

The turbolift made its final descent into the deepest depths of the mine shaft. The hunter knew his prey was close, and running out of ground to flee. The durasteel doors slid open with a squealing hiss, age causing the metal to slide against itself in a horrible manner. A long shaft going on straight ahead of the lift awaited the Togrutan Sith. Flickering yellow lights dimly lit the interior, casting shadows and helping to play tricks on the mind. Abadeer strode forward out of the descent shaft into the tunnel, one lightsaber being held firmly in his right hand. It was left unactivated, hoping to maintain some semblance of quiet until the last possible moment.

After only a minute or two of travel down the tunnel, the Sith stopped, his senses calling out to him of the presence nearby. This was the man he sought.

“Come out, Zygerrian scum. You’ve nowhere left to run. Can’t you finish this game of cat and mouse like a good little rodent? I promise I’ll make it quick.” The last sentence came out dripping with venom in his voice. In truth the pursuit had been exhausting for Taasii, two days of near misses and close calls. Just like this one. But Abadeer refused to let this encounter be like any of the last. The Zygerrian strode confidently out from behind one of the dozens of durasteel beams lining the walls of the cave, clapping sarcastically. He was still about thirty yards from his pursuer.

“Good good. You’ve finally caught up to me again. And let’s be honest, I only wanted you here so I wouldn’t have to dig to hole to bury you in myself.” Trip jumped into action, both hands dropping to his belt. One hand came up with a small blaster, while the other held a device Abadeer couldn’t quite make out. The Sith ignited his saber in response, holding it up defensively, he was at a bit of a disadvantage at this range.

Trip unleashed a volley of fire down the length of the tunnel. The lasers flew wildly in all directions, some getting close to their mark only because of the quantity of the blasts. Abadeer deflected the ones that got close, though they weren’t easy to predict with the inaccuracy of his opponent. Trip theatrically raised his other hand, thumb over a small red glowing button. He made a show of bringing his whole hand down as he pressed it. Abadeer flinched, familiar with the Zygerrian’s expertise in explosives, taking a step back to prepare for what was coming. At that moment, the Togruta’s heightened senses screamed out danger. He spared one quick glance down around his feet, only to find a small emanating from a small device cleverly hidden on the wall. In an expert move, the Sith jumped backwards in a long arc landing in a crouch fifteen feet behind the trip laser.

“You think you could so easily push me into your trap? I’m not so easily played.” Snarled Abadeer as he stood back up straight.

“No, and you did just as I hoped. Why would you ever believe that there was only the one device?” Trip pointed vaguely up above at the ceiling. Abadeer glanced up, just in time to see the thermal detonator sitting directly above his location.

“Showtime.” Was all the Togruta heard as the ceiling of the cave tunnel erupted in an explosion dumping rock and debris directly on top of him, and he knew no more.