

THE NEW ERA

A submission for the fiction competition: **Tenixir Prison Break: Freeing the Deputy Grand Master**

Written by Mystic Appius Wight of Clan Vizsla

Chapter 1

Four jet black Kom'rk Class Fighters, and a squadron of Tie Defenders shot out of the blue wormholes of hyperspace into the empty blackness of the galaxy.

Cold, void of all life, even star systems that blinked light years away appeared murky to the crafts that soared towards their target. The Mandalorian Force User couldn't help but wonder that the place seemed incredibly appropriate for a Collective prison.

"Sir, I really don't want to do this."

"You will do as you are told, pilot."

To say the young Ace was inexperienced was an understatement. Harold Jarvin was young, barely in his twenties and in command of the Kom'rk that was holding the House Wren Aedile within it.

"But what if they spot us? What if they retaliate!? We are a small handful of vessels against a Collective prison! We'll be dead meat! We'll be...Ow!"

The young human was broken out of his stupor by a hard, cylindrical object that smacked him over his head. Upon turning his head, he was greeted by the sight of the Aedile towering above him.

"I'm only going to say this once, so listen very carefully. Deathwatch is here to get you out if anything happens."

The words of the Force User offered some reassurance to the young make pilot, he rubbed his head lightly where a lump was starting to form. but just as he felt himself relax, he felt a large hand grip his right shoulder-blade tightly as agony surged through the joint, causing him to lose his breath and tense as a result. He looked back, eyes trembling as he gazed back at the Mandalorian causing his grief.

"Every man and woman on this mission knows the risks involved. They know their lives could end in a heartbeat if something goes wrong and are willing to die because **this is the way**. I put you on this mission because you said you were one of the best. I put you on this mission because you promised that you'd see it through. And you better, because if your

cowardice threatens the lives of anyone on this mission I will personally have your ass dragged through the forests of Ullr and fed to the wildlife. Am I clear?"

Harold's face turned red as he barely tolerated the Force imbued torture his right shoulder experienced. He couldn't form words through his panicked breaths, but managed a rapid nod of his head in response.

Immediately the young man felt relief enter his joint and he grasped it in a feeble attempt to numb the pain. Suddenly, One of the House Wren infantry members quickly emerged from the back of the ship.

"Sir, we seem to have arrived."

Both the Ace and the Force User glanced up to see the silhouette of a heavily modified Golan III Space Defense Platform. Black as the surrounding area itself, it almost effortlessly blended in with space itself.

This massive, intimidating structure was the main Collective prison holding the Deputy Grand Master, as well as several Clan representatives from the last war in the Lyra System.

"Excellent work. Take us in nice and slow, we don't want to look like a threat."

The ship's slowly approached, all the while the massive space station turned prison complex ominously increased in size in front of them.

"Open comms with the other Kom'rk's and fighters. Tell Kano to be ready. Just in case things get ugly."

Various personnel worked furiously at their positions and braced themselves for the worst to happen. Thankfully, they weren't immediately blasted out of sight.

"The prison is trying to make contact, they want to know who we are, and what we are doing here."

Harold's voice had deepened in pitch as he simply relayed the information back to the Aedile.

"Alright everyone, plans in motion. Everyone in positions and... good luck."

Everything went quiet and only the humming of the vessel's engines kept the deadly silence away. The Force User retreated to the back of the ship where a Chiss male greeted him, holding a pair of cufflinks in his cybernetic right hand.

"Are you sure about this, Appius?" He inquired, clear concern radiated through his voice.

"No, Drax, of course not. But I don't have any better ideas. Do you?"

"No, no I do not," Drax replied solemnly. The Grand Master's order to launch an operation to free his Deputy had come at such slight notice that they don't didn't have the time to amass a larger force.

Appius turned his back to the Chiss and placed his wrists behind his back, with a resounding *clink* they were cuffed together, and his lightsabers removed from his waist.

"Are you ready?" Drax asked one last time.

"Yes, open communication with the prison."

Drax pressed several buttons on the nearby console and the blue hued image of the prison's chief of security blazed into existence. A tall, burly and bald human male with harsh eyes and a scarred face greeted them.

"Unidentified crafts, you are in private Collective territory. Turn around now or prepare to be destroyed." The man's rough, grainy voice matched his appearance. Intimidating, ruthless and no tolerance for those that waste his time.

"We have secured one of the Collective's high value targets. I ask permission to land so that I can collect our reward."

The eyes of the prison's chief of security darted to the cuffed Mandalorian before returning to the Chiss.

