

Shadow Academy

Arx

Bodies littered the halls of what once was a place of research and education. Yeet didn't mind this, bodies were simply a thing that one stepped over if they were in the way. What was bemusing was that the Gungan Sith hadn't had a hand in producing any of these corpses. Armored men with scorched holes ran through them lay alongside blaster riddled bodies in simple robes. To the Adept, it was all almost amusing; Collective, Brotherhood, at the end of the day the dead didn't care who they ended up next to.

Yeet could sense lifeforms ahead, their scarred and maimed ears twitching inside of the cramped confines of their helmet. Perhaps an Academy staffer was still alive after all, someone Yeet could properly question. This place surely had a treasure trove of artifacts and Sith relics, something that could assist in their ascension. The petty dispute between the so-called Brotherhood and the zealot Collective meant little to the Gungan who closed in on the living.

A pair of soldiers sporting the armor of the assaulting 'believers' of Oligard flanked a man wearing hide armor that had been dyed crimson. The man looked haunted, hollowed as if it had been months since he'd had a proper meal. His clothing might have once been fitted, but now it seemed to hang off him. Still, he radiated an undeniable amount of power in the Force, perhaps more than the Adept themselves. They stood at the end of a short hall, a staircase descending just past them.

Moi curious, mesa thought these two didn't mix

Amber eyes turned to stare at the armored figure encroaching on the scene, even as the Collective troopers put a researcher down with a pair of shots to their chest.

"Who the hell are you," hissed the man, a scarlet blade springing to life from his saber hilt.

Yeet cocked their head to the side slightly, a toothy grin hidden by their helmet, as they ignited one of their own saber hilts in response. This one was *worthy* of battle, even if they looked emaciated, they were *powerful* enough to make the Sith's blood burn with excitement. The troopers looked up at the hum of weapons, snapping shots off at the armored Gungan who batted them away with disdain. One deflected shot burned through a soldier's faceplate, dropping him.

"I am the...was the...Deputy Grandmaster," spoke the Human, a manic look on his face. He spun his saber with a flourish, flipping it to a reverse grip and abruptly shoving it through the chest of his other Collective companion. "My name is Evant Taelyn. And I do my own fighting."

The trooper gasped as he died, unable to breathe, while Evant charged down the narrow hall at Yeet. The Gungan let out an expletive under their breath at the speed which the Disciple

moved, barely fending off their first strike. Yeet snarled and riposted, stabbing and striking at the Human who fended them with quick movements and a look of determination. The Sith recognized the Form he used, one he too was practiced in, and furrowed their brow.

“Yousa moi excellent at stopping the bang bangs, mesa see, but yousa not gonna win a duel with thatsa Form.”

Confusion crossed the Human’s face as he tried to decipher the strange speech pattern, knocking aside another strike and grinning.

“I don’t need to ‘duel’ you, fool, I just have to get lucky! You are too slow to defeat the likes of me—” he exclaimed, eyes going wide as Yeet outstretched their offhand in an open palm motion. The Master was flung back by what felt like a punch to his chest, the telekinetic strike throwing him off his step.

“Mesa have more than flashy swords,” growled the Sith, stalking after his opponent.

Evant glared and scrambled back, down the steps and into the dark. Yeet gave chase, trusting in the Force and instincts to keep them alive as they pursued the nimble Human through a darkened hall. It was hewn from rock, leading into what Yolo believed was the mountain they’d seen on approaching the Academy. It opened suddenly to a chamber with a solitary turbolift shaft, the lights almost painful after the unlit corridor.

The Human was jabbing a button next to the lift with annoyance, glaring at the number set above the door that was counting down.

“Never a blasted turbolift when you need one,” he sighed, shaking his head and turning to face the Sith.

A warning through the Force caused Taelyan to sidestep, just being missed being skewered by a thrown lightsaber. He lifted an eyebrow and gave the heavily armored figure approaching a look of disappointment.

“Really? You would disarm your— oh,” he finished with a resigned sigh as the Sith pulled another saber hilt from their belt.

Crimson blades met in a shower of sparks, the Human ducking and weaving away while the Gungan pressed on. Evant could hear his foe’s labored breathing and smiled.

“You should do more cardio, friend,” he taunted, throwing a glance at the lift. “My ride is almost here, I have a Grandmaster to topple, do you think we could cut this short?”

“Yousa a challenge,” wheezed Yeet, sounding almost...pleased. “Mesa can do this all day.”

“You’re insane, aren’t you? Of course you are,” the Human said, shaking his head and going for a stab. His saber slipped past Yeet’s guard, burning into the composite plating and causing the Sith to grunt in pain, the armor’s magnetic field fighting to redirect the strike from anything squishy and vital.

The Gungan’s saber dropped to the stone floor, sputtering out, as the now empty hand grasping Evant’s forearm. The armored Sith’s knees buckled, bringing them down towards the floor, pulling the Master along with them.

“On your knees finally, where you belong, how delightful.” The Disciple glanced over at the sound of a ‘ding’, the turbolift finally reaching their level. “And that, my strange friend, is my ride,” he stated, pulling his weapon away from the skewered Sith.

Or he tried, as Yeet held his arm tightly in place, unnatural strength flowing through the Gungan’s muscles.

“Let go,” snarled Evant, tugging at him, going so far as to plant a booted foot against the Sith’s chest plate and pushing away. “Let go!”

A look of alarm crossed the Human’s face, prompting him to jerk even harder against the Sith’s grip, who grunted with the effort. He may not have noticed the Adept’s freehand twitching, but the Force was screaming at him to move, *now*. The crimson armor the Human wore did little to stop the red saber blade that plunged through his back, Yeet’s thrown saber returning to its master with spectacular results. It exited Evant’s abdomen, scoring a line across Yeet’s own helmet, a price paid to secure the kill.

“No...not like...this,” gasped the traitorous Deputy, falling to the floor. He cast a glance at the turbolift he’d called and groaned, recognizing the person stepping out of it as the one he’d come to kill.

“Gooooood, good, the weak die and the strong thrive,” spoke the Grandmaster, a quick gesture pulling Evant’s weapon to himself. Another wave sent Yeet’s weapons out of immediate reach. “A precaution, my masked friend. Now, rise, and show me the face of my *new* apprentice.”

Yeet stared at the man, thoughts roiling across their mind. Yolo had known no master for many years. A yoke, a leash to control them would hinder their growth and ascension to greater power. But...the Grandmaster himself? Perhaps as an avenue of power it was viable, useful, and if the man proved to be weak...well...what was another dead master?

The Sith reached up to unlatch their helmet, pulling it off carefully and dropping it to the ground. Mav stared at the visage, scarred and marked with corruption and physical traumas long past, the yellowed eyes marking them a practitioner of the Dark Side.

“Mesa gonna learn from the big bombad Grandmaster Boss? Mesa would be honored,” grated out the Gungan, lowering their head slightly.

The Grandmaster stared at what stood before him for several long, silent seconds, before stepping back into the turbolift, jabbing the ‘door close’ button repeatedly.