***“Individual Effort”***

**Mercenary Compound Outskirts**

**Othmen City**

**Cocytus System**

The moonlight cast an unwelcomed glow as the strike team took defensive positions around the Sons of Cocytus mercenary compound. None of the assembled Battle Team Acclivius Draco knew the reason behind this raid but the word had trickled down it was an imperial mandate. All House Scholae Palatinae forces were vying for the honor of bringing the classified prize back to the Imperial Winter Palace. Why Imperial forces were not being used to ride the capital of the mercenary presence was not known, as it was unlikely this menace required Force sensitive troopers to assault it.

Initial bombardment was not successful in taking out the compound’s robust defensive capabilities. Many soldiers had died in the process, and Dark Jedi were taking casualties in the first stages of the assault. Late to arrive, Acclivius Draco was now the only intact Battle Team able to carry the day. Providing cover for the other Battle Teams, they prepared to take their turn against the Sons of Cocytus.

“Dark Jedi Knight Fenn, ISI has some operable intelligence on this compound. There is an old utility duct running below the sewer that branches into the main complex less than fifty yards from the generator room. From there it is a four level climb up the exhaust vents to the main control room. If you can access the system from there perhaps the damn turrets and anti-air defense cannons can be powered down.” Ordered Battle Team Leader Lucyth.

“Sir, I have a better idea. Give me five minutes, and back up two hundred yards. When the time is right charge the position en mass,” offered Zagro Fenn, “If this works there will not be anyone to man those turrets and cannons that have us pinned down.”

**Ground Level**

**Mercenary Compound**

**Othmen City**

**Cocytus System**

Covered in filthy and dripping vile brackish water onto the deck, Dark Jedi Knight Zagro Fenn pulled himself up through the access grate and into the mercenary stronghold’s ground floor. His new armor was heavy, his cape tattered, and his trusty shoulder mounted blaster was no longer on his person. The Hapan had chosen the wrong time to test out his new role. As Scholae Palatinae’s master slicer, Fenn never required more than a handy blaster, twin daggers, and a data spike to handle all of his problems.

The test came sooner than he had anticipated. Two Zabrak mercenaries were standing sentry in the generator room doorway. Clearly, the enemy was not strategically inept. “There must be an engineering detail inside.” Said Fenn to himself. Before he could act, one of the mercenaries reported chatter on his commlink. The Hapan realized charging two ready guards with a lightsaber was foolish from this range, the enemy fire would alert more unwanted attention and send the generator room into lockdown.

Fenn slowly inched forward in the shadows, his ability to conceal himself was well known. Approximately fifteen yards away from the door, he dared move no closer. The Krath initiate used all his nascent abilities, allowing time to elapse as he seethed with energy. Feeling the energy overwhelming him, Fenn unleashed Force lightning from both hands directly into the chest of both adversaries. Both bodies crumpled to the ground, smoke coming from their orifices.

“I chose the right profession.” Thought Fenn to himself. Since reaching knighthood he had not only changed his Shadow Academy researcher’s robe for the Scholae Palatinae armor, he had also used his extensive study to embark upon the path of a Krath sorcerer. In doing so he had to relinquish his daggers and trusty blaster, and rely on his Force abilities to grow.

The generator door opened gently as he approached, the three engineers took no notice of the knight as he entered. Igniting his purple blade, comforted by the sounds of the generator’s reverberating buzz, he made swift work of the technicians. Alone in the room, the Hapan channeled his inner hate and range and took several paces backwards, unaware of his plan would work or be suicidal in nature.

Fenn aimed his palms at the two generators arrayed in front of him, and emitted purplish-blue Force lightning into the energy couplings of the generators. The reverberation grew louder and louder still, until it became a deafening roar. Zagro turned and ran for the sewer entrance from once he came.

**Imperial Winter Palace**

**Assembly Hall**

**Two Hours Later**

House Scholae Palatinae marshaled together in the cavernous Assembly Hall. The mercenary compound had been taken in a giant blast of fire that had gutted the halls and forced all defenders to flee to the awaiting blades arrayed outside of the complex. With the classified object retrieved by the Battle Team Leader of Acclivius Draco, spirits were very high amongst the strike team.

“Damn good work Fenn…not what I had in mind and not your finest display but worked like a charm regardless.” Stated Lucyth.

Zagro Fenn eyed his leader with disdain and apprehension. “Sir, I could have accessed the compound’s computer system from the courtyard, powered everything down, and we could have taken her in thirty seconds. We cannot rely on my slicing abilities only. I am weak with my lightsaber and we as a collective don’t know my limits to Force use. We needed this as a test. I hope I did not let the team down.”

Fenn walked off, alone, to his chambers.