

Rylla Varga's downfall

By Kylex

Judecca. The homeworld of Clan Scholae Palatinae, now under control by the New Dawn, a group united under Darth Fallax. A young Sith who knelt top of a large building, overlooking the main city of Ohmen, removed his Mandalorian helmet. As dusk fell the sun's last rays glimmered over the mountain ranges as Kylex raised his wrist to his mouth. He scanned the city as he activated the comlink.

"Kylex to Blade. Kylex to Blade. Do you read me?" He said as he spoke into a com.

"What is it Kylex?" A woman's voice replied.

"I've nearly tracked down Rylla Varga, permission to engage when I find her?"

"Granted. Make sure you don't get killed."

Kylex clicked the device on his wrist, turning it off and looking down the streets of the Imperial city. Suddenly, he spotted a Fallen sitting at a café, which was very out of place for Ohmen.

"Right you *Sith-Spit*, you are gonna pay," Kylex said with anger in his voice. The Shadow slipped his helmet back on, jumping from the building with a great leap. He plummeted downwards, activating the JT-12 jetpack resting on his back. The jetpack's thrusters ignited with a bang, propelling him forwards towards the café. Kylex angled his jetpack, diving downwards towards the street with tremendous speed. As the ground approached he lowered the thrust, slowly descending towards the street and landing with a soft thud. The Fallen looked up at Kylex as he approached, her face creasing in disgust.

"What's the matter, darling? Surprised to see me?" The Hunter said, his arms opening wide in a mocking pose. "Well? What is it?"

"I didn't expect to find one of the Quaestors goons here," Rylla said sharply as she quickly stood up, knocking a teacup off the table.

“Aww, I’m flattered. Anyway, you will still pay for what happened to Delak.” Kylex said, gritting his teeth at the mention of his clan mates demise.

“Ahh yes, Delak Krennel. Member of Imperium and royal pain in the rear. If I recall correctly, it was me who suggested his pathetic life be ended.” The Fallen laughed, reaching into her cloak and retrieving a lightsaber. “Now I get the pleasure of putting another one of you dogs down.”

“THAT’S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU!” Kylex yelled as he leapt at the Fallen, calling his lightsaber to his hand and igniting its crimson blade. The Hunter brought his blade down, driving against Rylla’s own red blade. Sparks flew as the two were forced into in a blade lock.

“You are going to pay for what you have done,” Kylex said, his violet eyes flickering yellow and piercing the Fallen, as his words sent shivers down her spine. The young Sith raised his blade and brought it down towards Rylla. The woman quickly dodged to the left, only to be greeted by the Sith’s foot in her face. She reeled back, leveling off her lightsaber with her shoulder, and stabbed at the Hunter.

“That isn’t going to work.” Kylex said, his voice as cold as Caina. The Sith ducked under the lightsaber, grabbing Rylla’s hand and squeezing it.

“AAARH!” She screeched, dropping her lightsaber, watching it deactivate as it fell. The Shadow grinned, letting go of his weapon as well. Kylex, in a powerful burst of motion, drove his fist into Ryalla's jaw. Her knees buckled as everything went black. For Rylla, everything went black.

Rylla Varga suddenly awoke to a bucket of ice cold water being poured over her. She looked around in a panic, coughing up the liquid as she attempted to discern her location- but to no avail. The room was dark and empty, aside a door and the chair she was tied to.

“I’m impressed Kylex, you managed to catch a valuable target for us.” Said a voice from within the shadow.

“It was easy. Dragging her back here was the hard part. I hope she didn’t suffer any major brain damage from repeatedly knocking her out.” Kylex. “She should be of use to us.”