

The Mos Espa spaceport was teeming with life. Species from all over gathered here from all corners of the Galaxy. Piracy, smuggling, gambling and bribery, you name it. Tatooine was the place to be when you did not want to be caught. It was the perfect place for someone like him to blend in. After all, *who would suspect a human traveller in ragged clothes and a worn tunic to be a Dark Jedi?* Kryy quietly thought as he pushed through the crowded street. Tatooine was not a pretty planet. Sand, sand, sand and more sand covered the landscape. The city of Mos Espa was a settlement built from the ground up. The many minerals that had formed into hard sandstone of which was used to build the many rough-hewn structures. Now, the stone was weathered and worn. Round domes of houses had been chipped away leaving jagged corners and edges. The Dark Jedi made his way through the bustling old streets towards the local cantina, taking in the surroundings and forever planning escape routes and hiding spots. Something that almost came as second nature, or perhaps simple paranoia. The entrance space leading up to the Cantina was sparse and open. That meant plenty of places to run, should anything go awry and he would need to run of course. Not that Kryy was known for running from a fight. He made his way inside.

The cantina was hazy and dimly lit but never the least bit quiet. The space was packed, every species, every profession, every reason. It seemed the galaxy had congregated for a secret meeting that Kryy hadn't been invited to. A small group of Duros minors sat around the small booth just to the left of the Acolyte as he walked in. They paused and gave him an edgy look as he walked past before returning quietly to their drinks. The Acolyte made his way through the crowded space to the bartender in the middle. The bar being a stretched down "U" shape like most cantinas in the galaxy as it made serving customers easier and allowed more patrons to queue around its bends. Kryy looked around finding himself a snug gap between a Dug and a Rodian of whom did not seem too pleased with the arrival of a stranger interrupting their conversation.

"Ardees and make it strong, cheers" Kryy ordered as the bartender hastily poured a single Jawa Juice out on the counter, before handing it to Kryy. He drank the cool refreshment.

*There are few places in the Galaxy you can get a thirst quenching refreshment like Jawa Juice, wish we had some back at the Enclave,* he thought to himself. A figure appeared at the entrance to the cantina. His hood drawn over his face to hide his appearance. The armour he wore beneath his worn tunic was well concealed, almost as if he were trying to make sure no one saw. A cold shiver ran down Vitaan's spine... His client had arrived. Anyone but one gifted with the ways of the Force would have simply dismissed his untimely arrival. The hooded figure made his way to the far back table, walking past the bar and to the other side of the cantina. Kryy followed slowly moments later, sitting across from the shadowy figure. The man spoke in a quiet voice, "Listen closely. I do not want to be seen anywhere near this god forsaken desert wasteland, however. I've had imperial intelligence track Silent through the Corellian System, monitoring his movements and conversations. Ever since that little skirmish on Voss, he's gone a little rogue on us. Acting under his own judgement and discretion... You need to watch your back and be careful" he continued. "He still has it out for you after you dishonoured him and stripped him of his integrity during "The First Commandos Call" not only does he think you robbed him of defeating First Commando Nakar-Sel but you proceeded to fly off-world, leaving

him behind. We believe he is planning treason.” Kryy pauses briefly, letting such a bold claim sink in.

“Intelligence suggests that when you arrive on Dromund Kaas tomorrow morning, Silents arranged for his transport to fly through the hanger and confront you personally. Since then Silent has gone well... Silent and we’ve lost track of his whereabouts”

The figure removed his hood, revealing his dark red skin. A pureblood Sith. He looked the Sith Acolyte in the eye as he nodded.

“You are positive of this?” Kryy asked. “What do you propose we do about it? There’s no way we can sit here and let myself fall into a trap I know is coming, least, according to your men it’s happening. Silent is still a great use to the empire and an even greater soldier. Why risk everything on my life? I can’t believe Silent would do such a thing...” Kryy proclaimed with a now shocked look on his face. It was not the kind of intel he had expected to hear.

A slave uprising on Dromund Kass perhaps, a skirmish on an Imperial controlled world even, but Kryy sat silent for a moment before cracking a wry smile and joking,

“Well... he is Silent, so bloodthirst is all he's known for, he did kill his class of initiates after all”

They both laughed and stared at each other for a moment before they took a swig of their drinks, pulling a datapad out to begin plotting a counter-trap.

