerned should the Keibatsu actually have a fleet alongside the Spear."

"What they don't know can't hurt them, for the time being I am sure," Kojiro ran his hand over the panel which unlocked access to the armoury and all three entered the room heading to their respective areas. "They just have to think it's gone for a little while, after all no one goes to Kyataru except us."

A wicked grin crept across Shimura's face and all three grabbed their tools, weapons and anything else they may need. The Haxion cradled its heavy repeater with glee and as the three were nearly done a voice crept into their heads.

*"We are departing soon. Blackwind is jumping the Spear to a safe distance from the provided coordinates."*

As the ship entered hyperspace the two Keibatsu prepared one final check and made their way to the bridge, this time in relative silence. As they entered the room they took in the figures arrayed. The Grand Master stood to the side of Darius Blackwind, Nisha was fiddling with something whilst lounging in one of the bridge's chairs. Kojiro's fellow Nihilgenia, Doc, stood over to one side deep in conversation with one of the bridge crew. He nodded at Kojiro, and then Shimura before returning to his conversation. Leena threw them both a little wave and a quick smile at Kojiro before returning to her project at hand.

"We're bringing him?" Nisha drawled as she looked over at the two as they entered. Her finger was pointing squarely at Kojiro. "Shimura, I understand, but why bring the failure? He couldn't even develop his latent Force abilities properly. He won't be able to keep up with us."

"He's one of us," was all Muz said and the tone in his voice gave no room for rebuttal. Nisha went quiet again.

Kojiro felt the hot pang of anger strike his heart but he said nothing. Ever since the ritual Nisha had treated him differently, it wasn't entirely his fault he'd had no time to concentrate on developing anything. This constant war had left him with little time to do much, what with the Lotus insurrection, the Collective, the retaking of Orian. But still perhaps she was right. Perhaps...

An elbow dug into his shoulder and he looked up to see Shimura throwing him a concerned look. "Don't worry about it, you do good as you are."

"We are approaching the target destination. We should be outside their sensor range for a spell but I am unsure for how long." Blackwind piped up and as he did so the screen shifted from the blue of Hyperspace to the constant black of real space. "Well I guess this is it, lets go."

The hum of the engines seemed to warble as Blackwind pressed buttons on the console directly in front of him. The display adjusted, showing their target as it grew closer, the ship hovering in place some distance away. The plan was simple enough, they had done this sort of thing before. Slide right up alongside them with the cloaks engaged, fight their way from the docking bay, profit. Nisha shook her head at the sound of the cloak, the change in pressure seeming to bother her some.

Leena looked over at the clones, nodding at Doc, then at Koji. "I'm going to assume that we'll want Beater and Hekate with us as well?" She darted her eyes at the Haxion, then back at him.

"Yeah, unless you are just..." Koji chuckled, looking for the right words, his hands gesturing "...I don't know, going to ride around on Skjoll's back or something." Skjoll turned to look at him, then at her.

Doc nudged Koji, then laughed himself. "And it's not like Hekate won't find some reason to sneak aboard and work on his trials." The last word all but dripped with sarcasm that forced an icy glare from Leena and made Doc laugh again.

"Radio silence." Blackwind spoke, hand sliding across the commands, reducing all of the powered systems to minimum, the ship gliding toward their prey on inertia alone. "You might want to get downstairs quick. You know how small of a window we'll have."

He was right. Once they touched the ship, their sensors would light up like Life Day fireworks, and they'd have mere seconds to board before Blackwind would break the Spear free and vanish in a hail of firepower and hyperspace ions. Shimura smiled to himself at the thought, the confusion, the chaos, the fear. He licked his teeth as they found their way from the bridge down to the bay, watching as the target grew closer and closer yet, until he could reach through the airlock and literally touch their hull.

The hiss of attachment filled their ears as they silently went to work, fire erupting from their hilts to draw liquid metal from the side of their ship. The pressure shifted, the new opening pulling the flap of hull inward dramatically, leaving an easy entrance into the ship. Muz went first, Shimura stepping alongside him, their blades held almost casually. Koji and Doc helped the blastomech across, Koji laughing beneath his helmet as they hoisted the droid across in front of Leena. "Mind the gap."

The claxons began to blare, the bridge no doubt keenly aware of the hull breach and likely the boarding party. The throb in their ears got their attention, Muz turning, and gesturing with his hand to twist the hull back into place.

Mostly.

