Talis sat up in his cot slowly shaking his head. He examined the barren walls of his cell before pushing his sight outwards toward the adjacent cells. His squad took up the cells immediately to his right and the three across from his.Talis sighed deeply before standing and making his way to the windowless door. He gave the door a good shove and felt dust fall upon his forearms. He raised his gaze to the top of the cell where part of the wall was crumbling. Talis smiled as he began formulating his plan to escape. Talis put his face right in the corner of the cell on the wall with the door and waited for a jailer. After about four hours some guards marched by dragging an unknown alien Talis had never seen before. Ignoring the unconscious alien, Talis began beating the door and screaming in Miraluka. Talis was hoping that the two guards didn't have a clue what he was saying and they would come investigate. After a few moments his gamble worked as the two men deposited the unconscious alien in the cell next to his. Talis stepped up to the door and waited for them to open the hatch to speak to him. As it opened Talis punched through the hole, colliding with the guards jaw. It was an awkward shot that had to be thrown straight at eye level through a very narrow hole, but it worked out as the guards could be heard cursing and fumbling for keys. Talis returned to the cot and sat back down pretending to meditate. As the two guards entered Talis began pooling force in his right palm.

“You think you are funny scum!” Presumably the guard that Talis had hit bellowed.

“Did you know there are two aspects to a great prison escape,” Talis paused and waited for the two guards to exchange a glance, “Bright lights and darkness.”

A confused aura washed over them as they exchanged another glance. The guard Talis had not hit went to speak but before he could get a word out Talis let go the burst of bright light and then pulled on the force again to blanket the cell in darkness. The yelp of surprise from the guards was Talis’ call to action as he stepped forward and took the communicators and keys off both the guard’s hips and stepped out to the door. Talis watched as the two men fumbled around looking for him as he swung the door shut behind him. Talis let the black hole vanish and watched through the door as the two men cowered from the onslaught of the cells lighting. Talis tossed the keys up in front of himself and caught them.

“Like taking candy from a baby.” Talis made his way to all the cells in the block and released the dozen or so militia members and his squad of troopers before heading to the main entrance down the corridor.

Talis snuck up to the corner as the neared the exit. Making sure to be as silent as possible. Talis poked gazed out at the scene before him. A dozen members of the Disciples of Dreypa sat around a holoprojector. The were pointing and from the sound of things arguing about how they would attack the Odanite position. Apparently the attack on the main compound had not turned out as well as their trap for Talis’ squad. Talis’ squad was taken quietly and without incident while they were sleeping. The militiamen with them were swarmed and arrested as well. Luckily one got away and was able to tell the main force that these folks were coming.

Talis’ gaze was drawn towards two people. One, a woman he had encountered before during the initial invasion. Talis knew her as Malice, the battle team leader of the Disciples of Dreypa. The other, a man named Areticus Altainatus. He was a makashi adherent Talis had fought a couple times throughout the current unpleasantries. Talis broke off his star and looked around for his lightsaber for a few tense moments before his eyes fell on the hilt. On the edge of the table right next to Areticus’ hand was his hilt. Talis sighed as he rose, turned and smiled at his companions. He tossed the keys to one of his squad members and motioned for the exit which just happened to have a table with all of their guns and gear strewn across it and walked out of the corridor. A few of the members of the battle team took double takes as they realized what had emerged from the cell block. Talis reached out and pulled the hilt of his saber from the table to his hand and ignited it in one motion. The amethyst blade hissed to life angrily as the Miraluka spun it a couple times before coming to a resting stance common to Ataru strikers. Talis knew all he had to do was keep Areticus from getting past him and his squad would be fine. The group stepped back and encircled the blindfolded man like a pack surrounding prey. Talis stood confident among the crowd like a bull protecting his herd from predators. The athletic Miraluka began pooling the force into his arms and feet as Areticus moved forward and ignited his lightsaber. Areticus presented the crimson blade before himself level to the ground with his elbow slightly bent in typical Makashi style. Talis brought his blade up in a salute before he bounded forward at the human. Talis utilized his superior strength and endurance during almost every altercation these two had fought but every time Talis had been defeated by the superior intellect of his opponent. Talis would not be bested by his foe this day.

Talis stepped in and sent a flurry of slashes at the human who worked vigorously to bat them away as Talis lead the fight around the room. Areticus was a patient man and kept a watchful eye for any opening he could exploit with a well timed stab. He knew in a straight up fight he didn't have the physical prowess of the knight before him but he knew his wit had won out every time. Areticus kept his blade moving knowing that as long as he could keep his opponent moving forward he would tire himself out. Talis kept going after the Sith with everything he had. He could tell the Human was beginning to worry as his aura began to turn a lightish color of yellow and purple. Areticus noticed something different today from the Miraluka. He wasn’t pushing harder he was pushing faster. He was considerably faster than the Areticus suddenly. It was almost as if he had lost a complete step suddenly. Areticus gaze fell upon Talis’ open right hand that was grasped out. Areticus tested the waters of the force as he struggled to stay in the fight. He recognized the telltale sign of the force as it receded back from him. Talis smote the crimson saber across the room and onto the ground as it deactivated. The purple blade leveled at the human before its wielder smiled and lowered the amethyst beam and kicked the man hard in the chest, releasing what little force was left pooled up in his leg.

The group watch on in amazement as the two knights fought vigorously. The blindfolded man moved like an acrobat across a stage as his purple blade whirled and slashed at the very methodical defense of the crimson blade. Suddenly the altercation came to a halt with Areticus’ lightsaber getting knocked from his grasp. A thud followed that sent the Sith man to the floor hard. The blind man didn’t go in at the disarmed foe but instead turned and began making his way towards the door only to have a short, large eyed lizard step between him and the door. The Aleena activated his crimson saber and took a standard banlanth stance before him. Talis sighed and looked back at the others as they began closing in activating their lightsabers.

“Wait!” A voice exclaimed from behind the group. Areticus had gathered himself up to his feet and was cleaning the noticeable boot print from his black vest. “Let them go.”

“Areticus you don't get to.”

“Quiet Malice!” The battle team leader fell silent as she looked at Areticus, “What does a duelist have, if not his honor, let them go, he was victorious.”

“Thank you Sith,” Talis bowed and deactivated his lightsaber. He stowed it on his hip and turned to leave only to find the Aleena still standing before him.

“Oric!” Areticus bellowed, “Move!”

The Aleena shied away from the human and rejoined the bulk of the group as Talis smiled and bowed his head. Leaving the room and making his way out of the exit into the bright sunlight. Talis expected to come out into an army of enemy troops but only found a desolate outpost with little in the way of comfort. The small security force was easily taken by the platoon of men Talis had freed from their cells.

“Do you have us an extract?” Talis asked his squad leader as he approached the four men in Kotahitanga-Unity Defense Force combat gear.

“Yes sir, one mike out.”

“Good set them free and let’s go home.”

“But sir, we.” The squad leader fell silent as Talis raised his hand.

“That’s enough for one day, cut them loose.” Talis replied as the Odanite and militia extraction cut low over a nearby hill. Talis made his way to the extract point that was marked with green smoke and waited for his ride back to the barracks. Where he could get some real sleep. From the sounds of the conversation in the office. The war between the Odanites and their militia allies and the Plagueis and their inquisition forces was coming to a final climax.