

## **Raiju's office, Imperium Home Base, Ragnath**

0200 hours

"You sent for me?" said Savant Kylex Sanguris, Kneeling before the Quaestor of House Imperium, Raiju Kang.

"Yes, I have a rather.. Unique task.. That i'd like you to head, Savant. Said the Battlelord, lidless eyes carefully watching the white haired giant before him.

"A task for me? Don't you have your own pawns to use for those" replied Kylex, sticking his tongue out just a little in a display of cheek. "Must be something reaaaaaal special to resort to using *me* of all people."

Raiju sighed heavily, webbed fingers gliding over his rubbery forehead. "I've asked you, because you'd be the most... effective at scaring a certain group of people." said the Imperial, promptly pushing a button underneath his desk. A hidden closet opened from one of the side walls, revealing a large suit. It was large, as tall as Kylex and twenty times uglier, large horns sprouting from the side of its head, and hooves for feet. The Savant tilted his head toward the large suit, looked back at Raiju, and burst out laughing.

"PWHAAAAHA! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!?". Raiju did not give an answer, he just kept staring at the Mandalorian with a very serious look, plastered to his face. A wave of realisation hit Kylex as he stood up. "Oh god, you're serious."

"Your list." said the Nautalin smoothly, sliding a sheet of paper across the desk. The Mandalorian looked curiously at the list, impressed with the calligraphy of each name written down. Grabbing the sheet, Kylex strolled over to the costume.

It was an awkward fit, the tight latex and foam not making it any easier. It was hot, stuffy, and uncomfortable. A single bead of sweat rolled down the Mandalorian's forehead, smearing against the surface of the mask. Kylex sighed heavily. *I'm just gonna have too let the crazy out if i'm gonna actually scare anyone...*

"There's a button under your right thumb. Press it." said Raiju, impressed with how monstrous it had turned out. With a small click, the suit's eyes came to life, smoke billowing out of the nostrils, and tail whipping about. "A little bit of special effects. Now be on your way, Savant Kylex." The Human nodded, turning around to exit the office.

"You better share some of that good stuff you have hidden in your desk for this." said the Mandalorian with a smirk.

"How'd you know about tha...." responded the Imperial, only stopping after he realised that Kylex had already left.

## Halls of Imperium Base, Ragnath,

Kylex stomped around the empty hall leading to Raiju's office, looking at the tiny scrap of paper held in his giant paw. First target was to be none other than Lexiconus Qor. As he made his way to the living quarters, the white haired Mandalorian recalled a mission he and Lex had underwent when he was only a young darksider. He grinned in his suit as he rounded a corner, terrifying a passing officer. The young officer was holding several files, and a mug of something that wasn't blue milk. Kylex stopped, turning his head, looking down on the man, who was shivering with fear.

"Boo." he said rather half-assed, but it was enough to send the officer running. He chuckled, turning another corner to find Lexiconus's room. The Human stood before the door, making an effort to conceal himself from the Force. A pressure emerged from within his mind, raving, unstable and mad. It was his affliction, come to play its part as Sithmas horror. It dawned on Kylex as to why Raiju chose *him* for the task. Exhaling, the man let go of his restraint, allowing his madness to fully surface, like a wild beast clawing its way from a dark pit.

Without hesitation, Kylex grabbed the flimsy metal door, forcing them open with a ungodly roar. Before him, he saw the Quarren he had come to scare lying on the floor, screaming like a newborn for its mother. The Human took a intimidating step forward into the room, clicking the button under his thumb. Smoke shot out of the nostrils as Lexiconus continued to shriek. Kylex lend back, making himself look as big as possible before shouting in a mighty voice.

"I'M GONNA PUT MY PAIN INTO YOUR SOOOUUUUL!!!!!!!!!"

Terrified, the Quarren reached for his Sith Dagger with shaking hands, still staring at the demon before him. Like out of instinct, Kylex raised his hand, calling the weapon to him. With a final roar, the Mandalorian charged at Lex like an angry Reek, dagger held high. The Seer let out one final scream, before slumping to the floor, passed out from fear. Kylex paused, dagger inches from the Quarren's throat, fighting off the urge to end the Seer right then and there. He dropped the dagger, mentally wrestling with himself, forcing the affliction back into its dark pit.

"I think... I'll just have to come up with something for the next one." he muttered. As the Mandalorian turned to exit, he looked once more at the list. The next victim would be Reiden Karr. Kylex smiled, and left Lexiconus on the floor.

