**Survival of Deception by Dek Rott**

 "Dek Rott," a voice croaked upon the flickering of a holoscreen, while a fiddling Duros had approached the small screen in the dusty workshop, "you will go to the planet of Caina and eliminate the terrorist threat in the Daemon Spaceport." Dek had awaited further instruction from Kell, "Our intelligence tells us that the Survivors are going to plant a bomb below the largest landing pad in order to cripple them. You will get further mission orders and objectives from an officer from Imperial Intelligence aboard the Indomitable." Dek Rott still said nothing, simply affirming to himself the information. "Do you understand? Have you been listening to me?!" The Adept became angry at the silence from this simple Knight. "Of course, Quaestor. I have merely been absorbing the information to enact. Thank you." The screen switched off and Dek went on tinkering with a small device he had been working with for the past few hours.

 *Passion. This is what they teach a Dark Jedi or a Sith. I guess I do have a passion, but it is not an emotional passion. I have a passion for electronics, but if someone were to take my electronics away I would not burst out in anger. I would simply attain new electronics. After all, it would be useless to them anyway. They would not know how to work them as well as I would. I guess I lack the passion that is desired out of a Dark Jedi. But nobody needs to know that. I am the only one who needs to understand myself. Besides, I have work to do. My expertise will only be realized through events, not through hidden actions or through talk. Through understanding, I gain strength.*

 12 hours later, Dek Rott was stepping of a fleet transport onto the Indomitable hanger bay; with a pack filled to the brim on his back. "Dek," the Knight heard a voice from afar the hanger, "Dek Rott?" Dek looked over to see a built human male with a crew cut. "Yes? You are...?"
"My name is Defore," he ran across the hanger to greet the Knight, "I was on vacation from the Cainan Guard when the Survivors attacked. I have been assigned to work with you and to show you the ropes, since you are new here."
"...ok...?"
"Uhhh, ok...I can show you to your quarters to put your stuff away, and then we are needed asap in the secondary briefing room." Dek Rott started walking towards the hanger entrance, slightly confusing Defore, but was quickly followed by him. "So...how was your trip from Judecca?"
"I got work done."
"Good. What kind of work are you into?"
"Electronics."
"Hmmm, aren't Dark Jedi supposed to be interested in combat and the force? The mysteries of the dark side," Defore let out with a chuckle.
"No." Dek Rott still walked face forward, short answering Defore at every question.
"Where are you from, if I may ask?"
"I was born in space."
"Sorry if I talk too much. I don't get to see much outside of Caina. Especially with my leave cut short."
"I forgive you."
Defore half grinned and stayed silent the rest of the way.

 *I will soon be alone to ponder my thoughts. Poor Defore. He simply does not understand how little his conversation matters to me. My skills will speak louder than any action or voice I could project. He will see, and he will be mesmerized. And that is when his secret that he is hiding will be revealed to me. I have no fear in pulling out every stop in my abilities.*

 They soon arrived in the briefing room. 8 Infantry units and a few what looked to be commanding officers sat around the first row of a holo table. Defore greeted some of the commanding officers and sat next to them. Dek took a position against the wall near the entrance of the room. A human female stood behind the table at attention, looked around, and then started the briefing.

 "Greetings, Dark Jedi Knight, commanders, infantrymen. This briefing is temporarily classified until you receive notice that it is complete. The Survivors have banded together over the past few weeks and surprised us all." She walked around the table and hit a few buttons. The holotable lit up and showed Caina. "The planet of Caina has become a target to a terrorist plot. Our Victory destroyers currently are able to land upon the planet for repairs, restructuring, and other things. Unfortunately, this has become a target for the Survivors. They would like nothing more than to cripple our spaceport on the planet, cutting off trade, supplies, and mass reinforcements. To bring the entire military to that region, however, would open up other areas of Cocytus that could easily be attacked. The Imperial Caina Guard is currently going through much of the houses and businesses in the city of Daemon to make sure nobody is hiding the traitors. However, this is not enough."

 She pressed a trigger that sent the holotable in motion. "That is why Dek Rott, along with the eight soldiers here today, and Defore, our available contact in the Cainan Guard, will land a small distance from the city of Daemon and sneak aboard the spaceport in the cover of darkness. From there you will sneak into the spaceport from above ground and stop the terrorists from blowing up the major landing pad or enacting any other damage."

