*“You realise going in alone is suicide? You should've allowed me to accompany you and get this done. I am your Battleteam Lea…”* Ophelia cut the connection before Marduss was able to finish his sentence and leaned back as her shuttle zig zagged it’s way through the Lethra City skyline.

Things had changed recently, she had lost her XO to a position she herself had wanted to obtain and on top of that she was moved out of her role as full Battleteam Leader for some worm to succeed her and the best bit? She was to train him! The cyborg sighed as she rubbed her real eye with the palm of her hand. On top of it all her friend and Mentor after her defection from the One Sith had departed and left someone else in charge of the clan and this irked her. After all she had sworn loyalty to the Dread Lord because he was the one to save her. What had this new one done for her apart from embarrass her and force her to babysit? She slammed her metal fist into the side of the shuttle with a hard clang indenting the metal. She would adjust, she always did.

The speaker built into her left side echoed in her ear “Five minutes until we reach the landing zone Lady Delacroix. Prepare for disembarkation.” The pilots voice disappeared as crisply as it arrived and Ophelia pushed herself from her seat and moved into the shuttle's cargo compartment.

The five minutes flittered past quickly and by the time it had landed Ophelia had robed herself in her old Jedi combat attire which drifted lazily behind her as she walked.She pulled her cloak’s hood up and stepped off the shuttle and as her feet touched the ground she reached into the folds of her robe and lifted out her newly hand crafted war mask and secured it in place.

The mask itself only covered the right side of her face, the fleshy part, and was adorned with the original full One Sith tattoos that once covered her face before the incident that made her lose half of it. Red and black, the mouth was aligned with jagged metal imitating fangs and the eye was glassed over with crimson.

She had begun to realise what she was recently. Everytime she moved in combat she felt the nerves twitch as the machine moved, as the gears whirred and the electronic impulses surged through her left side; she was more than human and from now on she would not give into base human emotion or weaknesses of the flesh. That wasn’t to say she would leave them behind after all she still had love for her animals and beasts and she hoped soon to go on a hunt again to find herself a new companion but until then.

As the shuttle departed she moved swiftly across the landing platform and into the building itself, a security guard rose from his seat and approached her raising his hand. He went to open his mouth but the snap hiss of her lightsaber drowned him out and within seconds the man’s head left his shoulders and drifted almost lazily to the floor with his body sliding down the wall to join it.

She descended the stairs three at a time exited the building through the emergency exit at the bottom, moving into the alleyways and using the shadows to mask her movements as she drifted through the night. Her cybernetics concealed beneath the robes gave extra weight to each footstep yet her figure attracted the attention of more than a few unfriendly stares and at one point a group of figures approached her with Malice in their eyes.

They lay squirming on the ground twenty seconds from uttering their first words. Limbs missing, bones broken and one of them split down the middle. Ophelia leant forward and drove her hand into the flesh of one of the men and tore off a chunk of flesh and crammed it into her mouth hungrily before moving off once more making sure to wipe her face clean as she came across a water trough.

It took her another half hour to reach her destination and as she lurked in the shadow of a doorway she peered across the street at the apartment complex. She had already drawn up the blueprints of the building and was well aware of where she needed to go and which floor her prey was stationed at. She was also well aware of her targets fondness for protection as she took in the four guards stationed at the front entrance to the apartments. This usually wouldn’t be a problem, she would unsheathe her weapons and march across the street, slaughter them all in a frenzy and then proceed onwards, but today she had a cunning plan...or so she hoped.

