

Teyr, a once beautiful city ravaged by war. The New Dawn have tried their hardest to exterminate the remaining members of Scholae Palatinae, but the small group as so far evaded their efforts. Blaster fire echoed down the streets of the city as the Cocytus military fought against the turncoat stormtroopers relentlessly under the command of Sadon Teraah. The city was littered with the bodies of many former citizens and troops alike, covered in blaster wounds. The smell of charred flesh and blood wafted from the city as Kylex ran across the roofs of homes, ducking and diving between the structures. The young Sith panted lightly as he ran, trying to keep level headed after hearing his friend, Sparky von Wagglehorn had passed away.

*"First Delak, now Sparky..."* He thought, a tear welling in his eye. The Knight hadn't known either well, only having a few interactions with them at most, but the pain of loss haunted him as he ran. He stopped, taking a breath before noticing a New Dawn blockade in the street below. Durasteel barricades scorched from blaster marks as a heavy gun emplacement fired at the Scholae forces. The blockade was manned by four stormtroopers, one on the gun and the other three firing from behind the barricades. The Knight grinned, jumping down behind the group as he called his lightsaber to his hand. Kylex approached the group, tilting his head to the left as his grin grew larger, and his eyes widened. One of the Stormtroopers noticed him, turning to fire as the Knight ignited his blade, the red plasma springing to life. The trooper paused, raising his blaster into firing position in very shaky hands. A single bolt leapt from the rifle, hurtling towards Kylex as he raised his blade, sending the energy flying back at the trooper. The trooper let out a short scream as the bolt impacted his helmet, instantly killing him. As his head hit the durasteel barricade, the other two stormtroopers turned, only to be met by Kylex's red blade. The Knight clipped his saber onto his belt as the trooper mounting the gun looked at him. Kylex grinned even more as he drew his katana, the cold steel striking the troop with horror as each inch was drawn from the sheath. Kylex kicked the troop in the chest, slamming him into a wall.

"ALL CLEAR!" Kylex yelled out to the Scholae troops down the street, turning his attention to the stormtrooper.

"Don't worry you fuzzy man peach, I'm not going to kill you." Kylex said, hearing a slight sigh of relief from the troop. He smiled sadistically, placing his katana on the troops right shoulder.

"Not yet at least. I'm just gonna hurt you, really, really bad." The Knight said, driving his blade into the troops shoulder. An ear piercing yell filled the air as the blade was repeatedly plunged in and out of the troops shoulder. Kylex ripped the man's helmet off, grabbing at the man's throat with his right hand. He stopped stabbing the man, bringing his katana to the man's hand, slowly cutting off each of his fingers. A blood curdling scream escaped the man, his eyes rolling back as they strained. Kylex laughed manically as he severed each finger. Dropping his katana back in its sheath, Kylex grabbed the trooper, sliding him up the wall violently as he squeezed at the man's throat. The man struggled and squirmed as his eyes rolled back in his head, his life draining from him before stopping. The Sith dropped the man's body, panting from the excitement.

“Maybe I went a little overboard with that.” He said to himself, refocusing on the Scholae stormtroopers running towards him. Eight troops in total with one commanding officer arrived at the barricade.

“Ah good commander, the enemies in this area have been... dealt with. I want you to set up a perimeter and prevent the New Dawn from pushing us back.” Kylex said to the commander.

“Yes sir!” Said the commander, turning back to talk to his men. Kylex turned to face the city, watching as smoke wafted over the buildings. Distant blaster fire rang through the streets, and the occasional storm trooper being thrown into the air by Archangel from across the city. The Sith smiled, firing off his jetpack and flying towards the main battle.