

Character: https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/character_sheets/16077

Opponents: https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/1050/1

As the rain slowly settled on the moon Flamma Volpes, Kaled and his little astromech droid R3 prepared themselves for departure.

While the droid was preparing the ship for take-off, the Miraluka was giving his last goodbyes to the not-so-little caxquett's that he brought over from that Temple debacle for safe keeping. All ten of them gathered around him, cuddling and sniffing him. One of them even tried to pull on his robe, trying to prevent Kaled from leaving. But he only smiled.

"There, there...I won't be gone for that long. I need to go, my Masters will probably be worried if I'm not back. I'll bring you more snacks next time, promise." The Miraluka petted the concerned caxquett, who only gave out a small whimpering noise before reluctantly letting go of his robe.

Kaled noticed that one of the caxquett's was standing a little back from his siblings. And as soon as the Arcanist noticed the outline and shape, he precisely knew which of them it was.

The Miraluka had named him Roga. He was the largest in the pack and its leader in a way. R3 once described him having light red scales, if they could be called that, and the blue lines going over his back were almost shimmering in direct sunlight. His eyes were black, but there were small white spots inside, giving the impression of a starry night.

Roga only sat down in his place, observing his siblings and letting out a soft grunt.

As Kaled rose up, the caxquett's pack retreated back behind Roga and then entered their little rocky shelter that the Miraluka built for them when they were only babies. The Arcanist moved forward lowering himself in front of Roga giving him a reassuring smile.

"You take care of them ok?" He said, patting the brave pack leader on his head.

Roga only gave him a reassuring growl, as he moved his head forward and deeper into Kaled's chest.

"There, there....I know you worry too much. But until I'm back you have to keep them safe ok? I promise I'll be home soon."

As he gave Roga that last goodbye, the Miraluka slowly made his way over to his ship. But in his mind, he wasn't so sure if he could keep that promise. Surely the situation couldn't be that bad, right?

As soon as he entered the ship, R3 started beeping and whistling about something coming. The Arcanist couldn't understand anything the droid was saying until he mentioned three dots on the scanners.

The Miraluka suddenly felt a rush of emotions, mostly confusion and fear. Had they finally found him out? What were they going to do once they got their hands on them?

Without thinking, Kaled rushed out from the ship hoping that he could at least make them see reason. Or at least try to convince them to leave before they discovered the little ones.

After a few minutes, and careful directions given to him from R3 over the communicator, Kaled was almost at the location where the three people were. R3 told him that the people were just in the clearing that was on the edge of the forest. He was hoping that Marick was among them.

That way he could at least have some chance in convincing them to leave.

As he was approaching the location, Kaled could sense people in front of him. He picked up his pace, even waving as he got closer.

"Master! Master I can explain! I was just...going..." There was something wrong. These people, their auras...

It was clear that they were not what he thought they were. From the brightness of their auras, Kaled guessed that they might be Force sensitive. But his senses gave him an uneasy feeling. The three people turned around, looking as this seemingly lost Miraluka approached them. One of them nudged the other beside him, pointing at Kaled.

"Is he one of them?" The middle one in the group spoke up. Clearly speaking in Twi'leki.

"Looks like it..." Another one added as he took out his baton from his back.

The last one didn't say anything. He started moving in the other direction, trying to flank the Miraluka.

Slowly moving back, the Arcanist lifted his hands up to his torso. There wasn't much he could do, the only option was to retreat back into the woods where he could have some cover if they had any kind of blasters.

"Hey...amm, are you Twi'leks? I'm Kaled from Clan Arcona. Sooo, can...I help you guys? I don't want to fight so can we talk this out?" the Miraluka said in Twi'leki, hoping to at least end this peacefully. There was a moment of pause from the two in the front while the third was still moving to Kaled's right.

"Oh yeah. One of them." As soon as the one on the right spoke up the rest of them took their weapons out. Kaled could hear that they were charging up *something*. And in a second there was a sound of static. He could tell that it was something that they were holding in one hand.

"Alright, so no talk....biscuits." Without a second thought, the Miraluka quickly turned around and started running back to the forest. He could hear his pursuers start chasing him. Luckily, the forest was not that far away.

Maybe I can lose-

Before he could finish the thought, one of his pursuers was able to catch up to him.

His senses screamed in his head. Instinctively, he jumped to the right barely dodging the upcoming attack.

"Impressive..." The pursuer said, before preparing for the next attack.

Kaled quickly unbuckled the lightsaber hilt from his belt, before rolling away from another attack.