"I know nothing of this man. He is Mandalorian?"

"From Clan Vizsla of the Brotherhood. He is the House Wren Aedile, a Force User."

The blue hued man's eyes shot open at this information. Immediately the cogs in his brain began to turn as thoughts of immediate promotion entered his head. Force Users in the Brotherhood were valuable. Seen as scum of the universe, a pleasant price was offered for successfully capturing any alive. Those in a position of leadership, from Battleteam Leaders to Dark Council members had a much heftier reward attached to them, both of the monetary and prestige kind.

"I grant you permission to land and I will greet you personally on the landing platform. But only your ship. The rest of your group is to stay in orbit of the station where we can see them."

"Of course, that is understandable. I will escort the prisoner down to you myself."

Communications ceased and Drax released the breath he was holding. The Chiss and the Mandalorian looked at each other, both understood that there was no going back.

Chapter 2

The Kom'rk descended into the Golan III Space Defense Platform hangar bay. Immediately upon landing the ramp to the Kom'rk lowered and Appius descended, followed by Drax, who pressed his BlasTech DL-21 Blaster Pistol against his back.

It was quite fitting to the Mandalorian that the hangar bay sent chills down his spine. It was large, so dark grey it was almost black in colour with only various computer screens and electronics providing any speck of colour. Oil and fuel filled the air and destroyed the fragrance of the air around them.

Despite how large the hangar bay actually was, thanks to the myriad of Collective prison security surrounding the ship, it felt horribly narrow and isolated. It also dawned on the Sorcerer just how dangerous this really was, and he wondered if he had made a terrible mistake.

He didn't have much time to dwell on the situation before the large burly man who they spoke to recently approached them.

"Phosa, Jax. I'm the chief of security, and i'm in charge of the scum held in this facility."

Jax's voice was more coarse and grainy in person than it was over holo-communications, and considering he towered at six-foot seven and built better than an athletic Wookiee, he was an intimidating sight to behold.

"And you are?"

Drax swallowed the lump in his throat and summoned forth the courage to speak.

"Callian, Drax. Originally from Clan Vizsla of the Brotherhood. I have brought the prisoner as I said I would."

Jax eyes shot towards the Mandalorian like a crazed conxor owl. He slowly approached, each footstep echoed loudly in the airy hangar.

One he was just a step away he placed his two giant hands around the Force User's helmet and yanked it with such strength it came right off his head. Blue eyes stared back into the brown ones of the Collective prison's chief of security. And the low growl the well-built man was breathing revealed a much more primal instinct behind his authoritative demeanor.

"How do I know he's who you say he is? A Force User?"

Drax held out his robotic limb and presented *Redeemer* and *Liberator*, Appius' lightsabers, to the intimidating giant.

The Chiss could have sworn he saw the smallest of smirks grace the giant Human's face as he snatched the pair of metallic hilts out of his hands. He turned his back to Drax and with his spare hand, he clicked his fingers and instantly a prison staff member emerged from the crowd with two large sacks.

He dumped them down in front of the Scavenger and Drax inspected the bags and went wide-eyed at the sight of large credit bars that filled them from top to bottom.

"That should suffice. Now leave, before I decide to hold you and your crew here as prisoners too."

"Of course, I don't wish to cause any problems."

The red-eyed man began to drag the sacks of credits onto the Kom'rk before giving Appius one last look. Concern flashed through his mind but there was nothing more he could do. This was, after all, part of the plan.

The ramp to the Kom'rk closed and the hangar echoed with the engines that roared to life. The massive craft ascended into the air, turned one hundred and eighty degrees, and floated out of the hangar.

"Sir, what are your orders?" Asked one of the prison staff.

"Kill them."

Appius suddenly tensed under the man's words. His breathing increased in pace, his heart thundered in his chest and adrenaline pumped through his body.

Yet for all his power in the Force, there was nothing he could do to stop the inevitable.

The Kom'rk cleared the hangar and the ship decreased in size as the distance it covered increased bit by bit, eventually in range of the makeshift prison's turret defenses. Deadly green lasers open fired and in a matter of seconds Drax, Harold and all those on board the large ship were obliterated in an explosion that looked more akin to a firework than anything else.

The rest of their group did the only thing they could do in this situation...

Retreat.

They quickly jumped to hyperspace and evacuated out of the range of the deadly space station turned prison.

Appius felt cold. He stood there, head hanging low, mouth slightly agape. Simply breathing was difficult as his body felt numb. He gritted his teeth and fought back the water in his eyes as best he could.

