Novice Orion was the first to die, his head splitting open like a grape between two fingers. The contents of Orion’s worthless head exploded from its former residence with some ending up firmly planted on Onwai’s recently polished black boots. The Guardian glanced up to see the now-headless body slump to the floor like a set of discarded clothing. Onwai’s seasoned battle response began to flare up within him but this time his Dark Side training also took its place as the Plagueian turned to see the invaders begin pouring out like ants into one of the landing bays aboard the KSD *Transcenent*.

Things must not have been going well in the offensive side of the assault if Drax’s forces were able to counter with a counter-boarding of their own on the *Transcendent*. Whatever the realities of the battle were outside of his current situation, Onwai knew that he and the other members of the Disciples of Dreypa had one job at this moment, and that was to repel the invaders and keep the *Transcendent* from being overrun. What originally looked like a boring assignment given to the new journeymen of the Clan had now turned into something much bigger and the strength of the Dark Side now welling up within every fiber of Onwai’s being told him that it was going to be a fun time.

The weight of the E-11B blaster rifle resting in Onwai’s hands seemed to pulse and twitch with life. It was as if the blaster knew that death and destruction were all around and it wanted in on the action. A deep, calming breath steadied the Guardian’s heartbeat as he raised the weapon to the ready position, the power of the Dark Side flowing through his veins like a river of power. The sights at the end of the blaster focused in one of the invading troops but it was the power of the Force that was truly guiding Onwai’s muscles in the moment. A subconscious signal caused his finger to depress the trigger and sent a bolt of laser fire dancing from the laser. The bolt found its mark as the target’s body crumpled to the ground, his body now with a large hole in its middle and the smoke from the damage wafting up into the landing bay’s atmosphere.

Blood lust was now beginning to take control of Onwai’s senses, his Obelisk indoctrination kicking in and causing him to enjoy the battle raging around him. “Disciples of Dreypa, here my voice”, Onwai yelled over the din of blaster fire and screams. “Now is the time to show our Masters what we are made of. Feel the power of the Dark Side guide you as we repel these vermin from our ship. Earn your title as a Plagueian through the blood of our enemies, or earn my wrath as a result.” The last sentence was punctuated by a shot from his blaster that cut down Apprentice Tammouy who had up to this point been cowering behind a stack of storage crates. “There is no room for cowards in battle or in the Disciples!”

One of Drax’s minions leapt from a walkway above Onwai’s head, a vibroknife in hand, aiming straight for the top of the Guardian’s exposed head. The Dark Side tingled with warning and his arm shot up to face the oncoming assault. The Force lightning began as small tendrils of electricity that danced between his fingers but grew in intensity until they finally leapt away from his hand. The lightning grabbed the would-be attacker in mid air, stopping his descent and holding him in the grasp of the Dark Side. His body convulsed as the lightning pulsed through his body, his skin beginning to melt away as the onslaught of the Force power. Another motion from Onwai’s hand sent the dead corpse flying across the landing bay. The former attacker now became another tool in Onwai’s arsenal as he caused the body to slam into another attacker.

A quick self examination showed Onwai that his senses were operating at peak capacity but that his power in the Dark Side was being quickly drained. This battle was going to be won the old fashioned way, blaster bolts and blades. This was his life now as a member of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood. No longer was he solely a pilot able to mete out justice from the safety of his cockpit. Now, he was a killing machine, fed by the power of the Dark Side and fueled by the blood lust the coursed through his veins. His new masters in Clan Plagueis had wondered if the “old man” could last within their ranks, and the reports of this battle would come to show that not only could he stand toe to toe with his peers, but that he was a force to be reckoned with for anyone who stood in his way.