

The Rise of Darth Statera.
A Meridian Story: By Rhylance

Aiden Lee watched from above as the prisoners of the Meridian Space Station rioted against their captors. These men and women acted like animals as they bit, clawed, and scratched their way against the technocratic soldiers. Their humanity seemed almost non-existent to the grey adherent. Still, for his new Clan, there were Arconans below that he had promised to save. Activating his lightsabers, he leapt into the fray.

In a swirl of white and purple he weaved through the chaos, removing limbs and taking lives of those in his way. The violent sound of energy humming tore through the cybernetic limbs of the collective and the flesh of any prisoner who got too close. It was a scene of complete carnage to any who viewed from afar.

The yells of prisoners in pain and soldiers writhing on the floor was deafening to Aiden. He focused hard on pushing darker thoughts from his mind. A darkness crept up from within him though. And his bloodlust from hours of no sleep slowly waned as his sense of control. It had been far too long since his last meditation cycle and the hunter could feel his soul ripping away as his actions grew more and more brutal.

“Please stop!”

“Let us go!”

“Why are you doing this!”

The pleas of the prisoners and soldiers alike tore at the man, but Aiden couldn't stop. His lightsabers arc'd and twisted. The ebb and flow of his movements left no room for error, and his skillful swings tore life from twisted bodies. The Dark side of the Force was growing within him, and nothing he could do seemed to stop his killer instinct from surfacing. The grey adherent was an unstoppable machine as he left no survivors.

When he was finished, Aiden looked over the scene of utter destruction. This was his doing. The gore of the now silent room was his symphony of emptiness. He alone was responsible for his monstrous tirade and none were left to feel his wrath. Pain, anger, hatred, all of these emotions swirled through his head as the hunter looked upon his artwork. His prey fell at his hand. But it wasn't just his prey. His mission would be a failure. Aboard the Meridian Space Station, the balanced Force user lost his grip. He killed enemy and ally alike, leaving none to suffer in the galaxy anymore. His darkness had won. His light was snuffed out. Aiden Lee was no more. In his place stood Darth Statera, the Lord of Dark Balance.

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Aiden's eyes snapped open. He was home, awake in his bed. It had been a nightmare. His greatest nightmare. The Meridian mission had gone as planned and Arcona walked away victorious. Aiden himself had managed to save countless prisoner lives. But something inside him was crawling, tearing, trying to force its way to the surface.

The Balance adherent left his bed and sat on the floor, crossing his legs and closing his eyes. Meditation was key. His darkness must be kept at bay. Darth Statera could never be allowed to walk free from his mind. That was one thing that Aiden Lee Deshra would always know. He had to be kept in constant check. His darkness could not win. Not now, not ever.