

Injustice Among Us

Written by Lexiconus Qor #13880



A story written for *Subterfuge: Rapture of Battle*

**40 miles from the east coast,
March Isles,
Judecca,
34 ABY**

All was quiet across the vast emerald canopies and fields, the jungle only stirred in its short slumber. Gentle streams trickled through, they played a soft drip drop of spring shower into the basins below. The spirits of the skies mixed pink and violet together, as they washed the horizon clean from clouds. The Isles prepared themselves for the great awakening, as the stirring in the foliage grew louder.

A chorus of vocals rose from silence as the pink spirits turned orange, their activity rolling into life, but not yet. They waited for something to arise, their patience was golden but the streams were impatient. They roared and tumbled to life in a great show of white waters and shore-breaking speeds. The blank canvas of orange and violet grew into glorious blue skies, as a wave of excitement erupted from the trees below. They could feel her coming. A sting in their eyes, the soft caressing against their wings, eyes were gracefully stroked to open. Her beautiful orange arms embraced the jungle trees in glorious rays. Her perfectly circular gaze burst from the horizon and showered the jungle in light. Flocks of tropical birds erupted in applause and shot into the air, as they called in glee for her arrival. It was morning.

Rooted firmly into one of the calmer streams, Lexiconus Qor awaited with his sapphire eyes sharply staring on the small waterfall. The ribboning of white rays across his orange rear kept him from shivering, he didn't need clothes anyway. With a makeshift wooden spear in one hand and a net of vines in the other, the Quarren patiently waited for his meal. Succulently strong and glimmering in silver and pink, the March Salmon was paradise for the taste buds. He cinched the moment and snapped the spear into the water, Qor's hand swiftly bringing the spear back up again. A current of red tainted the river as a myriad of silver struggled to break back into water, he was successful. With a pleased smirk, he muttered to himself. "Finally a good meal, I need to remember to catch more. Blade wants her sushi."

Qor knew that the stream led east to the seas that separated them from the main continent, but they always swim upstream at this time of year. They were swimming towards the lake, where other salmon bred with each other and only the strongest could make it up there. The Quarren yanked the fish from his spear and pocketed it into a makeshift net-bag, then forced himself to walk upstream. The white waters were merciless to his legs, kicking up pebbles as the fish themselves nipped at his skin. But Qor could see he was getting closer, a silver dish greeted his eyes as he finally met with the lake. A warm tropical breeze hit him from the nearby mountains, which carried a soft sprinkle of fresh water from the lake itself. Qor inhaled deeply in order to take in the fresh air, he was pleased to make the journey.

As he slowly stepped into the cool waters of the silver lake, Qor noticed the fish were more curious than frightened. He knew this would be an easy catch, if they didn't decide to swim away at the last minute. With the wooden spear gripped and primed to fire, Qor searched the waters for the juiciest salmon, but his peace was interrupted. Bursting through the canopy like an action movie scene, a shuttle with its wings folded arched through and rested itself on the grassy meadow several meters away, the fish were all gone before Qor looked back.

“Bloody technology, always ruining the moment!” Qor grumbled, as he threw his spear into the air. It arched across the lake and landed firmly into the lake’s pebbles. Resolute in gaining that extra fish, Qor reached out with the dark side and felt for fish among its slow currents. He finally came across a fish, which he snatched from the lake, a splash of water accompanying its exit as it soared to Qor’s open hand. Catching it in mid-air, the Quarren placed the wriggling salmon into his net and approached the shuttle.

From the extending ramp, a military sergeant clad in the Clan’s armour jogged towards Qor with his rifle in hand. “Sire! You need to come with us, it is urgent sire!” Qor nodded and rushed up the shuttle’s ramp. He opened one of the lockers to take out a medic’s overalls with boots as he spoke to the pilot. “Take us up, private. Sergeant, tell me what you know!” Qor placed the fish net into a small cargo box as the shuttle rose from the jungle and headed to the Imperium settlements.

