

An Uneasy Alliance

By Knight Kylex

Streets of Nar Shaddaa

Rain poured down from the heavens, landing on the many streets of the Smugglers moon, a familiar location for Sith Knight Kylex. After all, this was once his home. He trudged through the crowded streets, trying to keep his face hidden from the many Iron Legion troopers that had been on the hunt for members of Clan Scholae Palatinae. The destruction of Caina had impacted Kylex, and his bloodlust for the Grand Master only grew with each passing day. His home that he all so suddenly had lost, made him want to kill every peon of Pravus that he came across, but he digressed from such actions. Foreign yet familiar smells invaded his nostrils as he turned down a alleyway, and saw a door in the wall. The rain washed down his back as he remembered the day that separated him and his 'sister'. He closed his eyes, remembering how he killed the three Sith Assassins that were sent after him and his sister. He recalled each moment as if it had just transpired, the images seared into the mind, as it was the day he found a passion in taking life.

"Renna...." he whispered, thinking where his sister had gone to. The thought that she had been killed whispered across his mind. He clenched his fists, punching the wall with all his might out of anger at that possibility.

Don't worry, she'd be safe, you know this.

Kylex inhaled, and breathed out heavily before hiding his arm back in his cloak as the rain continued to fall. He turned, and exited the alleyway that was once home. Bumbling citizens of Nar Shaddaa brushed past Kylex as he walked upstream, keeping his face hidden from view. Without even realising it, he bumped into someone, a man he thought he'd never see again.

"Sorry about tha-" his sentence was cut short by a purple lightsaber blade igniting from the hooded figure. Instantly doubling back on his steps, he quickly reached and retrieved his own lightsaber, igniting the crimson blade with a snap-hiss.

"I thought I smelled overconfidence and body glitter." smirked the tall figure. "Kylex."

"Oh hell, it's you." exclaimed the Sith through gritted teeth, realising who he was dealing with. "Talis." Kylex raised his lightsaber to his side, ready for a fight as civilians scattered in fear. Talis raised his own blade as it continued to rain, each droplet hitting the blades and sizzling instantly. Kylex stepped forward, putting his weight on his right leg and swinging his blade with frightening speed at Talis, who quickly blocked the sideways attack. The blades collided, sending sparks of red and purple flying. The lightsabers seemed to lock together, each side moving against one

another, until they eventually separated. Talis brought the attack this time, thrusting his lightsaber forward, but his assault was held by the sudden sound of blaster fire.

“YOU TWO! CEASE ALL HOSTILITY!” shouted a voice from down the street. Kylex craned his head, looking down at the owner of the voice. A man stood with several soldiers next to him, he looked like an officer. “In the name of the Grand Master, we are arresting you two.”

Kylex lowered his lightsaber, and turned to the Miraluka in front of him.

“Ok Talis, crazy plan bad pitch, uhh, we need to go.” he whispered with urgency in his voice.

“We? Why don’t I just leave you to these guys huh?” Talis whispered back.

“BECAUSE dipstick, he said ‘you two’. He is coming for both of us. THAT’S THE IRON LEGION!” The Mandalorian deactivated his lightsaber, and stowed it away on his belt. He extended a hand to Talis. “Truce?” The Jedi thought to himself, taking the Sith’s hand.

“It’s not like I have a choice. What’s the plan?”

Kylex just stared at the Miraluka and whispered.

“Attack.”

He bolted straight at the Iron Legion officer and soldiers, retrieving his lightsaber and igniting it once again. Talis followed suit, jumping forward and igniting his own lightsaber. Two Iron soldiers began to shoot at the two, only to have Kylex sever their heads from their necks. The Sith turned to Talis, who had already dispatched of the other soldiers, and was converging on the officer. Kylex watched as the Jedi quickly ended the officer’s life, smiling with delight.

“This is our chance, we need to get out of here.” Kylex said to Talis. “Do you have a ship?”

“Again, we? There is no we-” Talis’s sentence was cut short as Kylex gathered a fist of telekinetic energy, and sent it hurtling towards him. He went to dodge, but then heard a wet splat sound, as if some raw fruit hit the wall. He looked down behind him, and noticed one of the soldiers had survived. That soldier however, had their head decorate the nearby wall.

“By the way, I don’t have cab fare... can I catch a ride with you?” Kylex said sheepishly, rubbing his head. Talis sighed, and gestured for the Sith to follow him.

“This doesn’t make us friends.”