

Make-shift Communications Post  
Zsoldos

Colonel Darcy Avarik eyed the drab, prefabricated structure carefully. Ever since the invasion began hours ago, a variety of enemy targets had been selected and allocated to Clan Vizsla's forces, and this one was his: a communications control and jamming post that had been quickly dropped in. It was literally just a really big crate with some special equipment inside, but such a simple thing was still causing widespread problems for Vizsla's armies and their ability to coordinate without specialized hardware.

Making sure his monlitzer was loose in its holster, he dashed across to the walls quickly and fairly quietly. His companion, 5K-4R (Skar), had other plans. Stomping across the ground to close the distance, Darcy wasn't surprised when the doors around the corner slid open. Blaster fire followed, but the shots bounced off of Skar's armor. Capitalizing on the distraction, Darcy leaned out around the corner and fired at a HK assassin droid that was slowly advancing. The droid turned and fired a shot off at him, but the teenager ducked back as Skar came charging in.

Striking the rifle from the HK's hands, Skar and the HK began fistfighting, pushing and shoving each other back while Darcy waited for a good opening. Skar ripped off a small piece of the HK's shoulder before suddenly stepping back and tilting his head. His photoreceptors shifted from their usual purple to a sickly yellowish color the Colonel had not seen before. Both droids turned to face Darcy. "Death to the intruder!" Skar vocalized as he raised a hand and fired.

Dashing backwards, Darcy was confused. Skar was exceptionally loyal to his maker, Caden, and had protected both of the teenagers on a few missions now. He clearly didn't hold grudges for capturing Caden; he also never spoke more than a single word at a time due to a critical bug in his programming. "Engaging target."

Darcy dashed around to the other side, knowing his best bet would be to keep his distance and concentrate on the HK. The same HK that stepped out in front of him in an attempt to flank. It fired its rifle, striking Darcy's shiny beskar armor almost harmlessly. Firing back, the Vizslan targeted the rifle, which sparked and caught on fire in the HK's hands. Discarding the weapon, the HK charged forward, producing a hidden blade from its left arm.

Ducking under a clumsy swing, Darcy fired his monlitzer into the back of a knee actuator, partially mangling the HK's leg. Unhinging the barrel, he quickly fumbled for a gas capsule but was interrupted by an impact from behind; Skar had come around the corner and opened fire. Keeping his back to his former bodyguard droid, he braced himself as blaster fire bounced off his beskar, dampened by his armorweave cloak. The HK turned, however, and struck Darcy across the helmet, knocking the teenager down to his feet.

"Dank ferrik, you stupid droid! Stop shooting me!"

"Eliminate all intruders."

Darcy activated the whistling birds in his vambraces as he dodged a slow but stompy HK droid foot. The birds flew out, mostly striking the HK, but a few of them distracted Skar long enough for Darcy to try reloading his blaster again. With its leg now torn completely off, the HK had slumped and fallen to the ground, and Darcy dialed up the power on his blaster and fired square into its head.

He was suddenly gripped on the shoulder and flung into the wall of the prefab communications post.

"Destroy Darcy Avarik." Skar lunged in quickly and picked up his former master, slamming him into the wall.

"I'm glad you finally learned my name, you monosyllabic bucket of bolts!" He was slammed again. "The one time you finally learn to speak in sentences, you malfunction and try to kill me?" He was slammed yet again. By now, however, Skar was probably figuring out that his armor was taking the full impact. "Sorry Caden," he added, activating his vambraces' flamethrower and engulfing Skar in flames. The droid flicked him to the side and he landed in a rough roll, losing his pistol.

Both of them began firing wrist blasters at each other, but to very little effect; Skar was too heavily armored, and the Mandalorian's beskar even more so. This is all pointless if I don't complete my mission. Firing the grappling line, he tangled up one of Skar's arms. Using the distraction, he eyeballed his rocket and fired at the wall, blasting a hole through it. Skar's photoreceptors briefly flickered between yellow and purple as the droid stood motionless, apparently confused.

As the smoke cleared, Darcy caught sight of a robed individual who stretched his hand forward. Feeling a tightening in his neck, Darcy began choking.

"No."

Blaster fire echoed across the field, but this time the mysterious force user was the one struck. Skar unsheathed his vibroplate and stomped forward as the force user collapsed.

"Thank you." Darcy wandering to the gaping hole in the wall. "Now, if I wanted to destroy this jammer, what exactly woul- ahh!"

Skar had grabbed Darcy again, throwing him once more. This was really starting to annoy him now. Activating his vibroknucklers, the teenager faked a punch at the massive dark trooper droid before circling around to the mysterious force user and landed a strike that shredded part of his face. Howling in pain, the force user rolled to the side and grabbed a riot control baton as Skar once again struggled against whatever he was struggling with. Swinging the baton fairly wildly, Darcy dodged back before blocking with both arms and jabbing into his opponent's shoulder, disarming him. Another blaster shot from Skar ended the threat then and there.

"Are you back now, buddy?" Darcy asked as he sized up the droid.

"Back."

"Did you want to say a few words? Maybe a sentence?" Skar stared at the teenager silently. "I now know you can, you just... don't."

More silence followed.

"Ok, let's find something to break. And then something for lunch. Could you order me something?"

"Starve."

Darcy glared silently at the droid before returning to the task at hand.