A Clone and his Jetii

by OutcastTrip1995

Summary

An Outcast of a Clone, a crazy Jetii and a Company of absolute nutjobs. What the hell can go wrong? Sunny's gonna find out.

Notes

This was originally posted on my FanFiction account: TripleChangerSpeedster1
I own nothing in Star Wars but this idea and my OC's
“So you think you can handle a degenerate like me?”

The first time he met one of the two Jedi he would one day call vod, it was in the Brig of the Endurance. He’d been thrown in there again after taking matters into his own hands, and as a result had disobeyed a direct order. Never mind the fact they had won the battle or anything like that, Jedi didn’t seem to like it when they were told just where to go by a mere clone. Ye s, it was possible he’d been showing off in the hope of impressing Outcast Company; that feared and respected Company of last chancers and renegade clones who were currently hitching a ride with them on the Endurance. But Windu didn’t need to know that. The high ranking Jedi didn’t need to know that Sunny had been trying to get the attention of the Outcasts in the hope of getting a transfer.

The Corporal placed his head in his hand and cursed quietly. Things were looking really bad for him right now. Instead of commending him for limiting casualties and sticking it to the Seppies, they’d thrown him down here to await yet another court martial. They couldn’t even just ignore him and get on with trying to win the war, he apparently had to be made an example of. He was going to be sent back to Kamino for reconditioning this time for sure, he’d been told this was his last chance to not screw up. He had looked up when loud voices had suddenly sounded along the corridor outside his cell.

“He saved several clones from being shot by clankers and you lot just threw him in here?! What’s the kriffin’ matter with you?”

“Weapon Master Fett …”

“Zip it, I don’t want to fekkin’ hear it. If no-one else will have him, I will. Unlike you Master, I know the value of free thinking.”

“How dare you …”

The door opened to reveal two Jedi shouting at each other. One of them he recognised as Jedi General Windu, however the other he did not recognise right away. He suspected the other Jedi might be the Outcasts General but seeing how he’d never so much as seen the elusive Jedi, probably because the Outcasts had kept to themselves, he couldn’t be sure. Side shaved blond hair framed a pair of mismatched eyes and a proud, scarred face that was currently twisted in irritation. The unknown Jedi was wearing battered Phase 1 armour that definitely had seen better days. Unusually, this Jedi didn’t appear to have done what most of the other Jedi generals had done which was supplement their robes with armour. In fact if it wasn’t for the two lightsabers (were those teeth on the ends?!) at his belt he could have easily passed for a clone if he was wearing a helmet. He even had a Z-6 rotary gun slung over his back and a DC-15 strapped to one hip, unusual weapons for a Jedi to be carrying. The two Jedi paused in their argument and looked at him; General Windu with disgust, the unknown Jedi with a mixture of curiosity and amused acceptance. Sunny took the time to analyse the unknown Jedi further. He seemed young for a master, around thirty at the most, and didn’t seem to give off the same harsh aloof aura like most of the other Jedi Sunny had met. His amber and blue eyes were open and honest in comparison to General Windu’s cold brown eyes. Sunny didn’t know why but he liked this Jedi, at least more than any of the others he’d served under do far.

“CT-5991 …”
He couldn’t help but interrupt Windu, he never did like the uptight, rule loving Jedi anyway.

“Sunny.”

“Excuse me?!”

A slight smirk flickered across his face. Windu looked like he was about to bust a blood vessel.

“My name is Sunny.”

General Windu glared at Sunny as the other Jedi made a vain attempt not to laugh.

“CT-5991 (oh he just had to put the emphasis on his number didn’t he?) If I had my way you would be shipped back to Kamino for reconditioning right now. However … Weapon Master Fett here seems to think you deserve another chance. Force knows why, this will be your final chance before I have you sent back to be dealt with by your creators. I’m not sure how a clone like you managed to leave Kamino in the first place.”

Sunny looked at General Fett in surprise, ignoring General Windu’s rather unsubtle dig. A Jedi sticking up for him? Such a thing was unheard of for him, he’d just been shoved from Jedi to Jedi whenever they’d gotten sick of his methods and attitude. Some Jedi had kept him around longer than others but in the end they all gave up and passed him on to someone else. Even the infamous General Skywalker had eventually requested his transfer to another General. Some of the braver clones had even debated changing his name to ‘Transfer’ considering how many times that had happened. He’d set them straight, his name was all he had left of his original squad and he was keeping it. A reminder of a time when he hadn’t been the trigger happy, bitter sociopath he was today. A time when his armour was shiny and new, and he had the ‘sunny’ personality to match his name. The scar faced General grinned at him, mismatched eyes sparkling with mischief. He held out an arm.

“Hey I’m Dagorlad Fett. Unlike some (here he threw a loaded look at Master Windu, who flushed impressively) I don’t really stand much on formalities.”

Sunny blinked in surprise as he grasped the offered arm tight in greeting. The Jedi nodded, an impressed look passing over his face.

“Heh, good grip. Listen Sunny, I need a Captain for my company… one that can think for himself and, when necessary, take matters into his own hands. You’ll have a tough time, the vode you’ll be working with all came from similar situations so you’ll have to earn their respect. You game?”

Sunny had to admit it was a tempting offer. Get out of this stinking cell, a promotion and free reign on the battlefield. It sounded almost too good to be true. So much so that Sunny’s eyes narrowed in suspicion as he looked up at the General.

“What’s the catch … sir?”

General Fett rolled his eyes.

“Don’t call me sir, I work for a living. If you really have to be formal then it’s General. Other than that you can call me anything but late for dinner. The only catches I can think of is that you still answer to me, and you’ll have to follow orders when necessary. That and … we spend a lot, and I mean a lot, of time on the more dangerous battlefields. There is an abnormally high chance you’ll get yourself killed. Still in?”

Sunny grinned; certainty of death, small chance of survival, what was there not to like? Plus a General that didn’t seem to have a problem with his history and a decent sense of humour, Jedi like
that were about as common as a dry day on Kamino.

“I’m game General. Think you can handle a worthless, degenerate clone like me?”

The Jedi smirked, a somewhat unusual spark in his eyes. Sunny looked at the Jedi warily, that spark seemed to convey that the General knew something he didn’t, which was definitely true but still. A conniving smirk twisted the General’s scars slightly.

“You ain’t the worst, you think you can handle a group of troopers like the Outcasts?”

Sunny’s heart skipped a beat as he stared at the Jedi. The Outcasts?! He was being invited to join the Outcasts?! Not only that, but as their Captain! Sunny didn’t know what to say at first, this was what he’d been hoping for. He’d got his chance now, all he had to do was not screw it all up.

“Outcasts fall in!”

Sunny blinked as the colourful bunch of clones in the hangar completely ignored the Jedi he was stood next to. This was his new company? There weren’t even enough clones here to form a platoon. Come to think of it there weren’t that many clones in the hangar at all. Shaking his head and cursing enough to make a Hutt blush General Fett placed two fingers to his lips, seemingly unaware of his Captain’s confusion.

“Cover your ears.”

“Wha’ …” Sunny barely had time to do as his General instructed before the Jedi let loose an ear shattering whistle, causing several of the unwarned troopers to slam their hands over their now ringing ears and curse as it echoed around the hangar. As the high pitched noise died away the ragtag group of clones all threw irritated glares at the now smug faced General as they fell into ranks. The General quickly did a headcount and let out a fluent outburst of Mando’a; and as far as Sunny could translate, none of it was suited for polite company. Good thing he was anything but.

“Fekking haran, where the kriff is everyone?! Aw forget it, might as well introduce you to everyone here, Captain Sunny meet some of your new crew, the others are around somewhere. Outcasts, meet your new vod … Captain Sunny.”

The clones present all switched their glares from General Fett to Sunny and it was only the knowledge that he’d never backed down under a glare before that kept Sunny from flinching. One of the clones stepped forward, running a hand through his red streaked hair. Dagorlad raised an eyebrow at the pauldron wearing clone.

“There a problem Lieutenant Swipes?”

The Lieutenant set his tattooed jaw and nodded.

“With all due respect, we’ve done fine so far without a Captain General, why do we need this fekkin’ aruetii now?”

The Jedi’s eyes narrowed dangerously.

“K’atini Swipes! I can’ always keep an eye on you lot on the battlefield. Sunny here has a history of keeping men alive and the Outcasts are his last chance. Unless you forgot vod, the Outcasts were your last chance as well and look at you now.”
Swipes stiffened, eyes flashing angrily, before nodding and falling back into the ranks. Dagorlad loosed a heavy, irritated sigh before turning to Sunny. The new Captain noticed that for the first time since he’d met the Jedi, General Fett’s eyes were completely serious.

“They’re all yours Captain. Just … watch yourself. These guys may be a pain in my shebs but they’re my allit. I look after them, they look after me. Now you’re also a part of our little allit ner vod. Mandokarla Sunny, don’t screw up.”

Leaving those gruff somewhat threatening words hanging, the tall Jedi left the hangar. Sunny was left facing some very unfriendly looking clones, and more were entering the hangar even now.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah ... I'm not overly fond of Jedi and it's gonna show. Sorry not sorry.

Mando'a translations:

Kriff / kriffing: Hell/heck etc.
Fek / fekking: F**k/F**king etc.
Haran: Hell (literal)
Vod / vode: Brother, sister, friend/brothers, sisters, friends
Aruetii: Traitor/foreigner/outsider (in this particular situation outsider)
K'atini: Suck it up!
Shebs: Backside
Allit: Family (can also mean clan name)
Ner vod: My brother/friend/sister
Mandokarla: Having the 'right stuff/showing guts and spirit/ the state of being the epitome of Mando virtue

Please comment! I'd love to read what you think :)
Chapter 2: Who the fek do you think you are?!

Chapter Summary

Sunny might be an Outcast now ... but that doesn't mean everyone's going to like it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sunny held his ground as he was surrounded by the clones that made up the Outcasts. It was kind of weird to have the same eyes that he saw every day in the mirror now glaring at him from all sides but it wasn't something he hadn't seen before. He folded his arms and narrowed his own eyes, growling darkly as the Lieutenant decided to get into his personal space. Time to sort this out before the tension between Captain and Lieutenant tore the Outcasts apart and rendered them incapable of fighting as a cohesive group.

"What's your issue with me Lieutenant?"

Swipes clenched his fists and for a moment Sunny thought the other clone was about to start something.

"Just who the fek do you think you are?! Coming in here like you're in charge, you know nothing about how things work around here. If it wasn't for the fact that Wardaddy obviously see's something in you I'd shoot you right here, right now! I may just do it anyway."

However instead of carrying out his threat, Swipes just snarled before turning away and leaving.

"Let me know when Wardaddy has our next mission. The sight of a new shiny aruetii is making me want to hurl."

Sunny couldn't help himself, this shabuir was really stomping on his last nerve. Temper snapping he shouted after the retreating Lieutenant, nearly throwing his helmet at the vanishing form of the other clone for good measure.

"Copaani mirshmure'cye, vod? A cin vhetin, that's what I'm only looking to start out with! Give me a chance before you judge me mir'oisk!"

Sunny glared after the angry Lieutenant before turning to the rest of the Outcasts.

"Haar'chak! Okay I only want to know two things. One: what's that di'kut's kriffin' problem? And two: can I at least have some names please, I'm not referring to anyone by those fekking numbers if I can help it."

Another clone stepped forwards, a medic judging by the symbols on his armour. His harsh ghost blue eyes softened ever so slightly as he wrapped an arm around Sunny's shoulders as two more clones came in. Sunny's eyes widened at the face of one of the clones. What had happened to him?! Literally half of his head was one big burn, and that burn progressed down his neck and disappeared under his bodysuit. The medic waved the duo over.

"Inferno, Caboose! Over here you di'kute!"
The two clones approached, the clone who Sunny assumed was Caboose rolling his eyes and almost strutting in his colourful, yet sparkling clean armour. The pauldron wearing clone next to him, who he assumed was Inferno, practically bounced alongside him, a huge grin on the unscarred side of his face. Abruptly 'Caboose' turned to 'Inferno', an irritated look on his face.

"For fek's sake Cab'i'ka! Stop it with the fekking bouncing! You'll end up tripping and crushing someone again."

Sunny's jaw dropped. So much for his earlier assumption! He mentally slapped himself, just because Caboose seemed to have had half his face burnt off didn't automatically mean he was the clone known as Inferno. Now that the two clones came closer, Sunny could see the flame shaped designs swirling all over Inferno's armour. The clone had also got similar tattoos winding their way up his face and had somehow obtained enough dye and gel to make his hair look like flames, and colour his eyebrows to match. Inferno turned away from the chastised Caboose and raised an eyebrow when his eyes fell on Sunny.

"Wrench, who the fek is this?"

Wrench huh? So that was the previously nameless medic's name. Grinding his teeth, Wrench threw what was clearly a rude hand gesture at Inferno before looking at Sunny.

"Yeah I'm Wrench, the Outcasts only baar'ur. Miss Manners here is Inferno, the grinning di'kut behind him is Caboose. Don't worry too much about him, he's harmless … for the most part. Just don't ever keep him away from Inferno if you can help it."

Ignoring how Inferno puffed up like an insulted rooster, Wrench turned himself and Sunny to face the rest of the Outcasts.

"These are Boom-Time, Blue-Streak, Barricade (a heavily scarred clone wearing droid parts around his neck nodded brusquely), Mando and Beskar, for kriff's sake don't split them up either; Fury, Kal, Target, Sneak, Jackal, Klutz, Fragment, AirRaid and FireFlight, be nice them they're our only pilots; Crosshairs, Mutt, Leo …"

He paused briefly for breath before continuing.

"… Dreamer, Beach, Dusty (had that Trooper ever heard of a shower?! Or armour polish for that matter?), Wetsuit, Soundblast, Sunswipe, Bear, Shark-Tooth, Remix, Quicksilver, Kestrel, Lock and Load (two identical clones waved simultaneously), Rifle, Yamaha, Spectre, Machine, Twitch … and Snowjob. You've already met the Lieutenant: Swipes."

Sunny's eyes were wide as the medic concluded his lengthy introduction. Thank Jango they were all easily identifiable, with a wide variety of armour designs, weapons and tattoos making them all individual. All that is except Lock and Load who were identical down to the last tattoo. He was confused by two things though.

"One, what would happen if Beskar and Mando were split up? And two, where's Wardaddy?"

Several of the Outcasts laughed, although Beskar and Mando looked somewhat worried even as they joined in the shared mirth. Wrench finally took sympathy on the confused Captain.

"Mando took a bad hit to the head, I think it was last year. Anyway, they couldn't take out some of the shrapnel in his head, and the injury the shrapnel caused means that he can only speak Mando'a. He understands other languages just fine, he knows more languages than the rest of the company combined; he just can't speak them. Beskar acts as his translator, they're batch mates anyway."
Finally letting go of Sunny, Wrench punched the other clones shoulder below his pauldron.

"Wardaddy is General Fett. It's his vod name, he is as much our vod as any other clone after all."

Well that made more sense to the confused Captain than a missing clone. Sunny noticed that although all the clones that made up the Outcasts were individual in looks, they all bore the same insignia on their armour. It looked like a paw print of some kind, painted either on a shoulder or on the chest in a bright, eye-catching red and outlined in black to make it stand out even more. He guessed it was the unit's mark and resolved to add the design to his own armour as soon as possible.

The fun now over it seemed, most of the Outcasts dispersed, going back to whatever it was they had been doing. However, they still remained in the hangar. Wrench was frowning slightly, not moving from his position, and he tapped a rather battered looking wrench against his leg as he hummed in thought.

"I think I've got everyone …"

Lock and Load looked at each other with identical looks of thought. Grinning, the matching pair of heavy gunners looked back at Wrench.

"Well you got all of us-"

"-But did you remember the Commander?"

The Outcasts had a Commander? Sunny frowned in thought, General Fett hadn't mentioned that …

"COOL! A newbie!"

A large weight slammed into Sunny, knocking him to the ground. He let out a tiny, rather unmanly squeak as the air was squashed out of him.

"Wha?!"

AirRaid lazily rolled over and off the wing of the gunship he had been lounging on and threw an amused look at the duo on the floor as he now leant against the cockpit.

"Hey there Warbrat! We got ourselves an alor'ad now, Wardaddy rescued 'im from that shabla Jetii Windu."

Sunny stared at the grinning tattooed face that was suddenly all he could see. Bright silver eyes stared openly out of a heavily tanned face, angular Dathomirian tattoos shifting as the owner continued to grin. The unknown Zabrak bounced back up and quickly helped Sunny to his feet. He was also wearing Phase 1 armour, although unlike the General who chose to wear a kama, he was wearing a half-pauldron. The armour was a veritable fireworks display of colours with random splashes of different colours covering every inch of the plastoid plating. Sunny raised an eyebrow as the teenage Dathomirian ran a hand through unruly auburn hair. The teenager laughed.

"I'm only half Zabrak."

The Captain blinked in surprise and shock. How had this crazy kid know what he was thinking? The Zabrak - sorry - half-Zabrak smirked and tapped the unusual looking lightsaber hilt at his hip. Oh the joys, another Jedi and judging by the braid hanging down behind the teen's ear, a Padawan at that. Sunny despised Padawans, when he had served under generals with Padawan learners he was always getting in trouble for shouting at them to "stop with the kriffin' cryin' and start scrapping those fekkin' clankers!" Hopefully considering how rough and tough General Fett appeared to be, this particular Padawan, as insane as he seemed, would be different.
"Um, and you are … sir?"

The teenage Padawan face palmed.

"Oh yeah, sorry 'bout that. I'm Nikov Kalash, Master Fett's Padawan. Don't call me sir either, its Warbrat okay? Commander Kalash if you absolutely insist on formalities, although Master says formalities are nothing more than a pain in the shebs and a waste of time."

Huh, okay then. Maybe he'd like this Padawan after all, they did share the same opinions on the use of formalities. It could be possible that they'd actually get along. So wrapped up was Sunny in his thoughts that he almost missed the question thrown at him.

"So, why did you end up with us then?"

What? Sunny jumped slightly as another clone, Boom-Time he remembered judging by the soot stained green, white and red armour, broached the subject of his transfer. He scoffed bitterly.

"Insubordination, telling the General to stuff it, sociopathic tendencies, punching my commanding officer and breaking his jaw."

That last point earned Sunny a few awe filled looks. The Captain glowered.

"Don't ask. Ever."

He shrugged uncaringly.

"I don't know what the real reason is, take your pick. What'd you lot get transferred for?"

That opened a right can of worms.

"Well the Lieutenant is a kleptomaniac …"

"… and I can't stop fekkin' swearing …"

"…apparently Jedi don't like having wrenches and other tools thrown at them …"

"…I keep blowing stuff up …"

"Klutz lives up to his name a bit too well …"

"…FireFlight's a bit, well, he's FireFlight …"

"Caboose here is a genuine di'kut …"

Sunny blinked under the onslaught of voices all talking over each other. And these were the men he was supposed to be leading?! They were so dead, they were clanker bait that's for sure. How had these di'kutla droten even survived this long, they were absolutely insane! Sunny had a feeling he would be indulging a lot in tihaar over the next few weeks until he got used to these or'diniise. He was rescued in a way when Dagorlad came back into the hangar, a rather unhappy, almost petulant looking Swipes following. The scar faced General grinned lazily.

"Easy now vode, you're going to scare him off and we just got our next assignment."

Sunny relaxed; finally, something he could do. He looked the tall Jedi in the eye.

"What, when and where Wardaddy?"
Mando'a translations:

Copaani mirshmure'cyey, vod?: Are you looking for a smack in the face, mate?
Cin vhetin: Fresh start/clean slate
Mir'oisik: Shit for brains (literal)
Haar'chak!: Damn it!
Di'kut: idiot (singular)
Di'kute: idiots, plural of di'kut (idiot)
Baar'ur: medic
Alor'ad: Captain
Shabla: screwed up (impolite)
Shebs: backside/arse
Di'kutla: idiotic
Droten: people
Tihaar: alcoholic drink- a strong, clear spirit made from fruit
Or'diniise: fools/morons - plural of or' dinii: fool/moron

Yes the Outcasts tend to use more Mando'a than most clones. Considering their commanding officers are Mandalorians hopefully this is understandable

Please feel free to leave comments and kudos, I cherish every single one! X3
Chapter 3: You want me to do what?!

Chapter Summary

Sunny wished he had more time to settle in before diving into politics ...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He was going to regret appearing so ready and eager to get started, he was sure of it. That and the General was either completely insane or just plain stupid. He'd go with insane as the more likely of the two.

"I'm sorry, the audio input in my bucket appears to have malfunctioned. You want me to do what?!!"

General Fett gave an exasperated groan and pinched the top of his nose before rubbing the burn scars that stretched around his blue eye and along the left side of his face. The tall Jedi didn't look happy and Sunny noticed that several of the other Outcasts were starting to look very wary as the Jedi began to repeat the orders they'd been given.

"I want you to accompany Nikov to Mandalore and provide him with backup. The Council's ordered that he helps another Padawan teach some of the future leaders of the New Mandalorian government. The corruption there means that there is a lot of suspicious activity and in all honesty I don't want Warbrat here going in with just another Padawan, especially since I don't know whose Padawan's going."

There was just one thing that wasn't quite sitting right with Sunny, Dagorlad seemed stressed, showing more emotion than he'd ever seen from a Jedi before. Oblivious to the warning signs some of the other Outcasts were trying to get across to him, he pressed on.

"I thought a Jedi Master would be of more use this sort of smooth-talking, fancy ideals type of assignment than a clone like me? How come you aren't able to go with him Wardaddy?"

Silence. Sunny noticed a dark, dangerous look pass over Dagorlad's face and the Jedi suddenly became very withdrawn, his eyes gaining a haunted look. The air seemed to still with a potent mixture of angst, anger and pain. Abruptly Dagorlad turned and stormed out of the hangar, leaving a confused Sunny and a bunch of awkward faced clones. Even Nikov looked uncomfortable as he rubbed the back of his neck and scuffed the ground with a booted foot. Sunny helplessly looked at the silent Wrench before running after his General, only to realise he didn't have a clue where the General could have gone. He quickly grabbed a Trooper who was just passing through.

"General Fett's quarters."

"Sir?"

Frustration lead to Sunny shaking the unfortunate clone in his attempt to find the answers.

"His quarters Trooper! Where the fek are they?!"

The poor Trooper pointed down the corridor, his hand trembling slightly as the unpredictable
Captain intimidated him with just his mere presence. He gestured to one of the corridors that split away from the main one.

"All of the Generals stay down that corridor s-s-sir, he'll be down there."

Without even a word of thanks Sunny released the shaken Trooper and barrelled off down the main corridor. He scrambled for purchase as he skidded when he took the turn too fast trying to get to the correct corridor and crashed into the wall. Cursing fluently in Mando’a he hauled himself upright and jogged down the corridor, pausing at each door to check the name of the occupant. It felt like it took forever until he found the right room but find it he did. The door appeared to be shut tight but the control panel next to it indicated that the door was at least unlocked. Sunny tentatively pushed on the door.

"Sir … Wardaddy? Dagorlad? You alright in there?"

Something slammed into the door and crashed to the ground inside the room.

"Just … just go Captain! I'm fine, just …"

Sunny knew that was a load of bull and, judging from how stressed Dagorlad sounded, the Jedi was pretty upset. He took a few steps back, pointing his armoured shoulder at the door.

"Dagorlad. I'm coming in whether you want it or not. Make sure the door doesn't fall on you now."

