Impending Danger

The holoimage of the emperor disappeared from the comm channel as Lucyeth stared at his computer on his wall of the incoming news feed. Attacks were occurring all across the imperial empire and the forces of the royal clan were spread real thin. Lucyeth was already getting his waist belt on and attached his lightsaber to it before he grabbed his cloak to go out the door. There were numerous areas that were under attack but the sith warrior was assigned to the art gallery on Antenora being his vicinity to the area. With his local home on Antenora, Lucyeth was the closest dark Jedi in the sector to dispatch the threat and report directly to the emperor of any updates. The palatinaean made his way into the turbolift to level 250 where his ship lay in the hangar. He could easily take his speeder but it would be faster in his ship to settle at the nearest landing pad near the gallery. The sith warrior was quick off his ship with full stride to the gallery. The news feed reported that attacks were going on throughout the imperial empire but the art gallery was intact as Lucyeth rounded the corner.

 He sighed in relief and rubbed his forehead of sweat from his run as he gazed at the ornate structure of the art gallery. It was still there and not a pile of rubble or burning to the ground. There was still time to investigate rather than recover and Lucyeth intended to prevent the latter. He walked into the gallery and the receptionist regarded him with high esteem.

“Can I help you and whatever service you are here from the name of the imperial empire?” inquired the receptionist. Foolish idiot Lucyeth thought about this person as if no problem is at hand or any danger what so ever.

“I need to get to the security room and speak with the head of security” explained Lucyeth.

“Very well Sir I…” said the receptionist before she was cut off my the sith warrior.

“Don’t bother I can find my way,” said Lucyeth as he moved down the expansive corridor of the main hallway. He already could feel a disturbance of the force ripple throughout the gallery. He had to move fast as he knew he didn’t have much time. He broke into a force enhanced sprint as he rounded the corner toward the archives of imperial works of art. He ignited his lightsaber at the sight of a hooded clad figure attempting to wire explosives to a pillar. Anger flared throughout Lucyeth at the thought of all the destroyed artworks in the building. He could not allow it.

“Step away from the art if you want to come out alive,” growled Lucyeth. The suspect whirled around to fire a hidden blaster but the sith warrior was too quick as the bolt was deflected back to the wrist of the stranger. He shrieked in pain at the blacken flesh of what was left of his hand. Lucyeth reached out with the dark side of the force as the figure groped for his throat but let go to restrain.

“You are lucky the emperor wants you alive,” sneered Lucyeth as he grasped the collar of the perpetrator and dragged him back toward the exit, ignoring the incoming security that stared at the sith warrior but didn’t dare to ask questions.