

TR-8R Co-Op Fiction

Authored by:

Creon de Neverse, 12097

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/12097/snapshots/4586/7797>

Alethia Archenskova, 14287

https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/104/snapshots/4580/7777

Revak K'urr, 12656

https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/686/snapshots/4585/7792

Intruder Alert

Jedi Praxeum Refugee Sanctuary 40 ABY

"I didn't do it," Creon told them with a heavy tone.

"Visual evidence says otherwise," Liz replied and showed him the screen of a dataped. It revealed Creon in his armor accessing terminals of the Praxeum that only the council had clearance for. There were other short recordings of him going into the power plant, comms tower, and even the boiler room. It wasn't a coincidence that during the Children of Mortis' ground assault, primary comms, electricity, and running water were shut down. Droids vital to maintenance had disappeared, too.

"That wasn't me. I have no means to sabotage the Praxeum. If I did, I'd do so with invisibility" Creon replied.

"Perhaps, but we want you to come with us for questioning. I recommend you cooperate," Liz said as tiny stems of lightning trickled between her fingers. Accompanying her was Vez Hirundo and a small security team.

With a long drawn out sigh Creon raised his arms to be detained, "Fine." He was then clasped in stuncuffs and was lead to a private room. He was stripped of his arms and armaments to where only the undershirt and shorts he wore beneath the armor's body

glove remained. The room was dimly lit and had two chairs and a table, Creon was escorted to one of them.

After a period of waiting Liz entered the room and sat across from Creon. She sat down the same datapad that held the recordings of his accusation, but set it to the side near the corner.

"I'm going to ask that you keep your mind open and clear. Don't try to resist or it will only make the situation worse," she told him. The sorceress then closed her eyes and reached out in the Force towards Creon, concentrating on his mind. There was an abrupt barrier at first, but it soon dissolved willingly after a repeated attempt. To pinpoint his memories, Liz needed to find the correlated emotion assigned to that memory within his neural chemistry. Having observed the recordings enough she guessed by the motion of his body language that he felt crafty and elusive at the time. His movements were focused and almost robotic in the videos, which those with an analytically based personality would have such behaviors. Unfortunately little emotion could be derived from that mindset. Liz instead went for his ego, as pride in his ability could help link to motives that would involve these traitorous acts.

She felt the ratio of Light to Dark within him. He was more inclined with the Light, but the Dark had taken root and was growing. She concentrated on the Dark and saw that his warrior's pride stemmed from fear, imparted since his early childhood. She reached further and within her own mind concentrated on establishing a connection between him and Mortis. The memories she had gained were ones of sorrow. Creon now saw himself on the other side of the war that happened on New Tython 10 years ago, from once being an obelisk of Naga Sadow. Now that he worked to defend the Odanites as one of them, his heart was stricken by those defenders he killed then. There was nothing more than the battle itself in relation to Mortis that she could find. She let go of Creon's mind and walked out in frustration.

"Any luck?" Vez asked. From the other room she was occupied with slicing into Creon's helmet, which hosted the AI he designated as AV0.

"There's nothing tying him to Mortis, and I felt no resistance from his resolve. We may have a wrong lead, despite what the cameras captured," Liz replied.

The Mirialan rubbed her chin and raised an eyebrow as she watched Creon in the other room try to pick at something in his teeth with his tongue. "I have an idea that may help if you want to try again."

"Be my guest," Liz told her.

When Creon stopped to see Vez enter the room, his attention was turned to the cartridge she pulled out of her pocket. Inside were pre-rolls of sansanna spice. She lit one and handed it to Creon, "Breathe this in," she ordered.

"I don't do that kind of stuff," Creon refused.

"You do now. The psychoactive effects are minor, and you won't be an addict. But I need you to be completely relaxed before we go further."

Creon gave a stone cold death stare before nodding in acceptance. He was handed the spice and inhaled a great deal, held it under his breath at the peak, and exhaled as slowly as he could.

"Not your first time, huh?" Vez noted.

"It's illegal in the Guardian Corps and degrades the body, I have no good reason to..."

The hit Creon took made him slur at first, but only because his muscles were relaxing from the crown of his head moving downward. His body felt heavy, and relaxed in the way one would feel going into a hot tub. His mind was cleared, with no thoughts to his anxieties, PTSD, or depression. His eyes dropped to a lazy gaze, and his heart rate relaxed the veins that coursed throughout his limbs. Vez laughed in the transformation of his stature and beckoned Liz back in.

"Spice, really?" she asked.

The Mirilian shrugged and nodded, "It's a specific serum that relaxes the nervous system. Any resistance he had hidden before in his mind won't get in the way."

Liz tried again to use the Force to pull information from Creon. His thoughts were sporadic, but open. She was able to access all of his mental faculties and functions, but only tapped into his memory core. There were more vivid visions of his memories, but none that associated with the videos. It wasn't until Vez re-entered that the Force interrogation stopped.

"So there's a possible alibi. His AI records everything on his vizor, and acts as his slicer remote program. His AI was shut off during the timestamp of the recordings showing him accessing the terminal.

“You’ll take the word of a robot as truth but not a Jedi?” Creon murmured.

“Droids are easy to access, and hold an accurate record.” Vez replied.

“So do I... You just accessed my mind, yuh? Looked at my memories?” he asked Liz.

“This is getting us nowhere. You’re released until further notice,” Liz told Creon and removed his stuncuffs with a wave of her hand. Vez tossed him his helmet, “You’re stuff is in a trunk in the next room. The effects will wear off in a few hours, I’m sure you can see yourself out then.”