"You must really think I'm that stupid. No-one just waltzes in here with a Brotherhood member in a position of leadership. It's far too convenient."

The Force User didn't respond, too caught up in his emotional state to realise what was happening around him.

"Bring this Force wielding scum for assimilation. I want to deal with him myself."

The Sorcerer was broken out of his stupor when he was grabbed by his arms and forced down a nearby hallway.

All of a sudden, his guilt and despair began to bubble like boiling water inside of him.

Chapter 3

The room was naturally small, and clearly when it came to Force User's no budget was spent on items of luxury. There was a small, rectangular durasteel table placed dead centre with restraints made for the wrists and ankles, designed to keep whatever, or whoever from escaping and fighting back.

Appius did a quick body count and besides himself, there was Jax and five armed prison security members of the Collective, each armed with a BlasTech RT-97C Heavy Blaster Rifle, all poised and aimed directly at him.

Jax approached a nearby computer console and carefully placed the two metal hilts on a nearby chair.

"I really do *hate* your kind. Your power, it wasn't earned, just given to you while the rest of us claw our way out of obscurity and obsolescence. There's only one way to truly earn power in this universe and that's through taking it with your own, blood filled hands, against those who never deserved it in the first place."

Jax turned to stare at the Mandalorian, his eyes dilated and bloodshot. Like a madman coming out of his public shell. He placed the large fingers of his left hand on a switch and a large, black, spherical droid, an IT-O Interrogator, hovered beside him.

"I'm going to enjoy this." The Human's voice was barely more than a whisper, but the sinister venom it was laced with was all too clear to the Force User, yet he didn't falter, flinch, or panic in any regard as the only thought that entered his mind was Drax's death.

And how he was going to make them *suffer* for it.

"No, I am!"

The Sorcerer suddenly arched forward and with his hands he reached out with the Force like it was a magnet. *Redeemer* and *Liberator* flew to his hands, and as the metal hilts touched his flesh he activated the weapons and the dual, green blades ruptured out of the hilts with a distinctive *snap-hiss* and destroyed the cufflinks that restrained him. Wasting no time, he made use of his mastery of Niman and cut through the nearest guard to him with a haphazard, diagonal strike before thrusting his fingertips forward to the torture droid to send it careening into a nearby computer monitor.

"KILL HIM!!!" Roared Jax like an enraged rancor.

Wasting no time, the Sorcerer spun and threw *Liberator* as hard as he could towards the two Collective guards closest to him. The emerald blade sliced through the first guard at shoulder height before arching in the air and decapitating a second from their neck. The lightsaber returned to his left hand and its victims dropped to the ground in a slump.

Danger radiated through his senses as he suddenly became aware of a BlasTech RT-97C Heavy Blaster Rifle being raised behind him. With no seconds to spare, he once again reached out with the Force and gripped around the other guardsman still trying to regain his composure like a vice. He pulled the man into the way of the incoming shot.

The red streak of plasma hit and tore apart his sternum, leaving a scorched, burned mess skidding across the small room.

The Force User was already in motion, and focused his power through his body into the palm of his hand, then with as much strength as he could muster, he slammed it into the ground, creating a powerful ripple that sent those remaining airborne and off their feet.

Appius felt his heart pounding, his blood rushing through his face, and his lungs demanding oxygen for his body. He focused on the fire burning in his soul, the pain of losing a dear friend, and making those responsible pay for it surged from his very core to the tips of his fingers. Streaks of blue and white jetted into existence and danced across the room. The last of the Collective security writhed in anguish, mouth agape, but the torment through his body prevented him from screaming. Their heart stopped and he breathed his last, his body smoking and deformed from the intense voltage that struck him.

Jax observed as his staff were lying in heaps in between himself and the Force User. He jumped back to his feet and scrambled for the DX-13 Blaster Pistol at his side, placing it in his right hand, he pointed the deadly weapon at the Sorcerer and opened fire with the single shot mode.

Appius effortlessly deflected the shots to the side with his twin blades and quickly closed the distance between himself and the Collective's chief of security. The bulkier human male switched his blaster pistol to the rapid fire mode, but the lapse in concentration cost him the hand he was holding his weapon in as the Sorcerer cut through the appendage with a single casual strike of a plasma blade.

The Force User spun and Jax quickly found himself suspended in the air, like gravity had no hold of him, before being pulled into the table in the centre of the room, he hit it with a hard thud and rolled across it to the other side.

