Lone Ranger

Lucyeth left his office with haste as the door slid shut with a hiss. He moved with a hurried stride away from the office while he donned his cloak over his head. The office exploded with thunderous fury as the Battlemaster rounded the corner of the large hallway toward the main concourse. His office would surely be in burning pieces as the authorities and the rest of Excidium converged on the area. The Battlemaster had to go somewhere away from the obvious to get his bearings and to figure out what to do.

 He knew it was better for his house to run away and not get them involved in a mess that was his problem. Lucyeth was on the run and knew putting himself into hiding was the best solution at dealing with the issue at hand. The Battlemaster walked into a hovel in the lower level of the city. It was where all the scum of the planet hung around as well as where Lucyeth can get a ride to a more desolate place, away from the prying eyes of the vey society that was hunting him. He approached a man in the back corner and sat at his table. He proceeded to stare at the cloaked figure before him with intimidation but decided not to once he saw the angry amber eyes of the dark Jedi. He fell back into his chair in a sense of fear as the tightness in his throat persisted.

“I need you to take me the icy reaches of Caina where no one can find me and I can deal with someone whom is hunting me. Can you do that?” stated Lucyeth. The man struggled to speak as he stared at the Battlemaster with utter fear. The man managed to nod his head with approval to fly the Palatinaean away.

“Good, We need to leave right away to prevent any additional leads to follow me, Human pilot looks good and hopefully I will be able to tie up the loose ends before it gets catastrophic,” Lucyeth added. The pair moved discreetly out to the back of the bar and out into the street.

 The pair went a few blocks to a dilapidated pad with an old freighter on it. Lucyeth looked at it with respect for another ordinary freighter that many people that were chasing him would not give a second glance. He knew it was perfect for where he was going as they boarded the ship and the man started her up. Despite being a freighter, the ship had surprising speed, with it not being a long time for Lucyeth to see the icy speaks of northern Caina. The Battlemaster knew he had to take care of this without the help of his house. They could not know what society he was in based solely on the rules and guidelines in itself even if there were members in the house. The Klaxons in the ship beeped and Lucyeth asked the pilot what was wrong. Turned out a stowaway was aboard and Lucyeth motioned to land the ship. The Battlemaster went into cargo and made no hesitation to ignite his blade. The crimson hue lit the entire hold as Lucyeth scanned the room. A bolt came from a nearby container and the Palatinaean was quick to deflect. The bolt arched to the durasteel floor while Lucyeth quickly closed the distance. He pierced a container with his sword and a quarren fell out in a heap. He didn’t see a badge of inquisitorius but he assumed it was an undesirable sent to ensure loyalty and was therefore sent to die. The Battlemaster had to go to the cockpit and murder his pilot before he flew back to Excidium. No one could witness how the society operated, what occurred on this ship or on this planet today.