The fighting was fierce as the Arconan troops pushed forward, pushing the Perdition forces slowly backward toward their command center. The air was thick with smoke as blaster fire rang across the decks, the hum of lightsabers audible over the explosions that rocked the ship from without.

Impaling an ordinary soldier, Zakath snarled as he wrenched his lightsaber out of the enemy’s chest and stalked forward, his eyes glowing bright with dark power as he set them on the retreating enemy. Behind him, his daughter and Apprentice was busy wiping her dagger clean on the shirt of a recently slain Perdition soldier, his face and fingers bearing the evidence of improvised torture.

“It iz confirmed?” Zakath asked.

“It is, Father. Kordath is on the bridge,” Nath replied, her dark eyes glaring balefully at the backs of the retreating enemy just before the blast shield slammed shut. “We will be taking him alive, won’t we?”

“If pozzible,” Zakath replied before tapping at the headset that he had chosen to wear for this mission. “Colonel? It iz verified, Kordath iz on the bridge.”

“Acknowledged. Proceed with plan.” Celevon’s voice crackled over the headset. “Take alive, if possible. I won’t lose any sleep if he loses a limb for that godawful speech, though. We’ll secure your escape route.”

“Underztood,” Zakath snorted lightly in amusement before he tapped his headset again, changing channels. “You are in pozition?”

“Yesss.” The voice hissed out. “Jussst give the word.”

“Stand by,” Zakath’s eyes surged with power as he turned to the senior Sergeant leading the assault party and nodded at him. “Proceed.”

The Sergeant nodded and barked out orders. Soldiers rushed forward and began laying direct shaped explosive charges, wiring the sealed blast doors to explode inward with maximum impact. Other soldiers took up position a short distance away, their hands holding flashbang grenades to hurl inside once the door blew.

“We’re ready, sir.” The Sergeant said calmly as he turned to Zakath, his cold eyes meeting Zakath’s fiery violet ones. “Give the word and we’ll rain hell on the bastards.”

“Light them up,” Zakath growled before turning to Nath. “Are you prepared?”

“Yes,” His daughter replied, her voice as cold as her dark eyes.

A quick shout from the Sergeant and the sealed blast door blew inward with explosive force, sending red hot fragments of metal flying out. A second later, flashbang grenades flew through in all directions. The Arconan soldiers were prepared, their eyes shut and helmets sealed against the intense glare. As soon as the grenades hit the ground, the exploded, and the Arconans flooded into the bridge, their blasters barking out gouts of fire.

Zakath and Nath quickly followed the invading Arconans into the bridge, their eyes seeking out only one being in the entire chaos of the firefight.

And he was not hard to miss.

Zakath turned an incredulous glance to his daughter. “Nath… when did Kordath learn to uze a lightzaber?”

“...he didn’t,” Nath blinked as she stared at the Ryn, who was barking out orders and pointing a crimson hued lightsaber in the direction of the smoking blast door.

“Huh,” Zakath shrugged inwardly as he stared at the curious sight before gathering himself together and roaring out a challenge.

“BLEU!”

Kordath whirled around, his normally grey eyes a burning sulphuric color.

“Ah, my master’s master,” The Ryn hissed out as he glared fiercely at the two. “Lord Dassac said you might be coming. He will be pleased to know he was right.”

“You will be coming back with us, Kordath,” Nath’s voice was icy cold as she stared intently at her one-time Student.

“Oh, I don’t think so,” Kordath spat out venomously, his tail whipping to and fro in agitation. “My place is here, removing the yoke of oppression from your people and granting them true lib-”

“Oh for- are you seriouz?” Zakath snarled as he glared at the Ryn. “Now? Now you go all political on uz?”

“It took Lord Dassac some time, but yes! Yes! You Arconans are a rot on society, and we will burn you out!” Kordath snarled, spittle flying from his mouth.

“Men- destroy the Arco-”

But before Kordath could finish his sentence, a massive explosion rocked the bridge as an entire wall blew inward from behind Kordath. A second later, a flash of blue fire washed over the bridge, and then Kordath and the remaining Perdition soldiers slumped down to the floor, clearly unconscious. As the smoke cleared, a massive form strode through the drifting smoke.

“Right on time,” Zakath greeted the new arrival.

“That’sss what you pay me for,” the form spoke as he finally cleared the smoke, revealing himself to be a massive Barabel with mottled green scales, blue light glinting from a replacement cybernetic eye. “And thisss issss my bounty?”

“Yez,” Zakath nodded slightly before tapping his headset. “Colonel? We’ve secured Kordath. Iz the ezcape route prepped?”

“Yes. Soldiers are also wiring the ship for demolition now. Get your asses back here so we can get out of here.”

“On our way,” Zakath replied before he turned to Nath, noticing the curious look on her face. “Ah, I forget you’ve not met. Nath, thiz iz Skawl, one of the contractorz I employ. Expenzive, but worth it.”

“Hi,” Skawl grunted as he hefted up the body of Kordath. “Sssithssspit, what the hell have they have been feeding thisss thing? He reeks.”

“We’ll hoze him down when we get back,” Zakath said dryly as he turned to exit the bridge.

“Whatever. Jussst pay me.”