The battle has been long and furious, with fanatical resistance being put up by the troops of Perdition as the Arconan troops and their masters carved their way into their flagship. Smoke filled the corridors as blaster fire erupted all over the ship, the deadly hum of lightsabers reverberating in-between the explosions of firepower.

The resolve of the Arconans proved irresistible however, as they steadily forced the Perdition forces back.

And now here they were.

Slamming the door release with his fist, Zakath fixed a predatory grin onto his face as he marched in, his glowing eyes fixated on the Chistori Elder who was kneeling in the middle of the spartan chamber. Following swiftly behind him was Nath and Skar, the Arconan troopers busy elsewhere securing the ship.

“My troops’ performance has been disappointing,” Dassac said as he rose to his feet, his crimson eyes blazing as he stared directly at Zakath. “I will need to remedy that for the future.”

“No need to think about that,” Zakath growled softly as he ignited his rancor-tooth lightsaber, the crimson blade spilling into existence, followed swiftly by Nath and Skar’s own blades. “You will not be leaving here alive.”

“Is that so?” Dassac almost purred as his own blade sprang out, the red hue mingling with the glow from Zakath’s own. “And you think you can take me on, little Arconans?”

“Yez,” Zakath said simply as he raised his blade, his glowing eyes flaring into violent flames.

“Very well!” Dassac snarled as he sprang forward, his blade seeking the Barabel’s head. “To your death, Arconans!”

In that instant, everyone exploded into motion, with Zakath and Dassac lunging forward at each other while Skar and Nath stayed on the sidelines of the battle. The Kaleesh Warrior’s crimson eyes focused on the furious swordplay while Nath stayed alert, her dark eyes sweeping the sparse chamber seeking out any potential intervention.

The fight was intense, with dark lightning being hurled between the two combatants as they strove for supremacy. Eventually however, the superior strength of the Chistori began to tell as Zakath’s strong blows began to slacken bit by bit, each bolt of lightning hurled losing power. Dassac, sensing victory near at hand only seemed to become more energized, his blows whirling faster and faster, his lightsaber blurring into furious snaps of energy as he battered his opponent.

Finally after a subtle attack that left Zakath just a hair over-extended, Dassac struck the final blow, impaling the Barabel in the stomach with a savage thrust. The Seer stiffened as he stared directly at his opponent, his glowing violet eyes meeting those of triumphant crimson.

“And now you’ve lost, little Arconan,” Dassac snarled as he withdrew his blade, his eyes flickering to the two combatants. “Your little friends will be joining you soon.”

“I…” Zakath coughed as he fell to his knees, blood bubbling up through his throat. “I… don’t think so.”

“Oh?” Dassac chuckled darkly as he kept a wary eye on the curiously unmoving Kaleesh and Iridonian Warriors. “You said you could kill me. You failed.”

“I never…” Zakath coughed out dark blood, the black ichor splattering over the durasteel floor. “Said… I would kill you.”

“What?” Dassac’s mouth dropped into a sneer. “Of course you d-”

“I said I could…” Zakath let a bubbly chuckle escape him. “..take you on. I never said… I would kill you. That honor… izn’t mine.”

Before Dassac could respond, an explosion sounded from above and the room seemed to shudder. The Elder blinked and looked up at the ceiling where the explosion originated. Staring down from the smoking hole was a helmeted figure pointing one fist at him. A second later, a pair of mini-rockets erupted from the fist.

But Dassac’s Force senses were strong however, and before the missiles could make contact, the Chistori was already moving.

Right into Nath’s ignited lightsaber.

The Chistori gurgled as he stared at the Iridonian in surprise. Nath’s lips were curled into a slight smirk before she wretched the lightsaber upward, vaporizing the Elder’s heart. As she switched off her lightsaber, Nath watched coldly as the Elder’s body crumpled to the ground.

“That was for brainwashing my Student,” She hissed out in an icy voice. “Nobody takes what is mine.”

Meanwhile the dark armored figure dropped to the floor, and was already helping up the Barabel, with Skar on the other side assisting.

“You going to be alright, boss?” The figure’s voice came out in an electronic tone from behind his helmet.

“Yez,” Zakath said as he winced at the burning bonfire in his stomach. “Don’t worry, Larrik, you will get your payment.”

Larrik let out a gravelly chuckle as he hefted the Barabel’s arm over his shoulder. “Not worried about that, boss. You’ve always been good for the money. I just like seeing my rich clients stay alive for repeat business.”

“How touching,” Zakath said dryly.

“Grandfather, you employ bounty hunters?” Skar asked as he helped the Seer along, Nath taking up the point to watch for any remaining Perdition soldiers.

“Larrik iz an old friend from the pazt,” Zakath hissed as they left the room. “And a very good mercenary.”

“Damn straight,” Larrik growled. “Better than your grandpa here in his heyday.”

“Oh really?” Zakath growled slightly as he turned to look at Larrik. “I seem to recall-”

“Yeah yeah,” Larrik snorted as they began the trek to the hangar. “Keep that story hanging over me, will you? Come on. Let’s go tell your bosses that we’ve knifed the bastard, eh? Then I need to go get drunk.”

“Very tempting,” Zakath let a slight smirk touch his lips. “That doez sound good right now.”

“Yeah well, let’s get that frakking hole in your gut patched up, then I can drink you under the table.”