

COMPETITION: 'GJW XV EVENT LONG FICTION - SMALL TEAM CO-OP FICTION

SCUTTLE THE OCAEJAR

Authored by:

Battlelord Malisane #2415

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/6169/snapshots/2891/5102>

https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/317/snapshots/2892/5103

Warlord Etah #8075

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/8075/snapshots/2904/5124>

https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/64/snapshots/2922/5192

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Battlelord DarkHawk #264

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/264/snapshots/2683/4719>

https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/538/snapshots/2190/4720

PROLOGUE

ISD *PERDITION*

Edge of the Orian System

The Consul of Clan Naga Sadow slid an intel report across the large table in the War room. Malisane Sadow reached out and brought the papers closer to him to read. Bentre Sadow activated the monitors and brought up a schematic of the Dreadnaught Ocaejar. While the Consul briefed on the mission parameters, Malisane spoke up, "Count me in Consul..."

Bentre paused for a second, "Thank you Malisane, although there is plenty more to go over you should be apprised as to be rest of the mission details" replied Bentre,

"I want in regardless of those parameters," Malisane replied.

"Very well..." Bentre said.

Continuing with the briefing, the Warlord went into full details of the mission. As he concluded the brief, Warlord Etah Obsidyn chimed in, "Sir, if I may, I would like to volunteer with Malisane for this mission."

"Very well, do we have anyone else requesting this mission. Battlelord Takagari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu stood up from his chair and spoke. "Sir, I also would like to accompany both Malisane and Etah on this mission."

"Very well, you have your orders, I want you three checking in on the half-hour, savvy?" Bentre instructed.

"Understood..." DarkHawk replied.

DarkHawk turned towards his two brethren and spoke, "If either of you do not have any objections, I will have Ty prep the Tārōn for us."

Both Malisane and Etah nodded, DarkHawk activated his comlink, and an aristocratic voice responded to the hail, "Yes, your worshipness..." Ty replied.

"Prep the ship we leave in twenty..." DarkHawk replied.

"On it good, Sir..."

VT 49 Decimator *Tārōn*

Approaching Arx System

DarkHawk sat in his chair in the situation room, studying the hologramatic display above the table. "This seems to be a nonstandard dreadnought model," he said thoughtfully as the image of the Ocaejar revolved, its magnification increasing and decreasing as they focused on various parts of the vessel.

"Indeed," Etah replied, "they've got increased security and probably sensors. We do not have the exact details, but the Collective upgrades tend to be extensive and cutting edge. So how do we sneak aboard?"

"In this, we do not," Senth replied. Under orders from the Consul, the Warhost Lieutenant Colonel had joined them as a security advisor.

"What do you mean?" DarkHawk asked.

They would detect and engage us before we even got close."

DarkHawk turned to him. "So, what do you suggest?"

Before the officer could reply, Malisane looked over from his solitude in the corner. "We do not sneak."

Etah glanced at the Pro Consul. "So, we do what exactly?"

Malisane's scarred features took in each in turn. Then he explained. The other three looked at each other in a mix of surprise and horror.

Dreadnaught *Ocaejar*

Arx Space

Captain Tirak sat in his chair, sipping a warm drink. Around him, the crew performed their duties with a cold efficiency he had come to expect. He looked at the display in front of him. Everything was performing at a more than acceptable efficiency. A crewman approached and handed him a datapad. He glanced at it and nodded.

Suddenly an alarm sounded, and a crewman at a station called over. "Unknown ship appearing on mid-range scanners. It reads as a VT-49 Decimator."

"Direction and heading?"

"Directly ahead, Captain," the crewman replied, "and on an intercept course."

Titak got to his feet and walked over to the viewscreen, which was magnifying to show a small black Assault ship moving towards them. "What are they doing?"

"We're being hailed, Captain," the communications officer replied from nearby.

There was a pause, then the image of a man appeared on the bridge. Several crew members shuddered at the sight. The man had a burned face and head.. His ears were ripped as was his upper lip, revealing broken teeth, and where his nose should be was an empty hole. "You Collective scum," he spat, his lip sneering.