“Sire, we received reports from our scouts on Ptolomea. They located an abandoned mine in Jormungand Quarry that is serving as the communications hub for House Excidium. It’s heavily fortified, without it the Excidium members won’t be able to communicate with any outside sources. No back up for them, sir.” Qor zipped up the overalls and started on the boots as he listened.

“What defenses are we talking about here?”

“Primed anti-air turrets across the lips of the quarry, mounted guns on the cliff edges leading up to the mine entrance and a barracks of commando soldiers located outside the mine. They have armoured vehicles and we cannot account for any reserved forces underground.” This proved a problem for Qor, not only were they ready for a full frontal assault, but there seemed to be only one way in and out. The Battlemaster sighed and thought about a stealth infiltration, it could prove useful to make a way in from the rear, then surprise them.

“Did you find any other leads into the base? A secret hatch, an escape route for them?”

The Sergeant shook his helm and placed the rifle down near the bench, then brought up a hologram from a belt device he owned. “We took one scan with a passing droid, which ultrasonically penetrated the rocks. It found tunnels leading to a lot of places but no exit. What’s your worry sir?”

“I’m afraid, Sergeant, that our men will get stuck in an ambush and die very quickly with no alternative. Is there any tunnels parallel to the surface?” Qor questioned, he was determined to find something to help the men. Albeit it might prove a useless objective, but then no one would say he didn’t try.

“No sir. Just this dish they use for communicating long range. It has wiring that leads through the rocks and chalk.” That was their escape. The circuitry tunnels had to be big enough for engineers to crawl in and fix. The shuttle began to hover and slow down as they reached the main settlement for House Imperium, the vast spaceport was lined with soldiers training while vehicles did test runs. The pilot pulled the shuttle to the south of the port, then

descended onto a raised platform near the Imperium base. The ramp extended out and troops lined up to meet the Jarl with a readied salute. Qor reached for his fish net and grabbed the wriggling bag, then slowly walked down the ramp with the sergeant.

“We may need to take out that dish first. Tell Commander Criskk to meet me in my ready room immediately to go over and authorise military tactics. I want soldiers ready to move out when he says so. Not after, not before.” The Sergeant nodded as he rushed off from the raised platform, while Qor made his way inside.

The Battlemaster arrived in his ready room after changing from his overalls into his infamous battleskin and cape. He had several datapads in front of him about military tactics, air assaults and the tactics of Shadow Guard. He scanned through the information, trying to make sense of it all, but it seemed to be too much information to take at once for him. Qor snarled out and threw a datapad towards the wall which smashed into pieces and showered the floor. Luckily, Commander Criskk burst through the door with his own datapads to relax the stressed Jarl.

“Calm down sir! We’ve got this if we work together. We will destroy the Excidium dogs before they know it!”

“Then get me up to shape on our tactics! We need this plan to be confirmed now! Before they catch wind of it.” Qor snarled out with authority. The Commander wasted no time, he placed the datapads onto the hologram table and launched up the communications hub layout from the ultrascans. It was incomplete, but seemed to include the majority of the surface and sub-layered tunnels. “So where do we start?”

“Well sir, we can take out those anti-air turrets and the manned guns with a gunship sweep. We can order one gunship to target and destroy that dish and another to send some missiles down into the mine’s entrance itself. Shadow Guard can go through the dish’s cable tunnel and take out the enemies inside. Sir, I can send the others now to avoid delay.”

“Do it. I want no second spared from this moment. Get the forces ready to move out and take the base head on afterwards. We will not lose this battle!” Qor roared out, his fury echoed in the authority of his voice. The Commander nodded in agreement and gave the order from the hologram table. Qor moved to the secret panel on the table and opened up a separate console, the screen displayed the faces of Delak and Zagro who were standing ready in armour.

“Men, prepare your forces and head to the spaceport. You are taking the dish down and infiltrating from the cable tunnels on top. I want no life spared, Delak. Take them out, all of them. That’s an order.” The two men nodded and saluted to the Jarl, as the transmission was cut short. The Commander was busy with ordering the military formations, but he was interrupted with surveillance from the Imperium base itself.