Through the lines of ruin they had carved, they could see the Spear pull away, the bright green of turbolaser fire, the deep crimson of return fire. The vacuum of space whistled through the gap, tugging on them as they made their way down the corridor, Leena's datapad slicing into the door console and sealing a bulkhead behind them before she made the fix permanent by way of a well placed blaster bolt.

"Well, that went too easily."

"Who said that?" Shimura snarled. "You frelling know better than to EVER sa.." The stampede of boots rang out down the hallway, the clack of blasters being charged echoing toward them behind the distressed sound of the warning claxons. Shimura shook it off, the prospect of battle swelling his hearts.

Muz tilted his head slightly, letting a smile twist the corner of his lips as he raised one of his sabers to point in the enemy's direction. His voice echoed through their ears and their minds at the same time. "They're playing our song."

As much as he loved battle, Shimura was looking forward to a quick mission and with the emergency sirens wailing, that definitely wouldn't be possible. As quickly as a head popped out from a nearby doorway, Kojiro leveled his rifle but Leena's draw beat him, a shot burning through the back of the Collective Ensign's head as he previously looked down the other end of the hall. Knowing he had been beaten, Kojiro turned his head slightly to the Twi'lek, rifle still leveled down the hallway. She looked back and winked her reply playfully before standing upright out of her hip fire stance.

Shimura couldn't help but to mockingly gag just loud enough for everyone to hear between the blaring sirens. Doc turned and smacked the Zabrak's pauldron with the butt end of his pistol. "Shut your crumb catcher, quit ditty boppin and stay frosty!" He swore he saw a slight smile crack the Patriarch's face for being reprimanded by his Nihilgenia. The Sith shot back a sour look at Doc.

"Well, since we're in SUCH a rush Leena, where's the bridge and the reactor room?" Shimura said, aiming his disdain at Doc.

The Twi'lek holstered her blaster pistol and pulled the datapad out again before socketing it into a dataport nearby. As she went to work, the sirens died off but the visuals alarms still blinked red. "Well," she tapped furiously on her datapad, "the main reactor is at the stern of the ship, near floor twelve and the bridge is at the bow, floor..." she paused as she continued to find the answer she was looking for, "thirty six."

Kojiro piped in, "Are you sure we can't keep it?"

Muz stroked his mustache further into place, turning towards Leena. His movement caught everyone's attention, as if all of them waited for an answer to Kojiro's question. "Well, the primary communications suite is on the way to the bridge, Grand Master." Without being asked verbally, the Keibatsu were familiar enough with Muz that he asked the question telepathically.

"Good." He said amusingly as he moved down to his beard once he was satisfied with the placement of his mustache. His voice rang through the minds like *First, we'll need to disable the planetary weapon to avoid undue losses to our fleet back home. Second, we'll need to get a message to Kyataru to have them rendezvous with us at Autoch to finish a sweep of the*

*dreadnought. We'll be bringing the Ocaejar in hot and we'll need assistance if we're going to capture it with minimal damage. And third, we take the bridge, kill Ordan, which is where he is presumably hiding, and jump this monster out of here before it can do more damage.*

Kojiro's fists clenched in a silent victory. Shimura could only imagine the excitement on his face beneath his matte black helmet. Leena tapped a few more buttons on the datapad before removing the jack from the wall. "Are you happy NOW, Doc?" Shimura said to the Medic. If the Sith could see his face, he knew he wouldn't be amused.

"With respect, I don't think that plan will be satisfactory to our mission objectives," Skjoll piped up from behind the group. His heavy repeater swung slowly back and forth covering their rear as the team worked. "Whilst the objectives do indeed get carried out we run into the risk of several problems. One: They jump this ship whilst we deal with the weapon. Two: They flood their entire garrison to one location and we get nowhere. Three: They blow the ship up because they are fanatics."

"And you suggest what?" Shimura queried, turning his expression from both the Droid and Muz. Muz's expression was blank and it was hard to tell what the man was thinking.

"Two objectives simultaneously. Miss Leena and I will assume Master Kojiro heads to the weapon, their skills complement each other for disabling things with technology or explosives. The other team storms the bridge," the droid piped back.

"Yeah and what about comms?"

"It is likely there will be a communication station attached to the bridge, there usually is and whilst I am fully unaware of this ship's Schematics I am sure Leena can verify."

Everyone's attention turned to the Twi'lek as her eyes lay buried in the datapad in her hands. "Yeah, well he's not wrong. I guess. But realistically it's up to Muz."

*I suppose it could be done. If you can handle it.* The Grand Masters' voice slid into the group's head.

"Easily," Kojiro piped up. He had something to prove after all and this was the perfect opportunity.