He slammed into the door, smashing it open. His momentum carried him into the exceptionally sparse quarters of his General, who was watching from the bunk, and straight into the opposite wall. Sunny shook his head dizzily as he picked himself off the floor and faced his General on unsteady feet. Dagorlad was staring at him, a distinctly unimpressed look on his face.

"I thought I told you to go away Captain Sunny."

The irritable, concerned Captain folded his arms and raised an eyebrow at the upset Jedi.

"I'm pretty infamous for ignoring orders when necessary sir. Now, I want to know. Why can't you go to Mandalore with Warbrat? What did you do that means you can't go huh? What's stopping you?"

Dagorlad's head shot up and his mismatched eyes narrowed dangerously. Armored fists clenched and relaxed as the short tempered General composed himself.

"Why can't I go to Mandalore? I was fekkin' born! That's what's stopping me!"

He dropped his head into one of his hands and ran the other through his side shaved style hair, tugging at some of the strands that fell across his forehead.

"I thought it'd have registered with you by now … I'm Mandalorian. Both my parents fought with the True Mandalorians alongside Jaster Mereel. Fierfek, my older brother Talan and my uncle Jango raised me after they died, at least until Talan was killed and the Jedi took me from Jango. It was made pretty kriffin' clear that I weren't welcome in Sundari or anywhere else on Mandalore when they found out my heritage after that mess with Kenobi and the Deathwatch. Yet that's where Warbrat's got to go and I can't keep an eye on him there! That's why Sunny. Those hut'uunla dar'manda won't let me anywhere near their precious, pacifist dome cities because of who my parents were which means I can't watch my Padawan's back. Hell, they won't tolerate my presence on the whole Force damned planet!"
It was painfully clear to Sunny that this topic of conversation was not one that Dagorlad was happy about but the stubborn General continued to rant, accent thickening as he did so, his Captain acting as a surprisingly sympathetic ear.

"To make this whole mess even worse … I've haven't ever told anyone else but him about this so keep your fekkin' mouth shut, but Nikov's Mandalorian, both by choice and blood. When I talked things over with his parents about him being trained I found out his mama was from a clan that supported the True Mandalorians, even if they weren't directly involved. With the New Mandalorians in charge in Sundari Warbrat will find himself real unpopular if that little gem somehow got out and I can't protect him if I'm stuck in orbit."

He looked up at Sunny, his eye's almost pleading with the clone Captain to understand.

"Sunny … please. I need you to keep an eye on Nikov, I don't trust the New Mandalorians any further than I could throw them and I wouldn't ask if I didn't think you could handle it."

Sunny would be the first to admit that his General's distraught outburst and upset admission had startled the life out of him. He hadn't realised just how personal this was for the Jedi and what a slap in the face the Council had delivered by asking this of him. But the strong language the cranky Mandalorian had used when referring to the New Mandalorians however Sunny didn't have a problem with, heck he thought the same thing about the pacifists that now controlled most of Mandalore. He also agreed that Nikov shouldn't go alone onto a planet where his more aggressive opinions and warrior heritage would not be appreciated. Finally after a long, drawn out period of silence between the two men Sunny let out a long sigh.

"Alright … I'm in."

_PAGE BREAKER_

The dome city of Sundari. He'd only just stepped off the transport and followed Warbrat to the greeting party and he already hated it. He looked back to Wardaddy who was watching with concerned eyes from the loading ramp of the transport.

"Aww fek …"

Sunny turned back to Warbrat at the hissed exclamation and followed the tall teens gaze to the other transport where the passengers were just disembarking. He swore angrily under his breath when he recognised the two Jedi. Anakin Skywalker and Ahsoka Tano, his two least favourite Jedi after General Windu. Biting the inside of his cheek to keep himself from saying something that might get the two of them in trouble, Sunny quickly moved to catch up with Warbrat who was introducing himself to the Duchess Satine and Prime Minister Almec.

"Duchess Satine, Prime Minister Almec. I am Padawan Nikov Kalash and this is Clone Captain Sunny. Thank you for seeing us on such short notice."

Apparently Warbrat could be quite the charmer when he chose to be as he politely kissed the Duchess's offered hand before dipping his head towards the Prime Minister. The Duchess smiled before turning to Master Skywalker and his Padawan who had just joined them; Captain Rex, who had followed the two Jedi off the transport, remained a respectful distance away. The two Captains barely inclined their heads towards each other before turning back to their Jedi and the politicians. The exchange between General Skywalker, Padawan Tano and Duchess Satine flew over Sunny's head, but he was pulled out of his reverie when one of the kids Warbrat was supposed to be teaching later pointed towards the lightsaber attached to his hip.
"That's a fine looking weapon. May I see it?"

The teenage Padawan appeared surprised but reached towards the unusual hilt all the same. However Prime Minister Almec pulled the cadet back.

"I'm afraid not. Because of Masters Kenobi and Fett's recent visit and the trouble that followed, no offworlders may carry weapons on Mandalore."

Trying to hide his amusement at the hilarious idea of both his rule breaking Master and the more rule abiding Master Kenobi causing trouble Nikov unclipped the lightsaber from his belt before also removing the DC-15S from its position on his back. He passed the weapons to Sunny.

"Hey Sunny, could ya please give these ta my Master for me, I'd give 'im your own weapons too while you're at it. We don't want any trouble while we're here."

Sunny nodded, taking the weapons before jogging back to the transport where Wardaddy, no this was Jedi General Fett, was watching with a hard look on his face. The older Jedi frowned as Sunny handed over the weapons Warbrat had given him before also handing over his own twin DC-17 pistols.

"Why're you giving me these Sunny? You can't walk around here unprotected."

The Captain shrugged as he unhooked the grenades from his belt.

"After you and Master Kenobi visited here and there was that shabla mess with that group of terrorists during your visit, they won't allow offworlders to carry weapons on Mandalore. Warbrat doesn't want to cause trouble so he asked me to give these to you."

He smirked.

"Don't worry, I ain't going in completely unarmed. I still got the vibroblades in my gauntlets and a knife in my boot. And I'm guessing Warbrat will have some weapons stashed somewhere as well."

Dagorlad nodded as he stowed the weapons in a backpack which he then hoisted onto his shoulder.

"He should, I taught him to never go anywhere without a weapon after all. You keep an eye on him, I don't trust him not to start a fight with Padawan Tano. The two of them can't stand each other, I don't know what Master Yoda was thinking when he assigned the two of them to deal with this."

_BPAGE BREAKER_

Boredom. The bane of any respectable clone's miserable existence. Nikov had left to teach the days lessons at the Royal Academy of Government and now Sunny was stuck in their shared quarters with nothing to do. He'd tried wandering through the city but quickly realised he was unwelcome and so he'd decided to return to the quarters the Duchess had supplied for them while they were on Mandalore. He looked around the bare room, so much for the appreciation of the Mandalorian people. He'd already had to stop Nikov from getting into a fight with Padawan Tano after her snide comment about keeping all the crazies together in one place for everyone's safety. Then again, he'd have enjoyed watching her lose to the older, more experienced Warbrat; he'd never really liked her, she was always talking down to him in a condescending way, like he was a child. Well, he was technically a child but it was the principle of the matter that was important. He looked up as the door was kicked open and Nikov stormed in, slamming the door behind him.

"Bad day kid?"
The teenage Jedi snarled and slammed his fist into the wall before throwing himself onto his bunk. Sunny raised an eyebrow at the outburst.

"That good huh?"

Nikov turned his head to glare at Sunny.

"What do you think?! I gotta deal with a bunch of rich pacifist teenagers who ain' suited for anythin' but politics what with all their whinin' and that pain in my shebs Tano! I'm tellin' you Sunny, this assignment better be over soon before I lose it."

In Sunny's opinion the cantankerous Padawan never had it to begin with but he wasn't going to tell him that and rile him up further. He went into the small kitchen area and poured out two cups of caf, adding an unhealthy amount of sugar to each cup. Walking back over to the bunk he passed one cup to Nikov before sitting on the converted couch with his own cup. He grimaced slightly as he sipped the scalding brew before sighing and closing his eyes as the hot liquid warmed him up.

"Ahhh that's just terrible. Listen Warbrat, this mission's a waste of our time anyway but it beats just sitting around and dealing with Windu griping about us taking up space on the Endurance. Who knows, tomorrow might be a better day."

The sarcastic scoff from the Jedi as he downed his own caf made Sunny laugh slightly. Mission: Stop the Jedi from Exploding was a complete success.

Chapter End Notes

Translations:

Hut'uunla: cowardly

Dar'manda: a state of not being a Mandalorian ... someone who has lost their heritage and therefore their identity. Something that is regarded with dread by traditional Mandalorians and is often used in insult.

Please comment and leave kudos, I'd love to read your thoughts so far ^_^
This is why I hate politicians!

Chapter Summary

Sunny and Nikov make a semi-decent team ... especially when it comes to causing trouble

Chapter Notes

Warnings: There are some references to PTSD and to severe burn injuries

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sunny tossed and turned in his sleep, painful memories of a time best forgotten flashing in front of his eyes. The last bad loose wire joke he'd shared with Bazooka and Trigger, Destroyer's loud cheers every time they took out a target, Poker's cheerful swearing as he directed the AT-TE towards their next target, the all too familiar recoil of the AT-TE's cannon as he pressed the trigger. Then a flash and a loud explosion followed by the feeling of being thrown through the air. After that pain, lots and lots of pain; the terrifying feeling of burning, of his armour melting in the intense heat and sticking to his skin. And those screams: the horrifying sounds of his frightened squad as they were burned alive, unable to escape the shattered wreckage of the AT-TE; his own scared, helpless cries as he lay trapped under the burning remains of the destroyed cannon before he was met by the sweet bliss of unconsciousness. The cold, clinical way in which he was informed of the deaths of all his squad mates as he lay there in the medical cot, too badly burned to move and yet not burned enough to warrant them 'wasting bacta on a useless shiny'. The sorrowful tears that had slipped free when he realised he'd never see them again. They were gone. It was his fault, it was always his fault …

"No!"

Sunny sat bolt upright on the couch eyes wild as they scanned the room, his scarred chest heaving slightly as he calmed down. Hunching over he ran a hand over his face. Bazooka, Destroyer, Poker, Trigger. The first in a long line of face's that he would see every night, their eye's cold and accusing. Always blaming him for screwing up, for them not making it through this war. After he'd finally been released from the medbay; and boy had that taken forever what with the Kaminoan scientists being 'interested' in how severe burns healed without bacta and there he was, a ready-made subject that no-one wanted to waste the bacta on; nobody had wanted anything to do with him. No crew wanted a traumatised AT-TE gunner that didn't want to go anywhere near an AT-TE and would freeze up every time he was near one. He'd even lashed out at his commanding officer once when he was practically dragged over to a tank and ordered to get on.

That had been the last straw and he'd been shoved sideways into the infantry where he could supposedly do less damage to his own side. What this move had done instead was cultivate a dislike of authority, a dislike that had been born in the hospital as he was poked and prodded by scientists, and his near-homicidal hatred for the Separatists. The trauma he'd gone through both on that fateful day and in the hospital had also kick-started the events that led to him becoming the vicious, jaded sociopath who had been given this one final chance before reconditioning. At least he didn't cry
when his nightmares woke him up, he had no more tears left to shed. He hadn't cried since he'd woken up on the medical frigate and had been told the rest of his squad were dead.

"Sunny? You alright vod?"

The clone was pulled from his morbid thoughts to find a sleepy eyed Nikov standing by the table. He felt guilty that he'd woken up the teenager, Nikov had come in exhausted after another day of trying to keep his formidable temper in check whilst teaching at the Academy. For Jedi, Nikov and his Master sure were mavericks … in fact they were the most un-Jedi like Jedi he'd ever met. Sunny nodded.

"Just some old memories Warbrat, nothing for you to worry about."

He felt the young Jedi's burning gaze as Nikov's silver eyes tracked the extensive scars that covered his torso, shoulders and neck before disappearing under the lower half of his blacks. He shivered slightly before throwing himself back onto the couch, hiding the old scars from view again. Looking over, he noticed that Nikov hadn't moved from his position by the table.

"Where did you get those?"

Sunny flinched, of all the questions to ask the young Jedi had had to ask that. He exhaled harshly.

"Tank fire. Took out the rest of my squad."

Nikov was quiet for a few minutes and for an instant, Sunny thought he'd gone back to bed. Instead, the Jedi sat on the table and pulled back the sleeves that had covered his arms. In the week he'd known Nikov Sunny had never questioned why the teen walked around with his arms always covered, he'd thought it was just one of Nikov's quirks. When he saw what those sleeves covered though, he realised that was not the case at all. Nikov's arms looked like they'd been mauled by something, huge laceration scars and bite marks cutting through the reddish tan skin and ebony tattoos. It was clear that the scarring was more than what was on Nikov's arms as they progressed up his shoulders and were again hidden by the shirt he wore. Rolling the sleeves back down to hide the horrific injuries, Nikov met Sunny's shocked gaze, his own eyes like calm pools of molten silver.

"Ran into a Hutt crime lords Kr'ayt Dragon on Nal Hutta. Fekkin' thing tried to eat me an' left a few mementos. Master killed it after he got it to spit me out though it still landed me in the Healer's wing for a couple of months. He said the best way to get over somethin' like that was to keep somethin' to remind you that you lived through hell and managed to come out the other side. So he gave me one of that things teeth."

He reached for the sheath on his leg and pulled out a small knife, the milky white blade gleaming dully in the artificial lighting. Sunny took it, admiring the slightly serrated edge and the skilled etchings on the hilt.

"This made from the tooth?"

Nikov nodded, taking the knife and storing it back in the sheath strapped around his calf.

"The tooth makes up the entirety of the blade. The handle's made of beskar and leather and I did the etchings myself."

Sunny whistled, impressed. He looked up as Nikov stood and returned to the small bed in the other room. Rolling his eyes in amusement Sunny relaxed back onto the couch, sleep claiming him almost instantly.
"For the record Warbrat, I blame you for this."

"Oh for the love of the Force will you just shut the fek up and listen to me."

"How about you make me huh?"

Clone Captain and Jedi Padawan glowered at each other through the shielded cells of Sundari's maximum security prison. Around them in other cells were Padawan Tano, four of the Academies students and the Duchess Satine; hands bound as theirs were. Prime Minister Almec was babbling on about how he was responsible for the black market in Sundari's underworld becoming so powerful. As the Prime Minister continued to monologue to his mainly uninterested audience, Ahsoka threw a nasty look at the bickering duo.

"You two had better shut up or I'll …"

Sunny and Nikov both turned on her, united in their mutual dislike of the Torgrutan Padawan. Nikov curled his lip in a sneer, exposing his sharp canines before turning his back on her and resumed planning their escape with Sunny.

"Ori'buyce, kih'kovid. Who tries to use a Force suggestion on someone who probably was trained to resist?! When will these di'kute learn, ke nu'jurkadir sha Mando'ade!"

He was interrupted as one of Almec's men slammed his shield into the cell door. The Prime Minister had strutted off somewhere, leaving them trapped in their cells with just two of his guards for company.

"Quiet you."

Nikov scowled at the man, silver eye's blazing angrily. The guard actually took a few steps back, intimidated by the young Jedi's fierce glare.

"Ne shab'rud'ni hut'uun."

The guard ran, not intending on staying anywhere near the obviously crazy Jedi any more, Padawan or not. Cursing angrily the other guard ran after him, shouting at him to come back. Satine tossed a reproachful look at Nikov, who had a wolfish smirk on his face.

"Did you really have to scare him like that? And with such violent language?"

Nikov and Sunny shared an "is-she really-that-stupid?!" look. They couldn't understand how the Duchess had remained in power for so long with her pacifist ways and zero violence policies. Surely she must have realised the damage she was doing by now. By outright banning violence and making life insanely difficult for Mandalorians interested in keeping their heritage alive, she was encouraging organisations like Death Watch and providing them with willing followers. Nikov shook his head in frustration.

"Look Duchess, sometimes you have ta fight fire with fire. Your Prime Minister is responsible for all the trials your people have suffered through and that hut'uun was working for him. By ensuring he wouldn't return ta bother us, we're free ta do what we can ta stop that din'i'la di'kut Almec."

Sunny grinned as Nikov stopped speaking. Time to begin their escape, even if it was going to hurt at first. A lot. But it was going to be worth it because the di'kute imprisoning them would be in a whole other world of pain by the time ha and Nikov were done.
"Speaking of which …"

A few sickening pops later and Sunny was sliding his apparently boneless hand out of one of the cuffs. He shook his useless hand in pain, grimacing.

"I hate doing that."

Nikov watched as Sunny used his still working hand to slowly push all his joints back into alignment, smirking as one of the cadets turned a pale green colour at the nauseating cracking sounds. The clone let out a pained hiss as his swollen hand throbbed, but at least all his joints were now back in their proper places. Sunny knew his hand would be pretty much useless for now but at least he was free; and he could still use the vibroblades in his gauntlets so he wasn't entirely defenceless. He looked over to Nikov.

"Now what?"

Before Nikov could answer Ahsoka decided to throw in her unwanted opinion.

"What are you even doing?! How is the Captain getting free of his binders going to get us out of here?"

Nikov threw his head back and let out a strangled scream of frustration. Slamming his booted foot into the cell wall he glowered at the other Padawan.

"Nar'sheb Tano. I don't have to explain myself ta you. Just play along and we'll be out of here in no time."

Silver eyes flashing in irritation he glowered at the four cadets, the Duchess and Padawan Tano.

"Here's the plan. Sunny here is gonna fake a trattok'or ... a seizure or sommat. And you lot are gonna help me kick up a right racket: orjorer, jair, whatever; and try ta get him some help. With any luck some of those di'kute will come running and open his cell. The two of us will take it from there, all we need you six ta do is help make enough of a panic ta get their attention, I won't be able to get their attention on my own."

For a plan that had been made up literally in the space of a few minutes, Sunny had to admit it was a good one. There was always a chance that the guards wouldn't buy his act but it was a risk they would have to take. The cadets and the Duchess had all nodded their agreement and even Tano shrugged her compliance. Taking his cue from Nikov, Sunny dropped backwards into a seemingly boneless heap on the floor, making sure to hide the fact that he was free of his binders with the rest of his body. Staring aimlessly at the wall, he half closed his eyes and, for all intents and purposes, played dead. At Nikov's signal the others all started making one hell of a racket; shouting and screaming to get the guards attention.

"Oh my Force! Captain!"

"Get a medic please! Someone! The Captain just collapsed!"

"Sunny?! Vod? Fek! We need a baar'ur here now!"

"Oh my! Someone get him some help please!"

Sunny had to bite the inside of his cheek to stop himself from laughing and giving the game away. The fine performance the others were putting on was hilarious, it sounded like Nikov had actually slammed his boots into his cell door in an attempt to make an even louder racket, but it appeared to
be working when loud footsteps could be heard. He heard a loud curse followed by the sounds of the cell door being opened. The footsteps came closer and a pair of hands grabbed his shoulders. Sunny did his best to remain limp as the guard shook him in an attempt to gain a response. He could almost imagine the panic on the hut'uun's face when he didn't respond. The guard dropped him and must have opened up a com link.

"Sir … it's one of the offworld prisoners, he's collapsed! I can't get a response either!"

Sunny listened for a minute as the guard spoke with his superior. From the sounds of it, whoever he was talking to was not happy in the slightest about the current situation. Thanks to the guard moving him he could meet Nikov's gaze through one of the cell walls. The young Jedi gave an almost imperceptible nod. Sunny remained relaxed as the guard turned him over again, the di'kut getting right in his face. Did he have a jaro or something?! Because he sure was jare'la … getting in his face like that.

"Come on, don't be dead please. I'll get demoted for sure if you die on me."

Sunny couldn't resist, he'd been given the go ahead to end this charade anyway.

"Well, that would be a shame wouldn't it? Guess it's a good thing I'm not dead."

The di'kutla or'dinii actually responded.

"You're not. Phew. That's great … hang on, what now?!"

Sunny's eyes snapped open and he grinned dangerously at the now wide eyed guard. Seriously, how hard was it to figure out he had been faking. A clone still had to breathe after all. You can't do that if you're dead.

"Fekkin' utreekov."

Before the guard was able to react, Sunny's armoured knee smashed into a place no male of any species wanted to be hit. With a sound that was a cross between a whimper and a moan the guard toppled over, curling in on himself and sobbing. Rolling his eyes Sunny stood up and brushed his armour down with his good hand. He stepped over the crying guard and waltzed right out of his now open cell. Quickly jabbing the panel to unlock the other cells, he moved to help a now laughing Nikov free of his cuffs.

"Hah! Kandosii Sunny!"

"Yeah, yeah, celebrate later. The Prime Minister's still around here somewhere."

He growled in frustration when the binders refused to open. Irritated, he activated the vibroblade in his left gauntlet and cut through the link between the two cuffs. He quickly deactivated it, allowing it to retract back into his gauntlet and smirked at Nikov.

"They only took my buy'ce, di'kute didn't think to take the rest of my armour."

Nikov nodded, rubbing his wrists slightly and rolling his shoulders. The duo joined the Duchess, cadets and Padawan Tano in the silent corridor. How no-one had come to check on things yet was a mystery to both Sunny and Nikov, and both were suspicious because of it. Nikov set off down the corridor, waving for the others to follow.

"Come on."
With Nikov on point and Sunny bringing up the rear they swiftly moved through the network of corridors, occasionally taking advice from the Duchess on which way to turn and knocking out any guards that were in their way. Just when it felt like they were going to actually succeed in escaping a door opened and several unmarked police and guards poured out. They were soon surrounded and herded back into the prison, this time though they were taken right to the lowest levels. There was only one cell down here, smack in the centre of the room. Almec was waiting for them next to the cell when they arrived, somehow managing to look both smug and annoyed.

"Well … you certainly are persistent. It took us a while to find you on the security cameras."

He approached as the Duchess was separated from the rest of the group and held out a datapad. The Duchess took it, her eyes narrowed in suspicion as she activated it. Her eye’s widened in shock and disgust as she read through the information on the datapad.

"This is a confession!"

Slowly, mockingly, Almec clapped his hands together.

"Well done Duchess. Yes, it’s a confession. Yours to be exact; confessing your part in the rise of the horrific back market here on Mandalore for your own personal gain."

The Duchess shook her head angrily, pulling against the iron grip of the guards holding her.

"I’ll never sign it! I’d rather die than sign your false confession!"

Almec raised a slim eyebrow.

"That can be arranged you know."

He gestured to the guard on his left, who came forwards holding what looked like a metal collar. Sunny's eye's narrowed angrily, he recognised the seemingly innocent device from his training days on Kamino when they went over possible torture methods. A shock-collar, designed to send highly painful jolts of electricity through the wearer.

It was obvious Nikov recognised it as well. Silver eye's blazing angrily, he Force shoved the guard standing next to him into the wall. Mayhem ensued as Sunny joined the fight, lashing out with a vicious kick at one of the unmarked police. The aruetii went down hard, letting out a pained cry as something broke. Activating the vibroblades in his gauntlets Sunny clashed with one of the electro-staff carrying guards. Sparks flew as the blades collided with the staff and Sunny grit his teeth as his damaged hand was jolted. Another man ran over to the stun cannon and climbed on, hoping to take out the two offworlders. Drawing his knife from its sheath Nikov took aim.

"Oh no you fekkin’ don’t!"