Gasping and in pain, the Collective loyalist used the table to raise himself to a standing position and observed the Mandalorian approach him.

"Wait, please, I beg you. Please don't kill me."

It disgusted the Wren Aedile, the man who was so proud and arrogant, so in control, now whimpered in front of him like a cowardly little womp rat. He deactivated his lightsabers and placed them back on his waist, only now realising that he was slightly out of breath from his use of the Force as the adrenaline through his body began to fade.

"I'm not going to kill you. I still need you alive."

Suddenly, Jax found himself suspended in the air by an invisible hand wrapped tightly around his throat, helpless to the mercy of the Mandalorian below him.

"Where is the Deputy Grand Master of the Brotherhood?"

The burly human struggled and writhed, the lactic acid built from the lack of air burned his muscles and the agony was more than he could bear.

"This is only going to get worse for you if you don't tell me. You killed someone I cared about, and my patience is running *very* thin."

"D... Detention B...Block... 7-C."

The hold on Phosa's throat vanished instantly and he collapsed to the floor in a heap, the artificial air from the base quickly entered his lungs and felt like sweet nectar to him.

"And how do I get in?" The Sorcerer asked, looming over the once proud man.

Jax ripped a tag off his security uniform and presented it to the Mandalorian, trembling as he did so.

"M-my security tag, it will get you inside. O-only authorized personnel may enter. I-it will be empty. I swear. The console has a map to its location."

Appius glanced over at the computer itself.

"I've complied with your demands, please let me go, I don't want to die."

The Mandalorian's head snapped back to Jax, his pupils dilated and his fists clenched. Drax didn't want to die, and neither did Harold or anyone else on the ship. Yet this filth, this *scum* had the nerve to beg for his life. The Force User's lips curved into an evil smile.

"You must really think I'm that stupid. No-one just hands over an access key to the most restricted section of the Prison. It's far too convenient."

That was the last sentence Jax would ever hear, as his eyes widened in horror before a green plasma blade separated his head from his shoulders.

Chapter 4

As it turned out, Jax was right.

Most of the prison was now in high alert after discovering the bodies that Appius left back in the assimilation room. Most had left their stations, alarms blared in every corridor and staff of various disciplines and training ran like madmen trying to find the one responsible that still ran amok.

Thankfully for the Sorcerer, Cell Block 7-C was only a minutes walk from where he was, and he was successful in avoiding detection as he ducked and weaved between the hallways.

He closed the blast doors behind him and glanced down into a hexagonal room with a computer terminal sat in the middle. The room was tinted red and glowed with a dark ambience.

Empty... good. He mused to himself.

Appius reached the central console and scanned it for the exact room the Deputy Grand Master was being held. He was then stunned to find that not only was Evant Taelyan here, but so were the representatives that represented the seven clan's all the way back in the Lyra System. He scoured the names...

And that's when he saw it. Darren McGavin, Vizsla.

"Shooter..." he muttered to himself.

Appius had only one encounter with the man when he first joined Clan Vizsla and the meeting was... not pleasant. Darren was notorious for his hatred of Force User's, a fact he made Appius very aware of when they first met.

The Wren Aedile clenched his fists and steadied his breathing, his chest became hot and the thought of just leaving Darren to rot inside his cell was a tempting one.

Deputy first, then I'll figure out what to do with them.

Sound reasoning managed to win him over, and he discovered that Evant Taelyan was being held in the last room at the end of the corridor.

It was only a short walk down the narrow passageway, but through the Force he could feel the despair and torment that radiated through the individual Clan representatives inside each blast proof locked door on either side of the walkway.

He reached the final door and pressed Jax's security tag against the control panel. A slight beeping sound resonated and several layers of blast proof durasteel, all layed in different patterns, peeled back to reveal a handcuffed, neatly cut amber haired man sitting on a metal stool, staring at the ground.

"Evant Taelyan?"

The man raised his head, light amber eyes met blue as Appius instantly caught view of all the marks and bruises that adorned the man's once pristine flesh.

"Yes?" He responded.

"My name is Appius Wight and I'm..."

"A Mandalorian from Clan Vizsla, I assume?" The Deputy interrupted. "How much are they paying you to do this?"

"A lot." Admitted the Sorcerer. Truthfully, the sum was quite enormous considering the risks and danger involved with the operation.

"And you killed Phaso."

Appius' heart dropped to his feet like a bag of credits just vanished out of an airlock. He shuffled uneasily on the spot for a moment.

"How do you..."

