

**[GJW XIV Phase II] Fiction and Audiobook - The
Front Lines**

[Option 2]

A Star Wars Story by

Adept Rian Taldrya (#10701)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Vrayth Arastair Xyler (Vax); Force Disciple (mirialan male)

Niesza; Force Disciple (dathomirian female)

Rian Taldrya; Force Disciple (mirialan male)

Amari Vhen; Force Disciple (human female)

Evant Taelyan; Force Disciple (human male)

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away. . . .

The Front Lines

Evant Taelyan marched the corridors of the Shadow Academy trailed by a full Company of Liberation Front Partisans. The end of the Brotherhood was nigh, he could feel it. Battles raged on all around him but he didn't care. The orders given to him were ultimately clear and there was no reason to not obey. His steps echoed on the marbled floor, leading him and the soldiers deeper into the belly of the Academy's Central Spire where the continent of Uskil and Elos Vrai were connected by tunnels that led straight to the base of the Dark Ascent. Down there he would use the repulsor transport reserved for the members of the Dark Council to get to their innermost sanctuary.

Reaching the lowest level of the Central Spire, Evant moved his hand in an opening gesture. A silly move to visualize the might of the Force to those inadequate to utilize it. The doors slid open and revealed a dark cavernous hall.

The Deputy Grand Master made a confident step into the room and artificial light on the high roofs sprang to life, revealing a group of four standing between him and the transport platform.

He should have expected that at least a few would dare to put themselves into his way. Poor fools.

"So the rumors are true." The supposed leader of the group said out loud, a hint of disappointment in his voice.

Even though Evant remembered him from what felt like another life, the mirialan could have easily identified by the tattoos adorning his face and the piercing amethyst eyes. Rian Taldrya, former Consul of Clan Taldrya.

Rian Taldrya forced himself to focus. The one leading the Partisans in front of him may have been the Deputy Grand Master, but by leading the enemies advance, he has become an enemy of the Brotherhood.

"I wish it wasn't you Master Taelyan," Rian continued.

"I can't say the same about you Lord Taldrya," Evant replied. "Now step aside and surrender."

"I was about to offer you the same," Rian said.

Evant laughed. "What makes you think you would be in a position to offer me anything? Arx lies in flames and soon the Brotherhood will fall before the Lord Superior."

"I am surprised you don't know but Oligard and his cowards are currently mounting their retreat after getting their asses handed by our allies from the Severian Principate."

"Master Taelyan, by the will of the Grand Master," Rian continued. "stand down and order your men to surrender."

To underscore his statement, his and the lightsabers of his companions sprang to life with a prolonged, irregular hum.

"Lies, all lies." Evant reached for his own weapon. A brilliant blade of pure crimson matching those of the four Taldryanites.

"So be it!" Rian concluded, charging for the Deputy Grand Master with the rest of his group only a heartbeat behind him.

"Take care of the Partisans, I'll handle Evant." Rian gave orders, his blade cutting at the fallen Deputy Grand Master.

Though heavily outnumbered, Taldryanites that accompanied the former Consul leaped and bounded across the room as their blades flashed and danced to send back superheated plasma from the Partisan's blaster rifles or slashed at those daring to get close enough to the force-wielding warriors. Amid this chaos of weapons-fire danced Evant and Rian, their blades crashing at each other.

The Taldrya fainted right then spun around unleashing an aggressive cross-cut at Evant but the Deputy Grand Master's blade seemingly arrived a split second before Rian's at every time. Yet the strength behind the blows of the Adept left its mark. Rian pressed on, his blades hammered down on Evant in rapid chains.

As the fight between Evant and the Taldrya raged on, the Deputy Grand Master began to wonder for how much longer his opponent would be able to keep up with this sheer volume of attacks. Eventually, his question was answered when the Taldrya extended his right side just for a split second too long.

Sensing his chance, Evant lashed out. His crimson blade bursting forward, ready to cut through the Taldrya. At the last instant, Evant realized his mistake. The opening was nothing but a faint to lure Evant into opening his otherwise impenetrable wall of defense. Batting away the crimson blade with his amber one, Rian spun around the Deputy Grand Master's exposed side, slashing at his left knee.

Evant felt an agonizing pain where the amber blade had connected with his leg. Cursing himself he turned to face his opponent but even while the pain fueled his vigor, his mobility was severely inhibited.

Bringing his blade up, Rian came at Evant again, his blade raining down on the Deputy Grand Master. Evant continued to match the volume of attacks but every time he intercepted the amber blade it sent a jarring pain down his nerves.

Rian spun into a tight coil, a purple bladed lightsaber suddenly filling his off-hand as he came around back at Evant. The sudden revelation caught Evant unprepared as the Taldrya pressed the attack on, now with twice the intensity. The Deputy Grand Master got buried under the relentless attacks of the former Consul and Evant felt his own strength weakening under every slash coming at him. Eventually, Evant got overwhelmed and his guard fell under the weight of the Taldrya's blades. Letting go of the crimson blade, Rian lashed out at Evant's chest, leaving a scorched double-line on the Deputy Grand Master's armor. Taelyan's impression fell as he slid into a crouch. The eyes of the Taldrya in front of him watching as the light of life vanished from his vision.