The thrown blade crashed into the gunner’s shoulder and he toppled from the gun platform with a cry. However, with the duo occupied, Almec had grabbed the shock collar and tried to clamp it around the Duchesses neck. However Padawan Tano had also finally decided to join the fight as she body slammed Almec away from the Duchess. Almec dropped the collar with a cry of surprise and stumbled backwards into the guard that was fighting Sunny. Knocked off balance, the guard stood little chance as Sunny's right vibroblade sliced deep into his arm. The guard screamed as he dropped to the ground clutching his now bleeding arm. Sunny quickly jumped over him and grabbed Almec before he regained his bearings. The Duchess quickly collared him and Ahsoka activated the shocker, sending several painful jolts through the aruetii. Almec slumped in Sunny’s grip, gasping in pain as the cadets ran over. The Duchess drew herself up to her full height and glared down at
Almec.

"Send for my personal guard."

With the arrival of the Duchesses guard, Almec was quickly incarcerated in the very cell he'd planned on holding the Duchess in. As the guards and police that were working with Almec were led away the Duchess turned to Padawan Tano.

"I guess you realise now, I didn't just bring you here to teach. I knew something was wrong but I had no-one to trust. I knew if I brought in a Jedi, especially a friend of Senator Amidala's, we could solve this mystery together."

She looked over at Nikov, who was cleaning the blood off his knife and Sunny, who had just deactivated his vibroblades, flinching at the blood.

"Thank you as well. If it were not for the two of you we never would have been able to stop Almec so quickly after our capture. I do not approve of your tactics though, so I must ask that you do not return to Sundari if at all possible."

Sunny and Nikov had never been happier to see a LAAT/i transport in their lives as they walked out onto the landing platform. The duo shared a look as the door opened to reveal an amused Dagorlad, his arms folded and a smirk on his face. As he handed over their weapons he shook his head.

"Kandosii you two. You managed to accomplish the mission and get banned from ever returning to this place."

Nikov shrugged as he clipped his lightsaber back onto his hip.

"That's gratitude for you though, we saved her shebs and what thanks do we get?! Short answer really: we don't!"

Sunny laughed as AirRaid took off, grabbing onto one of the overhead handholds with his good hand.

"Didn't you know? This is why I hate politicians!"

Chapter End Notes

Translations:
Ori'buyce kih'kovid: All helmet, no head. A common term of derision for those with an over-inflated sense of authority
Ke nu'jurkadir sha Mando'ade!: Don't mess with Mandalorians!
Ne shab'rud'ni: Don't mess with me (usually followed by violence)
Hut'uun: coward
Dini'la: insane
Nar'sheb: strong form of 'shove it'
Trattok'or: collapse
Orjorer: cry out, shout
Jair: scream, shriek
Jaro: death wish, insane act of reckless stupidity
Jare'la: asking for it, stupidly oblivious of danger
Di'kutla: idiotic
Or'dini: moron, fool
Utreekov: fool, idiot (literally empty head)
Kandosii!: Nice one! Well Done! Wicked!
Buy'ce: helmet
Aruetii: traitor, foreigner, outsider

Blimey, there's a lot of Mando'a in this one

Read and review please guys, keep's me going when I see loads of reviews in my inbox
^_^
Sunny found it strange that he was actually happy to be back at the GAR barracks on Coruscant. Sitting down at the Outcasts table in the Mess, Sunny watched Caboose bounce over to Inferno and sling his arm over the slightly shorter clone's shoulder. Looking up from his caf to look at the duo Barricade rolled his eyes.

"Here we go again."

The confused Captain soon found out what the cranky, scar faced Sergeant was on about as Caboose grinned inanely.

"Hey Inferno."

He was ignored as his vain friend continued to mix sweetener into his caf. But that didn't deter the cheerful ARC trooper as he continued to pester his friend.

"Inferno."

"Inferno?"

"In'ika…"

Finally Inferno had had enough. Rolling his eyes at the ceiling, the pyromaniacal fire trooper slowly set down his cup of caf.

"Cab'ika…"

Having finally gained a response from his friend, the scar faced ARC grinned.

"Yeah?"

It was obvious to everyone else at the Outcasts table that Inferno was trying his utmost best not to tell Caboose to fek off. The fire trooper ran his hand through his flame coloured hair.

"Get … off."

Caboose's smile faltered ever so slightly and he stared at Inferno, his non-cybernetic eye flashing with hurt.

"But…"

Sighing, Inferno took a minute to gather himself, a wry smirk on his face.
Sunny rolled his own eyes at the duo as they moved over to get their dinner from the server droid. He'd been with the Outcasts for almost two months now and he still didn't understand those two. Caboose hadn't let go, instead almost draping himself across Inferno's shoulders. The fire trooper staggered slightly under the extra weight as he grabbed two trays. One tray met Caboose's head with a resounding crack and the ARC let out a somewhat child-like whine as he stood up properly and took the offending item. They continued along the line, bickering amiably as they waited to get their dinner. At the Outcasts table, Dagorlad lazily ducked a thrown spoon as Barricade and Blue-Streak started squabbling, something about Barricade insulting the sniper's aim. On Sunny's left Wrench let out a low growl and reached for his namesake, which was sitting next to his tray.

"If you two don't f'kin' pack it in, you'll both be in my kriffin' Medbay with concussion!"

The threat was delivered with such menace that although it was rather simple as far as threats went, and probably the tamest in the medic's considerable repertoire, it ended the confrontation before it could really begin. Rolling his eyes again Sunny went back to the tasteless sludge that was his dinner, although he was looking forward to the sweet treat that sat innocently next to the bowl. Across from him Dagorlad looked up towards the queue of clones getting their dinner from the server droids and frowned, the scars on his face twisting slightly with the movement.

"What's going on over there?"

The others all turned to find Inferno shouting at a server droid while Caboose stood next to him looking confused. Whatever the server droid responded with the others didn't know, only it prompted Inferno to hand his half-full tray to Caboose and chivvy him towards the Outcasts table. The fire trooper then picked up the empty tray that Caboose had left behind and held it out to the droid. Sunny's eyes narrowed when the droid didn't respond as it should, instead moving on to the confused clone who had been waiting patiently behind Inferno.

With a growl, Dagorlad stood up from the table, eyes narrowed angrily.

"If you'll excuse me."

As the Jedi headed over to help Inferno with the server droid, Caboose dropped down next to Sunny. The scar faced clone looked briefly over to another table before taking a drink. Sunny followed his gaze over to a table where two ARC veterans were surrounded by several awestruck, and much younger, ARC troopers. Both the veterans had smug smirks on their faces and one laughed openly at Caboose as he ate.

What was happening hit Sunny like a stun blast to the head, especially when he remembered the personnel files he'd read one night to help him sleep. Caboose had been an ARC, one of the first regular troopers to have received the promotion, before he and Inferno joined the Outcasts. He'd been one of the best. Then the mission to which he'd been assigned had been botched and Caboose had suffered severe injuries, including brain damage that was minor enough that he was still fit to serve, although he could no longer be sent on missions with his fellow ARC's. He'd been dropped from their ranks and Dagorlad had picked up both him and Inferno, a pyromaniac who Caboose had formed a strong bond with whilst in the Medbay, and brought them to the Outcasts. Said fire trooper was currently cursing the server droid with an impressive barrage of profanity while Wardaddy was trying to both see what the problem was and prevent Inferno from attacking the droid. Sunny could see the jeering of the two veteran ARC's was starting to get to Caboose. The normally cheerful clone was simply staring at the tray in front of him, good eye closed off to the outside world. He'd even stopped eating, instead simply staring off into space. Sunny didn't notice the vibrodagger the other clone was gripping tightly in his hand as the rowdy duo continued to mock him.
"Hey dropout! What's the matter?! Too stupid to fight bac-wah!"

Caboose had had enough. Good eye blazing with sheer hatred he'd whipped around with all the speed of a striking nexu and had thrown the vibrodagger he'd been clutching at the two ARC's. It smashed into the table the duo were sitting at, the blade sinking a good inch into the plastoid. His two tormentors stared, eye's wide in shock. Caboose stayed standing, frozen in place, panting hard as the entire Mess fell silent. He sneered at the men who were once his fellow veterans, for a second his former self shining though.

"I'm no di'kut... I just know to wait, and then strike when my opponents guard is down."

Sunny carefully put a hand on Caboose's shoulder.

"Hey Caboose, c'mon ori'vod, they aren't worth it."

Caboose looked down at him and the Caboose that they all knew appeared to reassert himself as he grinned.

"Alright Alor'ad Sunny. Hey, what's everyone looking at?"

Sunny shook his head.

"Nothing for you to worry about, c'mon, your food's going to be cold."

Caboose slumped back down at the table, chin resting on his arms. He looked so miserable and Inferno was distracted trying to get a meal from the glitching server droid, whose life span was currently measurable in minutes judging by the look on Dagorlad's face. Sunny sighed quietly, he was used to the happy, cheerful Caboose; not this shattered wreck of a clone sat next to him. On an impulse he picked up the sweet treat still on his tray and set it on the tray in front of Caboose. The melancholy veteran ARC looked up at him, good eye full of wary suspicion and hurt. Sunny just grinned and gestured for the older clone to take the sweet. It was rare for them to be served in the Mess and Sunny had been looking forward to eating it, but he had a feeling his vod needed it more.

"I'm not hungry any more anyway."

Caboose looked at Sunny for a split second, before looking down at the sweet now sitting in the middle of his tray. Picking it up, he warily bit into it, chewed and swallowed. When he noticed Sunny hadn't moved to take the sweet from him, he quickly finished it off, even licking the crumbs off his fingers. Out of the blue he grabbed Sunny in a tight bear hug, crushing the air out of the Captain's lungs. Spoons clattered onto trays as several of the other Outcasts stared in surprise. Blue-Streak whistled lowly.

"Fek … I never kriffin' thought I'd fekkin' see Caboose warm up to the kriffin' Captain so fekkin' fast."

Sunny wheezed slightly, the lack of air in his lungs starting to become noticeable. Like the other troopers who had undergone the intense ARC training, Caboose was slightly stronger than the rest of his vode, which meant that Sunny really didn't stand much chance as he heard his chest plate creak dangerously. Laughing at the Captain's distress, Lock and Load came to his rescue.

"Caboose, vod-"

"-You might want-"

"-To let go of our dear Captain-"
"Before you crush him."

The ARC quickly let go of Sunny, who dropped back into his seat with a gasp. Wheezing slightly as he tried to regain his breath Sunny grinned up at a worried looking Caboose.

"I'm fine, you're just a bit stronger than I was expecting."

Caboose looked like he was about to reply when Dagorlad abruptly stormed past them, fists clenching and a dark look on his face. Without a word he stalked towards the two still stunned ARC's. Sunny frowned in confusion.

"What's Wardaddy going to do? Shout at those shabuir?"

Wrench laughed darkly, tossing his namesake in his hand lightly as he watched the livid Jedi stride towards the now panicking ARC's, a vicious and gleeful expression pulling at the wrench-shaped tattoo on his face.

"Dagorlad shouting? That's not bad. It's when he goes really quiet and seems really calm that you really have to worry. Which is right now come to think of it. There have been incidents like this before, only problem is that they usually struck whenever Wardaddy wasn't around. He can't do anything without the di'kute on the Council having a go at him unless he actually sees it. You have no idea how long he's been waiting to put a stop to this. If I were you Sunny, I'd sit back and watch the fireworks."

Dagorlad had now stopped in front of the table where the duo of ARC's were sitting. Their previous audience of rookie ARC troopers had all scattered out of the furious Jedi's way, leaving the two veterans in the line of fire. Dagorlad loomed over the table and yanked the vibrodagger out of the table with a resounding crack. Stashing it in his armour he glared at the two ARC's, lifting them up with the Force when one tried to bolt. He pulled them over the able and up to eye level, mismatched eyes narrowed and seething.

"The two of you and I are going to have a little talk about respect. And why Caboose was and is a better example of my ba'vodu's legacy than you two ever will be."

Sunny raised an eyebrow, he didn't think Dagorlad would be so open about his family heritage after that little outburst before the Jedi had sent him and Nikov off on that mission to Mandalore. Swipes caught his look and shrugged.

"Wardaddy's never hid the fact from anyone that he was related to the original Jango Fett. It's just rare for him to use it in this manner. Those shabuir have really pissed him off, otherwise he wouldn't have gone for a low blow like that."

Sunny gave a distracted nod towards the Outcasts Lieutenant as he watched Dagorlad storm out of the Mess, dragging the two protesting ARC's behind him with the Force. He mentally snickered, he sure didn't want to be in the boots of those veterans by the time Dagorlad was done with them. A loud clatter jolted him from his thoughts and he looked up to see a seething Inferno drop onto the bench with a solid thump. The fire trooper was almost vibrating with rage, his flame coloured hair seeming to stand on end with indignation as he flicked the lighter in his hand on and off. Sunny frowned slightly, dealing with upset troopers was not one of his specialties.

"What's got under your armour?"

Inferno's rage filled gaze was on him in an instant as he slammed his free hand onto the table making the trays and their contents jump slightly.
"They just don't get it! None of them do! All the thing's Cab'ika's done … for the GAR, for the Jetii, for the Republic … it's like none of that matters to them! And I hate them for it. Some nights I just want to set their barracks on fire for the things they've done. And don't get me started on those di'kute on the Council!"

Sunny sighed roughly, chugging down the remainder of his caf and standing.

"We'll just have to look after him ourselves then won't we."

_A PAGE BREAKER_

(A few days later)

Swipes pressed the blade of his knife tighter against the struggling clone's throat, cursing his luck. Seriously, did that overgrown squid have to get so offended by the fact that he was simply trying to make a living?! An extra 10% for the rest of the data currently in his possession, plus some borderline illegal upgrades for his armour. It wasn't like he was asking for the world or anything after all. And now that the CSF were involved in chasing his tanned shebs all over Coruscant he'd had to grab a clone and hold him hostage! Letting out a pained snarl when the clone kicked him he dug the knife in, blood welling around the sharp edge.

"Rex, if you value your miserable fekking existence, might I suggest you stop moving!?"

_A PAGE BREAKER_

Sunny ran onto the bridge of the Vengeance, skidding to a halt besides Dagorlad.

"What's going on?!"

The Mandalorian Jedi's face was stony as he glared at the Jedi Masters currently contacting them.

"Swipes has got himself in trouble again whilst undercover, and now there's a regular involved."

Sunny swore. The Lieutenant had been constantly antagonistic, although there had been a few occasions when the lower ranking clone had been semi-civil towards him. Watching the footage that was currently being shown via one of the troopers in the CSF he frowned.

"Let me go down there with Barricade and Wrench, maybe I can sort this out. He's cornered and angry, he's not going to hand himself over to a bunch of city living regulars."

That earned him a nod from the concerned Jedi.

"Bring him home Sunny. Bring him home."

Chapter End Notes

Translations:
ori'vod: big brother/sister
CSF: Coruscant Security Force

Hope you enjoyed this newest chapter, please don't forget to review and let me know what you think. Thanks
The Truth About Swipes (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

Swipes is in trouble ... again. Big trouble ... and Sunny needs to find out one of the best hidden of the Outcast's secrets in order to fix things.

Chapter Notes

Trigger warnings: some blood and violence, death of minor characters

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

(Then)

“Sure you’re up for this Swipes? I can always go down there myself.”

An angry snort from the clone next to him got Dagorlad's attention, the Mandalorian raising his unscarred eyebrow as he looked at his friend and Lieutenant. Swipes laughed darkly as he returned the look, a hint of amusement in his dark eyes.

“Please, don’t insult me. Carros is my contact within Black Sun, my link to those scumbags. He won’t deal with anyone else and if we can destroy any chance of a working relationship between Black Sun and the Seppies then I’m going down there.”

Dagorlad rolled his eyes before gesturing towards the Vengeance’s loading ramp.

“Fine. Just don’t get yourself killed.”

Swipes laughed as he shouldered his pack, the clone Lieutenant barely looking like a soldier of the Republic at all in his tattered jacket, speeder helmet and cargo pants.

“C’mon, it’s me. What’s the worst that could happen?”

(Now)

Sunny, Barricade and Wrench ran through the busy streets of Coruscant's underworld, ignoring the various protests as they shoved their way through. The Captain opened a COM with his senior medic, hoping for some more information. Like what the fek was Swipes thinking getting a regular involved in one of his screw-ups?!

“Wrench, why would Swipes get a regular involved? He’s not that stupid, he knows we can’t afford the backlash.”

The medic shrugged as he vaulted over a parked speeder.

“Depends on what’s gone to haran, but you’re right. Swipes knows not to get regulars involved whenever possible. Do we even know what’s happened?”
Skidding to a halt Sunny gestured to an empty looking alleyway, the three clones heading down into the darkness until it appeared they wouldn’t be disturbed. Sighing, Sunny folded his arms.

“From what Wardaddy told me, Swipes was working on causing a breakdown in relations between the Black Sun Crime Syndicate and the Seppies. He’s been at it for months, he was supposed to be handing over some intel that would prevent the Seppies from ever getting the Black Sun’s support today. Instead he leaves and a few hours later we get a call saying that Swipes is in trouble with the CSF and he has a regular as a hostage.”

He rolled his eyes with poorly concealed irritation.

“So now we’ve got to go haul his shebs out of the fire, and try and salvage what we can of this entire mission.”

The other two clones nodded as the trio exited the alleyway and took off again. Sunny took point, following the signal coming from the tracker in Swipes’s belt on his HUD. From what he could see Swipes was stationary for the moment, although that could change at any opportunity … and was not necessarily a good thing. He was also not that far from the landing pads, which was probably how he managed to grab the regular. Cursing the Lieutenant for screwing up what should have been a simple job so badly, Sunny put on an extra burst of speed. He just hoped they could get there in time.

(Then)

“Are you sure this is genuine information?”

Swipes scoffed angrily as he handed the datachip to the Quarren behind the counter, eyes narrowing dangerously behind his helmets visor. What cheek!

“Insult me like that again and I’ll break your kriffing neck Carros. I’ve never not brought in genuine information, do not start suggesting I would now.”

The dark look on the man’s face had the Quarren backing away nervously and shivering, his tentacles curling up in fear. He felt like a nuna chick in the presence of a half-starved strill.

“My apologies Buruk … I meant no offence.”

The Quarren uploaded the datachip onto a datapad and busied himself for a few moments. Suddenly he looked up sharply and turned the datapad so Swipes could see it. The clone winced internally and mentally slapped himself for his sloppiness and stupidity. Things could get very bad for him very fast.

“Buruk … why is it that the first thing seen on this datachip is the Outcasts symbol?”

Swipes let out an annoyed growl, shoving the datapad back around to Carros.

“I stole it from the Outcasts that’s why! I thought you and your bosses would appreciate having the entirety of the intel rather than just what I could copy onto another chip!”

The Quarren’s eyebrow ridge raised slightly as he slowly processed this information. Carros was admittedly not all that intelligent by Quarren standards, and he may not be the brightest star in the Galaxy, but he wasn’t stupid either. Shaking his head, Carros’s grey eyes narrowed and he glowered at Swipes in a mixture of annoyance and petulance.

“No one steals from the Outcasts and gets away with it, even I know that. How did you really get this datachip?”
Carros stared at Swipes for a moment before shrieking in horror and dramatically pointing a finger at Swipes.

“You’re one of them aren’t you?! You’re an Outcast!”

Swipes sighed, pulling his knives from their sheaths as he was surrounded by the dumb muscle he knew had been sent by Black Sun to oversee the transfer. This was a little annoying, but at least it meant he got to kill someone on this dumb mission. And Carros wasn’t his only contact with Black Sun, just his least monitored. He’d just have to run the risk of being caught by the CSF and meet another one of the beings in his network.

“And here I thought today was going to end on a high note.”

It was a blood bath, a deadly dance of death. Swipes’s blades sliced easily through the less skilled dumb muscle that had attacked him, their limp body’s falling to the ground before their brains had even registered their demise. Grinning as arterial spray splashed up onto his face, his harsh eyes pinned a clearly terrified Carros in place as Swipes stalked towards the Quarren.

“I want ten percent more now for my troubles, and those armour upgrades I know you have in the back room.”

Carros gulped, backing away from the enraged man. He knew that his time was up, but that caused a small spark of defiance to well up inside him. If he was going down, he was taking Buruk down with him! One hand scrabbled for the hidden alarm button in the wall, once active it would send an alert to the CSF that there was trouble. Swipes saw what Carros was trying to do and threw the knife in his hand. He was a fraction of a second too slow though and Carros died with a small smile on his face as the alarm activated. Swipes groaned as the ear splitting wail sounded out.

“Well shit.”

(Now)

The situation looked messy, but that was what Sunny had come to expect from incidents involving Swipes. An annoyed growl rumbled up from his throat and the irritable Captain started shoving his way through the crowds towards a high ranking clone who appeared to be working with the CSF. He paled under his helmet as he analysed the clone. He wasn’t just any clone … somehow the CSF had managed to call in an Null to deal with the hostage situation. And a short, stocky Mandalorian in sandy gold armour who had previously been hidden behind said Null. Wrench noticed the duo as well and groaned quietly.

“Oh bloody hell. Who the fek called in those two?!”

Sunny winced as Wrench’s dismayed shout got the attention of the ARC and the Mandalorian next to him. The young Captain tensed and moved in front of his medic and Barricade, growling protectively as the duo approached. He wasn’t about to let himself and his men get bullied by some jumped up Null and his bounty hunter backup.

“That’s far enough.”

The Null laughed at him, an arrogant bark of a sound as he looked down at the bristling Captain.

“How cute. Back off, this doesn’t involve you.”

Sunny let out a fierce snarl, bristling angrily at how easily he’d been dismissed by the Null. So what if he wasn’t one of the trial batch clones, it didn’t give the Null the right to dismiss him in such a
“Fek off Null. We’re here on Outcast business and you are not going to stop us! And neither is your hunter friend!”

“Sunny shut up.”

Wrench sidestepped around Sunny, a wary look in his icy blue eyes as he watched the Null and his Mandalorian companion. The medic raised his hands, showing that they were empty and he wasn’t, currently, looking for a fight. After all, Wrench knew when he was outmatched and right now … he was definitely outmatched.

“It’s been a while Ordo, Kal. We’re not looking for trouble … we’re just here to do a retrieval and leave.”

Ordo’s smug smirk twisted into a cold glare as he eyed Wrench, his lip curling into a sneer that caused all three Outcasts to tense up nervously and a rather large space devoid of other individuals to form around the clones and the lone Mandalorian. Even they knew better than to piss off the Null’s without at least one of their resident Mandalorian’s nearby, and right now neither Dagorlad or Nikov were present. Kal didn’t get involved though, barely giving them a glance before looking back at the surrounded building.

“Wrench. I thought we told you last time to keep that A-type bastard of yours on a fekkin’ leash!”

‘A-type’?! Sunny frowned, his eyes showing just how confused he was by the unfamiliar term. What the hell was an A-type when it was at home?! Judging by the look on Wrench’s face and the sound of Barricade’s ‘You’ve Just Pissed Me Off’ growl, it wasn’t a good thing. Wrench took a single step forward, his hands now clenched into tight fists.

“Unlike you and your bastard brothers, we don’t need to keep one of our own on a leash and controlled! He was on a mission and was probably doing just fine until you lot interfered!”

It was admirable that Wrench stood his ground when Ordo decided to get up in his face, but risky considering the reputation of the Null trooper. Ordo did not appear to be in a listening mood as he loomed over Wrench, but he didn’t strike the medic … yet. Supposedly Wrench was dealing with one of the nicer of the Nulls, but right now Sunny just couldn’t see anything in Ordo that would make people think he was actually capable of being nice. Getting more than a little frustrated with the whole mess, Sunny stomped forward and bodily shoved himself in between Wrench and Ordo.

