**Master Shikyo Keibatsu (Dark Jedi)**

**Dossier #: 6059**

**Location Redacted**

***KEF Masarao***

**Combat Information Center**

Silence is the scariest environment sentient beings could possibly dwell in. They’re used to the cacophony of nature or the artificial music technology offers. In the tactical center on board the Masarao, two of the individuals feared the silence of the third while the fourth continued looking at the illuminated ship drifting in space. Captain Hajime and Commander Kuragawa had never seen Master Shikyo Keibatsu so focused and unflinching.

“Play the transmission again,” the Dark Jedi said, ice in his voice.

Kuragawa danced her fingers along the display console before a soft, female voice echoed throughout the room.

“Mayday, mayday. This is Republic corvette *Light of Yavin* requesting assistance. Engines have been disabled and life support systems are failing. Anyone in the system receiving this transmission, we are located at the following coordinates-“

The former Herald closed his eyes and focused on the words. Time may have altered the voice slightly but there was no mistaking their source. She was the same one who whispered promises of peace, promises of joy, promises of love. She was the same who sold him out to the enemy under the guise of “protecting him”. How wrong she was.

“How close are we to the corvette?”

“We’ll be on location in five minutes, milord,” Hajime said, his head tilted towards the deck.

The Dark Jedi Master took a deep breath before turning towards the fourth individual in the room: General Katsuhide, \*Nihilgenia commander of the 5th Kyataran Legion.

“Katsuhide, assemble a squad of your best men and meet in the hangar in 20 minutes. We’re investigating that ship.”

His facial expression may have been hidden by the helmet but the slight tilt of the head told Shikyo that the Nihilgenia was confused.

“We’re assisting the enemy, sir?”

“No,” the Keibatsu said, steel in his voice. “We’re investigating the one who sent the transmission.”

\*Nihilgenia – soldiers under the command of the Keibatsu family to defend their home planet

**Location Redacted**

***KEF Masarao* on approach to *CEC Light of Yavin***

**Hangar Bay**

Shikyo watched his men move with focus and haste. All equipment was double checked, all personnel were accounted for, and assignments were passed along. While the presence of the general was enough cause for concern, having one of the royal bloodline joining them put the men on edge. The Elder could feel their anxiety like goosebumps on his skin. As the Nihilgenia got into formation, Katsuhide called them to attention and faced his brother-in-arms.

“All yours, Shik,” he said in as hushed a voice as the helmet would allow.

The Keibatsu stepped forward and looked over the squad.

“Gentlemen, we have an enemy ship broadcasting a distress signal. While I’d tell you all to scavenge the thing and eliminate survivors but I have an alternative agenda. There is someone on board that ship that I must handle personally. You men have been chosen because you recognize what a Jedi is. Your orders are to avoid anyone that appears to be a Jedi and you are to report them directly to either myself or General Katsuhide. Understood?”

“Sir, yessir!”

Sasuke looked over his men slowly. What started as anxiety solidified into determination and the former Herald smirked at the squad before nodding to Katsuhide. The Nihilgenia commander barked orders to his troops as the Dark Jedi moved towards the outer exit of the hangar bay. He extended his will towards the disabled ship, feeling for a presence as strong as his. Like a beacon in the distance through a foggy bay, the Keibatsu could sense someone was there and he wondered if Sakuya Koyotai, the woman from the broadcast, was that beacon.

Vibrations shook the *Masarao* as it prepared to board the Corellian corvette. As the locking mechanisms took hold and atmosphere hissed into the armored transport, Shikyo took hold of one of his lightsabers and snapped the scarlet blade to life. Servos whirled rapidly before the pneumatic doors parted to reveal the darkened ship. Sasuke could hear clicks behind him as the Nihilgenia clicked on headlights on their helmets and revealed a scene of carnage.

Scorched metal tore open the bulkhead and blood scattered between the breeches. Whatever happened here was savage and persistent. This was not the result of a commando boarding party. But what?