"Who are you?" Tirak demanded.

"I am your nemesis. You dare to attack our home system. Now I will kill you all."

"What is happening?" a female voice asked from behind. Gharfa Ordam had entered the bridge and appeared at the Captain's shoulder.

"You will die in agony," the strange man said, his voice rising as he regarded the newcomer.

The captain glanced at the Naulolan senior officer. "He appears to be insane, madam. Should we open fire?"

She regarded the figure. "No, lock the tractor beam and bring him on board."

"Yes, madam."

The Collective marines surrounding the bay waited until the Decimator passed through the shielding landed on the deck, and then readied their weapons as the ramp slowly descended. After a few seconds, the man descended, wearing a helmetless grey battered suit of armor and brown cloak. In one hand he held a sword. "You will all die!" he shouted and charged forward, roaring. Immediately dozens of blue stun bolts hit the man, and he collapsed, his momentum crashing him to the floor.

After a few seconds, Gharfa Ordam nodded in satisfaction. "Disarm him and put him in an interrogation suite. I will question him personally."

VT49 Decimator *Tāron*

Dreadnaught *Ocejär*

Arx Space

DarkHawk sat in the darkness, glancing at the time display on his communicator. "They have had time to search and find no one," he said quietly.

"We can hope so," Etah replied.

DarkHawk nodded. He reached up and pushed the lid of the compartment up. "Ty, you will remain on board but maintain a low profile until contacted. Etah, Senth, we're going for a look around."

"With pleasure, Sir..." Ty said

"Stay out of sight, Ty, and be ready may need your assistance."

The Duros nodded his head in agreement, "Ready and willing Master Takagari," replied the Duros in his regal tongue.

Etah walked past Ty and chuckled a bit as he patted the Duros on the shoulder, "Never a dull moment with you ol'e chap!"

"Alright, let's go find Malisane, and blow this popsicle joint," DarkHawk said.

Etah pulled his helm over his head and purged the air from the rebreather.

"Ty, find out where they are taking Mal, send us any intel you come across." DarkHawk said. Turning to his old Quaestor, "You ready, Etah?" DarkHawk asked.

Etah tapped his crush gauntlets together in rapid succession, "Always Top.."

Hangar Bay

Dreadnaught Ocejjar

The two Sadowans moved out of the Decimator and into the hangar bay. Luckily no personnel was present, just maintenance droids accomplishing their duties. Etah and DarkHawk moved with haste while staying behind the many supply crates within the hangar. DarkHawk pointed to the Northeast corner, Warlord Obsidyn scanned the area where his partner identified. A maintenance exit. "Must be the maintenance corridor for the droids..." Etah thought to himself. "Good call Top," Etah whispered into his comlink.

Making their way over to their targeted escape, the two made it about three meters shy of the exit when the doors whisked open. A young man pushing a hover-cart, carrying two shiny new maintenance droids, came through the doors. Etah wasted no time, garnering his connection to the Force, Etah extended a gloved hand and Force pushed the human into the adjacent wall. His head rocked against the wall, leaving a stained blood trail to the floor as he slid down into unconsciousness.

"That's one nothing Top..." Etah said.

DarkHawk shook his head and peered around the open door. The corridor was clear, and the two moved stealthily down towards the next set of doors.

As they approached both Sadowans' comlinks cracked, "I believe I have located Quaestor Malisane. Through that next set of maintenance doors, turn right." Ty said.

"Good, change of plans Ty, you and Senth, you and Senth make your way to the engine room and initiate a big boom..." DarkHawk said.

“Jolly good Sir, we will gather our necessary tools and be on our way,” Ty replied.

“No tomfoolery, get in, get out..”

Reaching the door, both men took opposite sides, and DarkHawk slapped the button activating the doors. Sliding open, two armed guards stood at the intersection of the connecting corridors. One of the guards turned around to acknowledge the commotion of the doors opening, only to find nothing. “Probably droids...” the guard said, turning back around. DarkHawk reached into one of his utility belt compartments and revealed two large shurikens. DarkHawk peered around the corner, ensuring the guards backs were facing them. A quick throw and the shurikens sunk into the base of the necks of the two guards. The two unsuspecting victims of the Shaevalian immediately slumped to the floor. DarkHawk held up two fingers, two his comrade in jest.

