Strike in the Shadows

Lucyeth sat in the chair of the transport shuttle with jittery anticipation. The Jedi that were allies in the past have today, become the enemy in the eyes of the Grand Master. The Battlemaster knew that at the end of each day, he always would do what needed to be done for the good of the Brotherhood. He always did what he was told regardless of the situation. Today, he would go up against the Jedi that he fought with on countless planets and he would deal with them. The Grandmaster gave a direct order and as a member of the Inquisitorius society, he would do what the Grandmaster asked.

 The transport rocked and buckled as it descended the atmosphere of Corellia. Lucyeth had only been on the planet surface a few times and on better circumstances but that didn’t matter. With the strength of the dark side of the force with him and a platoon of specialized commandos hand-picked by the Quaestor himself, the mission would be accomplished. The transport touched down on a small pad not too far from where the target is believed to be according to intelligence. The Battlemaster was on the move with the commandos behind him as they struggled to keep up. The window was short but if they could get to the transport and seize it before the Jedi take it then it would be a much easier task.

 Lucyeth reached the transport shuttle at the Corellian Engineering Corporation headquarters. The corvette was in plain sight which the Battlemaster knew to be too easy. The Jedi had to be somewhere nearby. Lucyeth had his hand on his hilt while he motioned for the commando sergeant to scan the corvette for lifeforms and weapons. There was not even security in the corporation with the entire lot deserted. The commando rounded the corvette engines when a lightsaber thrummed to life. The commando never had the chance to reach for his blaster and the Battlemaster had already activated his own blade while his commandos began to send bolts toward the advancing Jedi. Lucyeth met the green lightsaber with his own in a wild crash. Green and blue light intercepted red bolts all around the Battlemaster as the landing pad turned into an all-out war zone. The Palatinaean kicked his Jedi adversary in the knee and made no hesitation at the opportunity to slice his abdomen right open. His enemy fell in a lifeless heap but Lucyeth didn’t have the time to relish his victory with the resistance still slaughtering his soldiers. Lucyeth jumped right into the fray and sent a burst of plasma back to the source. Soldiers dropped like flies on each faction. Resistance and brotherhood forces alike were falling to their perspective enemies but Lucyeth didn’t care as long as the ship was seized with the Jedi scum dead.

 A large explosion shook the pad as a thermal detonator was triggered by one of the imperial commandos. The fireball engulfed the trooper, his sacrifice worthy for respect in Lucyeth’s mind. His men were losing ground but Lucyeth felt the fear in the rebel cell. A small band of rebels didn’t stand a chance while the Jedi were reluctant to use the full potential of the force. The Battlemaster was thrown across the pad with such force he knew instantly. He couldn’t allow letting his guard down like that ever again. The frustration of his own failure of the moment caused his blood to boil. He could feel the power and he embellished it. He screamed with a fit of rage as the air around the Palatinaean became energized. Lucyeth burst forward with rapid speed. The group of Jedi was never prepared for the attack as it happened in mere seconds. Lucyeth swung his leg to catch one Jedi hard in the jaw of whom blacked out and collapsed to the ground while Lucyeth followed with his knee to the gut of another. The young Jedi knelt to the ground to catch his breath but the Battlemaster couldn’t afford to hesitate with any mercy. Lucyeth drove his knee into the face of the Jedi hard for a mortal blow. The loud crack of bone and cartilage was heard before the Jedi fell lifeless to the duracrete pad. The blaster fire ended and a rebel soldier fell behind the corvette.

Lucyeth gazed upon the carnage of brotherhood and rebels alike in piles of defeat. The pad reeked of death and Lucyeth sighed a breath of victory before he extinguished his blade. Only two commandos remained from the aftermath but Lucyeth was fine with that. Soldiers can be disposable and replaced when necessary as long as the mission was complete. All that mattered to him was to secure the corvette and report the mission to the Inquisitorius. Lucyeth entered the corvette to search for anything that should deserve a second glance. The corvette was deserted while the Battlemaster continued toward the cockpit. The lights danced and blinked on the various panels of the cockpit. The Palatinaean let his fingers do the work, various clicks, twists and knobs to engage the engine overload of the corvette. He gave the sequence one minute which was plenty of time to clear the pad and get back to his shuttle not too far away. Lucyeth sprinted out of the corvette and off the pad with his two remaining soldiers not too far behind. The group reached the shuttle just as the ground shook followed by a loud explosion. The Jedi were killed along with the rest of their rebels that were slaughtered and the corvette was destroyed. Lucyeth entered the shuttle and throttled her up. The engines roared to life as the two remaining soldiers were checking armor and weapons. It was a heavy loss considering the amount of force it took to complete the mission. He had upheld the secrecy of the society and fulfilled the bidding of the grandmaster. Two blaster bolts broke the silence in the shuttle followed by the two only soldiers that remained fall in a heap. The smoking blaster was holstered back into its rightful ankle holster as the Battlemaster gazed upon the victims. Now, the mission was fulfilled and the society could remain a myth.