"Fine..." Finally, the Miraluka activated his lightsaber and the bright white blade shined over him. Moving his left leg forward, he lowered his stance slightly while lifting the blade above his head with his cybernetic arm. As he lightly loosen the grip of the lightsaber, Kaled extended his left hand in front of him with an open palm. Now ready, he was prepared to protect his family.

He could only hear the man in front let out a small laughter, before raising his hand in front of him. Before he even had time to act, Kaled felt himself being pushed away. Unable to stand his ground, he was pushed back. As he fell on the ground, the Arcanist felt the presence of the other two people getting closer and closer to him. Immediately, he rolled away, picking himself up as the two other pursuers finally caught up to them.

"Who are you?!" Miraluka said angrily. *"What do you want from me?!"*

"Doesn't matter kid. You're just krif out of luck." The one who attacked him said, finally speaking in basic.

"But you did give us your name. It's only polite to know ours. Not like it matters." The man in front had a bit of a rough and older voice. And by his swings, Kaled guessed that he was much stronger.

"Gil is the first on your left."

"Hehehe." Gil laughed. By the tone of his voice Gil sounded much younger.

"Deck is next to him, and I'm Kol. Not like you are going to live long enough to tell anyone. Shame really. Hehehe."

As soon as he finished speaking Kaled could feel a chill coming down his spine.

One heartbeat.

The Miraluka sensed movement coming from the left. It was quick and it left little room for thinking.

Second heartbeat.

Quickly, he moved his hand up, calling on the Force to protect him.

Third heartbeat.

From the palm of his hand appeared an almost translucent field. He felt a strong impact. So strong that it almost sent him down to his knees.

As he slowly rose up, he could hear the laughter of the others. It was almost like they were only playing with him. The Arcanist felt hopeless, one of them was a problem but three? There was almost no chance of him getting out of this alive. What could he do? If he started to run, they would only catch up to him. Defending would only do so much before he succumbed to exhaustion.

Focus Kaled.

The Miraluka stiffened up. For a split second, he could have sworn that he heard Marick's voice. He remembered what the Hapan was trying to teach him at Garganta Galleria. Feel the intent, without the eyes to see, he could still feel. They were much stronger, but if only Kaled could reach the forest...

That's it!

The Arcanist couldn't help but smile. The trio looked at him confused. Finally, Kol stepped forward and it was clear that he was ready to make another attack.

"What's so funny kid?" Kol finally spoke.

Kaled only lifted his head almost as if looking directly at his opponent, which made Kol step back in surprise.

"Life before death." Kaled spoke softly.

"Wha-"

Before Kol was able to speak, the Miraluka quickly made a dash towards the trees up ahead.

"Don't just stand there idiots! After him!"

There was no time to lose. His opponents were not that far behind him, and he only had one shot at this. As soon as he passed the first tree, Kaled quickly turned around and swiftly made a few strikes on the tree trunk. As the two were getting close, Kaled lifted his hand up, reaching one more time to the Force. Putting everything in this one plan, the Arcanist managed to push the upper part of the tree, making it fall on the incoming attackers.

The two managed to stop themselves but there was so little time to move away. Both of them reached out through the Force, stopping the tree just before it managed to crush them.

This was it, Kaled thought to himself as he ran forward towards the first of them. Using all of his might, he delivered a swift upwards cut. The Miraluka could immediately smell the sudden burning of flesh that was followed by a horrid scream and a thud as a severed hand fell on the grass in front of him. Losing his focus, the other man had a great difficulty holding on to the tree all alone. Kaled heard another scream as the tree suddenly hit the ground—and then there was silence.

The Arcanist quickly returned back into his stance. He could sense that the two of them were still alive under the tree. One of them was unconscious and the other was still struggling to get out from underneath.

The Miraluka was quickly turning his head around, but there was no sign of the third one. As he was turning around he suddenly felt a great impact and shock that sent him down on his knees. A second hit came from the left. He could feel a steel boot crushing his ribs as he was forced to land on the ground.

“Clever, I'll give you that. But useless,” Kol spoke before hitting the Miraluka one more time with his baton. The hit made Kaled curl up in a ball. He was breathing heavily, his muscles tensing up. Even if he wanted to, there was nothing much he could do to move away.

Another attack came, this time hitting him in the stomach. He coughed heavily, almost losing all the air inside his chest. Kaled tried to get up, but as soon as he leaned on his hands Kol punched him in the head.

Suddenly, Kaled heard a metallic march coming towards them.

[*Sarcastic: I see that you have everything under control master?*] Said one of the droids as they approached.