"Yeah don't worry, i'll keep him safe," Leena threw Kojiro a smirk which quickly vanished as if she could sense the Clones' emotions at her words. "We'll protect each other's back. But we should go now. According to the schematics there should be several access points that will get us to where we got to go. I've uploaded them to your datapads."

The team parted ways, Kojiro and Leena alongside their entourage moved with all haste along the corridor. The other team behind them for a certain way until the two Force users and their companions peeled off heading towards the bridge. There was no real time for grace and subtly, but they knew they couldn't muck around and be bogged down in a gunfight. They weaved through side corridors and at one point had to redirect their journey due to the droids. The detour was going well until they entered into a small side room and came face to face with two Collective shipmen.

The Twi'lek and Clone fired and easily took down the two crew, but the door on the other side of the room slid open as a third crew came to investigate. Leena's bolt struck him through the eyes which carried the man almost comically back into the room behind him. A few muttered cries rang out and the sound of sliding chairs against the floor could be heard.

"Ahh kriff. Kill and move," Kojiro said as he rushed into the room. His TL-50 was already spraying out a stream of bolts gunning down the first Collective before they had time to arm. A third however returned fire and struck Kojiro's helmet, luckily the armour withstood the blow but it dazed the Colonel enough that an extra two bolts cracked into him sending him toppling. Leena dispatched the aggressor as she entered the room, moving to Kojiro's side and gently tapping the Clone's helmet.

"Hey, you aren't dead are ya? Gonna be pretty peeved if you are," she chuckled nervously but breathed a quick sigh of relief as Kojiro returned the tap to her forehead.

"That was a doozy," he pushed himself up and shook his head. "We're close to the access elevator right? We gotta assume someone heard that ruckus now so let's go."

A strong pair of hands lifted him up to his feet as Skjoll came up behind him. Leena rose too and handed the Clone his blaster. "Yeah, another corridor and then we head down."

So they moved again. The corridor was all but empty but the sound of feet clattering on metal somewhere close by spurred them on to the elevator. It was unlocked luckily, and the door slid open giving the team time to enter and hit the correct floor button. The elevator descended slower than what Kojiro would have liked and his heart beat at a million miles an hour. The adrenaline of the near miss had kicked in and he was ready to act.

"So I guess once we're down we kill everything and disable the weapon?" Leena muttered. "Simple enough right? Well it would be if we had Muz I guess, maybe this was a bad idea. I mean you nearly got taken down up there."

"I can handle it," Kojiro shot back. "I'm not useless or a failure."

"I know, but I'm allowed to be nervous."

“Don’t be concerned Miss Leena, though Kojiro lacks much grace he somehow manages to pull through. Sometimes only just, but only two semi deaths to this point so he isn’t doing too bad.” A hard laugh emanate from the Haxion’s voice box and Kojiro internally scowled. There was no time to reply as the elevator slid to a halt and the doors opened. The team departed the elevator into a large chamber, Collective soldiers and technicians roamed everywhere. As they exited the elevator a pair ran up to them.

“Halt, identify yourself!”

“Oh, we’re maintenance,” Leena responded.

“Maintenance?...”

Kojiro’s and Skjolls repeaters roared to life and gunned down the two soldiers and the nearest techs. There was a momentary confusion from the Collective and then all hell broke loose.

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Elsewhere  
*Ocaejar*  
Arx System

Bodies of dispatched soldiers and officers littered the hallway, some dismembered, some crushed with the force, some electrocuted, all of them shown no mercy. Luckily for Shimura, the majority of the *Ocaejar*’s fighting force had been deployed to the Nesolat Platform or to Arx itself, making resistance lighter than it should have been. The Grand Master’s voice echoed inside his skull once again during the lull in combat.

*Even after a decade, your creativity with death hasn’t waned.*

Shimura ground his teeth in frustration as he telepathically replied. *A decade ago, we were a lot closer in power.*

Muz exhaled loudly as he picked the words to use. *You’re right. A lot has changed. But what I hold dear still remains the same. Family. You’re still the same. You crave what you don’t have. Power.*

The emphasis on the word power held enough weight to hit Shimura right in the stomach. The frustration was beginning to be too much, tears welled at the corner of his eyes.

