

"Closer."

"What?" Blackwind's voice was metallic through the commlink, the sound battered around by the wind screaming out of the airlock.

"Fly closer." Muz took another step closer to the edge of the airlock, the escaping atmosphere whipping his warcoat madly around him as his magboots locked to the bulkhead. The ship edged ever closer, twenty feet, fifteen feet. He could hear the proximity alerts from the bridge screeching through the commlink. They were trying to evade them, the much larger Spear hot on the transport's trail, the maw of the ship's docking bay too small to just swallow it whole.

Ten feet. He smiled, stepping out, his boots attaching to the hull of the ship as he walked along the outside, the void of space kept from him only by dint of his armor's seals. His mind recreated the familiar sounds of his sabers as he ignited them, reaching out to slice at the troop transport. The blades carved chunks from the rear fuselage, the armor plating flailing away from them. Muz lowered his center of balance, letting his other sabers fly from his hands, seething forward as his mind directed them. Blades bit into the sides of engines, reached inside the hull to draw lines of destruction through ship and man alike.

The side of the transport leaked atmosphere as the blades finished their path, the chunk of metal sailing away from the ship, followed by troops, floating out into space, their faces shimmering in starlight as the void robbed them of first their warmth, then their air, and finally their lives.

Muz called his blades back to him as the transport listed, tilting starboard as they lost power. They overtook the transport, Blackwind already giving chase to the next target. Muz twitched a finger, sending a saber to stab through the window of the cockpit into the wide-eyed pilot.

Five Minutes Ago
Sadow Orbital Platform
Descending Sepros Orbit

There was fire. A lot of it. The platform shook again, the sick wail of the warning klaxons having played for so long that they were all ignoring it by now. The outer ring was pandemonium, soldiers and technicians scrambling for what shuttles hadn't been already disabled.

Amidst the raging storm, he walked. Patient, measured paces took him past droids trying to put out lesser flames, through throngs of wounded, beyond the snarl of battle and deep into the calm of his own mind. Panic was not useful. He stepped past a squad of troopers, the snippets of conversation letting him know that there were enemies making their way to the central core of the platform, that they would have to be quick or the whole station would explode.

He felt along the threads of the Force, listening to the rhyme of the universe, dissecting her patterns, letting his mind reach the end.

It was pointless. There was no fight here, no outcome would change by his efforts here. His pace did not change, his mind untroubled as he knew where he needed to be. Where was always needed. No surprises.

He felt Blackwind, the cloaks dropping as he approached the burning platform gingerly, the large ship banking to bring its weapons to bear on the fighters that swarmed across the field of vision. The secondary airlock opened up as he approached, heavy bootfalls taking him out onto the platform itself, moving toward his ship as a salvo of blasts rocked the other side of the platform. The translucent dome of the primary airlock had begun to falter, atmosphere howling as it fought with the cold void of space.

He came to a stop, turning as the Fallen Spear grew near. A small fighter finished its run, curling back on its own path to make another strafing attack on the platform, crimson blasts erupting in a path as they approached Muz.

Muz bowed his head a degree, watching the ship through the top of his eyes as the pilot adjusted his aim. Panic was not useful. Fear had its uses. It reminded you of danger, compelled action from the deepest parts of your unthinking mind.

Muz was not afraid.

He was furious.

The ship began to throb, the metal of the nose crumpling as it struggled to move forward. The pilot punched switches, trying to maneuver as his mind raced through options. Muz's lip curled as he wrapped his mind around the cockpit, squeezing with a sudden intensity that echoed in breaking glass and shredding metal. He stretched out one hand, dismissing the wreckage with a gesture that sent what remained of it careening into the path of another bomber that had no time to adjust course.

Fire rained down around them as the Lion of Tarthos turned, boarding his own ship.

Now
Space
High Orbit Sepros

"I have a lock." Blackwind's voice was somehow cleared when he was outside of the ship. Muz felt his lip curl, reaching out his hand and letting the pale blue arcs erupt from within him.

They burned from his heart, scorching his nerves as they bounded toward his hand, the pain feeling like sweet tasted as he felt his fingernails char beneath his gloves. The tempest erupted

from him, embodied fury carrying his hate toward the transport, igniting the thruster coils of the cargo ship. He pushed harder, the devastation amplifying as he let the barrage seek out the fuel cells.

It was cathartic.

He vented his hatred, letting the pain take form at the end of his will. The ship exploded in golden fire, debris screaming away as what little air burned out, bodies and crates bouncing off of the hull around him as the Spear continued on its chase.

"...or we could save the missiles. That's just as good." Blackwind's voice paused. "What next?" What other transports they could see were too far away to give chase, avoiding the Spear like prey around a predator. It didn't take much.

He felt along the threads of the universe with a renewed calm, shunting his wrath off to a far corner of his mind. The Force sang to him, gingerly touching the pain across his arm, across his heart. He closed his eyes. There was nothing more here. Nothing but descent, but undertow. He could feed his wrath, but to no real effect. He let a breath out, keying the commlink.

"Open a channel." He spoke, gravel in his tone. "Nehalem."

—GM Muz Ashen Keibatsu, #3714
Using Option 2: Behind Enemy Lines