***The Anchorage***

**Lower Corridors**

**Esstran Sector**

**Deep Space**

**39 ABY**

Static.

Dracaryis tightened the grip on his commlink in frustration. Ten minutes had passed since his strike team should have checked in. He looked up and down the darkened corridors. *These are the lowest and least explored areas of the station,* Dracaryis thought to himself. *Perhaps the walls are designed to hinder comm systems.*

Dracaryis clipped his commlink to the belt on his armor, closed his eyes, and attempted to contact Ra’gnar through the Force.

*Where are you?*

He felt Ra’gnar’s presence from within the depths of his mind. *Drac, we’re trapped. Drax has the command center locked down, and he’s reinforced it with troops and a couple of Force Users that I don’t recognize. The rest of your team is here. Have you found a way to shut down the station’s power so we can get the doors open?*

*Not yet. Hold your position and keep Drax occupied. I’ll keep working on a way to cut the power.* Dracaryis opened his eyes, severing the telepathic link between himself and the Obelisk. Gripping his lightsaber, he set off along the corridor in search of the main power control room.

Minutes passed. Dracaryis stretched out with his mind, channeling all the energy he could into locating the ancient station’s power source. Twisting and turning through the labyrinth of corridors, he felt a little like a wamprat in a maze. His mind began to cloud as frustration took hold. A power source for a station this size should not have been difficult to find…why couldn’t he sense it? Doubt suddenly seized the Sith. How could he do this task alone? The success of the entire operations main objective, the capture of the Anchorage, rested on his shoulders. He couldn’t do it…he would never make it…

Dracaryis shook his head and immediately came to his senses. *It’s the effects of Battle Meditation…there’s another Dark Jedi somewhere nearby!* Dracaryis stopped dead in his tracks, and kneeled down. Closing his eyes, he began to sense his surroundings, now searching not for the power source, but for the enemy Force user attempting to hinder his mission. His breathing slowed…his concentration narrowed…and suddenly, through the Force he found his target: Another Dark Jedi, two corridors away.

*Got you…*

Dracaryis stood. Readying his saber, he moved cautiously along the deserted corridor. His quarry was only a few rooms away from where he now stood. Had the other Dark Jedi noticed his presence? He reached the room where the other Sith stood. He recognized the man’s presence now. Dracaryis ignited his blade, and opened the door. There, standing in the center of the room, his face illuminated by the red glow from his own saber, stood Evoroth Stigaryl.

“You.” Dracaryis growled.

“Hello, Aedile.” The Zabrak surveyed Dracaryis carefully. “It’s been a long time.”

Dracaryis looked upon the yellow-skinned Sith with disgust. “Not long enough. I’ve wondered what happened to you. You disappeared during the War, and we assumed you dead. Teylas will be…interested… to know what happened to his apprentice.”

Evoroth smiled maliciously. “I sensed my old master. Where is he?”

“You already know the answer to that, *friend.*” Dracaryis tightened the grip on his saber. “You also know that he won’t be pleased to find you here, fighting against him.”

The Zabrak laughed. “That doesn’t matter. Your fleet is outnumbered, your strike team is fighting a losing battle at the control room, and you will never make it to the main power substation. Xander Drax controls Clan Plagueis now. Vivackus is finished.”

Dracaryis shifted his weight, watching the Zabrak’s every move. “We shall see. How fitting, that we should meet. Both from Tatooine, both former slaves, both Sith.” Dracaryis readied his saber. “One of us will not leave this room alive.” And with that, Dracaryis charged.

The flurry of sabers illuminated the room in flashes of red and silver. Evoroth and Dracaryis were equally matched, both men dodging, parrying and countering the other’s movements in a deadly dance. With each crash of saber upon saber, the two Sith attempted to maneuver themselves into position to deliver a killing blow. Locking blades, the two men channeled the Force at the exact same time, both men attempting to push the other away. Their energy met between them, and both were blasted back against the opposite walls. Leaping to his feet, Dracaryis stretched out his hand and lifted Evoroth from the ground. His mind snaked out from his fingertips, tendrils of thought and energy wrapping around the Zabraks throat.

“Where is the main power substation?” Dracaryis demanded, applying constant pressure to the other Sith’s carotid artery.

Gasping for air, his face shifting from yellow to deep orange due to lack of oxygen, Evoroth said, “let me go, and I’ll tell you.”

Dracaryis slackened his grip on Evoroth’s throat, but did not fully release him. “Tell me now, or die.”

Evoroth closed his eyes. Suddenly, the floor and walls of the room began to shake. Dracaryis watched as equipment ripped from the walls of the room, and quickly released his grip on Evoroth to dodge the onslaught of twisted metal suddenly hurled at him by the Zabrak’s desperate attempt to escape his grip.

Evoroth crashed to the floor, gasping and wheezing as he brought himself to his feet. Igniting his saber, he rounded on Dracaryis, who was also rising from the floor having just narrowly escaped a premature burial under the mass of durasteel Evoroth had launched at him.

Evoroth raised his saber over his head and charged, his face twisted in malice and hatred. Dracaryis reacted instinctively. With all the energy he could muster, Dracaryis hurled his saber at the oncoming Zabrak. For a split second, Evoroth’s face split into a look of triumph, immediately replaced by a look dread. Stopping dead in his tracks, lightsaber still held aloft, he looked down to see the silver hilt of Dracaryis’ lightsaber protruding from his chest.

Dracaryis brought himself to his feet as Evoroth fell to his knees. He reached out and recalled his lightsaber, violently removing it from the Zabrak’s chest. He then took Evoroth’s lightsaber and hitched it to his belt.

“I think Teylas will be wanting this back.”

Dracaryis then watched as life left his enemy’s face. Kicking the body aside, Dracaryis moved back into the darkened corridor, continuing his search for the main power control substation.