“Hold up! Will someone tell me what the fek an ‘A-type’ even is?!”

Ordo looked like his life day had come early while Wrench had actually paled, the medic looking extremely uncomfortable. Still grinning, Ordo turned to face Sunny before stopping as Wrench decided to abruptly break the silence.

“A-types are assassins … they’re clones that were trained to be assassins.”

The normally foul tempered medic took a deep breath before his shoulders dropped and he looked tiredly at Sunny.

“Swipes … Swipes is an A-type.”

Chapter End Notes
Well ... only one new word in Mando'a this time: Buruk meaning dangerous

Thanks for reading! If you enjoyed it, have a suggestion or found something I need fixing, please don't hesitate to comment below!
The Truth About Swipes (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

The tension is rising, bad blood and awkward truths are coming to the surface. Can Sunny find a way to clean up Swipes's mess before someone gets hurt?

Chapter Notes

Strewth! Sorry for the delay on this chapter, it was a PAIN to write!

Please keep reading, kudosing and reviewing! Those little email notifications really brighten my day! X3

“Swipes is an A-type.”

Sunny blinked at Wrench, honey brown eyes struggling to comprehend what he’d been told for a moment. But … as he actually made sense of what he’d just been told, Wrench’s explanation settled a lot of his questions. Swipes’s attitude, his weird obsession with the numerous knives he had on his person, that cold dead look in his eyes when he wasn’t showing any extreme emotion …

“Well … that clears some things up.”

Sunny threw a ‘I want a full explanation later’ look at Wrench before turning and glaring coldly at Ordo.

“Doesn’t explain why we have to deal with you though. Regardless of Swipes’s classification, he’s still an Outcast and therefore our problem and not yours. So clear on out of here.”

Ordo folded his arms and glared back at Sunny, refusing to move even an inch. Whether that was due to his own self restraint or the fact that Kal Skirata had placed a restraining hand on his elbow was up for debate.

“Outcast or not, he’s taken the 501st’s Captain hostage. This is not something you can just sweep under the rug like all the times before.”

Wrench started swearing frantically, blue eyes wide and alarmed. He knew Swipes hated Rex, and he knew why. The situation had just got a lot more dangerous for all of them. A lot more dangerous. Swipes could be reasoned with if he’d taken a regular clone hostage. But since it was Rex that was currently trapped with the assassin clone, who was more than capable of committing murder, they were going to have to be a lot more delicate. Turning to Sunny, Wrench jerked his head slightly towards a quieter corner. Nodding his understanding, Sunny followed the medic as they moved away from the crowds and towards the corner where they could talk in private. Turning to Sunny, Wrench ran a hand through his hair before tugging on a loose strand.

“We need to call in and tell them to send out Blue-Streak with a dart rifle. If Swipes has Rex, we
won’t be able to calm things down unless we tranq him.”

“You’re kidding. Please tell me you’re kidding … I will not authorise one of my men being tranquilised like some animal! No matter how much he deserves it.”

Wrench barely reacted to Sunny’s outburst, instead just folding his arms and looking blandly up at the slightly taller clone.

“If we want to avoid bloodshed we’re gonna have to knock him out. Blue’s a top quality sniper, Swipes won’t even see him. And if we’re the ones who clean up this mess it means Kamino can’t try and take Swipes and we look good for once.”

Sunny could play that game as well, folding his arms and glaring back down at Wrench.

“No. We’re not animals and neither is Swipes, his behaviour notwithstanding. We’re not going to drug him like one.”

He looked over at the surrounded building, frowning thoughtfully. There had to be another way. There just had to be.

“We need to flush him and Rex out …”

He caught sight of a Coruscant Fire Service vehicle and his golden-brown eyes lit up as a plan slowly started to form. Wrench frowned, looking in the same direction as Sunny and also seeing the hovering emergency services vehicle. His eyes widening, he looked at the Captain and shook his head.

“Oh no … no … no you’re not going to do what I think you are.”

Already on the move, Sunny looked over his shoulder and grinned at Wrench.

“Don’t think then. Just be ready to grab a certain Lieutenant.”

***

Using his authority as a Captain in the GAR to get access to the CFS vehicle, and more specifically its high pressure water cannons was probably an abuse of power, but Sunny didn’t give a shit. Taking aim at one of the rear ground floor windows, he looked down at the nervous firefighter sat next to him and grinned.

“Fire away.”

“But … but sir … this goes against …”

“I said open it up and fire man! So do as you’re damn well told!”

Sunny’s sharp rebuking snap echoed around the cockpit, causing the firefighter to gulp and aim again at the window.

“Yessir.”

***

Swipes looked up from where he’d pinned Rex down when the older clone had tried to run and frowned. Something felt off, and it wasn’t the clamour of all the troopers outside the building. Standing up and placing his foot on Rex’s back so the other clone couldn’t go anywhere, Swipes
looked out of the window and swore.

“Well kriff.”

The high pressure jet of water barely clipped him, but it was enough to knock the assassin off his feet and into the wall. More water continued to flood into the room, the sheer force of it shoving both him and Rex towards the door. Swipes struggled to his feet even as more water blasted in, coughing and floundering before being knocked off his feet again and into and through the door. This was just unfair! Using a water cannon was bloody cheating. The water finally stopped, allowing Swipes to cough up what he’d accidentally swallowed and struggle to his feet, finding himself face to face with a very unimpressed Wrench, wrench in hand.

“You idiot.”

Snarling furiously, Wrench smashed his namesake into Swipes’s head and knocked the assassin clone onto his shebs.

“You fucking FOOL! What the hell were you thinking?!”

“I was thinking I’d finally fulfill a promise.”

Wiping the blood from his nose, Swipes got back to his feet as more clones rushed over to tend to Rex. The assassin sneered coldly before turning to glare at Wrench.

“That … that bastard left my pod brother to die on Geonosis instead of getting him to medical like he’d promised me! He LET MY BROTHER DIE!”

He looked back over at Rex as the coughing clone was helped to his feet, an almost haunted look in his eyes.

“An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. A life for a life and a death for a death. Every minute he continues to breathe is an insult to Swoop’s memory.”

“Swipes, killing him won’t bring your brother back. Just like killing Nala Se won’t bring back my brother.”

Wrench placed a restraining hand on Swipes’s arm, stopping him from moving while Barricade and a recently returned Sunny kept the CSF and other officials away. Swipes looked down at the blue eyed medic in disgust and anger, yanking his arm free.

“I know that. But it sure as hell will let Swoop rest more easily.”

Wrench grabbed Swipes again, raising his wrench threateningly.

“No it won’t Swipes. The dead have marched on to better things, don’t let your bloodlust stain your brother’s legacy.”

Swipes recoiled like he’d been slapped, his amber eyes widening in a mixture of shock and pure fury. Snarling, he pulled free again and shoved his way past Wrench, but thankfully headed away from Rex. Pausing by Sunny, the Lieutenant met the Captain’s eyes and his lip curled in a sneer.

“Well … maybe you’re not as hopeless as I thought. You win this time Sunny, but I’m not always going to be so easy to take down … and I will take what is rightfully mine back.”

Sunny raised an eyebrow, shoving a CSF officer aside as he cleared a path for the Outcasts to leave.
“What’s rightfully yours? Don’t delude yourself, command never suited you from the reports I’ve seen. Stick to what you do best Swipes and go sliding back to your shadows. Let someone who can actually complete a job properly take the reins.”

Ignoring the paling, furious and clearly insulted assassin, Sunny stormed past the last of the barricade and made for the main route back to the Outcasts base of operations. Let Swipes be insulted for all he cared, he knew the truth about the other clone now … he knew to be careful.
Chapter Summary

So ... we know something happened when Master's Kenobi and Fett went to Mandalore ... but what really did happen?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dagorlad glared across at Kenobi as their transport jolted ever so slightly during the entrance into Mandalore’s atmosphere. He was not a happy Mandalorian right now, not one bit. Why one might ask? After all, he was a Mandalorian on a mission to Mandalore … he should be in a relatively good mood. He would’ve been, if he’d been going to somewhere like Keldabe or Enceri, he was actually welcome there. But no, instead he had to go with The Negotiator to Sundari to deal with some stupid rumor about how the pacifist New Mandalorians were secretly building up a fighting force. The whole notion was nonsense, the idea of a fighting force was repugnant to the pacifists, something he had been rather rudely introduced to during his younger years. Huffing as he got to his feet, Dagorlad looked down at the ragged edges of his kama before looking over at Kenobi.

“Listen, I don’t want to be here and you don’t want me there while you low-key flirt with the head bitch. Just drop me off with a speeder and I can head into Keldabe, then meet up with you to leave again.”

They’d both be happy that way, he could go to some of the leather market stalls on Chortav Meshurkaane - it was market day in two days time and he needed a new kama anyway - and Kenobi could flirt/negotiate/investigate to his heart’s content in Sundari. Obi-Wan raised his eyes to the ceiling of the transport and sighed, folding his arms as he too stood, easily staying balanced when the ship landed.

“Master Yoda specifically requested that we both look into these rumors, you know that as well as I do.”

He walked down the ramp before Dagorlad could formulate a response, forcing the Mandalorian to chase after him. Both Jedi waited at the foot of the ship’s landing ramp as one of the Duchess’s bodyguards approached them on a hoversled. The armored man seemed startled by Dagorlad’s presence, or maybe it was just the beskar’gam he was wearing, but the guard didn’t comment. Luckily.

“The Duchess awaits your presence Generals.”

Obi-Wan smiled and stepped up onto the hoversled, Dagorlad reluctantly following after a few moments. Ignoring his surly colleague, Obi-Wan folded his arms again and nodded.

“Far be it for us to keep the Duchess waiting.”

***

“Bic ni skana’din.”
The coarse, angry expression escaped Dagorlad before he could stop himself as he set his eyes on the grand palace they were approaching. It disgusted him beyond belief, this ornate structure of stained glass, polished metal and fancy gardens. It wasn’t … it just wasn’t Mandalorian. There was no pragmatism, no comfortable simplicity … it was ornate and decorative simply for the sake of it and to proclaim the Duchess’s wealth. He hated it.

“Language.”

Dagorlad looked at Obi-Wan, his lip curling in a dark sneer that exposed the unusually sharp canines he’d inherited from his mother.

“It’s the truth and I’m entitled to say it, regardless of your delicate sensibilities Kenobi.”

The air between the two men decidedly icy, Dagorlad and Obi-Wan entered the Duchess’s throne room and approached the currently empty throne. They were intercepted about halfway across the room by a lanky aristocratic blond, one that definitely didn’t look out of place in such a palace. Dagorlad recognized the man from his mission briefing as the Prime Minister of Sundari: Prime Minister Almec.

“Generals.”

Dagorlad tuned out the political babbling, leaving it to Kenobi to explain their mission and soothe Almec’s ruffled and bruised ego. He even managed not to rise to the bait at the jab about the warriors that refused to sign up to the pacifists way of life being exiled. He even managed to ignore Satine’s entrance and Obi-Wan’s flirting, until Jango was brought up.

“Jango Fett was a common bounty hunter! How he got that armor was beyond me.”

Dagorlad looked sharply at Almec and removed his helmet, blue and gold eyes narrowed dangerously.

“Wanna run that by me again?”

Watching Almec stutter and squirm for a while was definitely satisfying, but not as satisfying as Satine imperiously offering her hand in a rather expectant manner to Obi-Wan. Dagorlad struggled not to smirk at the way she all but ordered Obi-Wan to escort her around Sundari, even if it meant he had to tag along, he’d still get to see the older Jedi in an awkward position.

***

“Mandalore has prospered since the last time I was here.”

“Not everyone believes that our commitment to peace is a sign of progress.”

Dagorlad rolled his eyes in tired annoyance as he stalked along behind Obi-Wan and Satine, ignoring the fearful glances and whispers that he was getting for simply wearing his beskar’gam. This mission was a waste of his time and frankly getting on his nerves, he clearly wasn’t wanted or needed here.

“There is a group that calls itself Death Watch.”

Dagorlad’s attention snapped back to the Duchess, his eyes narrowing as he tensed up out of pure instinct. Death Watch had returned? How had this been allowed to happen after everything those scumbags did?!

“When did they show their faces again??”
Both Obi-Wan and the Duchess turned to him, the Jedi frowning at first in confusion and then concern while Satine just looked bemused.

“Master Fett?”

“Don’t play games with me.”

Dagorlad folded his arms, standing tall as he shook his head. He knew from personal experience just how bad Death Watch could be, he wouldn’t tolerate their rise again.

“If Death Watch have returned then they need to be found and wiped out as soon as possible … before another Mandalorian Civil War erupts.”

“I won’t allow that.”

Dagorlad’s eyebrows raised sharply as he turned his attention to Satine. She wouldn’t ‘allow’ what? Death Watch to be wiped out? They’d just up their attacks until the last ‘New’ Mandalorian was dead. Or would she not allow another civil war to erupt, in which case she’d have to allow others to commit violence to protect her precious pacifism. Either way, Satine lost and her detractors won … but only one of those losses would see her survival.

“Pardon?”

Satine drew herself upright, looking up at Dagorlad with cool, angry eyes.

“I will not allow any more violence … that part of Mandalore’s past is well behind us. And I will not allow you to cause any bloodshed.”

A growl rumbled out of Dagorlad’s chest as he glared coldly at Satine, eyes flashing with a feral intensity. Just who did this dar’manda think she was?!

“Is well behind you you mean. And I don’t answer to you, something you’d do well to remember.”

He shook his head, pushing away the stun staff that one of the Duchess’s guards had shoved into his face. Like it’d do him any real damage anyway.

“If Death Watch has returned they won’t rest until every last one of you ‘New’ Mandalorians is dead on the grou-...”

Dagorlad’s next words were drowned out as an explosion rocked the garden and memorial, sending people flying and screaming in panic. Steadying himself as the ground beneath him rocked with the shockwave from the explosive, he dusted his armor down and looked lazily over at the carnage.

“Starting with that.”

Seeing the holograph of Death Watch’s symbol, Dagorlad looked around for the bomber. He knew they had probably stuck around to ensure there was carnage, and he soon spotted the individual he was looking for.

“- Nobody leave this scene!”

Dagorlad cursed Obi-Wan’s instruction, it had spooked the bomber into fleeing. Swearing loudly the Mandalorian gave chase, the heavy thuds of his boots hitting the duracrete pavement echoing along the narrow streets. He was stronger and faster than the bomber, but the bomber knew the city layout. It still ended with the bomber being cornered on a balcony by Dagorlad, the Mandalorian Jedi raising
an unimpressed eyebrow. Ignoring Obi-Wan as the other Jedi finally caught up, Dagorlad advanced on the Death Watch bomber.

“You’re not gonna escape this one way or another. So don’t bother.”

The idiot taking a swan dive off the balcony was something he hadn’t counted on, but at least it was one less Death Watch in the galaxy. Satine’s grief at the man’s death confused him, but her revealing that he was from Concordia was both useful and a relief. Useful because he knew now where Death Watch was, and a relief because they were anywhere but on Concord Dawn. He didn’t want his homeworld under Death Watch’s thumb again.

“So now what? We know where Death Watch have definitely been, and probably still are ...”

“I will not resort to violence!”

Satine bristled as she glared at Dagorlad, ignoring Obi-Wan’s attempts to soothe her.

“A man has died Master Jedi! And all you can think about is causing more death?”

“When it comes to Death Watch? Yes.”

Dagorlad would not be cowed by Satine, not now, not ever.

“You’re not the only one who’s seen the damage they’ve done Duchess. I lost everything because of Death Watch, and I would sooner kiss the Viceroy of the Trade Federation over allowing those dar’manda chakaare a chance to reform.”

Chapter End Notes

Mando’a translations:
Chortav Meshurkaane: Gem-Cutter's Street (the main market street in Keldabe)
Bic ni skana’din: That really ticks me off
Dar’manda: not being Mandalorian - possibly THE worst insult in the Mandalorian culture
Chakaare: petty criminals (plural)

Please don’t forget to let me know what you think! Reviews and kudos are super appreciated! X3
Interlude: What REALLY Happened on Mandalore (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

So ... what really happened when General Fett journeyed to Concordia?

Chapter Notes

Whoop! Another chapter! I'm on fire at the moment!

Please review and kudos; each one is treasured and I'd love to know what you guys think!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What was it you said to him?”

Dagorlad looked over his shoulder at Satine as the Duchess stood on the landing platform awaiting a ship to take her and Obi-Wan to Concordia.

“What?”

“The bomber … what was it the two of you were talking about?”

Eyes narrowing dangerously, Dagorlad’s lip lifted in a sneer.

“He asked that the Manda accept him into their halls. I told him a Death Watch bastard like him didn’t deserve to dine in the Manda’s halls.”

Satine’s hands shot up to try and stifle her horrified gasp, staring at Dagorlad like he was insane and backing away until Obi-Wan was between her and the other Mandalorian.

“How could you?!?”

“Easily. As easy as breathing.”

Dagorlad rolled his eyes and put his buy’ce on, hiding his face from Satine. He honestly didn’t care that he’d denied the bomber that last little bit of reassurance; as fast as he was concerned, the man had forsaken everything when he joined Death Watch.

“Now if you’ll excuse me, I have better things to do with my time other than exchange pleasantries with one of your governors. Especially a Viszla.”

He had favors to call in and warriors to find.

***

The Oyu’baat. Best damn cantina on Mandalore, and in Dagorlad’s opinion the best one in the
Galaxy. Removing his helmet as he entered, the blond Mandalorian ascended the short flight of stairs and headed towards the drinks bar, sliding into a free seat.

“Buy’ce gal vod.”

Accepting the pint of netra’gal with a nod and tossing a credit to the bartender, Dagorlad sipped slowly at the black ale and savored the taste. He’d put the word out that he was in the area and had a job offer when he’d arrived in Keldabe, now all he had to do was wait and see who was curious enough to come asking.

“Fett. Didn’t think you’d show your face here again, especially after your family’s … disgrace.”

Stiffening, Dagorlad turned around and narrowed his eyes at the Mandalorian in black armor.

“Vau, thought I smelt the stench of unwashed strill in here. And speaking of disgrace, you’re one to talk. I distinctly remember you not even being at Galidraan.”

He coolly sipped at his ale, smirking at the stiffening of Vau’s shoulders before lazily waving his hand at the older warrior.

“And if you’re not here to hear me out then fek off and go play with that half feral oisk stain of a strill you call a pet.”

“Oh I’m here for the job, just want to make sure where we stand Fett.”

Vau took a seat at the bar, signalling for a drink as two more Mandalorians came in and greeted Dagorlad. He toasted them with his pint and signalled for them to wait a little longer.

Dagorlad had to admit he was disappointed. Only ten Mandalorians had even bothered to show up, a lot less than he’d counted on. There had been twelve, but he’d had to two send packing after recognizing them as Death Watch sympathisers. Looking at the assembled warriors, he set his empty pint aside and set one hand on his helmet.

“What are we doing?”

The confused looks irritated him, prompting Dagorlad to smack his helmet in anger.

“Why is it that Death Watch has been allowed to reform right under our noses! And don’t give me the two birds one stone oisk, if they take out the Pacifists yes it benefits us too but we’ll suffer when the Republic send troops in! They won’t hunt just Death Watch down but anyone in beskar’gam! So I ask again, what the FEK are we doing?!”

The silence that reigned among the group proved Dagorlad’s point and he snarled, the light provided by the Oyu’baat’s many skylights glinting off his fang like canines. The near feral sound got the attention of the gathered Mandalorians and they watched him warily.

“Now look. I know where Death Watch are. Come or don’t, that’s up to you. But anyone that does, you can at least have some pride in yourselves at having helped cut Death Watch’s jugular once and for all. And I’m paying expenses on this.”

Dagorlad looked around at the men and women that had gathered to hear him out. He hoped that by digging at their pride and their wallets, he’d get them on side.

“I’m in.”
Rav Bralor nodded, grinning viciously as she looked at the others.

“And you lott should be in too. Fett’s right, this is too good an opportunity to pass up.”

Rav’s announcement encouraged some of the other Mandalorians, including Fenn Rau and Mij Gilamar to also pledge their support. Grinning widely, Dagorlad looked over at Vau, the only one to have stayed silent.

“Vau?”

Vau removed his helmet and looked at Dagorlad with impassive golden eyes.

“It is definitely an interesting proposition of yours. But what about the ones who hold your leash? They surely don’t approve of this.”

Eyes flashing furiously, Dagorlad stood up abruptly.

“No one leashes me! And the Jetii don’t even know I’m here, I wouldn’t care even if they did.”

He looked around at the others, eyes still angry.

“I am Mando’ad first, and even after that I’m barely a Jetii.”

He returned his attention to Vau, his hand straying to the blaster strapped to his thigh.

“Do we need to contest things any further?”

Vau shook his head and put his helmet back on.

“No, indeed we don’t. I’m in, and you’d better pay well for this Fett. I don’t do favors.”

***

Lying flat on his belly, Dagorlad looked down into the crater that housed the Death Watch camp and smirked. His instincts hadn’t lied to him, Viszla was Death Watch. That he was Death Watch’s leader was just irony in it’s finest. Looking over at Rav, he signalled for her and the rest of her group to deal with the Death Watch soldiers that had yet to escape.

“Vau, Rau and Gilamar. You three on me.”

He slid down the side of the crater, approaching Viszla and his entourage from the front. The Death Watch leader was too busy pontificating about how his ancestors had fought against the Jedi and how Satine brought shame to the name Mandalorian.

“To be honest Viszla, you’re just as bad if not worse! Death Watch disgraces the name of the Mando’ade, especially your stinking clan.”

Dagorlad pushed past Obi-Wan, looking coldly between the other Jedi and Satine.

“Get out of here, this is personal.”

“That isn’t the Jedi …”

“To hell with that!”

Dagorlad removed his helmet, eyes glowing in the dim light. He looked positively feral.
“I’m a Mandalorian and this is a Mandalorian matter. Get out of here Negotiator, and take that whimpering bitch with you.”

Turning back to Viszla as Obi-Wan grabbed Satine and ran, Dagorlad laughed.

“This is irony at its finest. A Fett and a Viszla, trying to kill each other once again.”

Raising an eyebrow at Viszla’s darksaber, Dagorlad pulled out his one twin lightsabers and ignited it, sliding into a stance more suited for the use of a beskad rather than lightsabers. The two circled, Viszla’s face twisted in a savage snarl.

“My father killed Rhys Fett, Kayla Fett and Talan Fett! Now I shall complete the set!”

“Your cowardly bastard of a father killed my parents from the safety of his tank while they were injured. And he wasn’t even there when the Jedi he’d manipulated killed my brother.”

Dagorlad snarled right back, his hackles up at Viszla’s words.

“And even then, it was a Fett that removed the stain that was your father from this Galaxy! Viszla’s killed Fetts and now a Fett will return the favor!”

He launched himself at Viszla with a roar, bringing his lightsaber down at the Death Watch leader’s head.

“This ends now!”

***

The two Mandalorians broke apart again as Vau kicked one of Viszla’s entourage into them, the man crying out as the lightsaber and darksaber bisected him. Kicking the corpse aside, Dagorlad threw himself at Viszla again before the Death Watch leader could get his breath back, slashing at the man’s jetpack before twisting around and snapping out his leg in a savage kick. Viszla skidded back before snarling and turning to run.