“Sir! Intruders in the settlements! They’re killing our forces!” Qor brought up his hologram console again as the bright pink face of Blade stood.

“Excidium are outside! Destroy them with anyone you can find. I will meet you shortly.” Qor then ended the transmission and rushed towards the door to the office.

“Commander, I hope you still remember how to use that rifle, since I’ll need you on the roof to snipe for me. Blade and I will take the runts by force.” The Commander separated from the Jarl and jumped up the stairs to the roof. Qor slowed to a brisk walk as the doors to the outside whisked open. A stray blast shot quickly found its way towards him, which he luckily dodged by rolling forward. The Battlemaster grabbed and ignited his silver blade, then rushed forward to meet his Skald in the heat of the battle. She seemed to be holding her own against the might of Archangel, though he was starting to catch onto her flaws and had aimed a mighty jab at them.

“Arch!” Qor roared out as he sprinted forward, he shot his hand forward as the dark side unleashed a heavy blow. The Shaevalian wasn’t expecting this and was tossed up into the air, his back smashing into a nearby building. As the Quarren reunited with Blade, her cold glare told him she wasn’t happy. “I could of taken him!”

“He was going to give you a black eye! You’re not good to me short-sighted!” From the side, shots proficiently fired were deflected from Blade’s lightsaber as Zehsaa and Alara both rushed towards them. The Zeltron smirked with both pleasure and manic, awaiting her prey. “I can take these boss!” Qor placed his hand on her shoulder and slowly moved forward, he had another plan.

“No, let me even the odds first.” Blade’s eye caught the soft shimmer of cerulean that jolted and sprung towards the ground from Qor’s hands. Without warning, the Jarl snapped his hands forward while the electric tendrils surrounded and maimed the Togruta and Human. The Zeltron wasted no time and flicked a throwing knife from her belt, launching it at the Togruta. The blade lodged cleanly through Zehsaa’s jolting head and she was sent backwards. Blade snatched up a second throwing knife as Qor halted his electrifying assault, he felt she could take on Alara.

“Nice job, boss!” They shared a smirk before Blade rushed ahead and pinned Alara with knives. “Lex!” A familiar voice called into his ear, although the source was unknown. The Quarren’s eyes quickly darted around to match a face to the voice, then Qor’s ears picked up the soft hum from a nearby lightsaber, whose blue blade was unmistakable. The Quarren gripped a gas cylinder and yanked it towards the lightsaber, which caught the cloaked being off guard and smashed him into the floor. The dark side wore off and Rosh appeared, his arm crippled in several places as he swiped and stabbed in the air. This was perfect for the Jarl.

“You’re too late, Human. My forces go off to destroy your bases across the Cocytus system, while you sit here with a broken arm. Sergeant, you can have this one.” Qor smirked as he yanked Rosh’s lightsaber from his shaking hand, then turned and walked away. A blast shot from the Sergeant’s gun was all the Jarl needed to hear, to prove Imperium could win.

“Blade!” The Zeltron turned for a second from her fight. “If you can arrest Alara, I’ll make you a plate of sushi myself!” Blade smirked as she shoved the Human away. “It will be my pleasure, sir!” she snarled, launching herself back into the fight. It seemed Excidium underestimated the forces of Imperium, or maybe something was being held back.

**Several hours later,
Deep under Imperium HQ,
March Isles,
Judecca,
34 ABY**

Darkness filled the room and blinded the young Human, who groaned and turned on her bed. Her hands tied high above her head and her ankles cuffed to the bed itself. She could see nothing, but her hearing picked up the idol chatter of the soldiers outside. Her nose filled with the fumes of engine smog and salt, she appeared to be somewhere new. A door burst open and the light blinded her sensitive eyes even though she tried unsuccessfully to turn away the light. A being stepped into the shadows of the cell and began to slowly pace around the bed, silent and observant.

“Alara Deathbane?” She was being called by this person, but if he trapped her then why was she being beckoned. Maybe it was a test of sanity, a trial to see if she knew who she really was. It might be a notion to plead for something, to admit uncertain guilt or agree with his plans. Or it just may be that he wants to know it is her. A dim light slowly ignited and lit the room. As the bed slowly rose, she saw who he truly was.

