Culling the Herd

 Lucyeth knew what had to be done as a member of Scholae Palatinae and the greater Brotherhood organization. The Dark Jedi struggled with the decision as he grappled what he would do but he knew when there was a time to act. He armed himself with all his weapons and attached his belt to his waist beneath his robes. Lucyeth entered the lift outside his quarters and pondered how he would carry out the deed.

*Go in with blaster firing rapidly…no.*

*Ignite my lightsaber and charge…way too predictable.*

*Regardless of what I do, it will not be an easy fight.*

The Palatinaean stepped out of the elevator and walked down the long hallway to the too familiar large door. He stopped for a moment and sighed before he opened the door. He cleared his mind as the Dark Jedi knew this next moment would require his concentration and no other thoughts in his head that could cloud him.

“Ah Lucyeth, I didn’t request you to come in. You must have something on your mind.” Said the Scholae Palatinae emperor, Xen’ Mordin, with an obvious disgust in his tone of voice as he stared down Lucyeth.

“It’s time for a regime change, your service is appreciated and we Thank You” replied Lucyeth as he grabbed his lightsaber and activated its crimson beam.

“Bah! How dare you think you can replace me? You will not even survive.” Replied the Quaestor as he, in turn, ignited his own lightsaber with its hue of vibrant red. Lucyeth could feel the emperor’s rage throughout the room like waves from a storm surge as he fueled his energy of the force.

 The two combatants clashed with furious swipes of their swords as both of them moved with their own passion. Xen funneled his rage into a mass within his hand and pushed out with such force to knock the young Knight into the opposite wall. Lucyeth got back onto his feet with a disoriented stagger from the concussive force. The house leader approached the Dark Jedi and Lucyeth could see the mask of the emperor looming over him.

“You are pathetic” laughed the emperor with a crackling laughter before he started to scream out in pain. Lucyeth channeled his concentration into the mind of Xen. The masked emperor writhed and suffered in his own terror of packs of vornskrs eating him alive. Lucyeth broke concentration and gathered all his passion into the tips of his fingers to unleash strings of blue energy. The arc of energy simply, disappeared as an illusion of Xen cast by the emperor with him, now, at the other side of the room from where he was. Xen focused his hatred towards Lucyeth with his own violet blue energy that shot straight for the Dark Jedi. Lucyeth harnessed more energy into a wall of static energy in an effort to absorb the emperor’s powerful attack. The static barrier shattered at the intensity of the energy with the rest deflected from the lightsaber of Lucyeth. Xen crashed down on Lucyeth with a downward strike which caused Lucyeth to off balance his defenses. The blade of the emperor seared through the arm of Lucyeth like butter as Lucyeth cried out in agony. The still standing, Quaestor pushed with all his pent up hatred and Lucyeth smashed through the window of the emperor’s chamber and down into the night of the Judeccan skylight. Unknowing of the fate of the Young Dark Jedi, Xen ordered security detail and strode out of the chamber.