 The Intelligence officer brought up an image of the Subjugator. "This vessel will fly in a distance from the planet, send out a transport with some fighters to the poles of the planet to throw off the spaceport sensors. On the southern pole, the Imperial Guard will have an LAAT waiting to lift you to a better position while the transport and the fighters will head back to the Subjugator to take off back here before they can be spotted. Any questions?"

 Defore spoke up, "This mission is important to myself and my brethren and we really appreciate you all helping out."

 "Yes," sighed the Intelligence officer, "Any other comments or questions?"

 Dek Rott felt compelled by the strangeness of the plan. "How was this plan set up? What is wrong with a direct assault on the compound from many sides? And the terrorists actually have a hold on the spaceport?" "Our intelligence says that the terrorists will most likely have a hold on it by the time you get there. Admittedly we are taking a risk by putting less security in the area. Hopefully by the being defeated, we could draw them out and put a moralizing blow of defeat against them to prevent others from joining their cause. A direct assault is more dangerous considering our own troops could be caught in the crossfire. It would give them a warning as well as to our coming."

 *Toying with terrorists for propaganda. Someone should shift the intelligence department around. Always trying to sneak into something that could simply be broken open. If an egg is rotten, you crack it open to check and then throw it away. You don't chip at the edges and sneak a peek inside. There plan will definitely be followed. I might have to add a flair of my own.*

 The searing sound of metal in the hyperdrive could be heard in the hanger bay. The transport carried the above average soldiers along with Defore and Dek. The fighters would be manned by pilot with delicate control. Two of them would come out, and if Dek was successful, a third would be left behind for him just in case. With a widespread model such as the TIE fighter, restructuring the system wasn't difficult at all. It would be deemed unusable and left alone until the mission ended. He made friends with a mechanic who would float the fighter just after they left.

 The transport floated and left the hanger bay, followed by the two fighters. Things were going smooth. The transport was at a low hum, and the chatter was kept to a minimum. Dek had prepared a few trinkets just in case things didn't work out. Leaving that fighter behind would be highly beneficial in case a terrorist tried to esc.....FEWFEWFEW!!! The transport was rocked by a volley of laser fire. Defore and a few others were thrown against their belts, and Dek immediately stepped out of his chair and ran to the cockpit.

 As he strode in, "Move over, pilot. I got this." The pilot who wasn't occupied looked back and pointed to himself. "Yes, you," spoke the Duros louder this time, "Prepare the docking clamps to attach a fighter." The pilot got out of his chair and confusedly moved to the back of the transport. Dek took control from the other pilot and immediately started dodging an array of imperial fighters who were blasting at the transport. He spun the transport, weaving it in and out between different volleys, and sped back to the Subjugator. "What happened?" Dek was calm but deliberate.

 "The fighters came out of nowhere. Took out one of the TIEs immediately. The other is somewhere amongst the...allies?"
"Obviously not," responded Dek. "I have a reserve fighter on autopilot to a position I have laid out. If the Subjugator lea..." At that moment the Subjugator warped out of there, leaving behind the transport and the empty shell of a fighter, and the other TIE. "Message the other fighter to head to the planet. We will pulse all of our escape pods except for one. Line a fake crash course towards the city of Calynos. Nearer to the city, pull up and head to the original landing coordinates in the south pole. Hopefully the LAATs will intercept some of the fighters on the way...if they are there."
"What if they aren't?"
"Then you will die."

 Dek Rott immediately got up and went to the back of the transport, and met Defore along the way. He was shocked, "The pilot told us fighters are firing upon us?"
"Yes, and they are controlled by the Survivors. You are to enact the original plan to the best of your ability."
"What about you?"
"I will be the unexpected surprise to their unexpected surprise. Get the other pilot back to his seat."

 *I'll show these terrorists how to fly a real fighter.* The escape pod was launched with the Dark Jedi Knight inside of it. The other escape pods were being followed by fighters. Some weren't, and luckily neither was his. The escape pod had a direction of the unnamed fighter, whose autopilot was enacted to pick up the general location of Dek. Dek chuckled by himself. Finally, no one else to bother him. He can be one with space, and defeat his opponents.

