**Combat**

Ignatius Blaeceth had to keep moving.

Every instinct in his body screamed at him to stop and rest but he knew that if he did he wasn’t getting back up.

His ship was downed in the Shattered Plain and then destroyed in a fight with an entity that resided there, taking with it his only means of communication to the Brotherhood. Ignatius was on truly his own.

Ignatius kept a steady pace as he moved through the crystal maze-like structure of the Fortress of The Unchained. The sound of the medic pack clanging against the air supply strapped to his back helping him focus on his pace and not on the aching pain slowly overcoming his muscles. The equipment provided by the brotherhood now being the only thing keeping him sane.

Through the reflections of the crystals Ignatius could see flashes of ships and blasters as the battle over the Fortress took place. A battle he should be a part of.

Ignatius slowest pace, just a little, just enough to allow his body some rest, but also to keep his muscles from seizing up from all the pain, whether it was by luck of fate, he couldn’t help, but feel like something was not right about this place, and not just the interdimensional fortress. He found himself in the crystal structure that made it, but something else something was watching him. He turned his head just a little and there he saw a red light sabre beam coming straight towards him.

Every survival instinct Ignatius had pulled him to one side, just enough so that when the blade came crashing down on the crystal floor it missed him just barely.

Ignatius saw his would-be assassin, an individual known only to the brotherhood as the Journeyman, one of the high-value targets either to be killed or captured. Ignatius didn’t think he had the strength to do either right now but it was now about survival, not completing a mission.

Ignatius knew enough about the Journeyman to know he had just avoided probably the cleanest death this target would give him that if he wasn’t quick then he would not be leaving the Fortress alive.

Muscle memory drove Ignatius to reach for his blaster as he begun to sprint around the Journeyman. Several bolts already fired before he’d even aimed at his target. Cracking the floor. The Journeyman waisted no time deflecting the bolts coming his way.

Ignatius managed to get a few paces in his encircling of the Journeyman before his target seemingly got annoyed of his efforts as Ignatius suddenly felt an invisible hand grab his neck and pulled him towards the Journeyman, the invisible hand replaced with a real one as the two met face to face. The grip was not enough to choke but enough to hold Ignatius in place as he looked into the grey eyes of his soon to be killer.

“I don’t like dragging these things out” spat the Journeyman “so I’ll make this quick”

Ignatius gripped tightly on the blaster, a small glance at the lightsaber inches from his face before he smirked “how considerate of you”.

Before the Journeyman had time to react Ignatius shoved his blaster into the lightsaber so that the blade hit the power core of the weapon. The sparks and shrapnel was enough for the Journeyman to loss his grip of Ignatius and howl in pain.

This was Ignatius’ chance, with the little momentum he had he pushed himself into the Journeyman. Their collision sent the lightsaber flying across the room.

Ignatius was now on top on his target, pushing down on his neck to cut off the oxygen

Ignatius failed to see the Journeyman reach for his own blaster.

Another invisible hand wrapped around Ignatius’ throat, this time tight enough that Ignatius could no longer breath. With a kick and a push the Journeyman flipped Ignatius over now he was the one pinned to the floor.

As a two struggled on the cold crystal floor of the Fortress, the blaster struggling between their combined grip, Ignatius knew this was probably the end. He had no strength left, and that this was just so that whoever found his body they could say tried to survive.

As if by accident or a muscle jerk, Ignatius' elbow twitched with just enough force that the blaster was nudged closer to the journeyman’s face.

And with a knock the gun went off.

Ignatius’ breath was now the only sound that could be heard in the ever shifting corridors of the Fortress. Not even the battle overhead could be heard. Ignatius slowly scrawled away from the body of the Journeyman, daring not to look back for fear he might get back up.

Ignatius pushed himself forward, trying to get himself back on his feet. But it was no use. The injury from the crash, the entity, the ship exploding and now this. It was all too much for his body to take.

He fell unconscious from the pain.