

# Slugthrowers, Lightsabers & Coffee

[GJW XV Phase I] Fiction - Combat Fiction

Mune Cinteroph (3607)



Caleb Wild'en reviewed the data, not for the first time. Mune had spoken to the integrity of the Inquisitorius' information. Caleb trusted their partner more than anyone else. The Togorian was backed up by other members of the Inquisitorius, primarily to act as decoys so he could get close to their actual target. Caleb eyed the image of Jezora Zosh that was displayed on the HUD of his helmet. The man was listed as rooted in the Light side, an Equite of some flavour. He gauged that the Human was likely near Mune's level in Force ability. He regularly trained against their mate, so he knew how to handle a Force-User. Admittedly, he also knew Mune's offensive capabilities were outstripped by their support and defensive capabilities.

"Colonel Wild'en, Aurek Team is ready," came a voice over his internal helmet comm.

Caleb glanced out from his visor, looking out from the lightly wooded area around the facility. From what he understood from the information provided, it was a military facility taken by the Children of Mortis. Who it belonged to before they prised it from their grasp was unimportant given his mission. At first glance, it was perhaps an old outpost. The forest made for decent cover until they initiated the plan. He scanned the fir trees, reflecting how the forest would make for proper hunting back home. Their thoughts did not wander long; he had a team to acknowledge and a mission to undertake.

"Roger. Proceed. Avoid casualties where possible." Both decoy teams were relatively small. They hadn't the soldiers to spare. The clans were all engaged in defending their home systems. He thought of Mune, fighting alongside the rest of the Voidbreaker crew. "Be safe, my wolf," he whispered before giving the order, "Besh Team, proceed as planned."

With the order given, Caleb made for the opening the decoys would create for him. His vulptex-companion, Tundra, was following at his heels. There was always a feeling of satisfaction when a plan went entirely as intended. The facility only had a light contingency of soldiers. In part, the Children were unaware that the Brotherhood had managed to gather data on this particular location, so the move would have come as a complete surprise. The Children's attention was turned towards the clans and their home systems, which had inevitably left other parts of their organization exposed.

Caleb was not about to waste the opportunity. He thought of their parting kiss with Mune and took strength from their connection. The Togorian rounded a corner and twisted sideways as a lightsaber sundered the space he had only milliseconds before occupied. He ducked the follow-up horizontal cut, a hand planting on the floor for leverage and kicking hard at the Human's left knee. The blow made contact and had the man not been wearing armour, he was confident there would have been a wet pop, but as it was, the man stumbled back with a grunt. The Togorian rose, drawing both firearms and clicking off the safeties. Tundra kept a meter back from his master.

*Dark armour. Decent make. It does not appear to be modified overly much at first glance, if at all.*

Caleb quickly took in the situation. Unremarkable hall, an intersection of four corridors. Each direction could handle six to seven people abreast. It was enough to manoeuvre around the enemy from Caleb's quick calculator. For his part, Jezora stood at the ready, his lightsabers up, in the center of the right-hand corridor. Caleb could only imagine what expression he wore underneath the helmet, but he assumed it was an overconfident grin. He knew too many Force-users who took their powers to mean they were invincible when faced with a non-Force-user.

"Seems a cat got into someplace he should not have," the Human spoke.

"Jezora Zosh."

"Here to take me into custody, I presume?"

"I do not take people into custody," Caleb growled audibly. "I take them out."

He squeezed the trigger. The shot rang out in the hallway, echoing through the space. Before the din could die down, Caleb squeezed the trigger of the second slugthrower. The second shot added to the noise. His helmet adjusted to filter out the noise before reaching his ears. He was already bringing the first pistol back down to fire a third round. Caleb knew these guns, understood their kick back and adjusted as necessary.

The first shot made it through his defences, perhaps not expecting to be fired upon by slugthrowers. He barely managed to twist, and his pauldron deflected the slug. The Jedi was

more able to catch the second slug in the plasma of his left-hand lightsaber. The metal melted instantly but kept travelling, some of its remnants splattering and sizzling on his armour. Smoke wisped from the slag marking his chest piece. Jezora registered momentary confusion but filed away the observation.

Caleb did not give him too much time to recover, though. The third shot was squeezed off, and Jezora only barely managed to dodge, tapping into the Force to speed up his reflexes for a split second.

*Heh, you do not see the way Mune does.* Caleb dodged a wild lunge of the enemy's lightsaber. Before he could fire a round directly into the man's side, the Jedi's elbow came up to try and catch him in the head. The Togorian had an arm up and blocked the blow. *He is quick nonetheless and strong. Do not underestimate him.* Caleb dropped his right-hand pistol and had a throwing knife in his hand. He plunged it with one swift motion between the armour joints at the man's elbow.

The Human jerked back in a shock of pain. His uninjured arm slashed in a wide arc, but Caleb was already dodging back out of range. He glared through his visor at the Beskar armoured Arconan.

"My data states that you adhere to the Light Side," Caleb holstered one of his pistols and drew his Beskar Beskad. Pistol in one hand and sword in the other, they eyed the man warily, "What brings a Light Sider to help a cult like the Children of Mortis?"

