Solas stood alone in the hallway of the temporary Shadow Academy in the Paladin. His hood casting heavy shadows across his face as he watched a Cathar marched with a purpose towards the lecture hall. It took a great amount of control to keep the Sith from smiling and letting the student know something was up. A devout student of the old Sith ways, Solas was more than happy when the call went out.

**Three Days Earlier**

**Yridia III**

**The Pyramid**

**Battleteam Leader’s Office**

The comm on Solas Night-Thorn’s desk beeped and an automated voice spoke from the device.

“Attention-*Solas Night-Thorn*-this is a priority message from the Dark Council of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood. You have been selected for a special operation. Please report to these coordinates within the next three days to receive your assignment. Inform no one of this summons.” Intrigued at what the Dark Council was planning, Solas rose from his desk and pressed a button that would summon his right hand. A few moments later the door to his office slid open and a Falleen strode inside.

“You summoned me Sir?”

“Yes Geosh. I am going to be away from the base for some time. And I am unsure of when I will be able to return. So for the time being you will be in command here. Understood?” For a second Geosh considered asking his leader where he was going. But then his decided against it, if he needed to know the Supreme Commander would have told him.

“Understood sir!” The Falleen snapped to attention as Solas exited the office and marched down to the hanger and took command of a small shuttle and before most even knew it, the Sith knight had jumped from the system.

Arriving two days later, at the coordinates provided Solas’ shuttle dropped out of hyperspace in unknown Sith space. Looking around he quickly noticed a single vessel in the area. But not just any vessel, the vessel that Solas called home when he first came to the Brotherhood, the *VSDII Paladin*. A moment later the shuttle’s comm clicked on.

“Shuttle please identify. You have entered secured space.”

“This is Nekros Shuttle Nexus-Frost-One-Two-Jinx. Solas Night-Thorn responding to summons.” A few tense moments passed.

“Alright Nekros Shuttle, you are clear to board. Please land in docking bay four.” Confirming this, Solas piloted over to the designated bay. As he stepped off the shuttle he was met by two members of the Grand Master’s Royal Guard.

“Come with us.” Solas nodded and followed the men to a conference room. Stepping inside he scanned the room and found that thirteen of the most hardcore Sith followers had been gathered. Then his eyes moved to the head of the table, where he found the Voice of the Dark Council sitting next to the Shadow Academy’s Headmaster. When they noticed that he had entered the room the Voice spoke.

“Good you’re all here. Please grab a datapad from the table and get comfortable, we have a lot to cover.”

**Present Time**

Solas watched quietly as the Cathar stepped inside the lecture hall. With a nod to the three other hooded figures in the hall. The four figures stepped inside the lecture hall and watched silently as the Headmaster spoke before frying a group of Arkanians at the front of the class. Moments later the lecture hall erupted into chaos as everyone attempted to flee the carnage. Solas watched silently as the Cathar and a group of students reached the door.

“Help us, the Headmaster has gone mad!” The initiate pleaded with the person Solas knew to be the Voice. The Sith smiled as he waited for the signal.

The Voice responded in a cold voice. “I know.” A moment later his sapphire blade sprung to life giving the signal to the hidden warriors. Soon fourteen lightsabers ignited throughout the room. Many of the assailants keep their faces concealed within their hoods, Solas however through his cloak away. Laughing like a madman, the Epicanthix leapt into the crowd of initiates. Landing on one unfortunate soul, the knight cut down four students and was dispatching a fifth before anyone realized he was there. The following minutes were a bloodbath, as one would expect pitting a group of untrained unarmed initiates against Sith zealots, the Grand Master’s Royal Guard, and two members of the Dark Council.

Time soon lost meaning for Solas as he waded through the chaos, reveling in the screams and torment. The scent of blood and death only served to entice the Sith. The madness that lived in his mind coming to the surface. Soon his lightsaber found it’s way back onto his belt and he began slaughtering initiates with his bare hands. After some time, one of the royal guards shouted.

“A group has broken through! They’re attempting to flee!” Solas, who by this time had regressed to a mad animal, looked up and a moment later bolted out the door.

**An Unmarked Corridor**

**The *VSDII Paladin***

“Quick inside that room up ahead!” An initiate shouted at their companions. The group of six ducked inside a dark room and slid the door shut. After double-checking the lock, the initiate slid down the wall panting. Looking around the room the memories of what they had done flooded back. They had hit the floor the moment the fighting broke out, staying down they soon found themselves buried under the corpses of dead initiates. Being careful not to be spotted they watched and waited until the attackers had moved past them. Then they rose from the ground like the dead and ran like there was no tomorrow.

Most of their group was finally getting their wind back when they heard it. A deep booming sound. And it was getting closer.

“Shh. I’m gonna take a look outside.” The initiate activated the manual release on the door and slid it open just far enough to poke his head out. Looking down the hall he watched on as a white haired man was walking down the corridor, blasting in doors with the Force.

“Crap. We gotta move, he’s getting closer.” At their words, the initiate threw open the door and the group bolted down the hall. Solas watched as his prey ran from a room. Seeing them fleeing caused the Sith to let out a guttural laugh and begin running after them.

Hearing their pursuer laughing was enough to make one of the initiates break and collapse. Soon the others gave up as well. It was only a matter of time before the Sith overtook each one.

Several hours later, the Voice was overseeing the mop up of their op when he received word that a squad had found the remains of the group that had fled. But they had discovered something unsettling. The remains were hacked apart and several showed bite marks. Dispatching more troops, the Voice was soon contacted that they had found Knight Night-Thorn. Making his way to their location, the Voice was caught off-guard by what they found. Inside a dark room they found Solas sitting on a crate picking his teeth. Standing up the Sith tossed something aside and wiped the blood from his lips before heading down the hall. Calling the object to his hand, the Voice jumped a little when he caught the remains of a humanoid hand. Looking back at Solas the Voice mused to himself.

*‘What has he become?’*