"I felt it through the Force. Rage, anger, pain, and the satisfaction of revenge. His signature disappeared shortly afterwards and I've followed you since. You aren't very subtle."

"You have a hell of a way of showing gratitude."

"Am I free yet?"

Dead silence dropped between the two men as Appius mustered his response.

"No."

"Then I have nothing to be grateful to you for."

The Mandalorian's core began to burn like a raging storm in his solar plexus, his heart beat faster, his body tensed and he subconsciously clenched his fists tighter and tighter.

"A good friend of mine died to make sure I could come and rescue you."

In response, the Master simply shrugged.

"Oh well, what is it you Mandalorian's always say? This is the way?"

"THAT IS NOT THE WAY!" Snapped the Vizsla member back at Deputy. His words echoed like raw fury out of the room and down the corridor.

After realising he'd just snapped at the Deputy Grand Master of the Brotherhood, the Aedile sighed deeply to regain his composure before he spoke again and said something he would regret.

"He was a good man, about to become a father, and I expect his family to be compensated for their loss."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then you stay here and rot." Stated Appius as he folded his arms in front of the Marauder.
"Your choice."

The Equites response caught the Deputy by surprise, surely he realized the consequences of not seeing through his mission?

Though, Evant was a smart man, and Appius was clearly an emotionally driven sort of Force User. He knew if he wanted to escape he would need to comply.

At least for now.

"Fine, you have my word. Your friend's family will be reimbursed for their loss. Now, if we are going to escape you will need to loosen my restraints."

Evant raised his neck and revealed the highly advanced shock collar attached to his throat. Designed for high security prisoners such as himself, it sent high voltage shocks to the recipient when the right stimuli was applied, such as pressure, heartbeat or even unleased breathing. It was this simple device that prevented the Deputy from simply using the Force to free himself.

Appius reached out with his right hand *and Redeemer* flew to his right hand.

"Hold still."

An emerald blade snapped out of the hilt and Appius approached the amber haired man and carefully placed the green plasma against the collar. It snapped instantly, and with the freedom to use the Force again, the Deputy called upon it to summon the strength to snap the handcuffs restraining his arms.

"Much better." He said with a smile.

The Deputy left his cell with a brisker pace than Appius was expecting, he followed suit and Evant was already towards the terminals at the end of the hallway.

"Wait!" Shouted Appius. "The Clan representatives are in the other cells. We can..."

"Leave them." Interrupted Evant. "A large group will attract too much unwanted attention, the base is on alert. We have a better chance sneaking past everything if it's just the two of us."

"But..."

"No buts, I am the Deputy Grand Master of the Brotherhood, which means you work for me. The Clan's will just have to deal with it, understood?"

Appius wanted to argue, to at least save some of them. But Evant was right, he was outranked, and they had a better chance of escape if they could avoid being seen.

"Yes." Hesitantly replied the Vizsla member.

The two then left Detention block 7-C, hoping to avoid detection. Hoping they could make it if they tried.

Chapter 5

Amazingly, it had worked so far.

Evant and Appius managed to reach the cold, wide open hangar where he had been 'captured' upon arriving. The two pairs of eyes the two men possessed scanned the heavily occupied hangar bay. The air sent shivers down the Sorcerer's spine, yet the Deputy was oddly composed, like it didn't phase him in the slightest. The two men hid behind a large stack of supply crates, staying visibly out of sight as patrols wandered in and out of the hangar.

"There." The Elder stated, pointing towards a HH-87 Skyhopper that was being unloaded with supplies.

"That's our way out." He finished, looking around the hangar at the layout.

"Any idea how we are going to get to it?" Asked the Sorcerer.

He didn't receive a response at first, which told the young Mandalorian everything he needed to know. There was literally no way of getting to the ship without being spotted.

"Do you need two?" He suddenly asked, looking to the Wren Aedile.

Appius' head tilted the side for a moment, confused about what he was asking until he finally realised what he meant.

"Well, no. But..."

"Then give one to me."

The Mystic was hesitant at first. Being Mandalorian, his weapons were more to him than just that. They were a part of him, his identity, an extension of himself and his way. Handing one over was like if someone asked him to hand over one of his children.

He sighed, and reluctantly grabbed *Liberator*, his off-hand lightsaber, and placed it in the former Regent's right hand. With one last glance, the Elder Marauder smirked with a curved smile that could send chills down most people's spines.

"I have an idea."

Chapter 6

The two men casually approached the ship with the Mandalorian a pace ahead of the Deputy.

