

The End

Halcyon Rokir Taldrya - House Taldryan - Pin #43

Catacombs of the Sith Academy Dromund Kaas

“No use in hiding.”

There was no sound, but he knew a number of forms had shifted around him. A blade of emerald energy glided out of the lightsaber hilt he held in his hand. The normally vibrant-hue was dulled, as his stealth suit sucked in much of the ambient light. Six more blades joined his, each of those a deep-crimson. The crimson-blades were held by members of the Mecrosa Order; Force-assassins being the best description for the members. They had followed the Intruder for some time, shadowing his movements until called out.

They had trapped him in a long-corridor made of old-stone, well underground. Any form of communications was cut-off. The man with the green-blade was alone.

A Mecrosian stirred, sensing the slightest of disturbances. Realization hit them too late as their cry of warning was swallowed by a sudden raging storm that erupted in the middle of the corridor. Gale-like forces exploded from the intruder, slamming into the assassins and hurtling into the unforgiving stone. The bodies had barely touched the walls before crackling sapphire energy bathed the corridor. It snaked through the bodies of the Mecrosians, a few screaming in pain before their voices were snuffed out.

The Intruder had not moved, although his chest was heaving. The bodies fell around him. Two were blacked beyond recognition, while a third had their neck twisted in an inhuman-fashion. Moving to finish the remaining assassins, the Intruder barely sensed a new entrant in the combat. He twisted in mid-movement, feeling the stinging sensation of a sharp blade slicing through a portion of his chest and shoulder. A second assassin had come from behind, saber ignited as they aimed to bisect the Intruder's upper-torso from the rest of his body. The Intruder managed to put his own blade in the path of the attack while send an invisible blow to the attackers head that staggered them back.

The knife-wielder was upon him again, her lithe form elegant as she got inside of his defenses and managed to score another slash with her weapons. The Intruder stumbled back, but caught himself and deflected another blow with his blade. The knife managed to stay intact from contact with a lightsaber, clearing showing it was not made of regular metal. The Intruder also felt his injuries throbbing beyond the actual wound.

“You’ve lost.”

It was the first words spoken from any of the assassins, and confirmed the Intruder’s own thoughts; the knives were coated with a poison. He could feel it burning through his veins. He had no time to heal himself, shunting the pain away as he sensed the other assassins regaining consciousness and about to join in the fray.

“Keep him alive.”

The voice came from nowhere and everywhere. The Intruder felt no new presence, but knew it did not come from any of the assassins around him. As he attempted to stretch out his senses he was suddenly cut-off from everything; the Force had abandoned him.

He had no time to dwell on it before his head exploded in pain and darkness engulfed him

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The Intruder slowly opened his eyes, and instantly regretted it. He fought back a groan, but quickly shut his eyes once more as the light seemed to burn into his retina. Calming himself to assess the situation he could feel his arms and legs had been tied to a metal chair; the metal bitterly cold against his exposed skin as he had been stripped of all clothing.

He felt his long hair hanging in front of his face, feeling almost slick as it rubbed against his face. He could feel a giant throbbing sensation on the side of his head; likely where the blow that had knocked him unconscious had taken place. There were a number of new cuts and contusions scattered throughout his body, but there was not a single thing he could do about the mounting pain. The poison however seemed to be gone, or he just could not feel it anymore.

“Dark Prophet Halcyon Taldrya Rokir.”

The voice was the same one that told the others to keep him alive. It was toneless; completely neutral in all ways. He raised his head slightly and opened his eyes ever-so slowly.

“Yes, good. You recovered much faster than we would have assumed without the use of the Force, and with your more advanced years.”

Halcyon said nothing as he allowed his eyes to adjust to the light. He could make out a non-descript form, covered in stealth-armour. Not an image lay bare, and the voice was clearly digitized. Not a single feature could be determined from this being.

“Esoteric.”

“Ah, you know me. Your intelligence is better than I would have guessed. A shame I could not have remained in the background a bit longer. And you, we have information on.”

A datapad was thrown at Rokir’s feet, the image on it clearly of him in better days.

“Information that was rendered much less valuable when you stepped away from being, what is that term...the Shadow Hand? Our initial attacks always had you in mind as a key player for the Brotherhood, but now? Not so much. Some red beast has taken your spot, and now you are what? A nothing?”

Halcyon stared straight ahead, silent, but nearly jumped as he felt Esoteric’s gloved hands on his face; he never heard them once move in his direction.

