

Objective 2

The long durasteel hallway was barren, empty, not even the standard lights to keep the internal of the structure lit. In the gloom and darkness of the seemingly deserted ship stalked a lithe Sith hunter. He was guided by his unique racial ability of echolocation, able to move through the pitch black of the ship as though it was well lit.

"I need to find the bridge, but this isn't like a standard destroyer at all." Abadeer Taasii broke the dark silence. The Sith lord had thought to himself as he approached the ship that it did indeed look exactly like the VSD Paladin, but upon entering that's where the similarities ended. The ship was bare bones on the inside. Barely the necessary components needed to fly and navigate from place to place. Nothing at all like the lively and normally heavily populated Star Destroyers of the Iron Fleet.

Abadeer continued making his way towards the aft of the counterfeit Paladin. Even if the ship was not the exact same internally as a standard Destroyer, the bridge should still be right above the aft. After several minutes of traveling around in the dark, the Togrutan warrior was finally able to find a long vertical shaft.

"How... would they even get up there without an elevator?" Abadeer groaned audibly as he leaned into the pit. He couldn't tell quite how far down it would drop, but he probably had an incredibly long climb to get to the bridge. Abadeer retrieved his grappling hook from his belt, it was going to be tricky, but he'd be able to climb to the top.

Through several minutes, and dozens of launches of his hook, and precariously holding himself up in the corners of the shaft, Abadeer was able to climb his way up to the top of the shaft leading to the bridge.

As Taasii hoisted his form through the opening at the top of the shaft, he began to hear some of the first sounds since he'd first entered the ship. It was difficult to tell exactly what was causing it. It did sound like there were some voices coming from up ahead, at least two people conversing. Stealth and speed would be crucial to taking the Collective enemies by surprise.

Abadeer drew his black handled saber from his belt, and rushed forward into the main bridge room. There was finally some light! Abadeer dove behind a console, then slowly poked his head out. Sitting at a large computer station sat a single creature. It appeared to be possibly Aleena, but there were several additional mechanical limbs sticking out everywhere.

"Hahaha, I can't believe that this worked so perfectly," the Aleena laughed to herself, "And an unexpected guest has finally arrived." Abadeer was shocked to hear his presence so easily detected. He stood defiantly, activating his crimson saber in his left hand. The chair turned slowly to reveal a the small alien woman. She was definitely an Aleena, but she was so heavily augmented by cybernetics, it was almost hard to tell. "Highly sensitive motion sensors all around the bridge entrance. What do you think of my big toy?" Abadeer snorted in response.

"It's not for me to judge. I'm merely here to extract you and bring you back for questioning. One way or another." Abadeer let his balance tip forward, almost to the point that it appeared that he was going to fall over. At the last moment he caught himself and began to rush forward in a sudden dash. The cyborg began laughing as she turned back towards the computer. Out of the corner of his eye, the Sith caught a flash of movement and a hiss of a saber activating. He twisted barely deflecting the oncoming lunge at the last second. Taasii slammed his right hand into the ground letting loose a wave of powerful telekinetic energy blast forth around him.

Abadeer stood on guard, turning to face his new foe. He was shocked by what he saw. It was unlike anything he'd ever seen before, a Force user almost completely covered in cybernetics. There was something off though, almost as if the flesh portions were beginning to deteriorate though. The robe denoted that this person belonged to Arcona, or used to.

"So, you've come out to play with my pet. Wonderful isn't he? The only thing Force users like you are good for. Brought back from death, controlled by cybernetics and used as tools of your own destruction!" the Aleena cackled once again from her chair without facing the Battlemaster. Abadeer through a quick glance to the chair that would not face him. The Jedi took this single moment of distraction to rush in. There was a blue overhead chop, that quickly fainted into a lower angled lunge. The movements enhanced by the cybernetics were so quick that the Togruta was barely able to deflect the incoming blows.

Abadeer had been caught off guard, and was being kept on his heels. He drew his silver handled saber, letting the white blade blaze to life as well. He began working his two-handed defense, starting to regain his footing. There was a flash of orange in Abadeer's eyes, the rage pooling inside of him. Quickly he was able to begin working his defensive moves into offensive blows. In mere moments Abadeer had the cyborg zombie on the defensive, raining unrelenting blows with barely restrained ferocity. Each blow was aimed to kill, each attack meant to end the fight quickly. It took a few clever maneuvers and one particularly deadly feint, but Abadeer was able to land a debilitating blow on the legs of his opponent. The zombie dropped to its knees. Without hesitation Abadeer plunged his ruby saber into the top of the torso for a quick execution blow. With a twist of the wrist, the cyborg fell into two pieces on the ground.

"Hoho, you're better than expected. And what no?" The Aleena turned yet again to face the Plagueian. With a deathly glare, Abadeer flicked his eyes towards his quarry. Almost just as quickly, the silver saber was stowed and Taasii extended his hand out towards the alien. An arc of crackling electricity lanced out lasting for but a moment. The Aleena screamed in pain, her cybernetic arms dropping uselessly at her side. The console behind her sizzled and sparked.

"Like I said, you're coming with me. People much less pleasant than me wish to ask you questions." Abadeer continued to keep his arm outstretched, this time reaching out telekinetically to pull the writhing Collective agent towards him. Three slashes of his saber disconnected the cybernetic arms, turning them into useless stumps. "I don't think you'll enjoy at all what they have to ask." Abadeer gripped his prey by the neck, and turned towards the shaft. It was time to return to the Brotherhood.