After Skulking around the Imperial quarters for what seemed like an eternity, the Mandalorian was drawing impatient. He'd discovered Reiden's quarters to be empty, and thus had set out to locate the Battlemaster.

"How am I supposed to locate him in this labyrinth..." Kylex muttered to himself. "I'd better ask if anyone had seen him." As if on cue, he spotted a young officer that had entered the same hallway.

"You. Give me answers." bellowed the Juggernaut. The officer looked up at the suit, terror instantly filling him to the brim. It was the same officer Kylex had scared before! The young man turned to flee in the opposite direction, only to find himself being dragged by invisible hands towards the towering monster.

"LET ME GO!" he yelled, struggling to break free of Kylex's telekinetic grasp on him. As the Mandalorian spun the officer around to face him. "PLEASE LET ME GO!"

"Listen, I just want to know where I can find..." began Kylex before being cut off by the officer's screaming.

"PLEASE, DON'T KILL MEEEE!" shrieked the young man, kicking at the ground. The Dark Jedi rolled his eyes, raising his right hand.

"I BEG YOU, PLEASE DON'T..."

**SLAP!**

"Like I was saying before you so RUDELY interrupted me, I just want to know where Reiden Karr is. Can you tell me that?" said Kylex in a monotone voice.

"I... I saw him in the mess... please let me go." said the officer sheeply, rubbing his slap mark.

"That's all I needed to know." replied the Mandalorian, chucking the officer over his shoulder and storming to the mess.

## Imperium Mess Hall

Kylex peered into the Mess from behind a wall, hoping that no one would spot him or the ridiculously oversized horns sticking out of his head. The hall was relatively empty, with only Reiden and a few storm troopers eating. A wicked grin spread across the Mandalorian's face, glad that they all had their backs turned.

*This'll be interesting...*

Treading as lightly as possible, the mountain of a man tiptoed into the Mess, careful to not alert Reiden to his presence. As he thought of what he could do to scare the Battlemaster, a rather peculiar thought stuck with him. Grinning under the mask, the Savant walked up to one of the tables. Knowing it was only a matter of seconds before Reiden realised he was there, the Mandalorian heaved, lifting the table onto his shoulders with a heavy grunt. As he raised the heavy metal table, he saw the Battlemaster turning his head. Without a moment of hesitation, Kylex hurled the table in Reiden's direction with all his might. It flew through the air, hurtling towards the Battlemaster.

"Oh you've got to be *kidding* me!" yelled Reiden as he quickly dodged the table as it crashed into a wall.

## CRASH!

Landing promptly on his feet, the Battlemaster unhooked his lightsaber, igniting its deadly emerald green blade.

"Just who the hell are you, and how'd you get in here?" he said with authority in his voice. He raised the emerald blade over his head, resting it just over his shoulders.

"I am here, because you have been bad this year." replied Kylex, keying the smoke and eye effect as he unhooked his own saber. *I wasn't intending to fight him, but it looks like I have no choice... I need to make this quick.*

"What is that supposed to mean?" replied the Battlemaster as he signalled the troopers to flee.

"It means prepare yourself." said Kylex as he ignited his own red blade. Without warning, Reiden launched himself forward, charging headlong at the towering figure. With a quick change of direction, the Battlemaster strafed to the right, bringing his weapon down in a cleaving motion. Kylex raised his own blade to block, meeting the emerald plasma with sparks flying. In a display of physical prowess, the Jedi kicked out with the strength of a Rancor, knocking the wind out of Reiden, sending him crashing into more tables.

*Stay down lad.*

Stashing his saber back on his belt, Kylex advanced cautiously, calling the Battlemaster's weapon to his hand. He gazed down upon Reiden, watching the man as he tried to recover. The Sith's eyes swelled with orange-red, as hate overflowed from his soul like a cauldron. There was only one way the both of them could leave here without death occurring. Kneeling down, face meeting with Reiden's, Kylex closed his eyes and sighed.

"Sorry mate." he said softly. The Mandalorian focused his strength, and punched the Battlemaster, instantly knocking the Human unconscious. Reiden dropped, collapsing on the floor.

"I tried to not break anything." muttered Kylex. Quickly turning on his heel, the Savant stormed out of the Mess, shredding the target list with each pace.

*I ain't in this to hurt the members, even if they are Imperium. Scholae is family, we need to act like it.*