“Imperium scum!” She spat at the Quarren, Lexiconus Qor, and snarled as she tried to pull herself together or at least gain balance. Qor chuckled as he wiped his face, she had spirit and resolve in her, but that was the test here. “You’re still resistant, that’s good. It means you can still answer me when I ask questions. Now, I’m only going to be nice once.” The Jarl slowly pulled his chair closer as he looked into her feral amber eyes and softly whispered. “Where’s Lucyeth?”

Alara remained silent, adamant in keeping this information reserved but the Quarren could see fear in her eyes. She shook with fright and panted far too heavily for a woman of her size, sweat beading down her face. Alara fought against the metal restraints, desperately wanting out, but Qor wasn’t finished with her yet. He quickly slapped her face hard, which left a red mark as she cried out. “Where’s Lucy!?” He roared in her whimpering face. Still, she kept her silence. Qor needed these answers, he kicked the chair into the wall in frustration and it contorted into malfunction.

“I’ve had enough of your games, woman. You will tell me where your Quaestor is right now, or my hand will be forced to use harsher methods. Where is Lucyeth?” His final three words were strongly spoken, but were not very effective. Despite the whimpering and heavy panting from Alara, she remained strong in her silence. Qor quickly spun and picked up the chair, then slammed the metal frame into her athletic frame and exited the room. A small spherical IT-O Interrogator droid hovered into the room as the cell’s light dimmed it into

darkness and the door shut behind it. A military officer quickly approached the Jarl with a datapad in hand and saluted him.

“Lieutenant, I want you to leave her in there for exactly three nights. No matter how much screaming or pleading you hear, you do not open that door unless the droid needs replenishing. We shall see the success of Excidium training firsthand.” The Quarren gave a pleased chuckle as he left the detention centre.

Three nights later...

Qor stood in the turbolift with a datapad novel in one hand, and a creamy cake in the other, happily eating away at the soft dessert. He hummed a soft melody from his youth as the turbolift came to a halt, with the arched door sliding open with a woosh. The Battlemaster walked out from the lift with a box floating shortly behind him, giving a short nod to the officer who saluted him. “Nice to see you again, Lieutenant. Grab the box, the rest is yours.” The officer smirked as he took the box from mid-air, then sat at his desk. Qor slowly walked down the hall of the cells until he reached Alara’s, while screams of pleading echoed out. He used the Force to open the door and lit the room in a bright and glorious light.

“Good morning Alara! I imagine that’s the first light you’ve seen in awhile, hmm?” The Quarren happily greeted the Human, who was only covered by a blood-soaked rag while burn marks, cuts and bruises littered her fragile and pale body. Qor walked further inside, dismissed the droid and slowly sat on the bench nearby, as he ate the last of his cake with joyful sounds. Alara’s eyes looked at his food with a crazed hunger, her blood-shot glare on the cake as she bit her crisp lip. Licking his fingers clean, the Battlemaster smiled and looked back at the Human. “So if you remember, I asked you a question.”

“He is-” Alara could manage to whisper out, but Qor quickly rose to his feet and roared, “Did I ask you to speak, girl!?” The dark side echoed his voice as the lights flickers and circuitry sparked out. The Human whimpered and tried to curl up, while Qor slowly sat back down and picked up the datapad. “Before I was rudely interrupted, I said I asked you a question.” The Battlemaster slowly rose the datapad with the face of Lucyeth and slowly whispered. “Where is Lucyeth?”

“Ohmen City, he is in the Citadel with the Emperor.” Qor brought up his holocommunicator as he stood and walked towards the door. “Commander Crisikk, rally the troops, we are storming the citadel to find Lucy. He is in Ohmen City.” The Jarl slowly turned to look into the frightened eyes of Alara and gave her a cold smile. “Relax, Human, not all hope is lost. We will rebuild you again, into the most powerful Sith you can imagine.” The cell door swiftly shut as the cell went dark again.

The hunt begins.

The End