“Finish them off!”

Dagorlad made to pursue, swearing when he almost ran into a rocket that had been fired at him. Skidding back and using the Force to return the rocket to it’s sender, Dagorlad hissed angrily before giving chase to Viszla again. The disadvantage of his beskar’gam, made of proper beskar, made itself known though, slowing the Mandalorian down with its weight enough for Viszla to run onto a ship and for it to take off. Roaring his fury, Dagorlad yanked off his helmet and threw it. He couldn’t use the Force to down it, it was already too fast and he could barely grasp at the Force at the moment.

“No! Dammit!”

Snarling, Dagorlad turned around and pulled his blaster out of its holster, callously shooting the remaining Death Watch soldiers. Kicking the corpse of one, he looked down at Rav as the Mandalorian handed him his helmet.

“That dar’manda bastard got away.”

“That may be, but we did a damn good thing here today.”

Rav gestured to the burning camp, a smile on her weathered features.

“This … you did this Fett. You gave our people some pride again, and delivered a blow to Death
Watch that’s going to take them a long time to recover from. Mando’ade will hear of this and rally now against the Death Watch … all thanks to you.”

She punched his shoulder and laughed.

“Even if you are still a barvy Jetii.”

Dagorlad couldn’t help but laugh in response, punching Rav back as they moved to join the other Mandalorians currently enjoying the sight of a Death Watch barbeque.

“Even if I am still a barvy Jetii.”

***

Dagorlad hadn’t wanted to part ways with the other Mandalorians, but he had to return to Sundari. Like it or not, he still had a job to do: escort the Duchess to Coruscant. Meeting up with Obi-Wan and Anakin in front of the Coronet, his student already on board, he smirked ferally.

“Enjoy your alone time with the Duchess Kenobi?”

Laughing at Obi-Wan’s spluttering, Dagorlad climbed up the ramp onto the Coronet, Nikov falling into step alongside him.

“Wha’ do we do now? Viszla got away.”

Dagorlad looked down at his student and ruffled Nikov’s hair.

“We train, we watch and we wait. He’ll pop up again, and when he does …”

The elder of the duo laughed darkly.

“We’ll finish him off permanently.”

Chapter End Notes

Mando’a:

Oyu’baat: the best cantina on Mandalore and based in Keldabe. It's name literally means 'galaxy'

Buy’ce gal: pint of beer (lit: bucket/helmet of beer ... which is a LOT more than a pint!)

Netra’gal: Mandalorian black ale (often homebrewed)

Mando’ad: Child of Mandalore (singular)

Mando’ade: Children of Mandalore (plural)

Now I know Dagorlad does not act like a Jedi ... he isn't. At least not in his heart. In his heart he's a Mandalorian first and a Jedi second, the ways of his people will always come first to him so yeah, he doesn't act like a Jedi and probably never will.
Sunny stormed through the corridors, ignoring Boom-Time’s latest accident induced hole in the wall in his single minded fury. The datapad in his hand creaked in protest as he tightened his grip on it, but that didn’t stop the furious clone from heading to the command center with all speed.

“Sunny! Fuck it Sunny you can’t go in there!”

Sunny ignored Soundblast’s frantic shouting as the communications officer chased after him, the angry captain slamming open the door and striding into the command center like he owned the place.

Seemingly oblivious to the holo-figures of Generals Koon, Kenobi, Windu and Skywalker (the latter two still in medical garb), Sunny slammed the datapad in his hand down in front of his own General.

“What the fuck is this??!”

Dagorlad raised a single eyebrow in an almost lazy manner, not deigning to respond to Sunny as he looked back at the other Generals.

“Gimme a moment. And if you think I’m just gonna stand by and watch you cock this up, you need to quit whatever it is you’re smoking.”

Gesturing to Remix to cut the connection Dagorlad turned around to face Sunny, picking up the datapad as he did so.

“What the fuck is what exactly?”

“That!!!”

Sunny jabbed an accusing finger at the datapad, his eyes blazing furiously as he glared at his Jedi.

“Why the fuck are you even considering letting that two-timing bastard have another chance and join us?! He’d sell his own pod brothers if he had the opportunity!”
Dagorlad looked down at the datapad in his hand, reading the information on it. It was a profile, the sort that passed over his and Sunny’s desks every so often when they were looking to fill the ranks of Outcast Company.

“Slick … returned to Kamino after turning against the Republic on Christophsis. Sergeant, top of his class until that debacle. I remember Swipes telling me about him.”

Dagorlad looked back at Sunny, eyebrow still raised.

“Why are you so against his transfer? We’ve got a few clones here who’ve sold secrets before, granted most of those were cleared by me first.”

“Because he tried to put the blame on me.”

Sunny snarled furiously, his fists clenching and relaxing as he struggled with his temper.

“When he slipped up and let the officers know there was a spy he tried first to pin it on Chopper. When I was able to validate Chopper’s alibi Slick turned on me instead. With my record …”

He shook his head angrily.

“If Swipes and Cody hadn’t picked up on Slick’s wording then I’d have been on the first ship back to Kamino for reconditioning and there’d have been no more chances for me. I will not work with the clone that would so easily let me take the fall for his actions. He doesn’t deserve the chance.”

“Deserve?”

Dagorlad tilted his head in a surprisingly bird-like manner, feline like pupils narrowing slightly as he held out the datapad for Sunny to take.

“It’s not about deserve Sunny. It’s about what this Company needs. Like it or not we need more men, we’re barely classed as a Company in terms of numbers as things stand. And Slick’s skills in spycraft will work well with the infiltration team, plus they’ll keep him on the straight and narrow. He’s coming and he’s staying.”

“Then find someone else to sign off on him.”

Sunny angrily shoved the datapad back at Dagorlad before turning to leave.

“Because I won’t.”

***

He expected retribution for his actions, but a jaunt to Florrum? That certainly wasn’t planned. Following Dagorlad and General Koon off the small ship once it had landed, Sunny raised an eyebrow at the Weequay that had strode out to greet them.

“Hello, hello and welcome to Florrum!”

“Stuff it Hondo I’m not in the mood.”

Dagorlad roughly stopped the pirate in his tracks, eyes cold and sharp as he watched Hondo gulp.

“She in there?”

“Yes.”
“It a trap?”

“Yes.”

“You involved.”

“Do I look suicidal Fett? I’m not helping or hindering either of you.”

“Thought you wouldn’t.”

Dagorlad pushed past without any further speaking, not even waiting for Plo and Sunny before entering the bar. Sunny was grateful for his helmets light compensator in the dark bar, moving to stand by Dagorlad while Plo seated himself across from the bounty hunter at the single lit table. She ignored the Kel Dor Jedi, instead finishing her drink and looking up at Dagorlad.

“We always seem to be running into each other Fett. Care to continue where we left off once business is concluded.”

Dagorlad’s eyes narrowed into dangerous, luminescent slits as he growled low in his throat.

“I don’t regret most things I do Aurra, but you have to be one of the worst mistakes I ever had. I’ll pass.”

He looked over as a blaster pressed against the back of Plo’s head and snarled, returning his attention to Aurra again.

“What the fuck Sing?! Why the hell are you dragging my baby cousin into your grudge match with the Jetii?!”

She snarled right back at the blond Jedi, cold eyes narrowed in her rage.

“I’m willing to do whatever it takes to get what Boba wants! I’ll kill you, the hostages … everyone until he gets what he wants!”

“No. No you’re just willing to kill whoever’s in the way of what you want Aurra. I won’t have you use my cousin to fulfil your pathetic vendetta.”

Igniting a lightsaber, he removed her com implant and looked over at Boba, resting his saber against Aurra’s throat. Unsure of what to do, Sunny drew both blasters but held them low, not really wanting to get involved in something so personal.

“Put it down Boba. Jango wouldn’t want this.”

Boba’s hand was shaking, the boy was nervous. For the son of one of the greatest hunters in history, he sure wasn’t doing a particularly fine job of keeping that legacy going.

“He won’t do it Boba. Being with the Jedi has made him soft.”

Sunny heard Aurra cry out and the hiss of lightsaber grazing flesh as Dagorlad pushed his lightsaber close enough to her to leave a burn across her neck.

“You sure about that Aurra? I’m no murderer but believe me, I’d be more than happy to kill you for endangering the only family I have left.”

Both Dagorlad and Sunny looked back at Boba, seeing the boy’s indecision. Plo was surprisingly calm for someone with a blaster against his head as he witnessed casual violence, but Sunny knew
that the Kel Dor was one of Dagorlad’s few supporters. There wouldn’t be much by way of reprimand for this.

“We can do this the difficult way or the simple way. The choice is really yours.”

The darts threw a spanner in the works, Plo flipping the table in order to avoid them and startling Dagorlad enough for Aurra to kick him where it hurt even the most pain-resistant of male identifying beings. The Mandalorian dropped with a startled curse, swearing loudly as Aurra vaulted over him and ran for the door. Boba tried to run after her and ran smack into Sunny. The clone captain rolled his eyes and restrained Boba.

“Aurra help!”

Sunny deliberately turned Boba around so he could see Aurra run out of the bar without even trying to help him.

“See kid? She never cared about you.”

***

Sunny didn’t feel comfortable, seeing Boba wearing restraints like a criminal. He was a kid that had made some stupid mistakes, yes they’d culminated in some pretty serious damage and the deaths of many troopers, but how much of that was actually Boba and how much of that was Aurra using Boba to do her dirty work was very much up for debate. Standing next to Dagorlad, Sunny watched as Boba was confronted by Windu and several other Jedi. The clone son of Jango looked so small and vulnerable when surrounded by the Jedi.

“I see now I’ve done terrible things. But you started it when you killed my father! I’ll never forgive you.”

“Well …”

Windu looked down at Boba with impassive eyes.

“You’re going to have to.”

“Why should he?”

Dagorlad pushed his way past the Coruscant Guard clones meant to be escorting Boba and placed his hand on his cousin’s shoulder, a towering bastion of support as he faced Windu.

“I never have. You denied both of us a senior family member … one you had once told me was dead! No … no he doesn’t have to forgive you. And neither do I.”

Dagorlad turned and crouched, releasing the restraints from Boba’s wrists.

“And he’s coming with me. As the eldest Fett left it falls to me to provide for him and answer for his actions until he turns thirteen in two years time and takes his verd’goten. You want reparations, you deal with me first.”

Placing his hand on Boba’s shoulder, Dagorlad lead the younger Fett back towards Sunny, ignoring the stunned looks on the faces of the other Jedi.

“He committed crimes Weapons Master. Crimes he has to answer for.”

“He is a child Master of the Order. A Manda damned child.”
Dagorlad gently pushed Boba over to Sunny before turning to face Windu again. Weapons Master and Master of the Order faced each other in a tense silence, no one else willing to interrupt. It was Dagorlad who broke the silence, an angry snort escaping him.

“You want someone to blame for the mess he made then blame Aurra Sing who manipulated him to her own ends. Or even better, blame yourselves for orphaning a boy and just leaving him to make his own way in the Galaxy with no support system of any sort. I bet people would just love that wouldn’t they? The high and mighty Jedi Order … nothing more than a pack of arrogant fools who leave nothing but broken families and sorrow in their so called serene wake.”

Chapter End Notes

Mando’a translations:

Verd’goten: the traditional rite of passage in Mandalorian culture (usually taken at the age of 13) - children who pass the verd’goten are officially recognized as adults in Mandalorian culture

I am kinda taking a few liberties with regards to Mandalorian culture when Dagorlad says it's his job as the eldest Fett to take his cousin in and raise him; but my understanding of Mandalorians mainly comes from the Open Seasons Jango comics, Legends articles on Wookieepedia and the RepComm series by Karen Travis so I'm improvising a bit? -shrugs-

If you wanna know more about Weapons Masters, check out the rather limited Wookieepedia Legends article on them. It's an interesting sect of Jedi I wish there was more information about.

As always, please feel free to leave comments and kudos! Each notification email warms my heart! X3
This is a Bloody Mess! (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

An assault on the Citadel, a challenge the competitive Outcasts simply can't pass up on ... until it all goes to hell.

Chapter Notes

Strewth! It's been a while since I last posted ... my apologies!

Lots and lots of swearing in this one ... kinda normal behaviour for the Outcasts m'afraid

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Fuck this mess, fuck that plan and FUCK YOU ALL!”

Sunny barely managed not to flinch as Dagorlad smashed his hand into the holotable so hard that the images of the stunned Jedi just blinked out of existence. The Mandalorian looked positively murderous, blue and golden eyes full of barely reined in rage and pupils barely even slits as he inhaled deeply before opening a pouch on his belt and pulling out an old-fashioned lighter and a packet. Removing a stick of rolled tabac from the packet and lighting it, Dagorlad stuck it in his mouth and inhaled again before letting the smoke drift out of his mouth on the exhale as he looked at Sunny.

“If they seriously think Swipes and his team are going to put up with the insult of having to work with the team the Council have put together then I wanna destroy whatever it is they’re smoking.”

Sunny had to agree with the angry Jedi. Swipes was still seething over having Slick join his team, this new farce would definitely infuriate the short tempered assassin. Normally a task such as infiltrating the maximum security prison: The Citadel, would’ve been a job that Swipes would relish. But the indignity of having clones outside his team tag along, as well as Jedi … Sunny knew that the unpredictable clone would not be happy. Not one bit.

“Swipes isn’t going to like it … but he’ll like it even less if we don’t give him the opportunity to have a crack at breaking in and out of one of the toughest prisons in the Galaxy.”

***

No … Swipes didn’t like it at all.

“What the bloody buggering fuck were you playing at even suggesting I’d go along with this crap?! It’s bad enough I have to deal with the traitor that you dumped on my team! I am so not putting up with this shit too!”

As the furious clone descended into some pretty vicious swearing, Sunny looked blandly at Dagorlad, who was now on his third stick of tabac. He knew Wrench constantly bitched about their
Jedi’s bad smoking habit … but they weren’t Dagorlad’s pack of nannies. If the blond wanted to poison himself then it was his choice, not theirs.

“Told you he wouldn’t like it.”

“Shut up.”

Folding his arms, Dagorlad waited for the blistering slew of curses to trail off before raising an eyebrow at Swipes.

“Done?”

“Oh fuck you Boss.”

Rolling his eyes, Dagorlad let out a tired huff and inhaled more tabaac smoke.

“Look, I can limit who they send along, mainly because otherwise there’s not going to be room on the shuttle for all of us. But there are these annoying little things called ‘oversight’ and ‘your reputation’ that’s stopping us from just doing the job ourselves.”

Swipes seethed furiously, eyes more bronze than honey brown in his anger. The assassin was beyond furious and well past the point of giving a fuck about what people’s opinions were.

“Fuck the oversight and fuck my reputation! You’re asking me to put up with Jetii I don’t trust, a clone I’d sooner murder than ask the time from because I know they’ll send that bastard Rex if Skywalker’s involved; and a bunch of idiots?! NO! No, nyac, and fucking no again!”

Swipes would’ve probably gone on even longer if the bored yawn from Dagorlad hadn’t silenced him.

“Are you done? No seriously, are you done now? ‘Cause the longer we stand here listening to you bitch the less time we have to get as many of your team as possible onto that shuttle so we can reduce the number of others tagging along.”

Swipes snarled inarticulately before turning and storming off.

“Fuck you!”

“Swipes!”

“Fuck you Boss!”

***

Carbon freezing? That was the best thing they could come up with? Rolling his eyes, Sunny looked at Wrench before looking up at the ceiling. He could hear Swipes and the older members of his team bitching already, thankfully though Slick was keeping his mouth shut. The traitor knew he wasn’t exactly welcome around most of the Outcasts, it was only his skill set that had saved him from whatever fate had awaited him on Kamino. Sunny glared coldly over at the silent, aloof former Sergeant; Slick actually standing away from the rest of the infiltration team. It only emphasised his blank armor, no paw print for him. Not yet … he hadn’t earned it. Shaking his head again and returning his attention to his Chief Medical Officer, Sunny sighed tiredly.

“At least it’s gonna reduce how many idiots can tag along again, that shuttle’s got a limited capacity when it comes to bulky shit.”
Wrench shrugged, the medic looking utterly miserable about the whole situation.

“I still don’t know why we can’t use Bic for this … they wouldn’t have to pull shit this elaborate to get there.”

“Bic is waiting for us in the shuttle.”

Both clones jumped and looked around as Dagorlad joined them, Nikov right on his heels. The blond looked irritated, but resigned in his irritation.

“They’ll be able to get us in and hopefully reduce any casualties among the clones my … esteemed colleagues are insisting on bringing along. But right now we just have to get Swipes and his team in carbonite so they can stop bitching, they’re giving me one hell of a headache.”

***

Being carbon frozen sucked. Being woken up from carbon freeze sucked even more. If anyone tried to ever tell him otherwise he was going to tell them to go straight to haran. Sunny groaned quietly as he stumbled out of the carbonite block and almost crashed into Bic. The commando droid didn’t say anything, instead just steadying Sunny before moving to catch Wrench as the clone all but fell out of his own block.

“Not doing that again.”

“Sarcastic statement: I would imagine not.”

Sunny glared evilly at Bic before shoving himself away from the droid and unsteadily weaving his way over to where Quicksilver was providing a carbon sick Swipes with some much needed hydration.

Seeing the other clone, Swipes shoved Quicksilver away with a surprising amount of tenderness and stood, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

“We good to go?”

Sunny nodded gruffly, jerking his head over to where the ‘Council-appointed’ group had gathered.

“Get your team and get going. You want to run this gig then you gotta prove you can.”

That definitely lit a fire under Swipes’s arrogant shibs and the infiltration team had soon double-timed it away from the ship and down the tunnel. Sunny smirked evilly before joining Dagorlad, not interrupting the blond as he gave Bic their orders.

“Get the shuttle to where it was meant to go and unload the cargo it was supposed to be carrying. Maintain cover until one of us sends word.”

Bic tilted their head to one side, photoreceptors blandly looking at Dagorlad as their processors tried to find any loopholes in the instructions.

“Statement: order acknowledged. Obnoxious request: should you die on this mission do I get your corpse and belongings?”

“You’re morbid.”

Dagorlad shoved Bic in an almost friendly manner, a bark of laughter escaping him.
“You know what happens if I get killed Bic, I know you do. Now get before they get suspicious up in the Citadel.”

Bic shoved Dagorlad back before heading back to the ship, apparently grumbling about how unfair the Jedi was being with regards to the distribution of his belongings after his demise. Eyebrow raising, Sunny looked up at the Jedi.

“Bic’s … interesting.”

“They’re a nuisance and I regret ever putting that memory and behavior chip from an old assassin droid I found into them. But they do their job well. Got some damn good stories too about what Jetii and Mandos were like in the Old Republic.”

***

“We’ll have to free climb it.”

Both Sunny and Swipes looked at Cody in annoyance. Way to state the obvious; with electromines and high winds there was no other way for them to get up to the entrance. Shaking his head, Sunny followed the others as they made their way down to the base of the sheer rock face. He looked up at the towering feature and shuddered for a moment. He was not looking forward to this.

“Up ya go.”

Sunny’s undignified and startled screech echoed around the canyon as he suddenly found himself floating up the sheer rock face to a ledge just above the lowest electromine. Scrabbling for purchase as he was set down, he turned and glared furiously down at a clearly unrepentant Nikov, the teenager grinning like a loon.

“You little shit! Some warning next fucking time would be fekking nice!”

Nikov just laughed as he carefully lifted Wrench up next, ignoring the medic’s enraged squawking.

“Ya nee’ed ta ge’ up there. Ah ‘elped.”

***

Someone had to slip. It was inevitable. But at least General Fett had managed to catch him with the help of his student. Sunny watched as the trembling 501st soldier was brought back up to the platform and set down before Fett turned violently on Kenobi and Skywalker.

“You know you two could’ve fekking helped! What were you gonna do huh?! Just let him fall and hit one of the mines … let the whole prison know we’re here?!”

Skywalker at least had the common sense to look somewhat sheepish, Kenobi just eyed the furious Mandalorian, remaining totally unruffled … somehow. Instead of responding, he headed into the facility once Ahsoka had managed to deactivate the ray shield.

“We have a Master to rescue.”

Dagorlad snarled and started forward, only for Sunny to grab his shoulder and pull him back. Snarling and pulling free, Dagorlad shook his head in disgust and followed after Kenobi.

“I love how you couldn’t answer my question. Nice to see where your priorities lie Kenobi.”

***
“Well … this was inevitable.”

Sunny gawped at Swipes, stunned at how calm the other clone was as alarms blared all around them. Seriously, how could he be so damn calm?! 

“Inevitable?! That’s all you can say?! This is a bloody mess that’s what it is!”

“Oh get your kama untwisted and katinii. I’ve dealt with worse.”

Swipes almost lazily pulled a knife from somewhere in his armor and slammed the blade home into the circuitry of a super battle droid. His casual attitude to the whole thing put Sunny on edge, the Captain cursing quietly under his breath as he emptied his blasters’ charge pack into an incoming Commando droid. The damn thing barely flinched, leaping high before landing heavily on Sunny who buckled under the weight with a startled shout. Struggling to keep the droid from killing him, Sunny snarled ferally and activated his gauntlet’s vibroblade, doing everything he could to shove said blade into the droid’s head. At least, until it no longer had a head. Shoving the twitching, sparking droid off him, Sunny glowered up at Dagorlad.

“You took your sweet time shabuir.”

Dagorlad laughed, kicking Sunny in an almost playful manner before throwing his lightsaber through the chest plate of another Commando droid.

“Bitch, bitch, bitch. So much for gratitude eh Sun’ika?”

Chapter End Notes

Mando’a translations:

haran: hell
katinii: suck it up
shabuir: bastard
Sun’ika: Little Sunny

As always, please feel free to review and leave kudos! I really wanna know what you guys think! X3
Interlude: Brother, My Brother

Chapter Summary

News travels far, and can sometimes unearth hidden secrets

Chapter Notes

Dear gods of my ancestors it’s been forever since I updated this and I apologize! Please accept this interlude as my apologies and thanks for your patience with me! (Truth be told ... I'm struggling with motivation, inspiration and real life ... hence my tardiness ^^"

Anyhoo ... Talan is mine, the town is totally made up as there is like zero information about Concord Dawn outside it being agricultural and Jango's home world; Fenn Rau is canon but this particular incarnation is based of naaklasolus' interpretation of this character and everything else you probably already know ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Concord Dawn was a dry, dusty sandpit of a planet at the best of times, it’s meagre population barely scraping enough together in the arid prairies to keep their farms going. It didn’t mean though that there weren’t towns and cities connecting all the isolated farmsteads, towns like Jaren. If you could really call Jaren a town. It was a single long street containing all the relevant businesses: bank, tapcaf, blacksmith’s, grain store and market; with a small auction market at one end for when enough livestock had been raised to an adequately sellable size. Other than those businesses, there were a few houses scattered around and a barn for speeders, and that was all that made up Jaren. Evenings were when the town was at its’ liveliest, with farmhands, farmers and the beings working in the town itself converging on the tapcaf to exchange gossip, news and discuss … less than legal transactions.

