

Eternal Power

The blonde haired human tread with caution through the thick brush of the forest. The figure was cloaked by the black shadow of his robe. The Battlemaster ignored the many sounds of the wildlife that dwelled in the surroundings that he explored, for he was there for another reason. The forest was desolate in terms of civilization yet, it was thriving with the wildlife native to the forest and the life energy of what pulled the Dark Jedi to the forest. It was that life energy that he felt and was drawn to; the force as it is called, more importantly, the dark side of the force. The planet was always a host to the power of the force as well as the raw potential of the dark side. The Black forest, as it was known as, had strong presence of the dark side of the force as it always has however it has in recent days been strong in the dark side of the force. Lucyeth felt the disturbance and he was drawn to it like a siren call that continued to pull him deeper into the dense trees.

The Battlemaster continued through the woods as the birds mocked him from above. He could not stop now, not while he was so close. The Palatinaean could feel the dark side getting closer with the raw potential that rushed through his head from its proximity. Lucyeth reached a small clearing in the forest where a grove of large trees hid a recession in the ground. The Battlemaster moved toward it with anticipation. The dark side ran out of the cave like a river, the raw energy channeled out of the cavern entrance. The Palatinaean entered the cave to an elaborate stone steps carved into the cave wall. He descended the stairs stories underground that met a large open floor at the bottom. There was an altar at the center and it glowed in the darkness as the Dark Jedi approached. The glowing pulsed more brightly as Lucyeth stopped in front of the altar. It was a goblet of some ancient time the Battlemaster knew but the markings on it were unfamiliar to decipher. The markings were no doubt of the ancient sith but Lucyeth could not make out some of the marks that were either unable to translate or simply faded away to read. The feeling was real however as more than the dark side beyond the altar or the goblet.

The goblet glowed ever more bright to the point of almost blindness but the Battlemaster ignored and drank from the power of the dark side. Suddenly he flashed back to where he was nothing but a young initiate in the academy to learn the ways of the dark side. He came to a realization of a crossroad. To look back on all of it and think of now, Lucyeth could be more. He was going to become a voice in the goblet that called out to curious travelers or dark Jedi that searched for answers. He would strive to learn the power and become more powerful than he has become now.