“Shut up. What did you find?” Kol said angrily before spitting down on the ground next to Miraluka.

[*Statement: We found a ship that was preparing to take off. And there was something that looked like a layer made out of rocks. There were some scratch marks on it.*]

“No...” Miraluka said weakly.

Kol only turned to him and looked, as Kaled was desperately trying to get up.

“Blow it up. Just for good measure. Be sure to use whatever you have.” The man said. In his voice Kaled could almost hear the smile that almost reached the surface.

He felt the dread coming down his back. The little ones! They were everything he had. And the thought of them getting killed by this...*monster* filled him with fear. And anger.

Not again...please. I can't let this happen again!!!

"Go do your job. After I'm finished with the kid, I'll get those-" As he turned around to point to his companions who were under the tree, Kol suddenly jolted backwards. The attack was sudden, and as he lowered his hand down, he could see the white blade radiating from his chest. The man tried to turn around, desperately trying to get one more hit in, but his hand suddenly gave way and both Kol and his weapon fell on the ground.

[*Statement: You shouldn't have done that meat-bag.*] One of the droids said as all three of them took aim.

The Miraluka was barely standing on his legs, only the sheer force of anger was keeping him upright. He couldn't let those droids reach them. They must not leave this place. As the rage bubbled up inside his chest, the droids fired.

Kaled deflected the first bolt easily. For the second, he had to step away. But the third bolt hit its mark, striking his right shoulder and causing Miraluka to jolt and jump back. The pain was unbearable, but he had to go in. Calling on what little straight he had left and holding on to his shoulder, Kaled ran forward with the droids.

He could hear three more shots being fired, but this time the Arcanist was ready. Jumping to the side, he managed to dodge out of the way of the first two shots. The last shot the Miraluka managed to deflect all the while closing the distance between him and the three droids.

As soon as he was in front of the first, Kaled swung his blade from left to right cutting into the droid's torso. The droid jumped back, as the other fired at the Miraluka the bolt was suddenly deflected by the white blade and the bolt reflected back at the one who fired it, hitting it in the head. The third droid came charging with the butt of his rifle hitting Kaled in the back. He stuttered a bit before twirling around and cutting the droid in the middle of its chassis, effectively splitting it in two. Looking at the state of his companions the droid, still a bit shaking from the impact of the lightsaber, took out his side arm and aimed it at Kaled and fired.

Lucky for Kaled, the shot managed to miss him and hit the ground beside him where the droid who he split in two fell.

As he rose up, the Arcanist swung the blade upwards, severing the droid's hand that held the blaster. As the droid screeched, Kaled pushed forward with his blade. He fell over the droid, piercing its chest as both of them fell to the ground.

Silence fell over the forest. In the distance a storm could be heard coming closer. After a while, the weak and wounded Miraluka slowly managed to get up to his knees. The burning from the blaster fire and the beating he got from Kol was finally starting to take a toll on his body. His mind was still filled with anger and fear. He took a deep breath to clear his mind, but Kaled somehow couldn't manage to let go of these emotions.

As he somehow managed to get up, he slowly wiggled his way back to the two, Gil and Deck, who were still trapped underneath the tree.

He could hear the struggling of...someone trying to get himself free.

"Why....why were you here?" the Miraluka said coldly as he lowered himself down to the trapped man.

"Go an frack yourself ha? Aghhh how about that?" Deck said as he tried to push the tree away.

The Miraluka only stood silent. He slowly lifted his hilt closer to the man's head. The man only laughed as he saw the hilt of a lightsaber over his head.

"Hahaha, you think that scares me punk?! **I'll kill you! And every single one of you!**" He screamed and struggled.

"Right...But you first..." And without a warning, Kaled activated his lightsaber, piercing the man's head. The sizzling and the burning of the meat was foul. The smell turned his stomach, but he had to hold it in. He made his way to the last one, Gil, who was unconscious. He stood over him, thinking on what to do. Does he let him live? What If he comes back with more people this time? What if they...no. He was not going to let them. He **HAD** to stop them from ever finding this place.

And so, the Miraluka lowered himself down and slowly embedded his white blade into Gil's neck.

As Kaled slowly made his way back to the layer, his legs finally gave in. He fell on his knees down on the wet grass as the rain slowly started to cover the forest like a blanket. He felt a great pain rising deep inside of his heart and he couldn't help but grab his chest. Although glad to be alive, he couldn't help but feel that a large part of him was torn away back there. Unable to cry, the Miraluka only curled up on the ground, screaming as the rain slowly fell over him.