 Upon entering the TIE fighter cockpit, Dek sped off into the direction of the fight. His fighter blazed across the dark, entering into a foray of similar TIEs. Noticing his slightly broken ally, he immediately called him in, "Head towards me and pull off at the last second." All Dek got back was com crash. He was surprised that his allies fighter lasted that long. His ally sped towards him head on. Some of the following fighters immediately noticed the tactic and pulled off. The others were blind and inexperienced. They would suffer for this mistake. The allied fighter pulled off at the last second, and Dek barrel rolled the hell around the enemy fighters while clipping their wings with laser fire. Compounding inexperience with faulty wings, the fighters dived out of control. They would eventually run out of fuel and be picked up later by Imperial forces. "Pilot, head to my position, and take up a position in front of me. I will guide your path and you lay down your fighter in an allied city."

 Luckily, the orders were received and Dek obviously got more com crash in response. The fighter moved a distance in front of Dek and the enemies filed in around them. Dek shot a fighter that was out of formation coming at them. Two tried to take them from behind while another shot at Dek. Dek dodged the fire and let out a volley at the two who passed him. One was hit directly and exploded while the other was barely chipped at and simply carried on the path. Dek immediately pulled a loop and sent himself amongst the enemy fighters. Dek stretched out with the force, suggesting that firing upon him might be a good idea right now. Especially to get him out of the way, and so easily within reach. One of the enemy fighters shot at him, but the Knight dodged the expected firing. Another enemy fighter immediately ate the shot and spun out, knocking two other fighters out of combat and blowing himself up. The fighters behind pulled off and headed to the city of Daemon. Dek cleaned out the few remaining fighters, sustaining bare damage, and headed down to Daemon as well.

 *The mission can still be salvaged. Letting terrorists into a spaceport was a mistake. I should have said more, insisted on another plan, but it was probably already too late. When I get down there, my objectives will be simple; kill the terrorists. No mercy.* The landing pad was barely defended. A few guns fired ineffectual shots at the Dark Jedi. Dek wondered why the Survivors were so weak when it came to combat. Ineffective shots fired, ineffective fighters, ineffective defense. Surprisingly, the transport had also landed on an empty landing pad. "What the..." Dek was surprised at the sight of the transport. He wondered how the hell they landed on this bay so easily.

 Dek rolled out of the fighter and immediately went up to the frigid door. Cold and windy was Daemon this night. The Duros wanted to get inside most of all. The real action would be brought by him. The door had the blast door closed on it. He had the codes, but not for the blast door. Nothing a simple hack couldn't fix. He pulled out his electronic pad and immediately plugged it into the astromech hole. Flipping through a few commands, the blast door started to open, revealing a few dead bodies which had been crushed by the door. Some of the blood lay below in crystallized format. Luckily, none he could recognize. Well...as well as anyone could recognize from a crushed skeleton and face. He unplugged the pad and placed it back into an armored pocket. He kneeled for a second. Took a deep breath. He pulled in the intelligence, the formidability, the strong mind, and the context of his surroundings. The breath was let out. The stress, the emotion, the pain, the arrogance, and the confusing was let out with it. His mind raced with war. His thoughts threw the saber into his hand as he ignited it into a yellow flash of light. He was the beacon of blood and the harbinger of awakening. Nothing would defeat him. Only emptiness.

 Defore and the troopers and pilots had pressed forward into the tunnels of the spaceport. They had fought off some easy enemies. No one was giving them a fight. But they were suddenly at an impasse. Two men with RPGs held them off while another laid down suppressing fire for them. They had already lost three men to the explosions. But they couldn't give up now. Especially after that excellent landing, fooling the gunners into believing the fighters following them were their escort to the planet. They would think twice after any other fighter attempted to land. That is when Defore heard a low rumble. He walls were slowly pounding, harder and harder, each moment was a louder boom.

 Dek pounced each foot off the ground, feeding on strength of the dead. These men died by the hands of those on the transport. They fought better than expected. He could feel them up ahead, paused. He could sense the mind of Defore. He had an epiphany that he buried into his mind temporarily. He turned the corner and lunged himself into the air, saber deflecting the blaster fire back at the suppresser, killing him instantly. The one man with the RPG was beheaded instantly. The other almost fired before he was telekinetically slammed into the front of the defense, the troopers firing hell down upon his now corpse.

