The War of Silence

*Valley of the Dark Lords  
Sith Academy*

*Library*

The two sabers sizzled together as they locked against one another and, with a twist, Uji’s yellow blade cast aside the blue one of his opponent. Bending at the knee, the Templar lunged forward, his weapon sliding swiftly through his enemy's guard. As the Odan-Urr Jedi fell, Uji straightened, bowing slightly and offering an apology as the light faded from the man’s eyes.

“The shadows embrace you.”

Exhaustion set in then, and the Obelisk leaned back, feeling the wooden shelving of the library support his weight. He had been fighting since the first assault on the Academy. He, alongside a team of Arcona’s Obelisks, had made their way into the Academy before the Loyalist forces could arrive. Several squads had made it in only to find the Rebel and New Order forces had done the same.

Rhiann and Revs had found a central command station where they could control the corridors, entrances and exits of the Academy. With that control, they could make it a nightmare for the enemy to gain access to the Academy and funnel the opposing forces as necessary. However, the issue remained that the station was on the other side of several heavily armed groups of enemies. Celevon had chosen to take point, the more powerful Equite capable of eliminating multiple opponents at once, while Uji was assigned to the rear guard to eliminate any stragglers or head off any flanking maneuvers.

\*”Uji we’re moving,”\* Rev’s voice echoed through the Force, shaking him from his thoughts.

In the distance, the sounds of skirmishes could be heard, and the smell of smoke had begun to fill the Academy as blasters, grenades and various incendiaries were used. Uji had already been forced into more than one duel when confronted by Odan-Urr or Taldryan forces. Celevon’s decision to keep their pace up was beginning to have an impact on the other Arconnan as uji found himself falling further behind.

Near the main entrance to the library stood two massive iron-bound wooden doors. The rustic nature of the Academy made it seem as though the architects had designed the entire structure to appear from somewhere far further in the past than its actual construction could have been. Collecting himself, Uji began to move towards one of the many side exits that led back into the network of corridors Celevon had guided the team into.

From the entrance he felt a deep rumble of impact, the frame surrounding the doorway rattled enough to unsettle the years of dust and debris built up from lack of use. Standing in the arch of the exit, the Templar quickly shrouded himself with the Force, disappearing from view. Another concussive blast struck the doors shattering them open, wooden shards impacting throughout the room and disturbing the momentary peace that had settled throughout the library. A single robed figure strode through the entrance, flanked by a squad of Taldryan commandoes wearing the symbols of Battleteam Harbinger.

“Secure the library, ensure the information here is protected. When we achieve victory here, this will be one of the many spoils we claim.” The voice of the robed figure was clearly male, the tone implying he was used to his orders being followed without question. The shadows receded as the Dark Jedi lifted his head and took a moment to view the entire room, green eyes piercing the shadows, looking for any threat.

Uji could feel the eyes of the Dark Knight searching him out. Maintaining the Force Cloak took more effort when moving, but the Obelisk had trained for years on how to do so. Sliding into the hallway and placing at least one wall between him and this new threat, the Templar began following the path that Celevon had taken the team, attempting to put distance between himself and the Taldryan forces.

The hallway he was in ran directly underneath the main floor of the Academy entrance, he hoped his team had descended further below towards the prison cells and security center. Uji let his senses guide him, feeling the occasional nudge through the Force from his companion Revs. The Sith Knight was assigned as a partner for Rhiann; however, his talent with Telepathy allowed him to be the bridge between Celevon’s point and Uji’s rear guard.

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“You feel that?” Rhiann whispered, kneeling beside a doorway as she worked on slicing her way through the security lock. Her skin tingling as she felt something approaching through the Force, her senses warning her to hurry.

Rev’s forehead creased in concentration as his power stained to maintain an active link between Celevon and Uji. His ability with the Force being tested far beyond his normal capacity, though the stink of sweat and fear rose slowly as his own senses began to whisper of something or someone approaching the pair.