“Thanks,” Creon said abruptly with discontent.

The man pulled himself to his full height, towering over the two interrogators, and grunted at the effort. Creon was used to his body responding with a certain, nearly mechanical efficiency. Whatever Vez had him snort was making his limbs heavy and his joints sticky. “This is why I don’t do spice,” he grumbled to himself as he skulked out of the room.

He made it through the doorway and halfway down the corridor before he stopped short, blinking to clear his vision. About three meters further down the corridor, Creon saw a large, solidly built man kneeling down in front of a maintenance panel. He was wearing matte black armor in the unmistakable style of a Mandalorian. His helmet sat on the ground beside him, giving Creon—and any witnesses or security cameras—an unobstructed view of his own face in profile.

“Vez!” he roared. “You said the psychoactive effects were minor!”

“This is minor!” the Mirialan shouted back. “Why are Mandalorians always such big babies?” she muttered as she stepped out into the corridor, just in time to see the second Creon grab his helmet and bolt for the nearest exit. “This is getting out of hand, now there are two of them. Liz!” she shouted, taking off after the fleeing Creon. “Liz, get out here! I suck at running!”

The original Creon easily overtook her. “Now do you believe I’m innocent?”

“Shut up, spicehead,” Vez huffed.

“That was your idea,” the man replied. If he had any issues carrying on a conversation at full sprint, his voice certainly didn’t betray them. “Besides, the Force gives me enough control over my blood chemistry to—”

The pair skidded to a stop as they rounded a corner, just barely avoiding a collision with the petite figure coming from the opposite direction.

“Liz?” Vez panted. “How... how did you get over here?”

“Did you see the imposter?” Creon asked.

“No,” the Hapan said. “But if they can mimic you, they can probably mimic others. We have to be careful. Anyone could be—”

“Oh,” a familiar voice dripped with disdain from behind them. “You bitch.”

Creon’s arm shot out, shoving Vez out of the way as he dove to the floor. Lightning arced through the space where the pair had been standing, as the real Lizuni Heraga showed her displeasure at being impersonated. The one they had just been speaking to staggered back, flickering as a holoprojector tried to cope with the overflow of electric current.

As Creon and Vez got to their feet, they saw their first glimpse of the saboteur’s true form: a humanoid droid, studded with the same crystals they had seen in so many of the Children of Mortis’ creations. It held one arm up as if to shield itself from the attack. The crystals pulsed with a blue glow, building in intensity as the lightning cascaded over them.

“Liz, stop!” Vez cried out, but the warning came too late. Whatever defensive system the crystals were forming had absorbed enough energy from the lightning and discharged it all in a flash that sent the Odanite trio tumbling.

Liz grumbled as she got to her feet and reached out a hand to Vez to help her up. Creon jumped to his feet and stood defensively. He looked the droid up and down, analyzing its chassis for any weaknesses he could exploit.

“Those crystals are going to be a problem,” he noted.

The two women turned their heads and in unison replied, “You think?”

Vez continued, "Energy weapons might not work on him. We'll have to be crafty."

"I'm on it," the Mandalorian bolted forward. Propelling all 200 pounds through the air he slammed his full weight into the droid causing it to fall over. With it pinned to the floor, he grabbed it by the neck with his left hand and unleashed a series of closed fist blows to the droid's face with his right. The metal began to dent before finally giving way to the assault. The droid laid motionless. Gray smoke billowed out from its left orbital sensor. Panting heavily, Creon stood and looked back at the two women, who had taken a more casual stance.

He looked back at the droid, then back at them. "Well, that was easy."

Suddenly the black clad Mandalorian impersonator charged at the group. Liz raised her hand and calmed her mind. She lifted the charging droid off the ground, though it had gained enough momentum to continue moving towards them. Capitalizing on this opportunity, drew her blaster and fired several shots, successfully disabling the holoprojector. As the image of Creon faded, the real Creon drew his Dragonslayer, but didn't ignite the blades. He swung the weapon into the droid's chest plating, stopping it in mid air as Liz struggled to keep the droid off the ground.

Creon managed another strong strike before Liz slammed the droid into the floor. Its actuators whined as it tried to move. Creon raised his lightsaber over his head and thrust his spiked hilt into its chest. Sparks flew as its voice modulator unleashed a barrage of distorted curses. Creon kept the droid pinned to the ground and Vez walked over and pressed the barrel of her blaster to its head. With a single shot, its body fell limp.

The trio stood over the droid's bodies. Vez pulled a cigarra from out of her pocket, lit it and took a deep inhale. Creon couldn't hide the huge grin on his face.

Liz looked at Creon annoyed. "What the hell are you smiling at?"

"That was a blast! I hope there's more," he cracked his knuckles, "I'll personally search the rest of the corridors for any more of these imposters. I'll question everyone. If I see anyone suspicious, I'll bring them in myself."

Liz rolled her eyes and sighed.

Vez took another deep puff. "Someone should probably put security on alert."

Creon pulled out his com and signaled the Chief of Security. "This is Creon de Neverse. We've intercepted two droid intruders, outfitted with holoprojectors and voice modulators. Requesting a full lockdown as I search for additional droids."

A grizzled voice responded, "Full copy Master Creon. Locking down all computer terminals and closing all security doors. I'm dispatching my men immediately."

Creon slid his com back into his pocket, "Lets get 'em!" He ran off down the corridor. Liz and Vez both looked at each other.

"You up for a drink Vez?"

"Always."

End