A Haunted Mirage

Malfrost walked down the street of the empty city, his senses heightened and on edge. This was Eos but it wasn’t; he recognized streets, buildings and signed but it was all…wrong. On the surface everything looked right but upon closer examination, signs were spelled wrong with a letter or two and there was a faint glow that seemed to emanate from the very air around him. “I don’t like this one bit.” He muttered to himself and his HK companion as they ventured down the streets of this ghostly city. Eos was normally a busy and bustling place where you couldn’t hear yourself think but now…he could hear the echoes of his footfalls as he waked down the empty streets.

Dissonant whispers filled his ears as he gripped the handles of his lightsabers. The Force was extremely strong and potent here…he could feel is body pulsing with potential. This was pure, unmitigated power and it felt both good and unsettling. “The quicker we can scout this place, the quicker I can get out of here…” He spoke but no sooner than those words were uttered did a ghostly visage appear in front of him. He recognized the uniform and equipment as his eyes widened, “Collective!?” He managed to get out before the spirit lunged for him; but he was quick on the draw as both of his lightsabers hummed to life, bisecting the misty figure as it collapsed to the ground and dissipated.

He felt the hair on his neck stand up though as he realized that in that brief moment, he had been surrounded. So many misty figures, too many to count and all of them bore the mark of the Collective. “What is this bad joke…here to haunt us cause your little attack failed? Can’t be good little spirits and just rest in peace, could you?” Malfrost scoffed, sighing as he twirled his lightsabers in his hands as he dropped into an offensive stance, bending his knees as he gazed around him, marking out the path he would take to slaughter his way through these would be vengeful spirits.

He would tap into every bit of the Force that he could here; it felt like it would overwhelm him if he wasn’t careful, but he needed every bit of this power if he wanted to get out alive. He let the Force fuel his muscles and enter his mind, expanding it to read every potential outcome of this upcoming conflict. Most of them went his way but he wanted to be efficient and end this as quickly as possible. The rage, anger and hatred that would overwhelm so many other was controlled and leashed, if barely, to turn the young human into a brutally effective killing machine. He sprung forward, blades twirling around him like wisps of light as he cut his way through the ghosts and phantoms.

Just like their invasion in the real world, the Collective were cut down but there were no explosions or screams or the desperate cries of civilians. There wasn’t the semi-controlled panic on the comms links as reinforcements and medics were rushed to various sectors. Instead, there was simply the hum of two lightsabers as they cut through the phantoms like they were little more than cloth as Malfrost himself was a purple and yellow blur as his two blades, often the only glimpse of the man the phantoms caught were a brief glimmer of his armor, shining in the light.

Malfrost wasn’t sure if it was an instant or an eternity but whatever it was, it was over. He felt the Force leave him, his body becoming fatigued as he caught his breath. He opened up his helmet and rubbed away some sweat as he gazed back to the exit portal and let out a sigh. “Well…I’ve done my part and earned my credits…someone else’s turn.” He chuckled to himself as he began to make his way back towards the portal that his HK unit was guarding. He had had enough fun for the day…actually, scratch that, he had enough fun for a whole week just then.