She marched across the street, her mask safely tucked back in her robes, and as the guards approached her she reached out showing her hands were empty and she came in peace. *“Greetings, I am Sentinel Asheen Salazar of House Odan Urr, a Knight of the Jedi Order. I come with a message for Miss Korn about a potential threat on her life.”*

The nearest guard raise his rifle and approached her and she pulled aside her robes showing she hid nothing. The guard eyed her saber and then his companion *“We have no notification of your arrival Master Jedi. We have however heard rumours of threats towards Miss Korn.”* he seemed to relax slightly and take a step back as he peered up and down the street as if he expected someone to strike momentarily. *“If you are who you say you are you will not mind handing over your Lightsaber and allowing us to escort you into the property where you will meet with Miss Korn in a secure location with her guards present.”*

Ophelia nodded *“That will be no problem,”* and reached down to her belt unclipping her saber and handed it hilt first to the young man. *“Please lead on.”*

The ascent took moments in the elevator, the guards that accompanied her shifted uneasily but they all had their weapons lowered. The one behind her was the one with her saber clipped to his belt and she kept this in mind for later. The elevator grinded to a halt and she was led to a large communal area that contained a couple of couches, as she sat herself down a middle aged woman was escorted into the room dressed in what appeared to be Nightclothes and a dressing gown.

The woman sat herself down across from Ophelia and stifling a yawn turned to her guest *“What is it you want Jedi that couldn’t wait until the morning? I have an important meeting in five hours and I had hoped rest before then”* she shifted in her seat and fixed Ophelia with a stare that would of had a lesser person bulk. *“My guards claim you have news of an attempt on my life. How do I know you are not some assassin sent to kill me?”*

Ophelia chuckled softly before fixing the older woman with her own stare *“If i was an assassin I have done a very bad job of killing you Miss Korn by disarming myself. As I mentioned to your guard I represent House Odan Urr, a collective of Jedi that currently face off against the Dark Brotherhood. We have learnt a Clan named Plagueis plans to have you removed to make way for one of their own representatives to take over.”* Ophelia reached into her pocket and pulled out a datapad which contained her altered orders for the assassination and handed it across to the woman. *“As you can see we managed to intercept this transmission.”*

*Korn looked over the file and visibly whitened as she read what was there. She lay the datapad on her lap and looked up towards Ophelia. “I thank you for bringing this information to me. I am well aware who this person is they plan to replace me with and I shall deal with it first thing in the morning. I have plans to take care off tonight but I need you to leave now.”* She picked the datapad back up and her guards moved into flank her as she made to leave the room.

Ophelia stood and bowed, as she did so she reached into her pocket and flipped the detonator. The datapad in Korn’s hand exploded violently. The thermal grenade exploding setting everything within ten metres alight and almost vaporising the poor woman. The explosive pushed Ophelia back and as she fell she pulled down the couch to protect herself from the majority of the fire. As she rolled she knocked the guard behind her to the floor and smashed her elbow into his face, bone crunched as cybernetic met flesh. She reached down and stripped her lightsaber from his belt and rose from the floor.

The room was in chaos; Korn was dead as were the two guards who had escorted her, they were all burnt to a crisp; the two guards that had escorted Ophelia were dieing, the one she elbowed and the other from severe burns. Ophelia’s own robes were alight and she smelt the burning of her own hair and flesh. It had been a risky maneuver but one she knew had to be done to keep the blame elsewhere for this attack. All of a sudden a secondary explosion was heard as the wall to the room imploded as it was struck from the outside by a secondary explosion and Ophelia once again was knocked to the floor.

It had all been arranged prior to the mission. Once the internal explosion happened an outside agent would lock onto her signal and launch a rocket at the building from the outside. The crux of the plan was that Ophelia needed to be in the room when this happened to make it appear to be an outside force attacking. The guard with the smashed face could easily be explained as an accident and the detonator in her pocket was launched from her position out of the room through the hole in the wall just as the door burst open and more guards poured into the room battling the flames and attempting to reach the bodies and her.

The crisis lasted all of ten minutes. She remembered being carried carefully from the room in the arms of one of the guards, stripped of her burned robes. An EMT dealt with her burns and she was transferred to the local hospital to be treated for third degree burns. The reports reached her that there had been no survivors, Lorraine Korn was dead the news reported it as an assassination by outside forces and that a brave Jedi Knight had been wounded in an attempt to protect the occupants of the room.

Everything had gone as planned and as Ophelia left the planet she idly pulled the bandages from her burns and eyed the damage. *“The Flesh is weak, this will not do. I think it is time to upgrade.”*