

# V For Vengeance

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Competition: This One is MINE!

*Somewhere in an Isolated City,*

*Mygeeto,*

*34 ABY*

Dawn breaks. A honey shower of light blankets the crystalline fields and rubble. While the indigo skies and stars dissipate, making room for a myriad of daylight and cerulean skies. The snow clouds had been absent for a long time, showing a clear skyline, but it was only a matter of time before the eastern blizzards rolled in over the mountains. To the eyes of the beholder, it was a truly peaceful and serene moment, if short and sweet. With daylight rendering the use of night-lamps useless, the rank and file heroes from both sides of the war leapt from their trenches, and begun their firing barrage. A wave of red blaster fire juxtaposed with shards of green, willhelm shrieks filled the air while bodies were thrown around about by the explosive thermal detonators. But the crescendo of the sound of war could only be broken by one item; in the epicentre of the cross-fire. The whirs and shrieking of lightsabers clashing deafened the trenches. A swift punch to the mouth and the shorter man fell onto his back, the pool of mud covering him in a splash. Wiping dirt from his cerulean eyes, Lexiconus Qor huffed with exhaustion. An air filtration mask covered his mouth, chin and tentacles from the mud, but his growl of frustration was clear. He took one blurred look at the eyes inside the monstrous mask, before the being leapt over the trench and disappeared into the crossfire.

“Eh, I can never catch a break. Least I kept the...” Lexic sighed, as his hands began to frisk himself. Coming up with empty pocket after empty pocket, the Battlemaster mumbled in denial and forced his strained body to his feet.

“No, this cannot be right. I had it!” Lexic roared, still patting his empty pockets. His eyes darted across the mud behind and in front of him, hoping to catch the glimpse of a shining object. The Quarren, in his panic, reached out with the Force into the ground, just to feel a tingle of a Force signature of the artefact. Only worms and bugs caught his attention.

“Grr! That Sithspat refuse must have it. Where did this cursed waste of Force disappear to?” The Battlemaster slowly peeked his head over the lip of mud, only to have his eyes blinded by the dense blaster fire coming immediately towards him. Ducking quickly into the mudpool, Lexic kept his head this time. He needed a plan out, and probably support to make it across the field. Flicking his holocommunicator to life, an image of a base commander appeared and saluted the Quaestor.

“Sir! How may I help you?” The soldier swiftly beckoned, his hand in a diagonal salute on his forehead. The Quaestor mumbled something about useless greetings and military social conventions in Quarrenese, then brought his attention back on the conversation.

“I’m stuck in the no-man’s land between blaster fire and I need out. I have a Sadowan to chase and this firepower does not help.” Lexic replied. His mind wrestled with the problem at hand, but his attention was brought back to the Quaestor with a very mischievous smile.

“Just hang in there, sir, I’ve got a plan.” He replied with a husky chuckle, the holocomm was shut off on his side. This made Lexic’s confidence grow in the jar heads. In the distance, an echo of shouting began, while the blaster fire immediately became more intense. A showering of small, silvery objects arched over Lexic’s trench, followed by the echo of blasts, rumbles and explosions. A waterfall of mud and water sprayed the Quarren while he hid and waited in the trench. Cursing his every word in Quarrenese, hiding his head between his knees. Moments passed, with dirt and mud flying across his body, while more explosions littered the atmosphere. A steady and growing crescendo of footsteps crept into Lexic’s ears, which he grew curious about. Slowly standing and peeking around, he saw the front line soldiers march their way towards him, bearing the symbols of Palatinae on their shoulder guards. A sigh of relief past through his lips, then he forced himself to climb from the trench and meet the commander with a formal nod.

“Sir, we have reclaimed this field to rescue you, if only for a day. Now, you said you had a Sadowan to chase?” It was like a hand smacked him in the face, Lexic grew pale as he realised the man had escaped into the firing. He quickly nodded to the soldier and briskly strode across the wet mud. With heavy pants and yanking of his legs, the Quaestor made his way back to the safety of the Palatinaean line.

“Commander, I need to borrow a gunship and a pilot, possibly a guy who can shoot as well.” Lexic hastily replied. He was short of breath because his scrawny legs found the deep mud difficult, but the commander could tell he was in a hurry. Sort of.

### **A few hours later...**

The low booms and whirring of shuttle engines dampened Lexic’s hearing, as he remained strapped in his seat, reading a datapad on Mygeeto herbs. The pilot had ventured the ship out ten miles in Sadowan territory. Here on the crystalline planet, the dirt turned into a sandy composition and was much easier to walk on. Then a bleep appeared on the pilot’s radar, which prompted Lexic to peer over his datapad to inspect.

“A ship sir, no bigger than ours. What are your orders?” The pilot asked, as he began to speed the shuttle to catch up. Lexic gave a very cold glare.

“Shoot it down, we can check the wreckage for survivors. Call for reinforcements while Lieutenant Commander Awesome and I check for the artefact.” Lexic slowly stood from his chair and walked towards the ramp of the craft, then opened a locker and began to pack his belt. He attached his lightsaber, his poison vials and their antidotes, then strapped on the Lanvarok he received from the Shadow Academy. He noted that in all his time owning this ancient device, there’s hardly been a time to use it. The recognisable *pew-pew* of the ship’s blasters vibrated through the cockpit, while an echo of an explosion filled the void afterwards. Direct hits. Swinging its aft into view of the wreckage, the pilot lowered and opened the ramp of the ship, while the soldier and Lexic quickly hopped out. The Quaestor armed himself with his lightsaber and looked around the flames and debris. A sigh of disappointment left his mask.