Brilliant scarlet light illuminated the scene further as the Keibatsu walked onto the ship. Objects were thrown haphazardly around what appeared to be a lounge room. White lights moved into the room and began sweeping into further areas. Katsuhide approached the side of his friend and turned towards him.

“Wildlife?”

“You really think the Republic or Jedi for that matter would let something this feral on board their ship? Not likely.”

Without warning, Shikyo could feel something tugging on his mind, as if a primal warning was telling him someone needed help. Tendrils of the Force coursed through his muscles and with the Force as his guide, the Kyataran sprinted towards the sensation. Katsuhide called out to his men and tried to follow the Dark Jedi but his own speed was lacking. As the Krath navigated through the corvette, abnormal sounds came to life the closer he got towards the sensation. It wasn’t until he reached a massive door covered in grease, oil, and blood that the Elder could make sense of the noises.

Guttural, savage roars penetrated the durasteel blast doors like whispers told with shut lips. Sasuke could barely hear them but could make out their pattern to recognize them. However, another sound echoed that was much sharper, more distinct.

“HELP!”

Unclipping a darker lightsaber hilt from his belt, the snap-hiss of a faintly violet blade sang together with its scarlet sibling and joined it in slashing fervently at the doors. Scorch marks burned into the hull without opening for the former Herald. The Krath snarled as the lights disappeared from their hilts and his right leg dropped back behind him. Shikyo closed his eyes and focused on the Force around him, drawing in its energy into the palms of his hands. With a howl of anger, the Keibatsu unleashed the invisible energy into the weakened door, blasting the pieces out into the area like oversized shrapnel.

Inside, humanoid creatures clamored and lurched their way towards a brilliant turquoise blade. The woman in brown and tan robes danced between the creatures, slashing her way towards any possibility of survival. For a moment, Sakuya Koyotai’s eyes met those of Shikyo Keibatsu and he could see the desperation in them.

“Boku!”

A primal roar erupted from within the Dark Jedi Master as his scarlet and ultraviolet lightsabers ignited, charging headlong into the bay. The creatures turned towards the Krath and he noticed that they resembled Republic soldiers but they appeared diseased, rotten. They snarled and let out an inhuman groan before charging towards the Dark Jedi. Shikyo slipped a wolfish grin on his face before rushing the creatures, slashing through the horde like a hot knife through butter.

Sakuya fought her way towards her former lover, stopping occasionally to find the Krath Master among the creatures. The two locked eyes and began to slice their way through the horde, twisting out of the way of diseased grasps and bisecting the creatures in sharp, ugly angles. The Jedi Master watched a pack of four of the infected rushing towards the former Herald. Focusing her attention on the Force around her, Sakuya unleashed a blast of energy that cleared a path through the pack, rushing towards her former paramour.

The Keibatsu turned his attention towards Koyotai at the same time he heard a flurry of combat boots on grated steel. He reached out for the woman and-

Cold sweat and a sharp gasp woke up the Krath adherent.

He looked around the master bedroom of Misahide Castle before looking down at the sleeping form of his wife, Elysia Moxla. A smile washed over his face before his holocom began to ring. Katsuhide’s form appeared in teal form, standing at parade rest.

“My lord, we’ve picked up a distress beacon on the coms. Request your presence in TACCOM.”

As the Dark Jedi Master began to respond, a female voice whispered in his mind.

*‘Were I in this kind of danger, in the utmost need for your help, would you answer the call?’*

Every creature slain was a ghost. All the fear was imaginary. The thought that his life and the life of someone else were in danger solely to make a point built a rage within the Krath that refused to settle. It was one thing for a random Jedi to manipulate him like that but this was a former love. It was unacceptable.

*Typical Jedi tricks…*

Shikyo snarled as he closed his eyes and responded in kind:

*‘Kark you.’*

The Dark Jedi opened his eyes and looked at the miniature form of his friend.

“Ignore it. I’m busy right now.”

“As you wish,” Katsuhide said with a matter-of-fact tone.

Turning onto his side and draping his arm around the Kiffar woman, Sasuke pushed aside the memories of the past and focused on the luxuries of the present.