On rare occasions, even the local recluse showed up for a drink, usually when getting more supplies. No one really knew the injured Mandalorian that would slowly wheel his way into the tapcaf in a battered, modified and clearly well used wheelchair; barely saying enough to order a pint of netra’gal and avoiding almost all contact with the other locals. All they knew was that he’d shown up about twenty years ago and had moved into the abandoned and partially ruined farmhouse that had once belonged to a murdered Journeyman Protector and his family. People from the neighboring farms had shown up to help him fix up the place, make it easier for him to get around, but once the place had been made livable again, the quiet man rarely revealed himself. But, every now and again, he’d show up for a drink. Tonight was one such night. He’d wheeled his way in, the axles of his chair squeaking slightly from want of oil, and set up in the corner across from the newscast on the holo. His customary pint was soon set in front of him and he’d buried himself in the dark ale, ignoring the few greetings he got and giving none in return. The others had all learned to leave him alone; the scars on his face and the feral light in those guarded golden eyes, not to mention the well polished armor on his top half, told them all that he was not a man to be trifled with despite the wheelchair.

“... we’ve recently learned that a rescue attempt is underway to retrieve the captured Jedi General
Piell and his troops. The Hero with No Fear and the Negotiator are both confirmed to be leading the mission. The clone company widely known as the Outcasts are also confirmed to have sent troops on the mission, led by the controversial Jedi General Fett ... the so called ‘Feral Master’ and his student ...”

“Turn that oisk off!”

The shouts rang across the bar and the barkeep rolled his eyes in agreement at the picture of the Torgrutan news broadcaster, making to switch the holoscreen off, only for the recluse to raise his hand.

“Wait.”

Everyone stopped talking, looking over at the normally silent Mandalorian sitting alone. The warrior looked up, normally shadowed golden eyes alive and keen. Vid clips of the named Jedi were flashing up now on the screen as the broadcaster continued to talk, their pictures arranged in the corner of the screen. The reclusive warrior’s eyes widened and he actually pushed his chair closer to the screen, his gaze fixed on the picture of a scar faced blond that had been glaring at the camera when the picture was taken, his lip curling in a sneer.

“It can’t be … he died …”

***

Talan Fett knew he was bloody lucky to still be alive. Galidraan had been a total shitshow from start to finish, not that he’d seen the end of the massacre. Being stabbed with a lightsaber had definitely been the lowest point though. He was lucky that his less than human biology had meant that his internal organs were not where they would’ve been if he’d been fully human. If they had … he’d have definitely died. As it was, the stab that would’ve lacerated his liver and killed him, simply burned a deep hole in muscle and tissue before a yanking movement had caused the blade to nick his spine. He’d passed out to the sound of his beloved little brother’s scream, wishing he’d never brought the younger boy along on the damn job. When he’d woken up again he was surrounded by a wrecked camp and frozen corpses, his brother nowhere in sight and his legs barely able to move. It had taken days of crawling before he’d found signs of habitation, and even longer before he found someone who would actually help him. That’s when it really settled in that he wouldn’t walk again without help … the numbness and loss of movement he’d attributed to the cold were actually a result of the cauterised lightsaber wound. It hadn’t taken long after that for Talan to settle the blame for his injury and his brothers’ disappearance … not to mention his probable death … on the Jedi, the rough Mandalorian growing angry and bitter.

Eventually the Galidraan family that had nursed him back to some semblance of health got sick of having an angry Mandalorian moping about the house and aided him to the nearest spaceport, where he’d been able to use the little coin he’d had to pay for a one way journey home. Back to Concord Dawn. The tactician in Talan knew that he’d never be able to confront the Jedi and avenge his brother, not in his condition as much as he despised it. So he did the only thing he figured he could do. He went back to his grandparents farmstead, knowing that it was rightfully his now anyway. Fixing it up had been a chore, Death Watch had made a damn good job of wrecking the place before they left. The neighboring farms though, as reluctant as they’d been to get involved during the war, were now more than happy to help him fix the place up. One farmer had even contacted the local smith about making him a decent wheelchair so he could get around without much difficulty, which Talan had really struggled to accept. His pride had warred with his common sense until he saw the chair. The pain that day had been particularly bad, leaving him trapped in his own bedroll. The chair hadn’t eased the pain much, but it had meant that he was no longer trapped in one spot in one room.
It also allowed him to rattle around the farm, tending to the small number of shataul he kept in order to feed his main cash provider: strills. Raising strills didn’t really require being able to stand, what it really required was smarts and zero tolerance for nonsense. It was a small business sure, but it brought in just enough that every now and again, Talan could treat himself to a pint at the tapcaf. Like he had been this evening, when that damn news report had started up.

“-General Fett … the so called ‘Feral Master’ and his-”

Talan looked up sharply, eyes wide as he looked at the screen and raised his hand to stop the barkeeper from turning off the newscast.

“Wait.”

Wheeling closer to the screen as an image flashed up over some footage of a figure in black and red beskar’gam leading a charge in some nameless battle, Talan’s eyes widened. It … it couldn’t be … but a Fett with those scars and those eyes? Who else could it be? After all this time … could the impossible have happened? Could his baby brother still be alive?

“It can’t be … he died …”

***

There was a right buzz around town come morning, the gossip all centered around the lone figure waiting for a ship to land at the old spaceport. Talan had packed up his meager belongings, left the farm and his strills in the care of a neighbor with the promise that she could have any profits that came to the farm while he was away; and had wheeled his way to the spaceport. Looking up at the sky when a small ship broke through the clouds, the Mandalorian smiled grimly.

“I’m coming Squeaks. I’m coming.”

Even if he had to tear the damn Jetii Temple apart brick by Manda damned brick, he’d find his little brother. He’d find him and bring him home … one way or another. Talan knew what he planned would be risky; who knew what the Jetii had done to his brother since Galidraan? But considering what he’d seen the previous night on the newscast, his brother still had a firm grip on his heritage. Maybe … maybe Talan could get him to come home without a fight? Bring his student home too … the newscast had said that Dagorlad had a student now. Someone to carry on their legacy perhaps? As the ship landed and the ramp dropped, Talan shifted his duffel bag into a more comfortable position on his shoulders and pushed hard on the wheels of his chair, arms trembling with the effort as he ascended the frustratingly steep ramp. A low growl rumbled out of his chest when the pilot moved to aid him and he shook his head aggressively.

“No. I got this.”

Reaching the top of the ramp and entering the ship proper, Talan ignored the gawking of the young pilot and moved further into the ship. It had been years yes since he’d seen the pilot, but that didn’t mean the kid needed to damn well stare at him like he was a ghost.

“You able to get me to Triple Zero Pup? Or are tales of your piloting exploits exaggerated?”

Fenn Rau swallowed, eyeing Talan carefully as he edged around him and headed up towards the cockpit.

“No, I can get you there no problem. Talan … we all thought you were dead.”

Talan snorted and parked his chair by a viewport, resting his chin on his hand as he watched the
ground below vanish once they took off and headed up and out of Concord Dawn’s atmosphere.

“Heh … there’s a lot of that going around right now.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading; hope y’all liked it! Please don't forget to leave reviews and tell me what y'all think! X3
This is a Bloody Mess! (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

Escaping the Citadel ... is not going as planned. But since when did plans ever go right?

Chapter Notes

Oh my goodness finally!!! After a dry spell and fricking writer's block I HAVE DONE IT PEOPLE!!! I HAVE FINISHED THIS MANDA FORSAKEN CHAPTER!!!!

That all being said now; the warnings:

This chapter is MUCH darker than previous; please take this into account. There will be blood; there is some gore. There is foul language and violence. You have been warned.

The Outcasts are mine; TCW and it's characters are not

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Magnetic ceilings. Fucking magnetic ceilings. What next. Sunny looked up at the ceiling, smirking at his swearing Jedi as they struggled to free themselves.

“Well that’s what you get for wearing all metal armor.”

He froze, smirk vanishing when he literally felt the air pressure increase to the point that his ears popped and the walls started to groan in protest. What the hell was going on now?! Swipes looked up in alarm before grabbing Quicksilver and throwing him to the ground, diving down after him.

“Hit the deck!”

The ceiling quite literally imploded as Dagorlad let out a frustrated roar, the Mandalorian’s pent up stress and anger exploding out of him in a Force shockwave that cracked the walls, shorted out electronics, shattered glass and, inevitably, threw the three trapped Jedi around like rag dolls before they dropped towards the floor. Nikov landed in an ungraceful heap, yelping as Skywalker landed on top of him. Not so Dagorlad, his cat like landing and roll to a standing position strangely graceful for a man of his size and build. Dusting himself down, the tall Mandalorian looked at the gawping clones and agitated Kenobi and smirked evilly, the sparks being thrown by damaged electronics throwing dramatic shadows over his helmet.

“You coming or not?”

***

“Did you know he could literally blow things up with his mind?!”

Sunny’s agitated hiss across the private COM line to Swipes had the assassin snicker quietly as he worked on opening up the air vent cover. Oh this was going to be something he lorded over the Captain for weeks; seriously how could he have not noticed?!
“We all know, why d’you think I knew to hit the deck? Wardaddy’s constantly breaking stuff when he gets mad; sorry bastard has little control over that Force stuff as it is … when everything gets too much then he just … loses it.”

Grumbling about how it would’ve been nice to know sooner, Sunny obligingly cupped his hands together so as to give Swipes a boost up into the vent. The assassin made sure to kick the other clone in the head as he slithered into the air vent, laughing at Sunny’s angry yelp.

***

So the Jedi had split the intel with one of the slimiest up and coming’s of the GAR’s nat-born command structure. Fucking brilliant. Sunny sneered at Captain Tarkin as the aristocratic asshole slimed past him without even acknowledging the injured and armorless vode in the cell with him. The Captain looked him up and down before sniffing disdainfully.

“I had thought the Republic would’ve sent the best soldiers; not … whatever riffraff was available.”

“I can always shove you back in there with a hole in your head. I’m just here to get everyone out; I don’t give a shit if the intel is lost or not. So long as the Seppies don’t get it.”

Dagorlad came instantly to Sunny’s defense; shoulders stiff with anger. Tarkin’s already pale face paled even more and he sidled past the angry Jedi to follow Kenobi and Skywalker down the hallway.

***

“Splitting up is a stupid plan; especially when we have specialists that can cause a load more problems than two groups can.”

Sunny refused to flinch at the looks directed at him, stubbornly standing his ground alongside his Jetii.

“Look; you might not trust us or whatever … but we are the best at what we do. So let us do our jobs so you can do yours and be the Republic’s precious poster boys again.”

Not waiting for an answer; he turned away from the three gobsmacked Jetii and their own clones and looked at a map of the Citadel with Swipes.

“These air vents; they gonna be too small?”

“Nah; even if I can’t fit then Spectre can. Plus there’s our little mouse droids.”

Sunny nodded thoughtfully, looking at the map and chewing on his lip. Behind him he could hear Kenobi, Skywalker and Piell arguing with Dagorlad; but he really didn’t give a shit.

“Right then; use your droids to ferry remote detonation explosives all throughout the air vents one level up. We can blow them and cause this whole building to collapse if we do it right.”

***

Getting caught just as they collected the last mouse droid was just plain embarrassing; especially for Swipes and his crew. But on the other hand … Osi Sobeck was … not what anyone really expected. Limbs that were too long for a body that was doing it’s best to turn in on itself. Eyes that bulged like a tooka toy squeezed too tight. And a voice that made hackles raise and sent shivers down every spine. He didn’t walk so much as waddle as he got into everyone’s faces, rancid breath making
noses’ wrinkle and lips curl in disgust. Sunny could see that both Swipes and Nikov were struggling
to keep their mouths shut as Sobek tried to intimidate them (tried being the main word there); and
had to bite the inside of his cheek when Dagorlad bared his own fangs in response.

“Get any fekking closer and I’ll rip your fugly mug right off chakaar.”

Sunny was tempted to blow the charges then and there, especially since he knew that Dagorlad
would only continue to piss the Citadel’s warden off. But it would be suicide; his and Swipes’ plan
would only work if they were in the original fortress tunnels and not in the building itself. Things got
even more tense though when Sobek aimed a commandeered blaster at Yamaha’s head. The kid
paled; but managed to keep his mouth shut.

“I want to start hearing information; or I start killing you one by one with this one first.”

“Gev!”

“Don’t Boss; I ain’t worth it.”

“Ne’johaa Yamaha.”

Sunny looked at Dagorlad in alarm; as did Swipes and Wrench. What was their Jetii planning?! 
Everyone could only watch with bated breath as Sobek moved away from Yamaha and back over
to Dagorlad; really getting into the Mandalorian’s face this time.

“Go on then? What are the hyperspaaaaahhhhhhh!”

Sobek reeled back; shrieking and clutching at the bloody wound that had been torn into the fleshy
‘eyebrow’ over his left eye. Dagorlad smirked grimly, showing his blood stained teeth as he spat the
chunk of flesh out onto the floor.

“Ori’buyce, kih’kovid keldab al’verde. I’ll give you nothing but pain.”

He sideyed Swipes; ignoring the shocked looks from the other Jedi.

“You and your lads free yet?”

“Just got out.”

Swipes’ binders dropped to the floor and he quickly set to work releasing Nikov while Quicksilver
worked to release Dagorlad.

“That was stupid Wardaddy.”

“Just shut it and take what distractions I can buy for you.”

Dagorlad spun around, letting out a pained grunt as blaster bolts slammed into his armor. But rather
him than Quicksilver.

“Let’s go!”

***

“Your conduct … it was admittedly savage wouldn’t you say General?”

Sunny winced at Tarkin’s words, watching as Dagorlad pulled away from cutting an entrance to the
tunnels to turn and face the aristocratic nat-born Captain. Removing his helmet to reveal his still
blood splattered features, Dagorlad glowered at Tarkin.

“It got the job done yes? You might want to be a little more grateful and a little less judgemental Captain … I’m not picky about who I tear up.”

***

Blowing up the charges was fun and definitely put smiles on faces as they headed for the landing platform. They could hear the groaning of over-stressed metals and the shattering of transparisteel; but there were no overt signs that the Citadel itself was close to collapsing. Sunny frowned; slowing down so that he was walking just ahead of Swipes.

“I thought those charges would’ve been enough to bring that thing down by now.”

“They should’ve been …”

Swipes paused and Sunny stopped with him; the two senior Outcasts letting the rest of the Infiltration team pass them by. Swipes glared at the one set of blank white armor lagging behind the others.

“That is … providing everyone set their droids and charges properly.”

Sunny frowned; looking over at the target of Swipes’ ire. Slick; of course. He’d be surprised … but let’s be honest here. He wasn’t. He’d been expecting this from the bloody get go.

“Save it until we’re out of here. If he did screw up then we need to know why, and this is no place for an interrogation.”

***

Getting to the landing platform with the amount of ease they had should’ve been one hell of a warning bell. As it was; they’d taken their seemingly good fortune at face value … and now it was biting them in the shebs.

“Take cover!”

“Bic! Get your beskar plated shebs over here now!”

The armored commando droid darted past one of their Seppie counterparts; ruthlessly dispatching it with a vicious swipe of their beskad. Behind them more Citadel droids seemed to pour out of every available exit, aiming for the paltry pile of pathetic looking ammo crates the group were sheltering behind.

“Sarcastic observation: you fucked up. Royally.”

Dagorlad let out a frustrated growl as he slung his Z-6 off his back and levelled it at the roiling mass of droids.

“Not now Bic!”

So busy were Dagorlad, Sunny and the others on keeping the advancing droids at bay; none of them noticed a commando droid head up to one of the larger gun platforms. But Echo did. The ARC recklessly charged out from behind the ammo crates; grabbing a ray shield and opening fire on the gun platform as he tried to back his way up onto their escape ship. Sunny’s eyes widened and he threw his blaster aside in favor of scrambling over the ammo crates.

“Echo you shabla di’kut! Get back here!”
Everyone saw it; time seemed to slow down just so they had the unwanted privilege of seeing it … and they all wish that time hadn’t been so slow that they couldn’t prevent it. The commando droid took aim at the ship; firing into it’s open cargo bay right behind Echo and blowing the whole thing to hell. Sunny could hear Fives’ distraught scream as Echo was consumed by the fireball, could feel the heat radiating outwards from the explosion and scorching his armor; bringing back much unwanted memories. No one could’ve possibly survived that … not even an ARC.

“ECHO!”

“We have to go now!”

“Fine. You go.”

Sunny flinched at the cold finality of his Jetii’s words as Dagorlad stood; the tall Mandalorian lazily tossing a grenade in his hand.

“Nikky? Fancy a game of grenade meshgeroya … you start.”

Nikov’s demeanor was just as angry and cold as his mentor’s as the teen nodded gruffly.

“Yeah; sure. Shoul’ give Wrench enoug’ tahm ta fin’ Echo’s body.”

Sunny didn’t have a clue as to what his two very angry Jetii were on about; but it was clear Wrench did as he removed his pack and handed it over to Spectre. The trio ignored the rest of the group retreating, instead Wrench crouched like a sprinter ready to start while Dagorlad tossed the grenade up into the air. The droids had stopped firing; their limited artificial intelligence’s realising that something was up. And it was. With a shout Nikov had Force-jumped high enough to match the grenade in height; and now he Force shoved it back down with enough force to detonate on impact, scattering droid parts everywhere. Landing; the teenager threw a grenade of his own, Dagorlad kicking it viciously into another group of droids. While the duo’s wrath and rage kept the droids occupied; and with Swipes holding a sniper’s position as backup; Wrench darted forward into the flaming wreckage, looking for any sign of Echo’s body.

“Outcasts! Ve ‘ave to go now!”

Sunny let out an angry growl; shooting a spider droid before whirling around to snarl at Piell.

“Nar’sheb! This was all your fault!”

Another explosion rattled the air behind him as he stood his ground against the Jedi. He would not leave behind another vod; even one that wasn’t part of the family he’d slowly built. A cry broke the stalemate between clone and Jedi as Wrench reappeared from the burning wreckage; dragging a body behind him.

“I got him! He’s still breathing!”

Sunny breathed a small sigh of relief. So far; the only casualties they’d had had been ones caused by one of the three other Jedi besides his own that were present for this shit show. Finding Echo, no matter his condition, meant that there were still no deaths that could be pinned on the Outcasts. Looking back at Piell; Sunny smirked grimly.

“See? If we’d left then we’d have left a man behind to probably be tortured and then executed. Instead we stayed and we got him. So now we can go.”

He pushed past the Jedi; pausing for a brief moment while Swipes was still screaming abuse at their
Jetii to stop their little murder fest ‘cause dammit they’d bought enough time so they could fucking leave now.

“And by we I mean us Outcasts. You were more than happy to leave an injured man behind … says a lot don’cha think?”

Chapter End Notes

Phew; hope you enjoyed that! And hopefully the next chapter won’t take me so freaking long to write!

Please feel free to tell me what you like/dislike about the story so far! ^^ I thrive on reviews

Translations:
Chakaar: thief (v. insulting terminology)
Gev: Stop it!
Ne’johaa: shut up
Ori’buyce, kih’kovid keldab al’verde: All helmet no head [for a] citadel commander (basically implying that Sobeck has an overinflated sense of his own importance and authority)
shabla di’kut: screwed up (impolite) idiot
meshgeroya : boloball or limmie; sometimes referred to as 'the beautiful game'
The sulphur clogged up his helmet filters so bad that Sunny eventually had to remove his helmet, nose wrinkling at the stench. It stank of rot and decay and all things dead; and he seriously wanted to get out of there. A tap on his shoulder got his attention and he looked over his shoulder at Wrench.

“My turn?”

The gruff nod saw Sunny stop and carefully hoist Echo’s burnt and broken, yet somehow still breathing body up onto his back while Wrench used bandages from his rapidly emptying pack to basically hold the injured ARC in place. It only took a few minutes, but the delay was enough to get Kenobi’s attention.

“We can’t afford to stop now! We have to find a new extraction point.”

“ Irritating comment: Jedi, your lack of basic decency towards the injured would disgust even Darth Malak. Obnoxious sass: kindly shut up or you can be walking wounded as well.”

There was an unusual harshness to Bic’s mechanically tinged voice, the droid clearly irritated with the whole situation as they took the lead at the head of the group. Dagorlad nodded in agreement, holding up a hand when Kenobi puffed up like an angry Koppi lizard.

“Bic’s right; show some respect Kenobi and keep your stupid comments to yourself.”

***

“Why’d they do it?”

Swipes looked sharply at Slick, growling low in the back of his throat. He was already suspicious of the traitor. Now he was starting to question motives?! Removing his helmet, he glared coolly at the other clone.

“Why’d they do what?”
“Save that ARC … he’s probably gonna die anyway. And besides, they still own us so why do they care?”

Swipes whipped around with a snarl, grabbing Slick by the throat and slamming him into the wall of the cavern. Ignoring the alarmed shouts and Slick’s desperate scrabbling, the angry assassin got right into his subordinate’s face.

“Don’t you dare. They care about us; they’re family. And you don’t have any right to question their Manda damned motives Slick! Especially since they saved your ungrateful hide from the Kaminoan dissection table!”

“Swipes that’s enough!”

Swipes sneered, letting Slick scrabble and choke a few seconds longer before roughly dropping him.

“S’okay Boss. Slick and I were just … having a little chat.”

***

They could hear the howl of the anooba’s and knew they were running out of time. Sunny looked at Dagorlad and shook his head.

“We’re not gonna make it; there’s no way we can outrun anooba when we’ve got injured with us.”

Dagorlad nodded; a low hum of agreement emanating out of his helmet’s speakers. Anooba were fast, highly intelligent and the ultimate trackers after strills … it took a lot of skill to evade them for even a short amount of time. Time they didn’t have. But everything has its’ weaknesses and distractions … even the ultimate predators. And anooba, like several other canid species, hated one thing above all.

“Anooba hate felids; like really, really hate them.”

Sunny sideyed Dagorlad, eyebrow raising even though the Mandalorian couldn’t see it.

“Wardaddy …?”

Dagorlad started to remove the heaviest plates of his armor, stashing them in Wrench’s now mostly empty pack.

“I’m part Cathar which is a felid species. If the anooba’s get on my trail, they’ll start to hunt me instead of the group and believe me …” He grinned, an almost manic light in his eyes. “I’m smarter, faster and more dangerous than anoobas.”

Sunny shook his head. Dagorlad’s plan made sense yeah, but it was absolutely batshit insane. Like every single other plan that had been enacted on this shit show of a mission thus far. But it was keeping them all alive so he’d save the complaining until after they got out of this mess.

“You’re insane.”

“Maybe.”

Dagorlad shrugged, tossing his helmet to Nikov.

“But it’ll buy everyone else enough time to get to that new rendezvous point. I can rejoin you once I’ve dealt with the anooba’s.”
Sunny shook his head in resignation. The things he had to put up with.

“Fine, but I’m coming with you. You need back up, and Warbrat is perfectly capable of getting the others to the rendezvous.”

***

This was nuts, absolutely nuts. Sunny’s breath came in ragged pants as he ran after Dagorlad. The anooba were snapping at their heels, barking and yowling. He could smell their fetid breath, like no one had bothered to feed them anything fresh up until this point just to make them extra vicious. The plan was working though, they’d managed to lead the anooba well away from the main group.

“We can’t … keep this up … forever y’know!”

Dagorlad nodded gruffly, executing an impressive flip in order to avoid the anooba that tried to swipe his legs out from underneath him. Lightsabers igniting, he dispatched the anooba and ran after Sunny.

“I agree. We need to end this.”

Sunny skidded to a halt, his lungs screaming for air, and grabbed his blaster. Taking aim at an anooba that erupted out of the clouds of steam and gases, he opened fire. It took three shots, but he downed the vicious beastie. Sunny didn’t have time to celebrate though as another anooba crashed into him, sending him to the ground. Grunting as the anooba’s weight landed on him, Sunny shoved his arm into its’ mouth to stop it from tearing his throat out.

