

Rage Against the Machine

Evacuating the Shadowport

Mune Cinteroph (3607)



Somewhere near the Docks Port Ol'Val

“Caleb? Why is Mune not answering their comms?”

The Togorian glanced at his partner. Mune's lips were drawn back in a snarl of concentration. Turret fire clawed away at their barrier. Two children stared in horror. Only Mune and their barrier stood between them and ugly death.

“They are indisposed!” He charged forward and grabbed both children to drag them back into the protection of the alley. “We have a situation down here!”

Neither of them was fully armed, let alone armoured. Mune was dressed for dancing at a nightclub, Caleb only a little less casual and carrying their handguns at the least. Caleb had never seen their mate caught so unaware when the situation began, let alone when it blossomed into an all-out crisis. The children were *safe*; Mune let the barrier dissolve. They were just quick enough to avoid being shot up themselves as they dove back into cover.

“Mune here!” the Shistavanen snapped out.

“What is your position?!”

“Somewhere near the Docks,” Mune answered hurriedly, their eyes scanning the chaos. It only seemed to intensify by the minute.

Paladins scuffled with what Mune recognized as Collective combat cyborgs while the port's defences went insane, firing into citizens, enemies, and allies. They did not discriminate. Unfeeling, uncaring, they took out whoever happened into their sights. The Shistavanen cursed under their breath and bolted out to tackle a citizen down as another volley of fire nearly took the woman out. Together, they hurried back into cover, the woman crying and visibly shaken.

“Mune! Are you there!?”

Mune realized they may have missed something and growled, “We are currently rather busy down here!”

Caleb eyed the Shistavanen, hearing the frustration mounting. They placed a calming hand upon their mate's shoulder. It worked; he saw Mune visibly calm down, take a breath and responds, “What is the plan?”

“You need to join forces with the Enforcers down there and evacuate anyone, not Cartel, Enforcer, or Paladin.”

“That deep in it, huh?” Caleb frowned.

“No time to explain; just get them out of there.” The communication cut abruptly.

An explosion sounded nearby, and the street rocked violently, if not a little ominously. Mune turned their gaze on the three *innocents* in their charge. “Umm... evacuate to where?”

Caleb loaded his BR-5010s and then glanced out into the intensifying chaos. “The Docks. They make the most sense.”

Mune centred themselves and drew upon the Force to restore their reserves. The need for the barrier and maintaining it against so many blasts had taken its toll. There was far more work to do. Finally ready, they nodded to the Togorian before taking the lead. Luckily, they never went anywhere without their lightsabers, and so one lay bare in their left hand at the ready. Caleb guided the two children and the woman ahead of him, so they were behind Mune. They had to be quick.

They both kept their eyes and ears open on the move, jumping in to save civilians where they could. It was only ten minutes before they ran into their first group of Enforcers, desperately trying to get people out from under a pile of debris. The explosion they had heard earlier.

“Take charge of these, Mune; you got this?” Caleb called; Mune was already getting into a better position.

“I can; watch my back,” The Shistavanen focused, blocking out their surroundings. The Force responded; it always did until it didn’t, of course, but it came at their call in the here and now. The debris shuddered, groaned, ground. Mune could sense the life forces within the rubble. *Do not let me down now*, Mune growled. They focused on controlling that power, drawing the wreckage up, as much of it as they could at once. Their breathing came heavier until they were panting with the exertion. However, the debris lifted, and the Enforcers, not watching their backs, jumped into action, retrieving the trapped people.

Mune could sense the incoming blow, but they dared not move. Distantly they heard Caleb’s warning. The Enforcers were moving as quick as they could to drag the injured from under the crushing weight of the collapsed structure. They gritted their teeth and braced. They sensed movement and heard the gunfire. They felt the blood splash against their clothes and fur. Only when the civilians were safely out did Mune break their concentration; all that weight came crashing down in a cloud of dust. Their lightsaber exploded to life, and the cyborg was dispatched with a thrust through its skull.

At the feet of the monster and Mune lay a broken Enforcer. Caleb slowly got back to his feet, his face a mask of blood and his right arm limp. Mune pulled the lightsaber free and cut the cyborg in twain. Over a dozen civilians had been removed from the rubble.

“He is gone! We need to move! Those things are everywhere! What are the Paladins doing!?”
The Enforcer had a panicked look in his eyes.

Mune shook their head, “Their best... just as we....”

The man calmed some, then nodded. The Enforcers coordinated their efforts, and they were once more on the move. Mune had moments to apply some healing to the Togorian while a medic put the arm in a sling. The Shista retrieved the second gun and helped their husband holster the weapon. Caleb could defend just fine with one firearm anyway. “Sorry, I cannot do more here.”

“You’re already exhausted yourself, my sun and moon.”

“I will be fine after a few moments,” Mune reassured, watching Caleb’s grimace of discomfort. “You should get back to the Voidbreaker.”

“No. Not while you are out here.”

“I am uninjured,” Mune argued.

“Only because that Enforcer and I got between you and the cyborg, you sensed it! I saw it in the way you braced yourself! You were going to let it kill you!” Caleb yelled. Anger flashed in his eyes.

“I...”

“No! Don’t you dare! You were going to let it cut you down.”

“There were people...” Mune’s words caught in their throat; it was rare for the Togorian to express so much emotion. Never had the feline aimed so much anger Mune’s way.

“I don’t care.”

Mune stared into those icy, unflinching eyes, then said softly, “But I do.”

No more words were exchanged until they reached the expansive open space docks. Civilians and non-combat personnel were loaded onto ships. The Voidbreaker was further along, taking on civilians to aid in the evacuation. Together they helped, guiding civilians and ensuring they made it to safety.