This is without a doubt, the most stupid thing I've ever done.

Appius couldn't help but let the thought cross his mind.

"Halt! Who are you?" Commanded one of the security officers, confronting the two Force User's nearby the ship.

"I'm Mandalorian, I've been hired to escort the prisoner to a separate prison in Collective territory."

The man looked confused, looked to his comrade behind him and then back to the Mandalorian.

"Oh yeah? Which prison?"

"Erm..."

"Who hired you?"

"I..."

"Do you have significant identification passes."

Appius didn't even have a response for that one. He glanced back to Evant who simply shrugged.

"And where are his restraints? And why is he holding a... lightsaber?"

The Sorcerer's shoulders slumped as he turned to address Evant once more.

"Plan B?"

The Master nodded back at him.

"Plan B." He responded.

With a *snap-hiss*, Appius activated his lightsaber and sliced haphazardly up the middle of the man's body, he finished with an outstretched palm, sending a torrent of energy into the body, sending the two pieces flying away.

Despite the horror on display, the surrounding battalions closed in on their location. Many shouts of screams of *Fire! And Kill them!* Echoed throughout the area.

Evant inhaled a breath, allowing the fury of the battle to surround him like a ferocious storm. He activated the emerald blade of *Liberator* and in a flurry of instinctive blade movements he deflected and redirected the threatening bolts of energy away from himself and Appius.

The lightsaber blurred like clockwork around him, and the Sorcerer stared, wide-eyed and mouth slightly agape, at the amount of skill the Deputy Grand Master showed with a blade in his hand. Time slowed to a crawl for the Marauder, the Force designated his first target and with sudden newfound agility he ascended upon his first enemy, never moving an inch more than he needed too. He cut off the chin of the prison security officer whilst deflecting even more bolts intended to end his life.

To Appius, this feat was incredible. Was this the power of a Marauder? The power of Soresu? No, this was Sony the power of a Master of the Brotherhood, of a Deputy Grand Master.

between moving to his next kills, Evant gave a subtle glance to Appius and inched his head towards the Skyhopper, indicating to the Wren Aedile what he wanted him to do.

The young human wasted no time, and entered the cockpit of the Skyhopper to prepare it for launch. Fuel seemed adequate to him, and the craft seemed to be ready for a jump to hyperspace once they left the prison. Amidst all the sounds of imminent death occurring around him, he kept his nerves in check as he input the coordinates for the Arx System.

"All personnel report to the main hangar, we have an escaped prisoner, level red status. Repeat, all personnel to the main hangar bay."

Appius immediately fired up the engines and the sudden roaring thundered throughout the hangar. He glanced behind him, and whilst every enemy around Evant were now corpses on the ground, reinforcements arrived quickly.

Knowing that their window of opportunity was short, the Marauder sheathed the emerald bladed lightsaber and called upon the Force to increase the power in his legs. As the Skyhopper ascended, Appius opened the passenger side hatch, allowing Evant to leap inside before they left the hangar.

Blaster fire chased the ship, but thankfully they escaped just in time. Or so they initially thought.

"Uh oh." Appius said suddenly with evident concern in his voice.

"What?" Asked the Deputy.

"I don't know how we are going to get away from those turrets."

The two fell silent as they waited for their inevitable death to come. Appius remembered it clearly from when Drax left the Prison.

Yet, it never did.

Instead the turrets were destroyed by a smorgasbord of ship blasters directly aimed at them. Three Jet Black Kom'rk Class Fighters and a squadron of Tie Defenders laid covering fire, drawing their attention away.

The momentary distraction was all that they needed, and Appius pushed forward on the lever beside him and the blackness of space disappeared, replaced by the blue wormholes taking them to the Arx system, followed very closely by the Kom'rk's and Tie Defenders to protect them.

Chapter 7

Golan III Space Defense Modified Prison Wardens Office.

Unfortunate.

That was the word the Zabradi warden best known as Terlanda Vision would have used. It always was unfortunate when a Force User escaped the confines of a Collective grasp.

But as she sat down in her office, with several doctrines and accolades decorating the durasteel walls from her years of service. She understood, perhaps better than most, that the ends rarely justified the means. She twirled a small vial of blood in-between her coarse fingers as a crooked smile formed on her ruby lips.

The blood came from the Deputy Grand Master of the Brotherhood.

"Yes, Oligard. He got away, but I got exactly what we needed from him." She held up the vial in front of the image of a blue hued man that smiled, sadistic intentions racing through his own mind. The start of a new era was soon at hand.

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