Nervous energy washed over them both as Rhiann finally cracked the security lock and opened the doorway. The two slid underneath immediately closing the door behind them as they breathed a sigh of relief. Rhiann opened her eyes, scanning the command station her eyes flickering over each console as she took in the opportunities at her fingertips.

“I need some time.” she mumbled as she moved towards the nearest work station.

“I’ll inform Uji and Celevon.” Rev’s replied as he turned towards the only entrance and activated his saber the snap-hiss of the blade somewhat comforting as he felt the feeling of danger return.

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Uji felt his pursuer drawing near; the Obelisk had no intention of fighting the man one on one-this battle was not to be about pride or who was better. Uji intended to win; he had sensed Revs and Rhiann not far from his location and had chosen instead to pursue Celevon further ahead. Together, he and the Shadicar would have little issue eliminating the Dark Knight and his squad.

*”We’re in the security room, keep them away from us Rhiann needs time to gain access”* Revs’ thoughts entered his mind alongside a brief vision of the Miraluka’s view of his surroundings. The Force sight of the eyeless Knight’s vision making little sense to Uji but, for the moment, it seemed they were safe.

Coming to the end of the hallway it sprawled out into an open antechamber leading into an enormous square separated into several sparring sections. In the center stood two figures. Celevon, his frame encased in the Invicta robes trimmed to match the blue of the Obelisk order. His face covered by the black durasteel mask the eyes glowing slightly in the dim lighting of the training chamber giving his a ghastly appearance. His stood in a relaxed stance, his left hand holding the sheath of his Katana still encasing the blade, his right hand rested palm up directly above the hilt as if offering the gift of his blade to his opponent.

Standing opposite to the Qel-Droma Aedile towered his opponent nearly a foot taller was the Aedile of Ajunta Pall. The Plagueis Obelisk stood encased in the Avail armor of his Clan, his lightsaber clipped to his belt, his hands lifted over his shoulders holding the grips of the two Echani knives resting there. Furios seemed taken aback as though he was seeing someone he shouldn’t be.

“You died…” Furios’ confusion ended suddenly as Uji entered the room, his eyes quickly darted towards the Arconan. “Not dead then… just a betrayer and coward.” Anger flooded the Prelate’s form, his eyes beginning to glow as he breathed the Force into his frame, the battle fury taking him.

Their speed matched one another perfectly, the smooth ring of Celevon’s katana exiting the sheathe punctuated by the roar of Furios’ battle cry. Furious swept the knifes from their sheathe, his movement amplified to get within reach of Celevon before the Qel-Droman’s blade exited the sheathe. Celevon’s reflexes proved the better of the two, twisting at the last moment to draw back the knives passed within a hairs breadth of the Shadicar’s throat, the long blade of his katana slid across the joint of his opponents armor puncturing the weakest point of the hip.

The two ended their movement out of reach of the other, both drawing back to their full height as they assessed the exchange.

Uji watched in appreciation, tempted to join and help his fellow Arconan but unwilling to interrupt the duel between the two former comrades. Behind him, he heard the sound of his pursuers, the rushed footsteps of the troopers as they came closer to the entrance of the antechamber. Ahead of the troopers came the armoured form of their squad leader, Omega Kira activated his saber the orange glow illuminating his form as he came face to face with Uji.

As the Sith Knight stepped into the chamber heavy durasteel doors slid from the walls and slammed shut behind him. Uji smiled as he activated his own yellow blade, the sound of the duel behind him continuing as the two more powerful Equites battled.

Rhiann’s voice came through the Templar’s earpiece. “We have control of security; we are jamming communication throughout the Academy with the exception of Arconan forces and funneling enemy forces into conflict with one another. Apologies for the enemy that slipped through before I had full access.”

Uji’s smile disappeared as he focused on his opponent, whether he and Celevon survived these encounters didn’t matter any longer, Arcona had won the Academy and would soon have the easiest route into the Valley. Victory here would mean little other than eliminating two enemy leaders..

To Be Continued in Week 2