**Hunting the Hunters
Seng Karash and Surrounding Areas
Planet Aeotheran**

It’s been three weeks since the last terror attack on Seng Karash’s Industrial District. The last of the Abominations have been purged after an extensive search. The Hunter Erik Cato had been stationed there in a state of emergency at the Warhost’s temporary medical facility with his master Lilith Versea-Stormwind. With this conflict drawing to a close, his presence was no longer necessary. In recognition of his recent efforts he was given ownership of a clan shuttle to expedite travel between the jungle planet and the Shadow Academy.

Erik set aside one additional day before departure in order to gain some alone time. Much had happened since his arrival and he told his Master that he needed time to clear his head. He obtained mapping information on his datapad about the surrounding jungles, isolating his search to dense areas where the sun rarely shines. Plotting a path to the southwest, the Hunter rode his speeder bike through the immense trees until a path was no longer suitable. The Starhawk speeder bike powered down into silence, replaced by the sounds of an active jungle. Easing off the vehicle, the calm Journeyman retrieved his datapad and a long length of cord with a grappling hook at its end. The soft glow of the device was the only light source in a sea of darkness.

“This will do.”

 Two hours later, several lights started to flash through the tree line. The lights grew brighter and with it came the sound of speeder bikes. A group of three drove through a small clearing, stopping abruptly before an abandoned matte-black Starhawk. A Trandoshan and Rodian male were the first to unmount. Free from their vehicles, they leveled their heavy blasters at the surrounding trees. Their weapon sights darted quickly back and forth in response to any small sound. A female Chiss followed them, armed with a force pike. Each person wore a set of light amplification goggles.

The Rodian was the first to speak in a low broken basic. “He is here. Told you!”
The Chiss replied, “*Was* here. Stay together. We must be very close.”
A was the only response from the Trandoshan.

*Three of them.* The Sith apprentice opened his burning yellow eyes and rose to his feet. His form shifted from completely transparent to opaque again. He had been using all of his concentration to cloak himself in the Force while his prey drew close. He adjusted his own light amplification goggles and eyed the Trandoshan as his closest enemy. The dense vibroblade in Erik’s wrist guard activated with a noisy clink and was driven through the creature’s neck. Its screams came out in nothing more than a gurgle. Startled, the other two turned to find the source of the noise. Pulling the vibroblade back from the perforated male, Erik crouched down and drew the Force into his leg muscles. He leaped up into the trees, moving from branch to branch until he was no longer visible. The Rodian screamed and unloaded multiple shots into the darkness. He continued to fire long after his leaping target disappeared from view.

“WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT, ALANDRA?!”

“Who would you rather deal with, him or me Dreegan? Finish this contract or I’ll kill you myself.” The Chiss woman gripped her force pike tightly. She moved around with the grace of a seasoned fighter, circling around the black speeder bike to cover all directions.

Out of the bushes came a tiny metal grappling hook. It slowly moved through the grass as though it had a mind of its own. The former dueler hid silently in the thick branches of a nearby tree and controlled the object with his telekinetic powers. While attention was drawn upward the hook and cord made its way behind the Rodian. It rose to head level in a snake-like motion. The hook swiftly wrapped around the bounty hunter’s green neck in a simple loop. Erik then descended from his branch as soon as he thought the loop was completed. He ignited his lightsaber with one hand and gripped a tight length of cord with the other. Dreegan rose up into the trees by his throat with legs kicking away in protest. The Sith held on firmly to the cord as he addressed his final opponent.

“Who sent you?!” He yelled angrily. His glowing blade kept her at a distance. She made no move to save her comrade. Her attention was mostly drawn to his weapon.

 “You know who sent us, Erik. Did you think you were really free? It was only a matter of time until we found you again. It’s time to come back. We’ll even let you keep your new toys if you’d like.” She spoke calmly, body hunched in a low stance as she slowly circled around him.

Erik’s face twisted into an expression of deep hatred as she spoke of her benefactor. It had been seven years since he escaped from the Initiative and their dueling arenas. He would rather die than go back. Pointing his lightsaber at what remains of the Trandoshan, Erik grinned.

“You should have found better help. Your smelly friend here has been trying to following me for days. No doubt he was waiting for an opportunity to get me alone. Here I am. ”

The apprentice let go of the cord and it slipped out of his fingers quickly. The strangled corpse of the Rodian fell into a crumpled heap a few feet away. Extending his newly available hand toward the Chiss, he reached out with the Force again. The woman’s light amplification goggles rose up and off of her head, flying into the bushes with a wave of the Hunter’s hand. He then turned off his lightsaber, leaving the Chiss in complete darkness.

There were sounds of feet shuffling, metal on metal and finally a long scream. A few minutes later a light projected into the darkness from the front of a black speeder bike as it turned around and drove away back towards Seng Karash.