*I’ve been to the top and seen the other side of the mountain, cousin. Power isn’t something you’re born with. There is no genetic ceiling. Just your submission to the Force. Your desire to be it’s student and follow its will.*



Muz clapped his taller cousin on the arm, who responded his thankfulness with a nod. The elder Keibatsu strode past the burly Zabrak, his brown locks trailing in the wake of his confident steps. An excited tone from the turbolift chirped from Muz's activation. Shimura stilled himself, submerged himself in his hate for the Collective. With his back turned toward his cousin, a half smile crossed his face as he felt Shimura's low burning embers of hatred roar to life with firestorm intensity.

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Bridge  
Ocaejar  
Arx System

His ears burned, hot blood coursing through his veins, his palms itching for want of weapons. Every engagement with these traitors represented a failure, writ large by those who followed him. He inhaled slowly, drawing the breath in through his nose as if the cool air could calm his rage. The Collective could have been crushed ages ago, if those who held the reins weren't as interested in keeping the Brotherhood divided, their guile and deceit forcing them into the eternal patterns of loss and failure.

He watched the turbolift doors open as he exhaled, the breath hissing past teeth clenched in his jaw. He shouldn't have stepped away from that cursed throne, from the gilded lies from forked tongues and fools drowning in their own self-interest. They hated him for being of a different cloth, born in a naked land, uninterested in their ways, but knowing something they all struggled with.

All of the fancy words go quiet when the swords begin to sing.

He held an arm out, his hand open, pointing at them as they recognized who he was, the paralysis of analysis running its course through their brains, the gamut of emotions caving into the primordial brain instincts: fight or flight.

A saber detached from his belt as it flew to his open hand, the razor hum of energy piercing the chilled silence. Weapons charged as they took cover, some bolting forward, the crackling of energy weapons harmonizing with the song of his blades.

Shimura couldn't help but laugh, his weapon rolling across the back of his neck quickly before dropping back into his hands, the movement adding brutal might to the blow that bisected his target.

The old scripts, tomes from the ages long gone would refer to the skill of the Jedi with their sabers as dances, trying to capture the elegance in words that they had none for. They'd say that there was such beauty in their movements that it was charming to watch.

There was no beauty here.

Efficiency, precision, celerity, all of the skills forged in the forge of the battlefield, honed in countless duels, all sharpened by relentless pursuit of perfection.

But beauty?

No, brutality.

The blades slipped into joints unarmored, their fiery colors drinking blood and rending flesh. Every step was calculated, placed with an economy of motion to engage the next foe. No words flew from their lips, silent predators letting their weapons whisper tales of gore beneath the din and havoc of their panicking prey.

There was a reason he was called the Lion.

The captain, a swarthy man in a crisp uniform cringed as he started to sweat, swinging his hand at an officer frantically bashing control buttons. "Sir, there's nothing."

"Nothing?" He growled. "Son, do you hear that?" He paused for effect. "If we don't get reinforcements up here soon, we're not going to..."

"There's not even any static!" The sound of flesh bashing more buttons punctuated his words. "The whole system..."

He never finished the sentence. Shimura's fire seethed through the back of his chair, tearing through heart and lung, the crimson tip illuminating his face from below like he was telling a campfire story. Eyes blinked, looked down, then back up at the captain before they glossed over, his last breath flowing through his diaphragm rather than his lips. Shimura pulled the weapon free, spinning it in his hand in a tight arc as he stepped toward the captain, blood in his eyes.

The captain straightened himself up to his full height, the clack of his boot heels snapping together echoing briefly as his fingers wrapped around his sidearm, the motion practiced a hundred thousand times. He had won competitions in his younger days, the ringing of targets echoing in his mind almost louder than the dozen times he had used it since the academy, the gasping mouths and terrified looks of gutshot enemy soldiers burned into his brain. They haunted him sometimes, but he had pressed it all aside, duty driving him toward a reward he couldn't quite fathom, couldn't quite plan for. Polished metal cleared the leather of his holster,

his finger caressing the smooth trigger as it rose, a half heartbeat before the weapon was at his hip. The motion was smooth, calming to him. It had never failed him. Until today. The weapon never righted itself at his hip, never rose high enough to be a threat, clacking to the ground before his head fell to the floor.

Shimura brought his saber through the arc calmly, his hands spinning the weapon around in a defensive velocity as a matter of habit as his eyes watched the captain's body crumble and fall to meet its head. "Was that all?"

It was barely even a second before the words left his mouth when a blaster shot rang across the bridge. The green tracer screamed toward the Zabrak's back before halting midair roughly a meter away. Shimura regarded the blaster bolt, then his cousin who had intervened on his behalf. His eyes followed its trajectory to a corner of the bridge, a tall Nautolan female in battle worn heavy armor over a black top and brown trousers.

