

## Retribution

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**Hoth**  
**Echo Base**  
**41 ABY**

Not even the frozen lands of Hoth could quell the burning fury buried deep within Anders' heart. The entrance to what once was Echo Base for the rebellion served as the perfect hive for the loathsome *Creatures* of Mortis, as Anders liked to call them.

The incoming storm was on the horizon. Anders was going to have to make this quick if he didn't want to get trapped in the swirling blizzards.

That was fine by him. He had no intention of lingering for long.

"Buddy, do you mind?"

The little droid hopped onto an electronic panel by the side of a set of durasteel blast doors, poking and prodding it until it was able to force them open.

Anders walked inside with no words in his mouth, his eyes furrowing at the wretchedness he saw before him. He didn't hesitate, summoning his weapon to his hand.

*Snap-hiss!*

The crimson-red blade was the perfect juxtaposition to the icy white walls of the compound, the hum of his weapon alerting those within to his presence. The first rushed him, proclaiming their faith to the Children and Mortis and their loyalty to the father. They swung a vibrosword at Anders, the ripple in the Force warning him far in advance of their amateur mistake. Anders sidestepped, bringing his lightsaber down upon their neck, brutally decapitating them.

Blaster fire was next, which further proved Anders' point that these beasts only deserved death. They lacked honour, refinement, and common decency. Anders made quick work of them, using a telekinetic grip to bring an upper walkway down upon them.

His massacre continued within. No matter who they were, Anders was careful to attack one by one, executing with absolute precision. These were not warriors, nor soldiers, but recruiters lacking in power. To them, Anders was likely their worst nightmare made reality.

*Good.*

Anders held the last up in a tight telekinetic grip in front of his blade.

"P-Please, I don't want to die!"

*Pathetic.*

"I am searching for a young man by the name of Draca Zul. He was manipulated by your *Father*," Anders practically spat his name. "You wouldn't happen to know any information pertaining to his whereabouts, would you?"

"I-I don't know who you are talking about!"

The trembling Pantoran sickened Anders to his core. He dropped the being to the ground, placing one hand on his scalp. He dug in with the Force, weaving it through the Pantoran's mind like silk threads being knitted together. The Pantoran gasped as Anders had no regard for his well-being.

"Please... stop..." the Pantoran said weakly.

Anders dropped them to the ground. "Indeed. You know nothing."

He then promptly stabbed them through the heart. Anders turned his attention to the nearby electronics, setting them ablaze with a concentrated blast of dark side energy, the tendrils of lightning working as intended.

He retracted his lightsaber, putting the hilt back on his belt before placing his hands behind his back.

"Come along, Buddy. There is little else for us here."

Anders left the base to burn, not even the storms of Hoth could quench the inferno that began to rise into the sky, blackening it. Anders would find Draca, and he would destroy any who stood in his way...

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