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Kryy paid for the drinks, in which he would admit to as being, “*more than one*” and made his way out of the cantina and down the dusty road back towards the spaceport. The streets were quieter now, men lay passed out in the street, all intoxicated and in no condition to even make it more than a few feet let alone back home, provided they had homes. Other small collections of people gathered down dark alleyways, going about their business in secrecy. Thankfully the spaceport wasn’t a far distance away, so even half drunken Kryy could stumble happily back to the safety of his ship. The ramp of the Fury Class Interceptor lowered as the Dark Jedi approached the hulking mass of durasteel. It seemed odd that the ship was not locked at all but being as ignorant as ever, he thought nothing of it. After all, he was too distracted, the plan they had formulated playing out over and over in his mind. It had to be perfect, flawless and be executed with precision if they were to spring the trap successfully. The ramp closed and the electronics in the door made sure it was magnetically sealed. Kryy made his way up the stairs and into the main command deck, there his companion 2V-R8 welcomed him back aboard the ship.

“I must say Master, how much of an honor it is to see you again and serve under you! I repainted the walls in your cabin while you were away. I do think you will find the blood red to be quite to your liking Master.”

“Pipe it can opener” Kryy retorted as he header for the cargo bay. “And another thing. Do *not*, I repeat. Do *not* touch my cabin again or I will have you sold for scrap parts. Got that?” he added raising his hand and clenching his fist. The droid shrunk away silently, nodding in confirmation. The cargo bay was littered with plasteel canisters and crates full of equipment, crafting supplies, crew items and other miscellaneous junk. A tall amory stand sat flush against the far wall. The lightsaber hilts reflected the dim ship lights. A collection of sabers from vendors across the galaxy and fallen foes that hung neatly to one side. Kryy hung his saber up and took his worn tunic off revealing his armor, which he also took off and hung up in the cargo hold locker.

“Did you manage to sell the desh junk ‘R8?” Kryy yelled, looking at the crates scattered around the floor, wondering what they are all for and why they’re here. He got no reply from the command area and decided to inspect the suspicious crates closer. He cracked one open and looked inside, finding the crates to contain illegal weapons and upgrade modifications. Kryy stared at them puzzled and clenched his glowing fist, a ball of purple lighting unravelling itself in the open space and striking the ship’s wall with a loud crackle. Spinning on his heel, the enraged acolyte stormed towards the cargo hold door. 2V-R8 had a lot to answer for. The Cargo bay door slammed shut as Kryy approached closer, sealing from the other side.

“2V-R8?! What is the meaning of this?! Open the door this instant you rusting bucket of bolts before I personally rip every bolt from your body one by one!” The disarranged Sith shouted.

There was still no reply from the other side. Within less time than it took for Kryy to take a few steps back, the ship’s engines could be heard being fired up,

*What was going on? Why were these weapons here and who had started the ship?* He clung to the smuggled cargo as the ship jolted and tilted, trying to maintain his balance having being caught off guard.

*Why do I get the feeling I’m no longer on Tatooine... More importantly... Where am I going?*

Furious, balls of chain lightning battered and lashed at the heavy grade durasteel cargo bay door. Every second that passed as he failed to get out was yet more rage and power put behind every blast. Having flown the far reaches of the galaxy and back, Vitaan knew the sound of a ship jumping to hyperspace. That was the only indication of travel he could make out. There was no reason for someone to jack the ship and seal him in his own cargo hold. Held prisoner.

*Were they using his ship for a smuggling run to Nar-Shadaa? Or perhaps the smuggled goods were heading to the resistance fighters...*

No matter how many times Kryy pondered the possibilities he couldn’t put his finger on it. Something felt rather off... But he didn’t know quite what it was. Before he could finish his train of thought, the sounds of magnetic locks disengaging echoed through the hold. The door shuddered and crept open, barely functioning properly after the barrage of lightning it had received. A trooper entered the hold and looked around at the scoring in the walls and door before looking at a confused and enraged Kryy.

*This was one of the men who had held him captive and stolen his ship.*

“Tell me who you work for or prepare to pay with your life!” He demanded, his arms starting to glow a deep purple and pink, waves like flames rose up his body and engulfed the Acolyte in a purple aura, the embodiment of the Dark Jedi’s aggression and anger. The trooper magnetized his boots to the ground as the ship took a sudden shift to the left and barrel rolled, sending the startled Jedi into the wall and breaking his concentration. The last thing he remembered was the trooper approaching and binding his wrists, restricting his ability to use the force before being knocked unconscious, blacking out and not reawakening for some time.

Kryy stirred, and looked around at his surroundings, he was tied to the pilot’s chair, his hands bound behind his back and the ship had been docked. He stared at the interior walls of the docking bay, familiar surroundings were always a pleasant sight. Except, Kryy didn’t understand quite why he was here and for how long he had been sitting unconscious for. He was home, somewhere in a docking bay in the imperial stronghold on Dromund Kaas.

*Who had taken his ship, who was the trooper who engaged him and what did they have to do with Dromund Kaas?*

Kryy had little time to piece the clues together when he felt a strong presence in the Force approach. Silent entered the cockpit and stood in the accessway, a cold and chilling smirk worn across his menacing face.

