Survival of the Fit

Lucyeth sat in his chair at the office. It was another day of work; going through documents and communicating with others within the royal clan throughout the system. It was a typical day for the Excidium battlemaster as he picked up the remote on his desk for the holoscreen. The daily news was going through the weather and it was going to be another hot day in the city. The Palatinaean muted the holoscreen for an incoming message and he checked his datapad. There was nothing scheduled so the call was a surprise to Lucyeth. The holo emerged as Jorm appeared before the battlemaster.

“Good day to you Jorm, to what do I owe the pleasure of your call,” asked Lucyeth.

“I just received word from the office of the Royal Emperor and he needs something of the house,” replied Jorm with a hint of concern that Lucyeth clearly saw on the knight’s face. Lucyeth didn’t know what he meant and rubbed his forehead with the palm of his hand.

“I am not sure what you are suggesting Jorm. Could you elaborate,” asked Lucyeth with uncertainty. The Battlemaster knew that the Emperor was inquiring a concern that needed to be dealt with but the Palatinaean was lost in thought of what was to come of the conversation next.

“I think we need to eliminate some dealings that we would normally hold immunity and more control in our hands and money in our pockets for the empire,” stated Jorm.

“Alright that is all fine but I do not have the resources to take care of this in a few days,” Stated Lucyeth with exasperation.

“Okay Okay how about we just send in drop ships,” inquired Jorm to the now pacing Aedile.

“No definitely not, we take care of this ourselves and we do it quietly understand?” Replied Lucyeth.

“Understood, suggestions?” asked Jorm.

“You go and take care of the guilds within the sector and I will take care of the syndicate, keep it quiet,” demanded Lucyeth as he turned off the feed.

The battlemaster put on his utility belt and moved toward the door. He grabbed the remote and turned off the holonews before he left his office. Lucyeth made quick haste into the hangar bay but stopped to look at his ship. The act of secrecy and quiet actions needed to be observed as he gazed upon his speeder. The Palatinaean hooped on the speeder and it started up easily as he went off into the streets of the system.

It was nearly dark in the city and the haze of big industry already knocked the sun out of the clouds. The Palatinaean stepped off his speeder with grace and put up his cowl to cloak his face. No one could know what was about to transpire and they couldn’t know who had done. The battlemaster walked swiftly out of sight and toward the large cantina in front of him. Lucyeth bore an ice cold demeanor on his face before he walked through the front door. The door opened with a hiss and a guard approached the warrior with apprehension. As the guard saw the menacing stare, he attempted to draw a blaster but could not get a shot out in time as he was slammed into the wall with the outstretched hand of Lucyeth. The telekinetic wave hit hard enough to hear the crack of his neck as the guard slumped to the floor in a heap. The warrior ensured that the door was locked up with his lightsaber before he continued up the stairs of the entrance and into the main concourse. The customers as well as the syndicate members seemed to be drinking and having a good time. It was a shame but not that Lucyeth cared for the people. The innocent in the building are as weak as the enemy and there was not a chance to take a risk with witnesses. The Palatinaean approached the corner table where a group of thugs watched two small biths with care. They addressed Lucyeth with wariness as he closed the distance but he never removed his cloak.

“What can I do for you?” the bith on the far side inquired. The guards were already on their blasters ready to draw if needed.

“Nothing really but it is what I can do for you however I am afraid that immunity under the law of the Empire will no longer be tolerated,” replied the hooded Lucyeth with a smirk.

The already suspicious guards were quick to realize what would happen but it was too late for them. Lucyeth flicked his wrist as his lightsaber slashed the air and the two guards with ease. The biths drew blasters but Lucyeth easily deflected the shots. One bolt went straight for the one bith searing his shoulder at the joint which caused him to drop his blaster. The other bith that was seated was not as fortunate with his bolt deflected into his face. He dropped into the booth in a lifeless slump as Lucyeth took off into the main concourse toward the screaming crowd. He cut everyone down in his path up to the door where people thrashed on the door with their fists. They couldn’t get out and Lucyeth relished in their fear before he slaughtered them. With everyone dead, the bith was the only survivor left. This pleased Lucyeth that there are no survivors as planned. The Palatinaean walked back to the far table where the bith frantically held his shoulder. The Battlemaster enjoyed the pain he saw but it was time to go home. The bith gazed upon the hooded figure that stood before him as he tried to get the words out to talk.

“ Ppp-Please we can work something out. We can do business better than before,” Cried the bith. The Palatinaean simply smiled at the statement.

“Just business as usual,” declared Lucyeth as he decapitated the bith.

Lucyeth extinguished his blade and walked out of the cantina. He knew Jorm would do well on his end and what had to be done is done. The Palatinaean walked to his speeder and left the area still cloaked and masked with the fact that no one knew it was the Imperial Clan.