Hunting the Hunters

It was late enough into the night that it was actually early morning as Etah stepped outside of the makeshift facility that the House rigged up within the Mountains of Tiernvael, directly overlooking the Meditative Canyon. The planets lone sun had set, casting a dreary malaise made ever more stifling by the dry heat of the planet. Darkness had fallen but it was still warm enough work up a sweat relatively easy.

A myriad of stars hung over the sky, innumerable shimmering specks that cast a pallid light that one could barely see by. Four of the stars were distinguishable, larger and brighter than the rest. They were actually not stars at all, but the four moons of Ambria. Each moon seemed to burn with its own brightness but they were in fact only reflecting the rays of the otherwise absent sun.

If one looked hard enough into the distance they could see movement. No one would be able to discern what kind of movement but within the pale moonlight grays figures clearly moved across different grays. This is what brought Etah into the night air. Proximity alarms had warned the Quaestor that scavengers were approaching.

Other leaders would gather the house and make war on these invaders but Etah knew detection would ruin their goals and make finding and retaining the artifacts of Naga Sadow and his greatest General Shar Dakhan, impossible. So he strode forth alone, though even by himself he could have easily murdered all of the assembled specks of gray.

The approaching scavengers could not yet see him. The Battlelord looked into the force and metaphorically grabbed onto the force around him, channeling it through his body. Starting with his outstretched fingers and down his arm, then his head and feet and then his whole body suddenly became invisible. Some people could achieve this state in milliseconds but it was not Etah’s most potent power and therefore it took him just a little more than half a minute of deep concentration.

The last of him disappeared in the nick of time as the gaggle of scavengers approached. The military man still within the Sith Equate scoffed at their lack of discipline. He quickly revisited the idea of sacrificing this group of nobodies to the Darkside. He momentarily imagined their cries of pain and anguish and felt empowered by them. A sick sideways smile crept across his face before he remembered his responsibilities.

‘There can be more fun later’ he thought to himself as he set about his task. While force cloaking was not his strongest power, illusions were. He followed the path of Naga Sadow himself in that regard. So instead of murdering these low-life’s, keeping in mind that creating a ruckus that would undermine House Shar Dakhan’s efforts, he instead painted a scene over Tiernvael as if the mountains were his canvas and the force itself were his paint.

To the eyes of the scavengers, a pack of angry Hssiss appeared, marching hungrily toward them like starved zombies. The locals would have seen Hssiss by the ones and twos near the shores of the Lake Natth so they would know to be scared. Etah reached out with the force, feeding them each liquid adrenalin and blind terror. Their fear would keep them from questioning why there was so many Hssiss and why they were in the mountains.

The pack of peasants nearly pissed their pants running from the creatures they believed were there. They didn’t group up and they didn’t stop running. Each of the hunters ran in a different direction, crossing in front of and behind one another, bumping into and tripping each other. One of them even fell off the mountain and landed with a satisfying snap that without a doubt took their lives.

The Dark Side Dragons passed harmless over the group of scavengers, shimmered for a mere moment and then subsided into the nothingness they came from. But panic had already set in for the would-be thieves. Many of them looked back and became even more terrified when they realized no one was there. Many of them looked around excitedly trying to find the Darkside Dragons.

They continued running until they were far away, not even checking the body of their fallen comrade. They would never return here. They would tell their children never to return here. Their grandchildren would speak of the demon dragons in the mountains as a warning to their children.

Etah had not been able to slaughter the people as he would have wished but their fear was so intense that it tasted like a fine wine to him. He felt a small amount of power surge through his veins as their emotions fed the Darkside of the force. Etah looked into the distance, toward the man who was dead on the valley floor and watched his spirit as it began to ascend before it was snatched up, crushed and eaten by the tentacles of the Darkside that Etah had called forth.

Many people in the galaxy would have been permanently scared from watching this experience but for Etah it was a rather tame Wednesday morning. He wordless turned about and headed back toward the Houses makeshift bunker satisfied that no one would bother them again that night.

~ (#8075) Battlelord Etah Kilij Bloodfyre (Sith)/QUA/House Shar Dakhan of Clan Naga Sadow

**"We Stand on the Shoulders of Giants!"**