Battle for the Anchorage

War! The ancient space station once lost within the shroud of the Stygian Caldera, now teeming with activity as the forces of Plagueis fight to regain their home. While turrets and cannons bring light to the darkness of space outside, Azmodius and his master, Furios, lead a small branch of an invasion force aboard the Anchorage in search of Xander Drax.

"Hopefully Jai'de's team has less to deal with, or Drax may escape before we reach him," the knight says to his master whilst driving his saber through another traitorous member of Drax's legion. Furios lets out a "hmmm," as he listens to a message from Jai'de. "No such luck. Looks like everyone has their hands full," he says as he looks over to his apprentice. "We don't have time to play around Azmodius!" Furios exclaims, "Finish him off and let's get a move on!" Azmodius parries his opponent's vibrosword and cuts him diagonally, from shoulder to hip, in a flash. "The faces he made whilst struggling were so funny though! Look, he still looks constipated!" The knight said, pointing a finger at the corpse in front of him. Furios snickered and led on.

After a short time, they engaged yet another group of Drax's troops. Azmodius leapt forward to strike at the front line but, the force of his landing along with the weight of the armored troops caused to floor to give way and the knight plummeted down along with a handful of enemy troops.

The obelisk stood up after falling several flights and looked to his surroundings. Thankfully a few of the soldiers that fell with him cushioned his fall. After a brief moment he realized he had ended up in one of the unexplored sections of the anchorage. Just as he was about to start making his way back up, the knight felt he was not alone.

Simultaneously turning around and igniting his saber, Azmodius caught the blade of another dark jedi. "I'd expect no less from my rival," the hooded figure said. Pushing away from his opponent, Azmodius replied," Rival? I don't remember having a rival. Who are you?" The figure pulled back his hood to reveal a face he had not seen since he had become Furios' apprentice. "I was there when you slaughtered my friends and gained Furios' approval. Of course at the time I was weak, but I have been watching you. You, who brutally murdered my friends. Who took my apprenticeship. You stole my life, I should have been Furios' apprentice! Not some savage wild thing!"

Azmodius watched as his opponent paced back and forth. Cylos was his name. "Drax has given me the tools to grow stronger. There's no doubt, I'll have my revenge now!" Cylos said as he reignited his saber and charged for Azmodius. The knight caught the blade with his own, but the momentum carried him back over the corpses of the soldiers behind him. As his heel struck the shoulder of one of the soldiers, Azmodius lost his balance and fell backwards into the pile of bodies he emerged from.

Before Cylos could land another blow, Azmodius rolled out of the way. By the time he got back to his feet, Cylos was already swinging for his head. The obelisk quickly leaned back, evading the blade by mere centimeters, and thrust his foot forward into Cylos' chest. Azmodius could see this was no longer the same opponent he faced so long ago.

Azmodius drew the durasteel throwing daggers from his back and flung them at his opponent. Cylos reached out and lifted a large flat piece of durasteel and, with the force, hurled it at the Arkanian, catching the blades along it's path. Azmodius ran towards the plate and leapt up into the opening he fell through before. He held on to a piece of metal as he waited for Cylos to investigate.

Cylos stepped just before the opening in the ceiling and once again, called on the force to lift the durasteel plate. The Arkanian was too slow in his descent and Cylos caught his blade with his own just before it met it's mark. "I was almost disappointed when I thought I caught you with that giant heap of metal," he said. "You're gonna have to do better than that to beat me," the Arkanian replied. As soon as the words left his mouth, Cylos struck Azmodius' blade a few times before maneuvering it away from his body, exposing the knight's torso to a strike. Before Azmodius could block he felt Cylos' fist strike deep into his solar plexus.

The obelisk took a second to heal himself after the critical strike. It wasn't so much that the wind was knocked out of him as it was a blow to his pride. He was a predator, and this punk was his prey. Azmodius felt the rage build within him. Giving him strength, speed, and clarity. Abandoning his senses, Azmodius entered a mindless rage all too familiar to both himself and his opponent. Cylos could feel the disturbing aura he felt so long ago. He would have to give it his all if he was to kill Azmodius now.

Azmodius charged for Cylos who was ready to intercept the strike. The Arkanian quickly reversed the grip on his saber and swung in a large arc while turning his body to face away from his opponent. As he caught Cylos' blade with the saber in his right hand, he struck with his left, in a back fist to the temple. Azmodius continued the motion of spinning his body around to face his opponent. Cylos brought his arms up and swung downward at Azmodius, pouring his rage and hatred into the blow in hopes the sheer power behind the strike would send Azmodius to his knees, giving himself the advantage.

As Cylos brought his saber down, Azmodius dropped his and instead of fighting the motion, he pivoted to the side and forced Cylos to continue the motion, until his arm had come back around and dislocated from his shoulder. With Cylos' arm still in his clawed hand, Azmodius grabbed his opponent's other arm and brought it up in the same fashion, the pain sending Cylos to his knees. Bringing his right foot up onto Cylos' spine, Azmodius began slowly tearing his opponent’s arms off. Cylos held back painful screams as long as he could, but once he felt the flesh around his shoulder begin to tear he could no longer withstand it.

"Aaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!!!" He cried out. Just before his face struck the ground. "You are weak. You always were. Your hatred made you strong but Furios chose me because he saw true power in me. Your rage and hatred stemmed from Vengeance. Without it your power dissolves. Mine stems from the deepest depths within. At the core, pure rage is all I am." With those last words he flipped Cylos over and picked him up by the throat, bringing him up so that their eyes would meet. Azmodius slowly applied pressure, cutting of the flow of air as he stared into his opponent's eyes. Watching the life slowly leave them as his helpless prey squirmed in his grip.

Before he began his ascent back up the way he came, he noticed Cylos had dropped a data pad before his initial charge. The knight picked it up thinking it may hold some information they could use to their advantage. "Frak, Azmodius! That's a good look for you!" Furious said to his apprentice, who appeared to have taken a shower in blood. Azmodius pulled the data pad from his robes and upon realizing there was no unbloodied fragment of cloth on him, wiped it on the body of a dead soldier before handing it to his master. Furios examined the contents for a few minutes and said, “we need to find the others," before heading out towards the rendezvous point.