

The Knife in My Back

The room was blanketed by a thick layer of darkness, unknown of anything more except for the small viewport that displayed the dismal view of space beyond the confines of the room. The Palatinaean strained to open his eyes as he gazed across the dark abyss of the room. It was unknown to see what else or who else was confined as the Battlemaster scanned the corners of the room, not that the corners could be seen. Lucyeth moved with exhaustion toward the viewport that looked out into the void of space. The viewport was close but yet it felt so far for the Palatinaean's aching limbs. Lucyeth moved for no more than a meter until he felt a hard tug at his right wrist. The Sith looked down at his arm to realize the terrible fear that he was bound by a cuff on his wrist. The Dark Jedi not only had no idea where he was but was also held as a prisoner, incarcerated like a criminal. Lucyeth tugged hard at the shackles that bound him but felt the dead weight of flesh on the other ends of the shackles. Lucyeth followed the shackles in the dark with his fingers to the source of the other shackles to find a stranger out cold on the duracrete floor. The Battlemaster shook his shackled half hard until he strung up with a startled defense. Lucyeth motioned toward the shackles but it seemed that his new friend had already known as he tugged at Lucyeth, his outstretched hands following the wall. He opened a door that shined light of a corridor into the darkened cell. The stranger wore the familiar robes of the Brotherhood but it was the shoulder patch that disgusted Lucyeth the most. The crest of Naga Sadow could be seen on his shoulder which was all it took for Lucyeth to stop the pair abruptly in the hall.

"I'm not sure how I ended up here or with you but this is not happening, I am taking charge," growled Lucyeth, with apparent disgust of how complex this will soon become.

"You and I both know we will have to work together to get out of here so we better just keep moving," replied the Sadowan with a smile.

Lucyeth did not like it or trust him with any shred of doubt that there was something more to all of it that the Battlemaster didn't pick up on. We did he smile at Lucyeth anyway? It's like he knew this was going to happen all along. Lucyeth nodded with approval before the pair kept moving down the corridor side by side the best they could. The stranger opened a large blast door that revealed a service hangar with a small freighter. Lucyeth eyed as a means of escape but it still seemed out of place that his so called "friend" knew where to go. The Sadowan continued toward the ship but Lucyeth tried to hold him back before a loud whir of an alarm kicked on. It was too late as klaxons blared and intercoms were going off all around him, deafening his ears. They made a run for it for only a few meters before Lucyeth felt the intense pain of an impact to his back slam him into the floor. His shackled half was next to the Battlemaster with a smile before his eyes fluttered. Lucyeth noticed the blackened hole in his neck which didn't matter with Lucyeth injured and now accompanied by dead weight on the other end of the shackles. Security personnel surrounded Lucyeth as he struggled to remain conscience. He realized that it

was no concern of his anymore with any way to get out and injured beyond the feeling of pain. He welcomed it with embrace as he blacked out on the hangar floor.