“Boss!”

The plasteel of his bracer was cracking and giving way when the anooba just stopped moving and slumped down dead. Shoving the dead body aside and holding his injured arm close to his chest Sunny looked at the corpse, panting heavily.

“Thanks.”

Dagorlad nodded, helping Sunny to his feet.

“Any time Sunny. C’mon, we need to go.”

***

“What the fuck is this?!“

Sunny had to agree with Dagorlad’s angry outburst. They’d endangered themselves to buy the others time, and right now the other Jedi had stopped to have a … a funeral?! Nikov just looked grimly at them as he threw Dagorlad’s helmet back over to him and shook his head in disgust.

“Spida droi’ go’ Piell … dey insis’e’ dat dey give ‘im a ‘propa sen’off’.”

Dagorlad shook his head angrily, visually checking to make sure all the Outcasts were okay before accepting Wrench’s pack off the medic. He re-armored on the move, taking the lead at the head of the column.

“Well while they’re wasting time bidding fond and I’m sure tearful farewells to someone who can’t even hear them, I’m gonna get us out of here. I at least have my priorities straight.”

***
“This … could be a problem.”

Sunny bit his lip, looking between the island and Echo. The ARC was currently being carried by Nikov, and he wasn’t looking in the best of shape. Wrench was hovering nearby, holding a bag of fluids that was attached to Echo by a jury rigged IV line. Probably wasn’t the most hygienic of methods, but it was keeping Echo alive which was the important thing. Sighing, Sunny shook his head and looked at Dagorlad.

“There’s no way we’re gonna get Echo over to the island. And the rock formations prevent extraction on this side.”

Dagorlad frowned, looking around at the jagged rock spikes before looking over at Skywalker, Kenobi and Tano. This was gonna grate on his pride, but that didn’t matter right now.

“You think you can ferry all three of them across if we keep the droids from distracting you?”

Skywalker’s eyebrows shot up.

“You want us to use the Force to transport your Padawan, medic and Echo over to that island. Are you mad?!”

“Can you do it or not?”

Dagorlad’s tone made it clear that he wasn’t in the mood for anyone’s bullshit right now. And if he had to ruffle feathers and bruise egos then he would.

“You’re supposedly one of the strongest Jetii currently in the Order. This sort of thing should be easy for you so answer me this Skywalker.”

He removed his helmet and glared angrily at the other Jedi.

“Can you do it or not?”

***

He could do it, with Kenobi’s help. The rest of them all got across via ascension cables. Now it was just a waiting game, and they were out of time. Sunny shot Sobeck’s MGP out from underneath him, sending the Citadel’s warden crashing into the dirt. Sobeck got up in all fours, snarling like a cornered animal issuing a challenge. With his droid escort all destroyed, the warden was surrounded by angry clones, Tarkin and Jedi. There was no way out. Sunny watched as Dagorlad stepped forward, removing his helmet as he did so. The glow of the lava reflected in his eyes, making them glow slightly.

“It’s over Sobeck. Don’t make this any more painful for yourself.”

“I won’t stop! If I can’t have the information then neither shall you!”

Sobeck erupted forward, trying to get around Dagorlad to tear into Tarkin. An armored fist stopped his charge, his nose crunching and breaking under the impact. As he fell back shrieking, Dagorlad shook his fist and hissed in annoyance.

“I said it’s over.”

Screaming in rage and deranged defiance, Sobeck tried again. This time, Dagorlad was done playing around. He grabbed the warden by the throat, twisting around and slamming him into one of the rock
spires. Sobek shrieked, flailing and clawing at the Mandalorian’s face and arms in an attempt to break the iron grip. Batting the arms aside, Dagorlad let out a feral snarl and bared his fangs.

“It’s over Sobek!”

***

Sunny watched blandly as Sobeck’s body weakly slid to the ground, blood gushing from his neck as he feebly twitched. He inwardly admired his lack of flinching as Dagorlad turned around, wiping blood away from his face.

“That’s … one way to do it Wardaddy.”

The familiar buzz of a lartie pulled his attention away and the whole group looked up to see the Wolfpack and General Koon waiting for them. The Kel Dor reached outwards to start helping people aboard.

“I believe you outstayed your welcome.”

***

“You use those teeth a lot don’t you?”

Sunny didn’t react to Dagorlad’s flinch as he moved to stand alongside the Jetii in front of the bacta tank holding Echo. Dagorlad shrugged, wiping a hand over his now clean face.

“My older brother … before he died he taught me that our bodies were just as useful as weapons as the weapons we carried. And that included these.”

He pointedly opened his mouth, running a thumb over one of the razor sharp fangs inside. He laughed bitterly and shook his head.

“It was one of the final things he taught me before … yeah.”

He turned away from Echo and set a hand on Sunny’s shoulder.

“We’re all born weapons Sunny. It’s how we choose to use that which makes us who we are.”

***

At least they could head back down to the barracks now; and not the GAR barracks. The barracks that were the Outcasts’ own, behind the official barracks and a few levels lower. Less oversight that way and much better protected since no one outside the Outcasts knew where it was. The debriefing had been thoroughly miserable for all involved, especially since Dagorlad in particular got verbally ripped apart over his actions on Loya Salu. The Jedi Council had been merciless in dissecting and criticising his actions, despite the fact that he’d saved lives because of what he’d done. Sighing, Sunny followed Dagorlad and Nikov out to the landing bay just as a …

“Is that a smuggler’s ship?”

Dagorlad nodded, slowing down and glaring at it as he warily approached.

“Yeah … I’ve seen that ship before …”

He continued to walk towards the ship as its ramp lowered. He knew that ship, had grown up playing around its landing gear when he wasn’t training.
“That’s … that’s the *Melody*. My *ba’vodu* Min’s ship … I thought it had been destroyed back when I was a kid.”

Dagorlad stopped a few feet from the ramp, Sunny nearly crashing into the back of him. The Captain rubbed his cheek and grumbled, stepping around the Mandalorian to stand next to him as an armored figure appeared at the top of the ramp and started to descend. Once the redhead Mandalorian stepped off the ramp, he ran forward and, shocking everyone watching, yanked Dagorlad into a hug that made his ribs audibly creak. Dagorlad had frozen, eyes wide and confused.

“*Fen’ika* … what …?”

“We thought you were dead you *shabuir*! Me, Jax … even Rav until you popped up at the *Oyu’baat* looking to recruit for some job on Concordia! Dammit Kitty!”

The redhead looked up at Dagorlad, eyes full of angry tears.

“I should not have had to find out you’re still alive from our aunt! Neither should have Jax! Why didn’t you come back?!”

Dagorlad awkwardly looked away, eyes darting over to the watching Jedi before he looked at the floor.

“*Y’*know why Pup. The *Jetii* … they finally caught me at Galidraan. I couldn’t leave; not without a lot of problems following me.”

“Um, perhaps some information for those who haven’t a *fucking clue* as to what’s going on?”

Sunny looked between the two Mandalorians and frowned at the unknown one.

“Who the *hell* are you?”

Dagorlad shook his head, extracting himself from the redhead’s grip and clapping the younger man on the shoulder as he grinned.

“Sunny, Nikov meet Fenn Rau, biggest brat ever and my cousin. Pup, meet my Captain and my student; Sunny and Nikov Kalash.”

Fenn shoved Dagorlad’s hand off his shoulder, an unusually serious look on his face.

“And while we’re on the subject of introductions Kitty … someone wants to see you.”

He looked up the ramp, prompting the others to do so as another figure appeared at the top. Dagorlad made a startled wheezing sound, stumbling back as the figure wheeled down the ramp. The blood drained from his face and he shook his head in denial.

“*Nyac … nyac. Gar ash’amur!*”

“*Nyac.*”

Sunny and Nikov exchanged confused looks before looking between their blond Mando who looked like he was about to have a stroke and the brunette in the wheelchair. They looked similar: the pointed tips of their ears, the slight angular edge of their eyes, the broadness of the jaw lines … the penny dropped with Nikov first.

“Ah though’ ‘e wa’ dea’?!”
The brunette chuckled quietly and shook his head.

“Does everyone think that now?”

Dagorlad’s eyes narrowed in anger and his fists clenched.

“Not hard when I saw you take a *lightsaber* through your midsection *big brother.*”

Talan Fett sighed, looking up at his now adult baby brother.

“Galidraan was a long time ago Squeaks. We need to talk.”

Chapter End Notes

CLIFFHANGER PEOPLE!!! Enjoy ^^

Please leave some reviews ... positive, negative I don't mind! ^^

Translations

*ba’vodu*: aunt/uncle

*Fen’ika*: Little Fenn

*Nyac ... nyac. Gar ash’amur!*: No ... no. You died!
The Start of Something New

Chapter Summary

From now on ... everything will change

Chapter Notes

Still on a roll here! Another new chapter for all you fantastic readers ^^

Jax is the awesome OC of @naaklasolus! Go read their writing! ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Ni midir ni te kyr’yc! Gar linibar udesii!!”

“Udesii? Udesii?! Ni midir gar ash’amur! Ni arpat gar trattok’or!”

Nikov rolled his eyes at Sunny as the shouting rose in pitch from within Dagorlad’s room in the barracks. The two brothers had been screaming at each other for the last hour.

“Dey still a’ i’?”

“Uh huh.”

Sunny nodded in frustration, jumping when a cat like scream of frustration came from behind the scorch marked door. He threw an irritated look at the door and huffed. If one of his brothers had returned from the dead he’d be ecstatic. Not screaming his lungs out at them.

“C’mon; they’re gonna be at this for a while longer methinks.”

“Hey! Hey!”

Both Sunny and Nikov turned to see a panicked looking FireFlight come running down the hallway like an anooba was chasing him. The young clone yelped as he tripped over an abandoned empty ammo crate and crashed down face first into the duracrete, sliding painfully along the floor.

“Owwwwww …”

He picked himself up, sniffing slightly as he clumsily wiped blood from his cut up face.

“You gotta turn on the holo! News channel now!”

“Dat’s it!”

Nikov turned back around and kicked Dagorlad’s door in, startling the two brothers out of their screaming match. The teen stormed in, Sunny and FireFlight following behind him, and grabbed the remote on the desk. He quickly switched the holo on, flicking through to the news channel to find a
senate session currently taking place … with the Duchess Satine currently making a speech.

“… These so called ‘True’ Mandalorians are no better than the terrorists known as the Death Watch! They still refuse to hold true to the tenants of peace and progress myself and others have instilled to try and stabilize Mandalore. I am asking the Republic to instil the same sanctions on them that they did on those who openly supported the Death Watch; to remind them all that Mandalore is a system of peace now not violence …”

The holoscreen shattered, the news feed cutting out as it did so. Sunny looked at Dagorlad with an irritated expression.

“Seriously? We all know this means trouble but did you have to do that? Now we don’t know what else that bitch is gonna say.”

“I don’t care.”

Dagorlad turned and stormed out, his words little more than a low snarl as he left the room.

“Get everyone to the Galidraan Vengeance, tell Boomer to set course for Keldabe. And someone tell Swipes I want to see him now!”

***

“You wanted to see me Boss?”

Dagorlad stubbed out his cigarette and nodded grimly, gesturing for Swipes to sit next to him on the roof of the barracks.

“You and Quicksilver up for a job?”

Swipes sat down next to the clearly angry Mandalorian, grinning savagely. Was he up for a job? That was like asking Boom-Time if he was interested in blowing something up!

“Hell yeah we’re up for a job Boss. What d’ya need?”

“I want you to steal the Dark Saber from Death Watch. Take the Kayla, she’ll be less noticeable than any old ship you steal.”

Silence reigned on the rooftop as Swipes gawped open mouthed at Dagorlad. He wanted what now?!

“You … you’re serious? You seriously want us to do that?!”

“I wouldn’t be asking otherwise.”

Dagorlad sighed and lit up another cigarette, the glow of it burning reflecting in his mismatched eyes.

“Look; without that thing Pre won’t have anything to rally more to his cause. The Dark Saber belonged to a Mandalorian Sith back in the Old Republic days from what I’ve managed to dig up on that damn thing. It’ll be a moral blow for Death Watch; and a small victory for us too.”

Swipes huffed and looked out over the bare and desolate patch of land in front of the barracks. He had to admit he liked the sound of a job like this; it’d definitely push his skills to the limit. And it’d be a good measure of how far along Quicksilver had come along in his training. Sighing tiredly and pinching the bridge of his nose in frustration as he closed his eyes to ward off a headache, he grunted.
“Fine. We’ll do it. I assume we’ll be seeing you in Keldabe then?”

Dagorlad nodded.

“Head straight for the Oyu’baat; we’ll be there.”

***

“Are you sure about this Squeaks? The Jetii will come down hard on you for this.”

Dagorlad let out a frustrated growl as he stalked towards the bridge on the Galidraan Vengeance, his brother following behind him.

“Talan; you lost any right to question my decisions a long time ago. And right now I don’t give a shit about the Jetii; they are not my people.”

Storming onto the bridge like the force of nature he was and angrily ignoring the hurt look on Talan’s face, Dagorlad looked sharply at Soundblast. The clone nodded gruffly, adjusting his headset before jerking a thumb over at the main holotable.

“Council’s coming online now.”

Dagorlad nodded a silent thanks and headed over towards the holotable as the members of the Jedi Council willing to at least accept the call shimmered into view. Nikov quietly slipped past Talan to stand at Dagorlad’s shoulder, watching the proceedings with solemn silver eyes. Looking at the members of the Council, Dagorlad’s eyes narrowed dangerously.

“I’m done. Me, my student, my men … we’re finished with you. We’re finished with the Republic. And we’re finished with your stupid war.”

Gobsmacked silence reigned but for a brief moment. Then Master Yoda decided to speak.

“Sad we are, to hear of the Duchesses’ decision. Unwise it is, for you to leave in anger.”

Master Windu also decided to chuck in his credit’s worth too.

“You and your student may be free to do as you will; but you do realise that you cannot take the clones under your command with you. They are still property of the Republic.”

There were several angry murmurs all around the bridge, clones tensing and glaring evilly at the holotable. Dagorlad smirked before laughing and shaking his head.

“Damn … no one around here ever reads their paperwork any more do they? The clones of Outcast Company have been free Mandalorian citizens for almost a week now, the paperwork was officialised after I got back from that shit show on Loya Salu.”

The tall Mandalorian grinned savagely, the glow of the holotable casting sharp shadows onto his feline features. He was enjoying this, maybe a little too much but so what? He’d been waiting for almost twenty five years to do this; and he was going to squeeze every single shred of enjoyment he could out of it.

“Y’see … the Kaminiise don’t place a high price on vode like mine. After a little … negotiations and a fee I won’t disclose, Lama Su was more than happy to hand all the Outcasts over to me; and any future ones too for the same amount. After that all I had to do was apply for citizenship papers and get them filled out. Since most of the details were the same; I just made one copy without a name and
copied it as many times as I needed, added the names and filed them with the help of an acquaintance. Since no one contested the documents before the deadline was up, they all passed. So you see gents and ladies …” Dagorlad’s grin turned positively evil. “Every single Outcast clone is a free being in their own right. And you can’t do shit about it.”

He looked over at Soundblast and sliced his hand across his throat. The communications specialist cut the call, just as he fell out of his chair absolutely howling with laughter. Several other clones quickly lost it, their joy and hilarity absolutely infectious. Even Nikov was giggling like a naughty youngling again. Dagorlad turned away from the holo table, starting when he saw that Talan had slipped up behind him. Damn that chair was silent. The younger Fett hunched his shoulders defensively and looked away.

“Gonna criticise me again ori’vod?”

Talan shook his head, a wry grin on his face. Yet his golden eyes seemed … they seemed sad.

“Nah vod’ika. M’just thinking how damn proud buir and mama would be if they could see you now. You’ve really grown up into a Mando’ad they’d be proud of.”

***

Ah the delightful dry air of Keldabe. Made even hotter and dryer by the fact that possibly every single True Mandalorian in the Galaxy had shown up in their capital city, angry over the sanctions enacted against them by the Duchess of the New Mandalorians. Dagorlad roughly elbowed his way through the crowd, hissing aggressively at one Torgruta Mando that tried to stop him from passing through. He wasn’t happy about being late; but they’d had to take the long hyperspace route to get to Mandalore to avoid the possibility of running into any Republic vessels. That had made what should’ve been a three day journey take almost a week. Grumbling to himself as he roughly shoved past two arguing Twi’leks, making sure to shove them hard enough that he cleared space for Talan as well, Dagorlad forged a path towards the Oyu’baat.

“Oi! Only clan chieftains and their second’s are gonna be let into the Oyu’baat! Don’t waste your time vod.”

Dagorlad stopped in his single minded shoving spree towards the great cantina, slowly turning to glare murderously at the cocky little shit leaning in a doorway. The kid looked barely old enough to be in armor; and backed up at the look on Dagorlad’s face.

“Good thing I’m a chieftain’s second then isn’t it brat?”

The kid nodded silently and Dagorlad smirked, not unkindly, and tossed a credit in their direction.

“Thanks for the warning though.”

***

Considering only chieftains and their seconds were supposed to be in the Oyu’baat, it was bloody crowded. Not to mention absolutely bloody boiling and the smell … multiple alcoholic beverages mixed with caf, sweat, blaster oil and that oh so delightful stench of strill … it made Dagorlad’s nose wrinkle slightly in fond disgust. Looking around, he recognised several of the clan chieftains: beings whose feet he’d run around as a child. There were also several new faces … and one that wasn’t welcome in his opinion.

“Spar.”
The clone turned around, grinning viciously.

“Fett.”

Spar crouched threateningly, before freezing as Talan let out a low threatening growl. The rogue Alpha raised an eyebrow coolly.

“Fett Senior; and I heard you were dead.”

Talan’s gaze was just as cool.

“Spar. Heard you were masquerading as my uncle.”

“Okaaaaay, that’s enough.”

Fenn pushed his way in between the two brothers and Spar, looking nervously between them.

“C’mon, we’re not here to fight each other. Kitty, Tal, someone wants to talk to you.”

The two brothers let themselves be led away, both of them baring their fangs at Spar as they passed him by. Fenn led the way through the Oyu’bat to a table surrounded by several older Mandalorians. One looked up from the datapads on the table, his single working eye widening in shock and surprise. Dagorlad ducked his head, feeling like a naughty child again. Even Talan was shifting uncomfortably in his wheelchair as silence reigned. The aging Mandalorian moved first, making his way around the table until he was stood in front of the two brothers. Dagorlad bit his lip, shuffling his feet and not looking the elder warrior in the eye.

“Ba’vodu I …”

Dagorlad’s words were cut off sharply as the older Mandalorian punched him in the face, sending him crashing to the floor. Coughing and rubbing his cheek as it started to swell, Dagorlad looked up at the angry man standing over him.

“I deserved that.”

“Too damn right you did brat.”

The old Mando helped Dagorlad to his feet and hugged him hard, wheezing slightly as Dagorlad responded in kind.

“I tried Squeaks. I tried.”

“I know Jax. I was there remember.”

Dagorlad let go of the older man and clapped him on the shoulder, smiling slightly.

“Reunions and chaos seem to be the order of the day lately; first I find out Talan’s alive and now there’s this mess that could fuck everything up …”

Dagorlad’s words were muffled as Jax covered his mouth with a hand, which got a startled laugh and a facepalm from Talan. Throwing bland looks at the two younger Mandalorians, the elder just raised an eyebrow and shook his head.

“That’s why we’ve gathered. We may not have a Manda’lor at the moment, despite what some would like to claim;” he threw an evil look at Spar. “But every clan chieftain has assembled who they can and gathered here to plan.”
Backing up to free himself from Jax’s grip, Dagorlad bit his lip and slid his pack from his shoulders, crouching down to rummage around in it.

“Yeah; about that. We need a new Manda’lor … but the only way to do that is for someone to have received the helmet of the previous Manda’lor.”

He pulled a blue and silver helmet out of his pack and stood, looking down at the helmet in his hands.

“This helmet … Jango’s helmet.”

He pushed past Jax and set the helmet down on the table where everyone could see it. Behind him, Talan shifted his wheelchair to stop Spar from approaching the table to take the helmet, hissing aggressively at the upstart.

“Oh no you don’t. You of all people do not deserve to even be considered.”

Dagorlad sighed and ran a hand over his face, turning back to face Jax.

“Spar definitely doesn’t … but I know someone who does. Someone who won’t let the position corrupt them, someone who could unite all Mando’ade, someone who’d lead us with dignity and integrity.”

There were murmurs of agreement all around the Oyu’baat as more and more Mandalorians turned to face Jax. The old Mandalorian paled and shook his head, eye wide with panic.

“Oh no way! You’ve got to be joking … I’m the Intelligence Director! I can’t just drop that job for this madness!”

“Why not?”

Fenn tilted his head inquisitively as he moved to stand next to Dagorlad.

“You’ve been training a protege to take your place for months now from what I’ve heard. Why can’t they take your place? And Kitty here is right, there’s no one better for the job than you ba’vodu Jax.”

Jax spluttered and grumbled, shifting awkwardly from foot to foot.

“Devon’s not ready yet … it’s too big a responsibility for him.”

Talan huffed, annoyance twisting his leonine features as he shook his head. Jax was just being difficult now, and his heel dragging would just encourage idiots like Spar into thinking that they had an actual shot at the title of Manda’lor.

“It’s not like you won’t still be lurking around Jax. And you’ve gotta let him go at some point or he’ll never be independent.”

Dagorlad nodded in agreement with his brother’s words, turning and picking up the helmet before looking back at Jax. Turning to face the old Director properly, he held the helmet out.

“Jax … do it … please?”

He looked his uncle in the eye.

“Y’know what my mama would say if she were here.”
Jax flinched, throwing a dirty look at his much younger nephew. That was not fair at all. But … the upstart brat was right. He’d been raised to lead anyway, and that hadn’t changed just because he’d been disowned by his own family. Hanging his head in resignation, Jax reached out and carefully took the helmet from Dagorlad. He looked down at it, seeing his face reflect back up at him in the freshly polished visor.

“Brats the lot of you. Manipulative little brats.”

Dagorlad shrugged and grinned boyishly.

“You love us really.”

Jax huffed out a laugh and turned the helmet in his hands, raising it and putting it on. As he straightened up and looked around, every Mandalorian in the Oyu’baat dropped to one knee and dipped their heads while those unable to take a knee simply bowed their heads. All of them paying homage to their new chieftain of chieftains: their Manda’lor. Dagorlad had been one of the last to drop to a knee and he grinned as he looked at the floor.

“Manda’lor Aranar! Manda’lor Aranar!”

His cry was soon taken up by the other warriors in the cantina.

“Manda’lor Aranar! Manda’lor Aranar! Manda’lor Aranar!”

Jax looked around at the chanting Mandalorians, his gobsmacked expression hidden behind his new helmet. Mandalore the Defender … what a name to live up to.

Chapter End Notes

So … what does everyone think? Please leave reviews and let me know! ^^

Translations:

“This I thought I was the last! You need to calm down!" : I thought I [was] the last! You need to calm down!

“Calm down? Calm down?! I thought you died! I saw you fall!" : Calm down? Calm down?! I thought you died! I saw you fall!

