

Tyraal moved slowly through the Technocrat compound, sweat slowly dripping along his face. The Nancora heat was terrible on its own, but inside a highly active, machinery-housing, metal-built heat trap, it was sickening. He crept along, cautious of any Technocrat or Collective bum who might step around a corner and completely destroy his attempts of retrieving the Dark Scrolls of Darth Plagueis. He stepped through a doorway and heard a shout. He looked to his left, his hand instinctively drawing his lightsaber.

"Blast!" He snarled, igniting the blade and blocking as a handful of blaster shots came his way.

One of the grunts further down leapt at a control board and started smashing buttons. Tyraal turned and leapt at the doorway. In mid-leap, the door slammed down and a heavy *Chhiikk* sounded as the door sealed itself, and sealed Tyraal's fate to be in this fight.

"Blast!" He snapped again, whirling. More troops were flooding in now. At least they were all on one side. Tyraal charged them, deflecting and reflecting all the shots near him.

He threw himself into the group of soldiers and began cutting them apart. Another group charged in from further down, blasters firing as fast as triggers could be pulled. Tyraal sidestepped into a nook against the computer terminal. An impressive wall of red-pink blaster bolts zipped past him. He slid down the wall, panting. He waited, closing his eyes to focus more on slowing and calming his pounding heart. The sound of blasters faded away as the sound of his heart flooded in. Seconds passed. Tyraal suddenly opened his eyes, whirling around the terminal, igniting his lightsaber as he came around.

His blade cut into a handful of soldiers who left life behind them, shrieking in blood-curdling fear, anger, and angst. He cut into the soldiers, as bolts began coming in from behind. He glanced over his shoulder: another group of soldiers was rushing in from behind. Tyraal reached forward and threw back the company in front of him away with the Force. He turned and faced the newcomers. He realized he was in a bad spot. But there were only a handful coming behind.

He deflected a few shots and then turned to the original troublemakers. He sliced up another few and threw his lightsaber, twirling into them. He reached down and ignited his second blade, its blue blade crackling to life as he whirled to face the new soldiers. He deflected more bolts and rushed them. He carved the squadron apart, and threw them back. He could feel the battle tearing at him, pulling at his already weary muscles.

He turned to the handful of original troops, and reflected a few more shots. He turned and threw his blade at the new comers, and turned, blasting the soldiers with a volley of lightning. And again. And again. He felt himself drain of power and emotion as he loosed a fourth volley, and weakly recalled his lightsaber to him. The green blade ignited smoothly in his hand.

Another shot echoed out, and hit him in the back, just under his right lung. He whimpered, and weakly collapsed, crumpling to the floor. He lay there, his lightsaber rolling from his lifeless hand.

*Play dead,* He thought to himself. *Let him come.*

So he did. He lay there, motionless, feeling the floor vibrate as the lone soldier approached. Tyraal held his breath. And then reached out. A force-built fist wrapped around the trooper's neck and lifted him off the floor. Tyraal rose, pain from the shot fueling him. He blasted the trooper with a torrent of lightning, flowing from his fingers, again and again. In a pained rage, he threw the trooper, only to pick him up again. He called his second lightsaber to him, and ignited it mid-flight.

The bright sapphire blade punched cleanly through the trooper, who screamed and fell limply and flatly to the floor. Tyraal caught the lightsaber and clipped it to his belt. He stood panting for a moment, and then reached down to retrieve his knight lightsaber. Something caught his eye near the computer and he glanced up sharply. Something pink and black vanished. He frowned, and then grabbed the lightsaber, standing up again. He focused, breathing slowly, trying to sense this thing that was zipping around.

Something flickered in his senses, and he turned. Something hit the ground and began beeping. He leapt away as something detonated, and he was thrown backwards. He looked up, igniting his lightsaber. A petite sized twi'lek stood there, holding a grenade launcher in her hands. Tyraal snarled, and threw her back with the Force. She yelped as she hit a wall, and dropped her launcher. She looked up and growled at Tyraal, and he noticed her cybernetic eye. He paused for a moment, trying to recall any fragments of a twi'lek greeting.

"DIE!" Shrieked the Twi'lek, as she raised both wrists simultaneously. Tyraal pulled up his blade in a block, ready for the onslaught. A hail of blaster fire erupted from one wrist, and a micro-missile blasted from the other. Tyraal flipped to the left, evading both blaster and rocket.

"DEATH TO YOU OPPRESSORS!!!" She screamed, releasing another salvo.

Tyraal was almost amused by this, and would have probably laughed, had he not been the one targeted by this deranged individual.

"I'm not the oppressor!" Tyraal shot back, as he bent the missile's course around, down the hallway with a subtle Forceful tug. "The Iron Throne is the oppressor!" Another salvo erupted. "The Collective is the oppressor!" Another missile launched. "The TECHNOCRATS are oppressors!"

"Die!" She screamed. She raised her wrists for another launch and salvo, but both wrists clicked empty. Tyraal directed his lightsaber towards her.

"Give up. Get out of this suicidal organization. We can help you."

"Never."

She lunged at him, giving a speedy swipe in the vein of Shadow Step. Tyraal blocked the strike at his neck, but got a solid kick in the chest for his trouble. Both lightsabers fell away as he rolled backwards to his feet. He lowered his arms, and brought his fists before him. He hunched his back slightly, setting his feet apart. The twi'lek eyed him, and then lunged. Tyraal was prepared, and brought his arm up, catching her arm between his head and his arm. She moved to kick him, and he twisted, causing her kick to flail against his back and drawing hard against her arm.

She squeaked and jerked away. As she stumbled back, Tyraal advanced, giving a heavy kick to her chest first and then diving on top of her, bringing his arm around her neck in a hard lock.

"Stop fighting," he whispered in her ear.

"Never!" she hissed, slamming her elbow into his ribs. He grunted, as his lock loosened for a moment.

She jerked down and turned, kicking him hard in the neck. He gurgled and stumbled backward. Gwen turned and bolted for her blaster, grabbing it and hurling a thermal imploder back at Tyraal. The timer ticked, ticked, ticked its way to zero as Tyraal fell to his knees beside it. He coughed, shook his head, and looked at the grenade. He grabbed it with a graceful, Forceful sweep, and launched it back down towards the fleeing Twi'lek. She screamed, and it exploded. Tyraal rolled into a side passage and curled into a ball.

The blast wave rippled past him, and then ripped back on its return course. Tyraal felt the blazing burn trickle off the main heatwave, and swallowed sickly. He heard one last gurgling shriek, and then a heavy "BOOM". And then silence. He slowly rose to his feet and peered out. The remains of Gwendolyn "Sparks" were scattered across the walls and in the crater her bomb had created. He winced, and looked down the other end of the hall.

He reached out and recalled his two lightsabers with the Force. They launched through the air to his two hands. He caught them, and slowly clipped them to his belt. He turned, and stared at the door he had come through, musing as to whether or not he should head back through there or head another way. He knelt down next to one of the dead soldiers he had massacred earlier, and pulled off the comm set. He listened to the chatter, before noticing screams about intruders heading for the Containment Sector. He grinned.

"Let's go boys. I'll catch up with you there!"

