The Night Rider

“You don’t understand! I have to take them…” Rhiaen’s voice broke as she spoke, tears of frustration brimming her eyes as she backed away from her pursuer.

“Yeah… Not my problem, I have someone who needs them.” The tone of the her assailant was devoid of emotion, a stark contrast to the Jedi who could barely contain herself.

“They will die… all of them will die, if I don’t… You can’t take them from me not… not when I’m so close” The Twi’lek sank to her knees, her anger resurfacing in a mixture of anger and fear as tears streaked down the teal skin of her face.

“Enough… You think it is not the same for all of us? That whatever problem you have is more important than what the rest of us fight for?” A nearby speeder revved past the alley illuminating the features of the Arconan standing over her.

The Jedi’s sobs grew quiet, the sounds of the city drowning out the muffled sobs. Light flashed down the alley again as she came to her feet in a blur lunging towards the Dark Jedi. Without hesitation Uji avoided the incoming attack and placed a hand against the Consular’s head, pushing to continue her onward rush directly into the wall behind him, slamming the woman's head into the duracrete structure.

As the body slid down, the Templar stepped behind her wrapping one palm against her chin, the other taking hold of the lekku hanging on the opposite side of her head. With a casual twist he felt the vertebrae connecting her spine snap. Lowering the corpse, the Templar located the datastick she carried with the information he’d been ordered to retrieve.

Rising to his full height the Templar looked down on the body with a mixed sense of sympathy and disgust for her failure and his own actions, knowing that the choices he made to serve Arcona would never justify the death of the girl at his feet or her friends. Lightning streaked across the sky over Dreshdae illuminating the scene in a grizzly light.

Uji adjusted the collar of his shirt to stave off the cold dry wind permeating the desert night. The clothes he wore to blend in while within the city were a far cry from the comfort or warmth of his usual vestments. He began his trek out of the alley, his appearance slowly shifting as he walked, his face changing to appear more akin to the locals then his own.

Approaching the main thoroughfare he stopped as his eyes caught sight of a nearby swoop. The gorgeous crimson red of the Flare-S Swoop stood out against the dark backdrop of the environment surrounding it. It's curves, and the gentle sweep of the front runners, put Uji in a mind that made him regret offing the Twi'lek lady moments before.

“That… I need that”

Crossing the street took a few moments of dodging the late-night traffic, approaching the bike he ran his hand gently along the swoop whilst he gave a low whistle. Finally coming to the handles of the bike his hand closed around exactly what he would need to complete the ride he was about to go on. Lifting the jacket from the handlebars left the Templar with a shavit eating grin on his face.

Uji slid the crimson jacket on, it matched the swoops color perfectly, the Templar couldn’t help but enjoy the comfort and warmth provided by the heavy weight threads. Throwing a leg over the swoop he activated the bike hearing the rumble of the intakes taking their first breaths as he revved the bike.

“What do you think your doin!? That’s my blasted bike!”

Uji didn’t bother looking back as he took off from the lot, exiting back onto the main streets running through Dreshdae and loving the power of the machine he rode. Lightning and thunder rumbled through the sky, lighting the city up every few seconds as the dry air of the city took on an electric feel matching the elements above.

The hum of the turbothrusters shifted into a roar of sound as Uji opened the throttle and made his way through the twisting streets of the city. The bike handled magnificently a perfect mixture of speed and performance. He glanced back through the side view approaching from behind him were the lights of a half dozen speeders, their pilots looking rather karked off.

He knew the layout of the city, the briefing he’d been given before drop-off had detailed the environs as well as where to find his evac. He’d need to make his way through roughly half the city and out into the desert, his pick-up couldn’t make it over the city without attracting the One Sith’s attention.

Uji leaned in close to the frame of the swoop, keeping low to the frame as the first few blaster shots began streaking past him. A sharp turn took him down a narrow alley where the pack would have to enter single file or split up. His attention remained on the road ahead of him as he reached out with the Force sensing his best routes to avoid colliding with any oncoming vehicles as he exited back onto a main street.

Glancing back behind for his pursuit he smiled at the distance he was able to place between himself and his pursuers. His senses shouted a warning of danger, ducking low practically hugging the body of the speeder as he swerved saved him, another swoop swept past a metal pipe cleaving the air where his head had just been. The ganger wore colors similar to the jacket he had stolen, emblazoned with the insignia of what Uji could only guess to be some native form of water fowl the great yellow bill of the creature gleamed in comparison to the crimson colors of the gangers jacket.

“I’ve got guys through this whole damn town, everyone of em knows my damn bike you piece of sithspit filth!... My boys are gonna tear you apart!” The radio of the bike howled the gang leaders challenge. *“Well… who knew taking a bike for a joy ride would cause so much trouble… what a pain”* Uji smiled as he thought, reaching down to change the radio over to listen to whatever Korriban considered music.

*“Well… looks like this trip is going to be a bit longer then i expected…”*