Oyu’baat: Biggest cantina in Keldabe
Kaminiise: Kaminoans
Ori’vod: big brother/sister
Vod’ika: little brother/sister
buir: parent - in this case father
Vod: friend/brother/sister
Ba’vodu: aunt/uncle
Manda’lor: the chieftain of chieftains/leader of the Mandalorians
Mando’ad(e): child/children of Mandalore
Manda’lor Aranar: Mandalore the Defender
Sunny yawned as he climbed up onto the roof of the Oyu’baat. Sunrises in Keldabe were just the best and while it was cool now, the day would soon warm up to borderline scorching. How the armorsmiths and weaponsmiths could cope was beyond his understanding, their forges alone were hotter than a star and then add the outside heat too? Sunny shuddered at the mere thought of dealing with that day in day out. Finally heaving himself over the lip of the roof, the former Captain blinked. Wrench was a notorious night owl and heavens help anyone that dared wake him before midday… so what the fuck was he doing awake before the sun was even up?

“Vod?”

Wrench looked over his shoulder at Sunny, his blue eyes full of exhaustion.

“Sunny … don’t mind me. Just wanted …”

He sighed and looked out at the horizon again where the first tinges of red were starting to creep into the sky. “FireFlight wouldn’t shut up about these damn sunrises so I thought I’d see for myself before going to work.”

“Not judging here vod. Just never seen you awake this early before.”

Sunny sat down next to Wrench, the two clones quiet and unwilling to spoil the sunrise dawning before them. Reds slowly bled into oranges and golds before fading into the crystal clear blue that signalled yet another sunny day. It was just so peaceful and tranquil … Sunny damn near jumped out of his skin and off the roof when Wrench let out a melancholy sigh and rubbed his forearm.

“Aenee would’ve loved this. We always talked about what an actual sunrise would look like when we were training back on Kamino.”

Sunny looked across at the medic, confusion evident on his face. Who was Wrench talking about? There wasn’t an Outcast, past or present, named Aenee as far as he knew.
“Who’s Aenee?”

Wrench stiffened before slumping, letting go of his forearm to rub his hand over his face. As he did so, his sleeve pulled down slightly and Sunny could see a strange scar on the inside of the medic’s forearm. It looked … if Sunny didn’t know any better then he’d have said it was a particularly frantic heartbeat. The scar was soon covered up again as Wrench’s hand dropped into his lap and the medic huffed.

“Aenee was one of my batchmates. He’s … he’s not around anymore.”

With that he twisted around, gripping the edge of the roof and lowering himself down and through a window into one of the Oyu’baat’s rooms. Sunny just let him go, wondering if the medic would ever give him more answers than questions.

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Wrench let out a low huff as he slipped into his room, padding as quietly over to his bunk as he could. Wouldn’t do to wake his roommates; the twins were absolute terrors if they were woken before they were ready, and Barricade might be an early riser … but it was his version of early; which was mid afternoon now he could get up and call it a night whenever he pleased. Hauling himself up into his bunk, he sighed tiredly and ran a hand over his face.

“Dammit FireFlight … you just had to go on about those damn sunrises.”

A tired huff escaping him, he pulled his sleeve back to look at the scar on the inside of his forearm. It was a heartbeat, frantic and hyper … and it was one of the last reminders he had of Aenee as he was before. The long necks had been so busy with their beloved ‘tame reconditioning’ procedure (Jango had banned them from being put down after he saved 99) that they hadn’t seen him grab the scalpel until his arm was drenched in blood and he was trying to kill Nala Se in a desperate attempt to save his brother’s memories. The scientist still had a thin scar on her neck where he’d got her before getting hauled off by two already grown clones. It hadn’t worked though. His brother was gone, wiped into a clean tame slate that now followed one of the Kaminoan doctors around like a puppy back home on Kamino. All Wrench had of him were memories and a panicked heartbeat carved into his arm …

“He’s gone … there’s no getting him back.”

Wrench rolled over to face the wall, gripping tight to his arm and feeling the deep scar tissue on his wrist. Aenee was long gone, and there was nothing in the Galaxy that would bring him back.

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“‘Ow can ya cope wit’ dis ‘eat?!”

Nikov was dramatically sprawled out in a strill’s water trough, the teenager stripped down to his flight suit and looking absolutely done with everything as he soaked. His mentor just ignored him, the heavy clangs of a hammer hitting metal the only response the teenager’s dramatics earned. Whining, Nikov lazily opened an eye and looked into the dim forge, spying Dagorlad only when the light from outside caught off the older Mandalorian’s sweat sheened muscles.

“M’serious ‘ere! Ah come from a deser’ plane’ an’ ah’m dahyin’ ou’ ‘ere!”

“Go hide in someone’s ice box then if the heat’s that bad; or go find Jax and see if he’ll give you a job that takes you up towards the mountains, that’ll definitely cool you off.”
Dagorlad emerged from the dim forge, carefully carrying what would eventually become a chestplate in a pair of tongs. The metal was glowing a bright blood orange as the Mandalorian dumped it into the barrel of oil set up specifically for heat treating such armor plates. The surface of the oil hissed and flamed, flames running across the chestplate piece as Dagorlad pulled it out of the oil with a thoughtful look on his face. Frowning, the blond set it down on the small table next to the barrel and grabbed a file. Pursing his lips in thought, he quickly ran the file along the edges of the plate, finally relaxing when the file skated straight off the metal rather than biting into it.

“Damn; ‘bout time I got the heat treat right.”

He set the plate aside on a pile of already completed chest plates and turned fully to face his student. Huffing and wiping the sweat from his face, Dagorlad undid his apron and tossed it onto the table, leaving himself in just the lower half of his flight suit and armor.

“C’mon then whiny, if the heat is bothering you that much then I guess we’ll call it early and go get something to eat.”

That had Nikov hauling himself out of the water trough like someone had attached a rocket to his shebs. The teen had hollow legs on his best days so food was always going to get him moving. Laughing as he pulled a loose shirt over his head, Dagorlad led the way out of the forge he was sharing with its owner. Letting Nikov dash ahead of him, Dagorlad stopped by the water barrel at the forge’s entrance and dunked his head in to cool off (he’d never admit it to Nikov but he was absolutely scorched!). Flinging his head back as he straightened up, the blond shook his head to fling off the majority of the water, startling out of his thoughts at the angry screech coming from just in front of him. He opened his eyes and blinked, a slight blush tingeing his cheeks. Just bloody brilliant … he’d managed to soak Jax’s protege, the rather attractive Cathar that he’d only seen in passing thus far. Oops. Dagorlad grinned awkwardly as he sidestepped around the barrel and held out an arm to the irritated looking felid in front of him. Gods those stripes were hot.

“Um … sorry?”

Glittering emerald eyes glared at him with utter contempt before the Cathar reluctantly gripped Dagorlad’s arm in response, letting it go almost as quickly as he’d taken the offered limb.

“Jax was looking for you; best you … finish cleaning up and stop making him wait.”

***

“You’re late.”

Dagorlad growled low in his throat as he entered the back room of the Oyu’baat which had been turned into Jax’s command center. He wasn’t a child any more! Nor was he some gopher late with reports!

“Well excuse me for helping the other goran with forging more beskar’gam! And besides, didn’t know you were looking for me until your messenger showed up.”

He shoulder shoved Spar aside, hissing viciously when the clone let out a low rumble of protest, and situated himself at Jax’s shoulder.

“What’s the issue?”

“Unsurprisingly, you.”

Jax brought up a holoposter on the main table for everyone to see. It was an arrest warrant … for
Dagorlad. Another poster soon followed, this one for Nikov. Dagorlad ran a hand through his hair and huffed as the two posters slowly spun in front of him, his face and Nikov’s on display for all to know. Damn … couldn’t they have at least used a different picture?

“They never were good at taking holos; I look like I’m half asleep.”

He yelped as Talan leaned over to smack his thigh harshly, the older Fett growling his displeasure.

“This isn’t a joke vod’ika! The Jetii and GAR want you both for desertion, the Republic want you for stealing the soldiers you brought with you; their paperwork be damned … Dagorlad the bounty on your head could feed a clan the size of the Rau’s for a month!”

Dagorlad snorted roughly. Like anyone would be stupid enough to take the bounty anyway. The only hunters that would give him any trouble were either here standing around the table or in prison (sucks to be Bane sometimes) so he really wasn’t that fussed.

“Anyway in other news; have the Sundari morons sent out any more ‘suggestions’ for how we govern ourselves?”

Jax’s eye narrowed and he huffed, clearing the holotable of the two arrest warrants before bringing up another list.

“Yes … but they’ve also agreed to a meeting on neutral ground. I’d rather we try and reach a settlement before we go headlong into an all out war with the Republic, which we know is what will happen if things go to haran.”

Dagorlad looked sharply at Jax, eyes narrowed. That … that sounded very suspicious. If only because he knew Satine would never willingly negotiate a settlement wherein she wouldn’t get her way in its entirety. There would probably be at least one if not two Jetii present; plus a squad of troopers. And that’d be enough to cause no end of issues.

“If you’re so insistent on this madness then I’m coming too. Am I to assume this is an ‘unarmed’ meeting?”

Jax threw an irritable and dry look at Dagorlad.

“Don’t be sarcastic; it doesn’t suit you. And yes; it’s been … requested that the delegates are unarmed.”

Dagorlad exchanged a look across the table with Rav and Old Man Tenau and nodded. At least he wasn’t the only one not happy with this. Well … he could tell Rav was definitely not happy about the idea of Jax going into this supposed meeting unarmed; but those two were married in all but name so he wasn’t surprised. His late and not so lamented grandfather’s older brother on the other hand? Who knew what that old codger was thinking?

“The delegates maybe.”

***

The meeting was to take place on a wide open scrub plain about an equal distance between Keldabe and Sundari. Being a scrub plain; it had almost no cover to hide potential snipers or any … uninvited guests to this shindig. But just because there was almost no cover didn’t mean there was no way to hide snipers at all. They just had to be creative. Because of Satine’s need for ‘due process’ and ‘proper organisation’; the location of the meeting had been decided days before the actual meeting itself. Which had given Dagorlad, Old Man Tenau and Vau plenty of time to actually scout the
meeting place out and prepare well concealed trenches in which to hide three snipers under camouflage sheets. Sniper trenches that Jax didn’t need to know about … for his own good of course. Plausible deniability and all that jazz. Blue-Streak, Sev and Devon had all been situated in the trenches the night before the meeting; Fenn overseeing the deployment and making sure that the trio of snipers couldn’t be seen. Morning dawned clear as usual on the plain, the silence only interrupted by the low hum of speeders as they approached. Three from Keldabe and a single larger transport from Sundari. Jax dismounted his speeder along with Dagorlad and Rav; the trio removing their helmets and watching as the other transport stopped a few hundred meters away to disgorge its’ own passengers. Rav scoffed quietly and shook her head.

“I don’t like this Jax. This is too vulnerable, too open. And the Duchess will be sure to have brought Jetii with her … this could be the prelude to a repeat of Galidraan.”

Both Jax and Dagorlad flinched before Dagorlad reached into his kama, not yet withdrawing his hand though.

“Stop worrying Ba’vodu’Rav. Our … ‘impartial’ witness is gonna distract the Jetii enough that they ain’t gonna be concentrating much on causing us any grief.”

He hoped. All three Mandalorians watched as guards descended the ramp first to stand at the end before Satine disembarked her transport, Kenobi and Skywalker predictably following behind her. It admittedly though didn’t make sense. For a negotiation like this; it would’ve been better to send Consular’s who were specifically trained for such incidents. Not the Republic’s poster boys. Rolling his eyes as the trio approached, leaving their clone escort and the ‘Royal’ guards behind on the transport; Dagorlad finally pulled his hand out of his kama, along with a glowing red pyramid. He tossed it to the ground in the middle of the open space between the Sundari delegation and the Keldabe group, laughing when both Skywalker and Kenobi tensed up.

“Relax Jetii, it’s just our impartial witness.”

The pyramid glowed brighter for a moment before projecting up a robed and masked figure. They looked over at Dagorlad, Jax and Rav before turning to eye Satine, Kenobi and Skywalker as well. A low derisive snort escaped them and they shook their head.

“Well … four thousand years and I see the Jedi still haven’t changed. If anything, from what I’ve been hearing it looks like there’s been an alarming and exponential decline in Jedi intelligence since my passing.”

“Be nice grandcestor; it’s not their fault.”

Dagorlad smirked evilly over at the two alarmed looking Jedi. Of course they’d be freaking out; this holocron was thought lost to time and even then, it’s design suggested a different origin to the blue hexagonal holocrons one found in the Jedi Temple on Coruscant.

“Gentlemen, Lady … I’d like to introduce our witness to what I’m sure will one day be considered a most historical event. For those of you who haven’t studied history going back to the Old Republic, he’s probably an unknown. To those of you who have, then if you don’t know who this is then I’m most … disappointed.”

Dagorlad tilted his head slightly before gesturing almost lazily to the holofigure.

“Jedi Master, Sith Lord, mass murderer, hero of three wars … the only Jedi to ever earn the respect of the Manda’lor … Lady and gentlemen, Revan Shan.”
Thanks for reading! Please feel free to leave review's and whatnot; they fuel my soul ^^

Translations:

goran : blacksmiths
beskar'gam : armor
haran : hell
Ba'vodu'Rav : Aunty Rav
“Absolutely not.”

“Why?! We both want the same damn thing! Peace! Besides who exactly would you have face us if war is the only option?! You and your people are pacifists with no standing army and only a few police and royal bodyguards who have any actual training! And the Republic? They have their own war and own problems Satine! A civil war isn’t gonna be a fucking blip on their radar regardless of which Jetii you’re cosy with!”

The verbal sparring between Jax and Satine made for a great spectator sport, even if they were basically just arguing the same damn topic over and over again. It was really quite tragic in all honesty. Dagorlad threw a side eye at Revan, the holofigure seemingly just as bored as he was. Even Rav appeared to be falling asleep on her feet; only the occasional flinch to keep herself upright actually showing that she was at least still in the land of the somewhat awake. The knowledge that came with his experience as an Intelligence Commander … and his will to use that information to get what he needed … kept Jax on an equal footing with Satine, despite her greater political experience. The angry Kavlevalan Duchess had been born to be a politician and as she once again circled back around to the same contested issue it really showed. Eventually an angry comment from Satine about the True Mandalorians being glorified war criminals for their part in the Mandalorian Civil Wars made Dagorlad’s ears perk up and he looked sharply at the Duchess, a nasty smirk twisting the scars on his face.

“For someone who lets an actual war criminal warm her bed, you’re one to talk Duchess.”

Silence. Silence so thick you could probably carve a chair from it and sit quite comfortably. Silence only broken eventually by the dry raspy chuckle from Revan, the holofigure’s shoulders shaking with mirth.

“Oh do explain descendant please!”

Dagorlad’s smirk turned almost cruel as his eyes flicked over to Revan before snapping back to focus on a rather pale looking Obi-Wan.
“The rules of warfare as set out under the Alderaanian Accords; more specifically the first amendment of said Accords; decree that the act of perfidy or false surrender is an act that degrades the mutual restraints and protections of all parties in warfare … and as such was declared to be a war crime. Our dear Negotiator here pulled such a stunt on Christophosis in order to buy time to deactivate the Separatist ray shield. Hence he is a war criminal;” Was Dagorlad enjoying this moment far too much? Maybe ... so sue him. He didn’t care; he’d been holding onto this little nugget since Swipes had told him what Obi-Wan had done. The look on Kenobi’s face … pure gold! Hells all the Spice on Ryloth couldn’t buy a look like that! “and as such should feel the full might of Republic Law. But he won’t … because he’s a precious Jedi poster boy and Manda forbid their image be stained.”

His grin widened as both Jedi opened and shut their mouths, looking for all the world like landed fish. This was utterly delicious!

“Stop gawping Kenobi; you know its’ true. Dear old Qui-Gon would be so disappointed with you.”

“Dagorlad … do shut up.”

***

Swipes was bloodied; missing an eye and exhausted; and Quicksilver would need a new arm … but they’d accomplished what they’d set out to do. The dark saber swung lazily from its’ place on Swipes’ belt as the two clones tiredly stumbled into Keldabe, their battered and filthy armor scorched and scored by too many vibroblades to count. Quicksilver stumbled, a tired yelp of pain escaping him as the stump that was once his upper arm crashed into Swipes’ side. His mentor reacted as quickly as his exhaustion dulled reactions could; supporting the younger clone as best he could as they passed the city limits.

“Swipes! By the Manda Swipes! Fuck someone get some stretchers here now!”

Solid firm hands caught Swipes by the shoulders and; in a rare display of him actually showing that he had other feelings besides aggression and snark, he allowed himself to sag into those hands. The support felt nice … it was nice to finally let his aching feet rest. Rest was good. Rest was very good indeed. Other hands quickly took Quicksilver away, the younger clone letting out a tired noise of distress. He was soothed though as medics in beskar’gam helped him flop almost bonelessly onto the prepared stretcher. Swipes finally managed to look up with his good eye, a tired smile flickering across his blood covered face.

“You look worried Wrench. Shouldn’t look worried … doesn’t look good … beskar suits you though … s’hard. Like your head.”

Wrench growled in frustration as he helped the assassin down onto a stretcher, roughly punching his less injured looking arm. Even when seriously injured, Swipes was still the galaxies greatest jerk. Fucking prick.

“Shut up asshole. I’ll look as fucking worried as I please when you two show up looking like you do!”

Swipes grinned, showing that he was missing one of his front teeth now too, and pointed to his belt. The dark saber glinted in the sunlight … if a blade could look smug about being a trophy then this particular blade was definitely doing so.

“Got what we went for tho’.”
“So what do you want hmmm?”

Satine’s eyes narrowed as she observed the trio of warriors standing before her, totally unimpressed and unintimidated by her status or her escort. She knew what they really wanted, of that she was sure. And she was not willing to let them have it. She’d gone through too much, sacrificed too much … oh far, far too much … to give in and let these thugs with delusions of grandeur ruin the peace and stability she had brought to the southern continent of Mandalore. If it didn’t violate her staunch belief in non-violence, she’d have definitely slapped the smug looking blond bastard standing at the self-styled Manda’lor’s right. Damn him. Damn him and his ‘impartial’ witness. Proclaiming those lies about Obi-Wan like that … there was no way her Jedi was a war criminal! The very idea was absolutely absurd. He’d probably thrown those lies in just to rattle her and try to draw attention away from his own crimes.

“Want? Satine what I want is for my people to be allowed to live as they will. Whether that be here on Mandalore, within the system … don’t look at me like that; you know damn well that Concord Dawn is a True Mandalorian stronghold after the one city you tried to install there was driven out; or on whatever planet they’re plying their trade! All I want is for all Mando’ade to live free without reprisals simply because you don’t like that there are those out there who won’t dance to your tune.”

Jax’s eye narrowed angrily as Satine drew herself up to protest. He was getting pretty frustrated with all this confounded going around in circles. Dagorlad definitely hadn’t helped matters; although the little titbit about one of the Jetii being present being a war criminal would probably come in handy later. Who knew his younger nephew actually bothered to study something that didn’t involve someone else getting hurt? Though how much of the history lesson he’d blurted out had actually come from Revan rather than his own studying was up for debate. It was a conundrum he could dissect later; right now he had a more annoying target.

“If it comes to war Satine … we will win. You cannot wipe out the Mando’ade; we’re an idea. A culture. As long as there is one left who follows the Resol’nare we shall survive. Can you say the same? Can you say that if it were to come to war your people would survive the inevitable slaughter?”

The blood seemed to drain from Satine’s face, leaving her even paler than she already was; and Jax realised his mistake too late. He’d pushed her too far. Abruptly, the Duchess turned and stormed back towards her transport; leaving one bemused Sith/Jedi spirit, two very confused Jedi and three startled Mandalorians standing there like stunned eoples.

“I think you upset her.”

***

“Swipes I gotta know … an assassin of your skill; how the bloody buggering hell did you get caught?!”

Swipes winced as Wrench yanked a bandage around his ribs just a shade too tight for his liking. Frustrating prick; always getting right to the root of the problem without any fanfare or prevaricating. Sometimes the medic’s honesty was refreshing; right now it was just plain annoying. Groaning quietly, the older assassin flopped back onto his bed and sighed; watching as Wrench injected a mix of painkillers and slow acting sedatives into his arm; thankfully he knew that the cocktail would not interact with the stims in his system … probably the only reason he’d ever trusted Wrench with the admission of his addiction. Any other medic would’ve probably killed him on accident by now.
“They were waiting for us … somehow they found out we were coming. In … in all honesty …”

Wrench frowned, watching Swipes with concern. He’d never seen Swipes like this. He’d seen Swipes in all sorts of moods. Cocky, arrogant, angry, bone chillingly furious, cunning, sneaky … but this. This actually concerned him.

“They outmatched us. Outnumbered us. We only got away because when they thought we were beaten they relaxed.”

Swipes shook his head and winced as the movement set off his headache again. He knew he needed rest; but there was one more thing he needed to pass on; preferably before the sedatives actually took him off to dreamland.

“Wrench … there’s something else. They … Death Watch …” He grit his teeth, fighting the sedative. “They … they’re everywhere …”

Wrench paled as Swipes finally slumped back against his bed, the sedatives doing their work and while not knocking the assassin out all together; at least making him drowsy to not continue talking. Death Watch were potentially hiding somewhere on Mandalore … at least that was definitely the worst case scenario from that cryptic little mumble … and someone had betrayed Swipes and Quicksilver to them. There was a rat in the camp … and they needed to be found now.

***

“You were supposed to get rid of those two! Fett might be the public face of the Outcasts but it’s the assassins that do all the dirty work.”

“You’re lucky we injured them both! You failed to mention that the older one is Priest trained; and that they lack the moral restrictions of most of your kind.”

“Emphasis on the most there. Just make sure you take out the Jedi and Mandalorians at the meeting today; I’ll finish the job here.”

“Watch your tone clone. You don’t get to order anyone around here; you came to us with this plan remember? So perhaps you might wanna show a little respect.”

“You honor your side of the deal and I’ll honor mine. Just deal with the two leaderships at that meeting and this whole planet will be yours and I’ll be on my way.”

***

The first hint that something was wrong was a low hum. A low hum that steadily got louder and louder; and was soon accompanied by a whistling noise high pitched enough to drive Dagorlad to his knees as he gripped at his head. The pain was beyond unbearable; the sound raising his hackles and making his skull feel like it was literally being split open from the inside by a mad construction droid with a hammer problem. But it was Rav who realised what was truly going on as she dove towards Jax and knocked him to the ground in an unseemly heap.

“Get down!”

The rocket screamed over the heads of the Manda’lor and Rav; narrowly missing that ridiculous piece of fabric attached to her shoulders that Rav insisted gave her a more dramatic presence. It shot past the Jedi before they had time to react; their senses nowhere near as hair trigger as the more combat experienced Mandalorians … and completely missed the transport as its’ lumbering engines slowly whirred to life. The missile eventually ran out of propellant and crashed into the ground;
exploding as it’s sensitive warhead finally impacted on something solid. The ensuing conflagration was … cataclysmic in the extreme. A heat so hot it put the heat of the twin suns of Tattooine at midday to shame. A heat so hot as to rival the birth of a star. The concussive shock of the blast was just as destructive; throwing the Duchess’s transport up and back in a scream of overtaxed engines and stressed metal. The bone jarring thud of the transport crashing back down on its’ back startled Kenobi out of his shock and he turned on a dime, charging back towards the stricken transport as the flames from the explosion inched ever closer; devouring the dry scrub with the voracity of a pack of strills.

“Satine!”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys liked this one! Please feel free to review; tell me what you liked/disliked; what direction you'd like to see me go in; any characters you'd like to see! I am but your humble author ^^

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!