 Immediately other troops in the hallway started firing upon all of them. The troopers lay down covering fire while Dek would slice the others like he sliced the door open. Fully aware who would die and who would live, and knowing he could fulfill any of those wishes. The Survivors had no fighting chance, just as the door had no chance of not being opened.

 After the slaughter, they ran to the space below the Victory platform. Dek immediately sat down next to the bomb and slowly disabled it. He let out a sigh.

 *No. Too easy.*

 He stood up. While Defore and the other troopers congratulated each other, Dek walked over to one of the dead Survivors. He found a pad on them and hooked up his own pad to it. The Knight went onto review the oh so obviously placed orders. "Plant bomb; detonate bomb; fight off resistance. No." Defore heard Dek sneer towards the pad. He walked up to him, "Hey, Dek, the missions over. We won!"

 Dek's eyes were thunderstruck. He stuck both pads in his armored pocket and held both his hands of Defore's shoulders, "Get the troopers to the Secure Vaults. NOW! This was a trick designed to throw us off!" "Relax, Dek," Defore suggested as he shrugged off the Duros' arms. "Stop finding conspiracy in all the wrong places. We got this!" Dek strode over to the troops, "I order you to gear back up and head to the secure vaults. If anyone tries to stop you," he looked over at Defore, "kill them." The troopers immediately armed back up and ran towards the secure vaults, followed swiftly by Defore to guide them.

 Dek paced not to the secure vaults, but to the Victory landing pad control room. Upon opening the door he was met with a person in a Survivor uniform tapping on his pad plugged into the computer terminals. Dek pulled out his blaster and shot his speechless face in the skull. He tossed his body aside with the force, and pulled out his own pad, still connected to the Survivors pad.

 *Just as the pad said. A diversion within a diversion within a diversion. Divert the mission to the hanger, which would divert them from the secure vaults. In reality, the secure vaults, however delicious a target it looked, would be another diversion for the implanting of a virus. But I'll admire these events later. Plugged in my pad, and brought with me a distraction plug. Simply place it in the astromech spot and now the system will be backed up by what it thinks is an astromech droid, diverting the virus to the false droid reading. I'm getting the reading. This virus looks complex. Luckily I am a complex person.*

 Dek prattled the terminal and the pad, and a pleasant \*ding\* was heard as the Duros hacker smiled. His programs enacted, he was suffocating the virus and diverting it. It might infect the terminal, but that is about as far as it will go. The virus would have destabilized the secure vaults' doors. It would have set off a mini explosion that would look like a failure below the Victory landing pad. Of course, it would eventually have infected the next Star Destroyer to land here, potentially putting it under the control of the Survivors.

 *I guess we'll never know.* **Epilogue** Dek sat in the briefing room of the Indomitable. He was alone, going over the failed mission plans, as well as noticing the holotable had a lag of .4 seconds. Definitely needed some fixing. Defore walked in and immediately spoke, "Thank you, Dek Rott, for aiding the people of Caina. You helped us a great deal."
"Go fuck yourself."
Defore was utterly shocked, "Excuse me?"
"Next time Imperial Intelligence wants to evaluate me, tell them the same."
"I am not Imperial Intelligence! I am a loyal soldier of..."
"You are a liar!" Dek cast out his hand and pain struck the gut of the Human. "In battle, I felt your mind. It was judging me. The first question you asked me was about who I was and nothing about my battle strength. And when I mention my skills, you said nothing of its potential usefulness to the mission. All you said was something about the dark side and some token thought that any fool would dare not ask of us in a serious way."
Through the gritted teeth, "I'm sorry! I..GAHH...wasn't my idea!"
Dek let the pain go. He walked up to Defore and kneeled down next to his ear, "Battle makes me angry. Betrayal makes me angry. Lies, deceptions, those are the weapons of fools and cowards. Experience is my ally. That's one thing you Sith types have consistently failed to understand. Experience prevails. Not position. Power is useless without being able to wield what is required of you. And if the force is stripped from you, and from that stripping you can do nothing, then you are true weakness."