MEANWHILE...

Armed guards escorted Battlelord Malisane into an interrogation suite, and one of the guards maliciously pushed the Equite into the room and slammed the door shut. “Muster your strength, you're going to need it...” the guard said, laughing.

“Fool! You will be the first to die when I am free from this penal confinement,” the Battlelord said under his breath.

Back at the Decimator, Ty was stowing a few equipment items in his backpack. Colonel Senth had quietly made his way back to the ship with a little “extra” baggage then what he left with. A fallen ship personnel was slung over the former ARC Trooper's shoulder. Ty could only deduct that either the Colonel dispatched him, or either DarkHawk or Etah struck him down. Senth dropped the slain at Ty's feet. Senth tugged at Ty's tunic and pointed at the maintenance uniform of the Collective personnel.

“Jolly good idea, Colonel,” Ty said as he began removing his garments.

Ty donned the workers uniform, and the two gathered their things and made their way off the Decimator. “To the engine room, good Sir,” Ty said. Ty grabbed a small pushcart and tossed his equipment bag on it and began strolling along, telling the Colonel tales of the glory days.

“Andre,” open every door and corridor between the hanger bay and the interrogation room, open every door and corridor between the hanger bay and the engine room. Close, lock, and password-protect all other doors and corridors. How long do you think that will take?” Etah asked his long time apprentice Adrestia.

“93 seconds,” Adrestia's response crackled through the coms, robotic-like. It's not that she was a droid, but she was communing with the ship's computer. She didn't slice into the code like a vulgar mundane. She connected with the computer's psyche and dominated it like a professional madam.

“Eos!” Etah said into his coms once again. Brotherhood members listening might think he was addressing the world and not his pilot. “Keep the Vee Tee Four Niner prepped and ready to go!”

“Copy,” Eos replied into the coms.

Etah knew his good friend DarkHawk wanted to turn this encounter into a bloodbath. His bloodlust challenged Etah's own, and Etah respected him for that. But all of the people that were inside of the doors and corridors that were open and locked out of the rest of the ship had to be dealt with. So the equate drew the Force around him and then exploded it like a crashing wave upon the group of Collective technicians that were responding. They were instantly hit with a wave of fear so tense that many of them were frozen in place, a few wept, one urinated his pants. DarkHawk came from behind Etah and slew several of them with the blades extending from his hands. When DarkHawk was done, the ground would be running red with blood, and only one man would be left.

Etah approached the man who tried to scurry away but found himself paralyzed by sheer terror. Etah quickly looked into his mind with the Force and found that he was scared of Rath Oligard and of failing in his duties. Using the Force Etah very briefly created the full-sized illusion of Rath Oligard confronting berating the young man for his failure. By the time he stopped screaming, Etah and DarkHawk were long gone. Madness would now follow this man for the remainder of his life.

When another group of technicians approached with weapons drawn, Etah created the illusion of an entire Company of StormTroopers running directly at them and firing. As the group hesitated. DarkHawk and Etah withdrew their lightsabers and quickly dispatched them.

The interrogation chamber opened just as Etah and DarkHawk arrived. Malisane's tormenter lay dead at her feet. She walked out under her own power, but DarkHawk (after turning off and reclipping his lightsaber, offered her walking assistance anyway, which she accepted. Etah walked next to him with his saber already extended. Only one random Collective soldier attempted to confront the group, and Etah angrily cut him square in two.

By the time Etah, DarkHawk and Malisane approached the Decimator, Ty and Senth had already returned from placing the charges. Apparently, their route to the engine room and back had been relatively clear. Etah strapped himself in, as DarkHawk took command of the bridge of his ship and issued a few commands to the personnel there, including Etah's crew members.

"Miss A, open the bay doors and release the docking clamps" DarkHawk Ordered. "Miss Eos, take us back to well, uh, Eos."

The End