

The Many Tides of War

Lucyeth gazed at the empty room before him. His mind reeled with frustration while he felt the anger move throughout his entire body. His rage overtook him as he threw useless objects in an distraught fit. The room was filled with useless parchments and scrolls while the altar in the center was deserted with nothing left to hold. The Quaestor of Excidium wiped the sweat of his forehead that began to accumulate. What would the Emperor say about this? The Battlemaster was told to retrieve an artifact of utmost importance from the Emperor himself. He could have sent anyone but he had made the decision to take care of it personally. Scholae Palatinae was currently at war with Naga Sadow and the Imperial Clan would not take lightly to Lucyeth's failure. He had to find the artifact using any means necessary or never go home again with the failure hanging over his head for the rest of his life. The Quaestor knew he had to pursue the artifact until no end and he knew he didn't have to go far to find it.

Lucyeth lightly with stealth down the corridor to hear the roar of an engine powering up. The Battlemaster was in a full sprint to the entryway where he saw a speeder about to pull away. Lucyeth could not allow the suspect to escape whether he had an artifact or not. The Battlemaster wasted no time to pull out his blaster and take aim for a well-placed shot; that is if he had one. The muzzle flashed with smoke as the bolt went straight for the rear of the speeder. The engine cried from the struggle while the burning circuitry gave it an irreparable blow. Lucyeth grinned with satisfaction as the rider jumped off the now, useless speeder.

A small male with light brown hair stood before Lucyeth. The Battlemaster kept his blaster raised at the sight in front of him. He was a strange species and definitely not human; with tentacles that protruded out from his cheeks. Lucyeth was about to take another shot when the stranger pulled out a lightsaber from within his robes. The Palatinaean holstered his blaster and grabbed the hilt of his lightsaber in one fluid motion of his hands.

"Another Jedi?!" Yelled Lucyeth at the sight of the lightsaber while he felt the dark side of the force grow with strength within his adversary.

"You Scholae people think you are the clan for an Empire but the artifact is now claimed in the name of House Shar Dakhan of Naga Sadow on behalf of the DarkBlade, "

"Alright DarkBlade that is better than a Jedi but I am afraid that the artifact is mine in the name of Scholae Palatinae instead," Replied Lucyeth.

"You will have to come and take it" grunted the Sadowan in a snarl as he pulled the amulet out of his pocket and wrapped it over his neck.

Lucyeth wasted no time as he charged at Darkblade with his lightsaber already ignited while in motion. The Savant did the same as the two blades smashed to together with a clash of red. Lucyeth was already on the offensive with his sword cutting through the air with a swoosh of charging air particles. Darkblade was backed into a defensive stance but was still at ease. Lucyeth could feel the dark side of the force already weak as his legs trembled at the mysterious diminishment of the power of the

force. The Battlemaster was caught off guard and the Savant seized the opportunity. Lucyeth took a punch to the gut as all the air was sucked out of his body. He struggled to regain the air in his lungs. The Battlemaster let his opponent get the best of him and his rage quickly became a fierce storm within. The Palatinaean regained control of his angry fit of rage and channeled it into the force. The dark side sweltered inside until he extended his hand toward his opponent. The outstretched hand sent a powerful shockwave of the force at DarkBlade. The Sadowan was hit with an invisible hammer as he went flying in the air like a small pebble in a river. The Savant smashed into his downed speeder in a heap. Lucyeth was not sure if his opponent was dead or just unconscious nor did he have time to investigate either one. Lucyeth rushed over and ripped the amulet off of Darkblade and walked away. The Battlemaster moved back into the crypt the way he came as he yelled commands into his wrist comm with authority. The extraction team was set to pick him up on the other side of the crypt. Neither the team nor Lucyeth had any desire to risk the presence of additional Sadow reinforcements. The amulet was in the hands of the Imperial Clan and it was time to transport to a safe and secure place.