The winds of the dead planet whirled across the wastes, howling in an unnerving chorus. Sheets of black ash and sand lifted and fell back to the ground as a tall, lone figure, dressed in black and blue, trekked across the barren plain, headed toward the only standing structure visible on the dead landscape. As the robed figure neared the structure, partially collapsed and surrounded by crumbling debris, another figure came to meet him from the ruins. The Iktochi woman, fully clad in black, stopped several yards from the man before her, glaring into the hood at two glints of green. She could just make out the blonde hair under his cloak. The robes and symbol on the belt said he was from Clan Plagueis. That and the blue trim marked him as an Undesirable.

*What do you want, Obelisk filth?*

The tall man didn’t respond to the mental question. He simply drew his lightsaber, igniting the blue blade. She felt and listened for a response but none came. She drew and ignited her own saber.

*Answer me!*

Still there was no reply. Darth Necren was done demanding answers. She reached out to probe the mind of the man before her but his consciousness didn’t yield in the slightest. It was like scratching at durasteel. For the first time in years she hesitated. Clan Plagueis had only one Elder and he wasn’t even close to being so mentally impenetrable. Who was this?

Suddenly the Plagueian sprang forward, aiming a narrow swing at the Prophet’s abdomen. Necren jumped away with ease. He was definitely fast, but she was faster. Was he holding back? No sooner had she landed on her feet than her challenger charged at her again. Again she avoided the blow, jumping further away to maintain distance. This time her attacker stopped and faced her, his green eyes unblinking.

*Just who the hell are you?!*

He still did not respond. His thoughts were still unreadable, even in the slightest. It was aggravating.

“Damn it, answer me!” she yelled this time.

“What?” the man said, with a genuinely questioning tone. The Prophet almost couldn’t believe her ears. “Oh, you have to actually speak to me. I’m completely deaf when it comes to telepathy.”

“What the frak are you talking about?”

“I may not look it, but I’m an Epicanthix, completely immune to talking through the Force.”

“Well then who are you?”

“Battlemaster Furios Morega.”

Darth Necren had to control herself for her jaw not to drop.

“A Battlemaster?! Here to kill me?!” she was getting extremely agitated. It was an absolute insult.

“Actually, I’m here to play Pazaak.”

*And to keep you occupied,* Furios thought to himself. The hate coming off her in waves was almost crushing though. *However it seems I may not last all that long.*