

Azmodius Equesinfernum (13964)

Aliso

Azmodius' Private quarters

Furios storms down a hallway in Karness Muur's housing facility, each step echoing loudly as droids and other members quickly move out of his path while avoiding so much as looking in his direction. This isn't the first time the Warlord has marched down this particular hallway while on a warpath and nobody wanted to be caught up in it. He stops at his student's quarters and opens the door to find Azmodius passed out with his head on his desk, the light on his commlink flashing.

"Figures", he says under his breath as he calmly approaches the sleeping Arkanian. Crouching down next to his student's slumped over body, Furios unleashes a single electrified punch to Azmodius's exposed side, instantly waking the Battlelord and sending him flying out of his chair and onto the ground a few feet away.

"Ugh, what gives?" Azmodius groaned, picking himself off of the floor while holding his throbbing side.

"I've been trying to reach you for the last fifteen minutes", Furios calmly replied, his tone hinting at some annoyance as he glances at his student's still blinking commlink. "We've just gotten word from intelligence. There's a mission for us and our window is small, so get your shit together and meet me at your ship."

"How is it you're never hungover after a night like that?" Azmodius grumbled, holding his other hand to his head, squinting his eyes as the flashing sent a shockwave of pain through his retinas.

Without a word, Furios reached into his robes and produced a long slender tube, a sealed IV needle, and a bag of saline solution. "Now!" he barked, tossing the items at his student, before turning and marching out in the same manner he entered.

Azmodius checked that he had everything he needed before putting together the IV drip and making his way to the shipyard. When he arrived, he was still holding the bag of saline solution over his head with one hand while his other arm hung limp by his side.

"Identification?" the officer stated, not looking up from his datapad.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Azmodius exclaimed, turning to face the officer that dared stop him.

"I... uh... orders", the officer stammered, realizing his mistake.

"Orders", The Arkanian mused, nodding his head in what seemed like approval before kicking the officer in the chest, freeing his arm of the IV in the process. "You're damn lucky I'm in a hurry or I'd have you hanging from the rafters to serve as an example. Now get back to work, that's an 'order'."

Azmodius tossed the IV equipment aside and boarded his ship. Furios had already begun plotting the coordinates when he arrived earlier, and they were ready to take off. "So, what's this urgent mission all about?" he asked, finally resetting his commlink to stop its ceaseless flashing.

Furios turned in his chair and began the debriefing. "Intelligence picked up a signal. Looks like Severian Principate is operating a secret military research installation on the dark side of the Moon of Thillon. The Collective shut down all communications around the facility and are planning to attack. They're after some important crystal artifact the Principate had been researching. Our mission is to get it before they do."

"So our plan is to sneak in and take it without anyone noticing?" Azmodius asked skeptically.

"Pfft, no. We're just taking your ship because I don't want to deal with having my yacht shot at. We're going in and taking it whether they want us to or not, using whatever means necessary."

"So carnage and mayhem as usual?" Azmodius spoke in a light hearted tone.

"Ideally", Furios replied as his lips formed a sinister smile.

Furios Morega di Plagia (11513)

Moon of Thillon, Thillon Colony

Lyra-3k-a System

37 ABY

As the Delta-class shuttle descended into the small spaceport, the gear lowered to meet the polished hangar floor as Furios landed. The ramp descended, releasing hydraulic steam around the striding steps of the Epicanthix, followed closely by his apprentice, who was followed closely by his cat-panion, Ozzy Pawsborne. The trio were practically jogging through the streets of the settlement, blindly searching for a building that might hold an experimental crystal. After several minutes, they'd circled the whole colony, but nothing had popped out. Feeling dejected, they decided that it was time to concede and ask around. They changed course, bee-lining straight for the town's only cantina.

The pair of Plagueian Equites ducked into The Tipsy Miner, a relatively clean establishment for a bar. They sauntered to the trio of stools closest to the attractive female bartender. Azmodius couldn't help but attempt a corny pickup line involving ordering the woman and a rudecomment about his loincloth. She was neither impressed nor amused. He sheepishly ordered a vodka instead of the beauty he'd

originally requested. His master rolled his eyes and ordered the same, choosing to skip the unnecessary embarrassment of rejection.

With beverage in-hand, the di Plagia inquired about local facilities run by the Sevarian Principate. Fortunately he was right to select the cantina as a source of information. The woman told them about such a facility inside the spaceport. Furious was embarrassed anyway; they'd unwittingly run right past it.

The Plagueians jolted to their feet and started for the door. Morega opened it before spinning back on his heel. "Give me the bottle," he ordered, pulling a credit chip from his belt. He tossed it on the table as the bartender handed him the vodka.

"Keep the change," he stated, backing his way out the door, carelessly letting it slam behind them.

They made their way back to the spaceport, passing the bottle of clear spirits between them. By the time they'd made their way back to the port, the glass container was nearly empty and the pair were starting to stumble.

"This must be the place," the taller Plagueian surmised despite the buzzing in his brain.

"I'd keep a crystal here," Azmodius confirmed.

They stood before the only large hangar door with security guards in front of it.

"Is dish the Prinshipate plashe?" Furios yelled in what could be described as his usual belligerence, but was likely his equally belligerent alcoholism.

The guard on the right was the first to respond.

"This facility belongs to the Sevarian Principate," he replied stonily.

The Epicanthix looked to his apprentice. "That'sh all I needed t'hear," he said with a lopsided grin. "Follow my lead!"

Furios charged head first into the guard who'd spoken up. The headbutt struck him squarely in the gut and he collapsed into the fetal position before vomiting all over.

Azmodius took a second to react but followed up, knocking the other guard unconscious with a flying kick to the head. He pulled the key card from the downed guard and the two entered.

Corporal Blent has just been promoted that week. His bars still shined on his collar, polished and new. He was patrolling the corridors, learning the layout. He spotted some trash on the ground and walked over to pick it up.

As he grasped what appeared to be a candy wrapper, the sounds of heavily clunking boot steps echoed around him. He stood and turned just in time to see a large, blond man charging him.

Furios kicked Corporal Blent in the gut before he had a chance to ready his weapon. He dropped just like the ones at the door, though he kept his last meal down.

As quickly as he'd come, the giant was gone. Blent slowly got back to his feet and grabbed the comlink on his belt. Before he had a chance to activate the device, a second set of boots thudded by, stopping just long enough for a pale man in a loincloth to kick Corporal Blent in the nethers at running speed. Blent didn't get back up.

The two Obelisk arrived at a door that looked vault-like enough to hold an experimental crystal. Literally everyone they'd run into got kicked in the nuts and guts causing the halls to echo with grunts groans rather than alarms.

Furios drew his saber and started melting his way through the lock. The blade eased in and a large clunk signified the deadbolt's demise. The reinforced door opened to reveal what appeared to be an oversized Kyber crystal.

"Bingo," Furius said with gusto. "Let's shnag that kyber and dip like a five-credit chip." Azmodius was too busy puking in the corner.