"One who works for a Chaos begotten organization like the Brotherhood has no right speaking poorly of us." He paused only to rip the throwing knife out of his elbow. He had already begun to focus healing energy towards the wound. "You and your ilk could not begin to grasp what we aim to achieve."

"Nu-uh, no healing," Caleb fired, forcing the Human to break his focus and dodge.

Caleb closed while the man's arm was still at least partially disabled. The Jedi brought his lightsaber into an overhead vertical slash, a slash the Togorian caught on his sword. There was some surprise when the plasma blade abruptly stopped. With a grunt of pain, he raised his partially healed arm to thrust his second lightsaber towards his opponent. "Tundra! Attack!" And the vulptex leapt and wrapped jaws around the injured joint, unbalancing the Human.

Rage filled him, the Force cresting and surging into muscles. Caleb planted his feet, feeling the strength against his blade increasing, trying to force him back on his heels. The Human was lifting his injured arm against the weight of the vulptex, Tundra scrabbling to keep a hold of the limb.

Caleb dropped the gun in his left hand, reaching into his satchel and grasping one of his grenades. Caleb knew he had to act before The Force-user empowered himself more than he already had. "Tundra, Plan Dorn." He growled out.

Tundra released the enemy's limb and caught the object tossed his way.

Caleb twisted and disengaged his sword from Jezora's lightsaber, making the man stumble forward off balance. All of his weight was bearing down on Caleb's blade when the Togorian moved.

Jezora moved with shocking speed and slashed in a wild arc. Caleb ducked and weaved through a second strike, cursing under his breath. He blocked another swing and felt a shock run up through his shoulder from the sheer strength behind it. Caleb had no doubt he was channelling the Force into his attacks. The Human began to kick, slash, and send a flurry of blows at his opponent. Caleb focused on protecting himself from the lightsaber strikes specifically. At least he was so busy attacking that he did not put the focus he needed into healing his injured arm joint. Else, things could have been plenty worse.

Caleb used the magnetic tether to get his dropped pistol back in hand. Even as it snapped back into his grip, he was forced to twist out of a vicious lunging blow from the Human. The barrel of the pistol was shorn in half, rendering it useless. There was something almost crazed about the attacks. *Is this the Rage Mune talked about? If this goes on any longer, I won't be able to keep up. Gods, I should have had more coffee this morning.* "Tundra!"

Caleb took a hard blow that knocked him sideways before his head was grabbed and slammed hard against the wall. The helmet took the impact as it was intended to do. Caleb was nonetheless dazed for a moment.

Tundra acted, leaping onto the man's back and releasing the Denton Charge. It stuck to the Jedi's armour below his shoulders where he could not so easily reach it, then jumped away. Jezora grunted at the momentary addition of the creature's weight but took no further notice, so singularly focused was he on defeating the Togorian. The added weight garnered Caleb the second he needed to push off the wall. Reacting before his opponent could be ready to defend again, the Jedi planted a hard kick into Caleb's chest that sent him airborne. Caleb came crashing away down the hall. Just the distance he needed. Tundra withdrew to a safe distance.

"My killing you here will be a mercy, Togorian." The Jedi, so focused on his enemy, so focused was the Force on fueling his power, his Rage, that he did not register the danger he was imminently in.

"Correction...my killing you will be a mercy." The remote detonation activated, and the Denton Charge exploded.

The blast slammed into Caleb's armour, but he was just far enough away not to be harmed. His armour took it without issue. Jezora, on the other hand... The man's armour exploded into so much shrapnel, much of which was sent into his own body, shredding flesh and cracking a bone in a bloody mess of so much meat. The walls groaned and buckled some in protest. He was not dead; Caleb thought that would be the case and could only imagine the man was desperately trying to heal.

"T... t... he... Ch... ildr... en... will never... will never..."

Caleb walked over and, withdrawing another grenade, jammed it into the man's horrendous wound. "You're right. The Children will never be victorious. Enjoy Chaos, save me a seat...."

He activated the thermal imploder and ran down where he and Tundra had come. Behind him, the explosive triggered at the seven-second mark. The initial explosion shook the halls, and the implosion started, and the entire building shuddered. The hallway at his rear collapsed with a crash. He did not look back, escaping through the passage he had entered.

"Colonel! Come in!" Aurek Team lead radioed.

"I'm here! Withdraw immediately. The target has been neutralized!"

"What was that?!"

"Thermal imploder," Caleb calmly radioed back.

"You used a thermal imploder?!" Came an incredulous shout from the leader of the Besh Team.

"I am not a Force-user, so I use what I have at my disposal," Caleb explained with a growl. "Gather for extraction."

"Roger! Besh Team withdrawing!"

"Aurek Team withdrawing!"

Caleb glanced back at the smoke billowing from the passage he had vacated. *The Voidbreaker crew better be fairing just as well. Be safe.* He sheathed his sword and started for the extraction point, his companion following at his heels. He growled some, "I hope there is coffee before the next mission, or I will be irritated."