“No signs of bodies, the survivors must be inside somewhere. You check for crew and take them out. If you find the Sadowan, contact me and lead him to the cargo hold.” With a swift nod, the soldier jogged quickly into the burnt opening in the side of the wreckage. Now seeing the ship in front of him, Lexic miscalculated the ship’s sensors as making this ‘the same size as our shuttle’ as this was double in height alone. Slowly and carefully treading his way over the debris and crystal sand, his shaking hands grasped the lightsaber tightly. As Lexic grew closer to the burnt opening, a whiff of cold air embraced and swirled around him as he shivered and hunched up. His senses blared all sorts of warnings, but the Quaestor strode in regardless.

Stepped onto the curled and broken grating of the corridor, Lexic saw a mess. Wiring hung and sparked as the naked wiring touched each other. Coolant rained on the Quarren while his ears were annoyingly filled with the warning sirens, as their red lights glowed and dimmed. Another cloud of cold air surrounded and whisked across Lexic, coming from down the shadowed hallway. Lexic’s paranoia got the better of him: the creaking of the ship sounded like footsteps, the warning sirens began to sound like whispers, and the glowing red lights turned shadowy objects into figures. But down the hall and slightly to the right, the fearful Quarren saw one thing very clear. A piercing set of orange eyes, which seemed to stir into the very soul of Lexic.

*Is it me or is this possibly sapping my soul?*

The Quaestor kept his gaze on the eyes, he couldn’t stop staring. He needed to move, however, and began to walk towards them. Their cold and uncaring glare remained on him, statuesque in nature. The closer he walked the brighter they glowed. A deep throbbing assaulted his ears, which he blamed on the cooling engines, but was the whispering of a female voice. Her language was unknown, but as Lexic stepped closer to the relentless, orange eyes, the woman’s voice grew.

“What is this madness?” Lexic questioned himself, as the whispers became voices. They now began to slowly make sense, with some words turning into galactic basic, only describing pain and death. The throbbing in his ears grew more pressing, thumping four times a second into a rhythm he knew very well. Probing his ears with the sound of an unhealthy heartbeat, the orange glare of her eyes grew brighter and brighter, but Lexic refused to stand down. As he walked the length of the hallway, the voices became screams as the heartbeats made sloppy, liquid noises, but the eyes still remained on him. As his trembling hand let go of the lightsaber and carefully reached out to the source of light, his action became interrupted.

“Sir! Are you ok?” The familiar voice of the soldier called out behind him, and Lexic quickly turned around.

“Yes, sorry, I thought I saw something.” He submissively replied, still in some shock. He turned back around to the source of the orange eyes, but they had vanished.

“Sir, there was only an astromech on this ship as crew. There is one other, but he’s not a soldier. I think he might be Sadowan, like you wanted. I dragged his unconscious rear into the cargo hold We should go to him, before he wakes.” Lexic agreed and quickly jogged to the soldier. They ran up the eastern hallway, where they were met by a damaged and malfunctioning droid sitting near the cargo doorway. The soldier chuckled as he gave the droid a steady kick, then patted the Quaestor.

“Care to fix this one?” He questioned, but Lexic only threw a face of disgust at him and shook his head.

“And go through hours of backlogs from his mission report just to find who this guy is? Ugh, no. Just use him for target practice later, that’s much more fun.” The Quarren chuckled as he followed the soldier through the door. Inside were only several empty cargo boxes, the lids blown off while the contents rotted or damaged beyond repair. Laying against the only packed box, the slumped man with a monstrous mask, struggling to breath. From his chest, Lexic could see a sharp piece of shrapnel sticking out, this was a pity to Lexic. He wanted a decent fight.

“What is your name, savage? You may have a swift end if you comply.” The Quaestor asked.

*Darius...Tu’kul...Rollmaster of Clan...Naga Sadow...*

A deep and ghoulish voice penetrated Lexic’s mind, it was weak but still caused the Quarren to be cautious. Lexic sighed, he looked around the man’s body but couldn’t see any pocket compartments or satchels nearby. He needed that artefact.

“Tell me, Darius Tu’kul, where is the Sith Holocron?”

Lexi heard the struggling breath of the man, as air and blood flowed up and down his lungs and windpipe, the man was clearly close to drowning in his own blood. But Lexic needed that artefact, it's knowledge was priceless. The Quaestor slowly leaned forward and slapped the man hard on the face, well as hard as he could. Which resulted in Darius' head tilting to one side and Lexic's hand swelling in pain.

“The artifact! Now!” He roared, the craving of power in him became in his words. Darius slowly began to reach into his mind again, this time not words but an image. The image of the astromech. Then as slowly as it came to Lexic, it disappeared, with Darius collapsing in his own blood. Lexic grew furious, he didn't want the man to die. His information could have been useful to the Emperor, but what the droid had was far greater. The Battlemaster quickly stood and exited the hold, then looked at the droid and began to search its compartments. A glow of crimson met the Quarren's greedy eyes, as his hand slowly pulled out a large cube Holocron.

“Jackpot,” He smirked and whispered, then stood to greet the soldier.

“Let's go back, I am sure the Emperor will be most pleased with the results.” The Quaestor continued, while they walked back out and onto the sand. Above in the skies, the two could see an array of smaller shuttles and ships slowly landing to greet the party, marked with Scholae symbols.

*Today was a big win, tomorrow, maybe not...*