“Thought you’d get away with ratting me out on Tatooine huh?” He snickered. “Could smell your stench for miles Vitaan. Like a bad cheese. Blue or maybe limburger, I’m unsure... But thank you very much for sharing your plan with me, oh oops... You didn’t know?” Silent walked closer, laughing as he paced behind the binded Kryy.

“Oh yeah I know all about your little trap and thanks for all your precious info you gave up, it was quite a juicy trap you had going. Sadly, I won’t be killing anyone” He paused and leant down, speaking in a soft tone.

“Where’s the fun in killing you, when I can drag out your slow and miserable death instead? Oh no, I wouldn’t be daft enough to commit treason to the Empire. But you sure will be!” he cackled. “Wait till they get a load of you, illegal weapons shipped under your name for “private use” and if that wouldn’t look bad enough on your profile, imagine how they’ll think when they see what else you do...” He shook his head mockingly.

“Oh Kryy, I finally get to do away with you and watch as you are stripped of your honour and your integrity, just as you did to me on Voss! It’s a good day indeed! You know what they say, turnabouts fair play, or perhaps you’d enjoy “*all’s well that ends well*” hahaha” He turned on his heel and marched out as he exited the ship laughing maniacally to himself.

*I’m was going to be framed for illegal smuggling and stripped of my rank and title, thrown into imperial jail and tried for treason. What would my master have to say about this?* he ruminated.

Kryy tried to call upon the Force to free himself, but of course Silent had thought of that and much to the Journeyman’s disgust, he was bound by stun cuffs to prevent him from breaking free. Luckily however, in case of spontaneous emergencies, Kryy had spent enough time in the shady underworld of Nar-Shaddaa to know how to get out of this one. He wiggled into a more comfortable position, twisted his body and the cuffs, forcing himself onto them he managed to get them to buckle, breaking them free of the chair he was restrained to. Now standing, he proceeded to smash the centre most piece into the edge of the pilot’s chair, shattering the cuffs in two. With Kryy now a look the part escaped convict, he stumbled from the ship’s cockpit and down the ramp right into two troopers, armed with blaster rifles they approached the deranged Kryy.

“We had a report of suspicious activity in this sector, my lord. We’re just checking the place out, you seen anything strange going on down here?” the first trooper to Kryy’s left inquired. Kryy simply shook his head not wishing or near able to choke out a reply. The second trooper then asked bluntly, “Mind if we take a look at your ship quickly, my lord?” The two troopers looked at each other, already tipped off at the hand’s of Silent’s dirty work, the troopers looked back at the bewildered Acolyte. Not knowing what to do Kryy quickly sussed out his options. If they went on board, they were sure to find the smuggled goods hiding in the cargo hold, but If he said no, they would deem it more suspicious and there would be more trouble as it was obvious they clearly knew something. The trooper pushed a second time, getting enough time to ask if he could “*check the...*” before he met the unfortunate end of the Dark Jedi’s saber. The fibrous

blade pulsating a deep blue, a token from Kryy's days as a member of the Jedi Order. He retracted the sabre and the body of the trooper fell to a crippled heap at his feet. Fear coursed through Kryy's blood as he reached out to the force, lifting the remaining trooper off his feet and into the air. The trooper grabbed furiously at his neck, clawing it as he cackled and hacked, his neck becoming more and more constricted. Without a single word uttered, Kryy had killed two Dromund Kaas troopers in less than a minute of exiting his ship. He stared in horror, Silent's words flooded back to him,

*"I wouldn't be daft enough to commit treason to the Empire. But you are!"* The words gave Kryy a chill down his spine. Fate had brought karma upon him and he watched as the bodies began to sway, the walls move around him. Consumed and stricken with grief, he ran for his ship, bounding up the durasteel ramp once more smashing the console to shut it as he ran past. He made his way to the cockpit hastily, threw himself into the chair and punched co-ordinates in the flight navigator's console, The interceptor rose from the hanger, turns its rear on Dromund Kaas and rocketed out of the planet's atmosphere as fast as he could.

*Treason... Treason...* Kryy thought to himself. *I never thought I'd see the day I'd be branded a traitor. Once word gets out, or worse yet, when Silent finds out he's sure to throw me over, put my name down and before I know it, ill have the Emperor's wrath hot on my trail...*

"I have to get out of Imperial space, out of Republic space... I..." Kryy paused, looking down at the navi-computer, the endless list of planets displayed on the world map, any of which would be suitable to disappear on. He began to quote the words that made him famous, his catchphrase and mantra he had adopted,

"I am Kryy... and beneath me.. now lay a very tangled web..." Looking softly aside, he punched in the co-ordinates and set course for hyperspace. Where he dropped out, no one knows. From there Kryy simply vanished into Wild Space without a single trace. Leaving the Empire and Republic alike behind him and more importantly, turning his back on the Brotherhood, turning himself over to the rogues.