"Ordam." He spat in a rumbled growl. It was clear from the shock in her eyes she'd never seen a force user stop a blaster shot midair. Her resolve steeled as her brain caught up to the adrenaline coursing through her veins. Another trio of shots flew at him, an over and under swirl of his saber batted them around the room along with the suspended shot. Two redirected into the floor, one into the ceiling leaving burn holes behind. The final one hit an Ensign in the chest who died with a pitiful yelp before slumping to the floor.

The Sith outstretched a hand, attempting to reach out with his mind and grasp the Nautolan. His gauntleted hand clenched shut as he twisted his wrist. A cry of pain came from Ordam as her right arm was wrenched behind her by an invisible force with a sickening pop. The lifeless arm fell to her side, the pistol dropping to the floor with a clatter. Fueled by the Force, he made a horizontal leap that wouldn't have been possible by any other non force sensitive being. She desperately fired more shots at vaulting Sith, trying to delay the inevitable. Shimura's saber intercepted them, her pistol clicking a death knell for his landing. With an agonizing scream, the second pistol clunked to the floor with her hand still attached, courtesy of a whirling flourish.

A devilish smirk crept across his face, her face was hidden, but the defeat emanated from her body language, Muz tilted his head and sent the Collective leader flying into the ceiling with a thud, He pinned her there for just a moment, allowing her to stare down at the floor before being smashed against it. Time and time again, her body hit the ceiling, the floor, console after console before laying in a crumpled mess, wheezing pained gasps. The Sith's armored boot ended her struggling attempts to breath with a stomp across her unarmored neck.

His eyes darted back to his cousin, *Impressive display, I'm sure they got the message.* Muz looked back at Shimura. *They have to know that there's no walking away from this.* Shimura chuckled, Collective eyes darted around the bridge as his cousin moved to join him, the sunset tones of his blades absorbing back into their homes. Shimura harrumphed, then clacked his tongue against his teeth. "I was hoping for more." He locked eyes with another Collective junior

officer who responded in a loud gulp. “Nickraf? What are you doing here? I thought you said you were getting out the last time I almost killed you?”

The Collective Officer nervously laughed. “You know Shim, I got the wife and kids back home. They’re not going to feed themselves. I can’t find work outside of this that will pay well enough.”

“C’mon Nick, you should’ve called me. We would’ve figured it out. You don’t need to slum with this trash. You know what?” Shimura reached into his pocket, produced a credit chip and put it into Nick’s palm. “Consider this my retainer. The Collective won’t be around for much longer for you to keep getting a paycheck.”

Nick looked at the credit chip, his jaw dropped from the amount of zeros and gathered himself to thank him. “Now go stand in the corner, the rest of your friends aren’t going to make it.”

Doc moved into the bridge from the turbolift area, Muz lifted his cybernetic arm commanding the clone to halt. With the bridge of military vessels, for the most part, a weapon free area, the resistance wasn’t expected to be great. Uncharacteristically, Muz began to address the remaining Officers. “Unfortunately, this won’t be satisfying at all, but it will be more than deserving.”

The Grand Master lowered his cybernetic arm and reached out with his organic and used the Force to generate electricity from the ends of his fingertips, delivering summary executions for the few remaining Officers on the bridge. Shimura stood there, unmoved by the coldness, the disregard to life, because Muz was right. It WAS deserving. This enemy had shown that they were capable, and more than willing to commit the atrocities that made them so hated in past engagements. He knew Muz wanted to give it back to them ten fold.

The smell of melted plastic, burned clothing and fried skin filled his nostrils, smoke still rising from the corpses. The Battlemaster looked at the Lion, he nodded in response. *Kojiro and Leena have successfully disabled the crew of the planetary weapon, They’re standing by.*

“Nick, your work starts now.” The Sith tossed his new follower a datapad, “Lock out the secondary bridge and plug the coordinates to Autoch in. Open a channel, let them know we’re ready to be boarded and swept with impunity.”

“Yes, sir!”

Shimura looked back to Muz who had already extracted a holocomm, Idris’ figure danced in the wavy blue light. “POI codename “Dread-Head” has been eliminated. Charges have been placed on the reactor to detonate once we have exfiltrated. Darth Ashen out.”

“Lockout successful. Message delivered. Ready to jump to hyperspace.” Nick said confidently.

Muz shut off the comm and crossed his arms, the two Keibatsu stared out of the viewport as the dreadnought wheeled around, leaving Arx behind. "Jump to lightspeed." Muz said as the stars streaked into white lines.