He eased around the corner, careful to check if any other pilot was coming. They had just flown a successful mission against the Imperials, and all of them should be celebrating. He would need to get there soon too, so as to not raise anymore suspicions. He swiped the passkey, a copied version of the Captain’s, and eased himself into the office. With gloved fingers he found the file and used the tiny imaging scanner to copy its contents. With everything back in place he slowly exited the office and made his way to the celebration with the rest of his squad

“Ah, you were a spy once-upon-a-time. That’s how you managed to get so far into my compound”

“Out of my head,” Halcyon grumbled as he tried to shake his head free, but Esoteric just squeezed his head harder until he stopped moving.

“That was during your time in the Emperor’s Hammer, yes? Is this when you served with Kaek as well?”

The aide had quietly come in and left the box in front of him. He could feel its ominous nature. Slowly he opened the ornate box, and felt a chill run up his spine. A battered lightsaber, its hilt made of a special rubberized material, was inside along with a piece of metal. The metal was burned along the edges; shrapnel from an explosion. It was a gift from the One Sith; a reminder of what they did to one of his friends.

“Ah, Darth Wyyrlok does have a way with things sometimes. I was not there personally, but I

heard the whole situation was most impressive.”

Halcyon said nothing as he ground his teeth together and stared straight ahead. He could feel Esoteric combing through his thoughts. He was still powerless, and no amount of willpower could keep one as powerful as it away from them.

“While we will have time later to know more about you, I need to know what you had planned on doing here. Now, open wide.”

“I’m bait?”

“You’re bait.”

It was Yacks who confirmed things. Titles didn’t matter, but he was the Aedile. The war seemed to slog on with no end, and a more definite blow was needed.

“We need to make it look like we’re actually trying, Halc. You have the skills. In this situation, only you and Shadow could do it and we still haven’t been able to locate him. We need Esoteric’s base. Get that, and this planet falls.”

Halcyon nearly jumped as a needle was jabbed into his neck.

“Sorry, no time,” Benevolent apologized. “Nanites have been injected into your bloodstream. Tiny robots who will do nothing until blood is spilled. We assume spillage will occur upon capturing. When released, nanites will find computerized system and infect it. Infection will send out their location to us and then we come in. Should be quick, I hope.”

“Thanks, Ben,” Halcyon deadpanned.

“Bait?” Esoteric asked as it jumped to its feet, glaring down at the captured Taldryan. “You need to do better than that.”

The knife-wielder slipped into the room and seemed to float to Esoteric, whispering something in it’s ear.

“I assume she’s here to tell you about that XS-800 Light Freighter that is parked outside?”

Esoteric and the other woman turned to look at Halcyon as the room was suddenly rocked by a

distant explosion.

“Oh, Howie,” Halcyon whispered under his breath. He could not overhear what the two were talking about, but the knife-wielder soon left and Esoteric came stalking after him.

In mid-stride it stopped and seemed perplexed. Halcyon felt it too, but it was a sense of confidence that seemed to flood into him, and with it his restored connection to the Force.

Thanks, Jac, was his thought as he focused on Esoteric, who quickly regaining their mental footing. It knew it had lost control of its prisoner, and the crackling of powerful energy was already at their fingertips. Halcyon, however, had allowed the Force to completely fill him, venting his pain and frustration into the dark side. With only a thought he unleashed it all, an invisible hammer that slammed into Esoteric’s chest with a satisfying crunch and sent them careening into the back wall.

The knife-wielder barged back into the room and assessed the situation in a blink, moving with unearthly speed at the still-chained Taldrya. Halcyon could only throw up a barrier that blunted the initial blows. There was no worries of a follow-up as a mountain of a man came barrelling into the room and hit the knife-wielder at full speed and threw her to the ground with his body. The man then began using his fists to pummel the assassin until her face had caved in under the intense blows.

“I think you got her, Tarax!” The Primarch looked back at Rokir, a sadistic smile plastered on his face.

Halcyon’s eyes and senses scanned the area; Esoteric was gone.

“Don’t move,” Kir, former Justicar, whispered as he used his saber to slice through the shackles. Behind him was Chaosrain, from Taldryan Proconsul, with most of Halcyon’s clothes, equipment and weapons.

“Esoteric’s gone.” It was a statement from Keirdagh as he stepped into the room.

“Run back to the rest of them,” Halcyon answered. “We finally done here.”

Cantor nodded wearily, “Kaas is ours.”