

Nancora

Assault on The Collective

Rulvak had little to do with this conflict, but he was still here. Was it glory? Was it fame? Of course not, he doesn't care for that sort of thing. It was the intelligence. It's all about how he can get his hands on some one-of-a-kind intel that could act as leverage at a later date. Instead he ended up with the explosive detail, quite literally.

"Kark this Twi'lek. Why'd it have to be explosives?" Rulvak panted as he rose back to his feet after being blasted back by a grenade.

He looked around, trying to find Gwendolyn, or "Sparks" as she likes to go by. His ability to react and move quickly had been his only saving grace so far. He would have to pick up the pace and start analyzing for weaknesses before he is blown to pieces.

Tink...tink...tink.

"Oh, k--" Rulvak leaped out the window of the warehouse as flames licked at his boots, following him out from the thermal detonator.

"Do you give up yet little Sephi? I sure hope not! I have plenty more things in store for you!" Sparks yelled out, letting out a giggle afterward. "I have had so many new toys lately, and no one to play with. I'm so glad you stopped by!"

Rulvak focused his energy to attune it with the Force, and leapt from the ground to the third-story roof.

"Oh, you're a special snowflake aren't you?" Sparks teased as he landed next to her. "I don't think that will help you!" She quickly unholstered her blaster pistol and began to fire. Rulvak was barely able to dodge the shot in time, only to fall through one of the holes in the roof created by the ongoing battle.

"Can't you just die like everyone else?" Rulvak yelled up through the hole as he landed on his feet.

"Where's the fun in that?" she bellowed back.

Thunk....thunk...tink, tink, tink.

Rulvak jumped behind some crates as the two grenades came down through the hole, and continued out the window.

"You should work on your aim! Haha!"

As he finished his sentence, he got an extremely bad feeling. He quickly turned around to find a thermal tape wrapped around another crate with a thermal mine attached as well.

“Poo-doo.”

Rulvak tried to jump away as the mine went off and sent him flying to the other side of the room. He looked around, trying to get his bearings once again, but everything was hazy. Aching all over, he examined himself. His armor almost completely gone, and parts of his body severely burned.

The Twi'lek walked up to him and knelt, the grin showing her satisfaction, and tossed his vibroblades across the room.

“Looks like my explosives like you, though it seems you won't be able to go another round with me, sweetie.”

This isn't the way that I die. In someone else's war.

“What're you thinking right now? Maybe I heal you up, and use you as my test subject? I could do some wonderful experiments with you. Maybe even make *you* one of my toys?” Her eyes got wide as the point of his vibroblade violently erupted from her chest.

“Actually, I was thinking how priceless it would be to see your face. You forget I'm a *special* snowflake.”

She collapsed next to him, her eyes open and searching in his for an answer, but they found none as the light faded from them. Rulvak was glad he had those few lessons in telekinesis, but it took the last bit of his energy. Exhausted and in enormous pain, Rulvak blacked out, hoping that he might survive the battle. He wouldn't know until after the result of their assault.