How many hearts had to be infected with this senseless wrath before they would take the enemy seriously? The thought burned through his mind as he moved through the collapsing ruin, his mind pulling half of a wall away from the opening.

"Ciara's maps show that this leads a bit further, but that there is a hidden door where the maintenance corridors split off." The Twi'lek spoke, her voice low as her stature, slouched down, her back against the blastromech she used as cover. She thought for a moment. "Are we sure she..."

Muz looked at her and nodded, cracking his neck before putting his helmet back on, the long mane cascading down the back of his warcoat. He rarely wore the armor these days, the Force whispering to him where not to be long before he had to move. But, as Doc had once said 'it's not the bolts with your name on it that you have to worry about, it's the ones addressed 'to whom it may concern'.

The corridor was narrow and long, conduits and pipes framing the walkway and making it feel like they were aboard a starship rather than deep below ground. Muz reached forward with his mind, tugging on the threads of reality, letting the Force tell him what it would about the traitor. It was a shame, he had liked the man. That was before. Before he had been taken by the defectors, before the Collective. He snarled to himself in annoyance of the whole affair. The council had been too trusting, too reliant on keeping the clans at each other's throats to handle this threat with any efficiency. He warned them, but some lessons can only be learned by spilling blood.

He breathed deeply, below the blackened visor, letting the air calm him as they moved to their target. He could see Doc at his left, picking his way through the rubble alongside him as Wa followed from the other side, Leena and Beater pulling up the rear. There couldn't be that many of them with Evant, the funneling effect of the narrow passageway restricting their movement, and thinning them down. Besides, the Collective was trying to make a point, that they didn't need a massive force to take what the Brotherhood held sacred.

He supposed that was why Mav had called him. He thought for a moment about how much ego he would have needed to swallow down before picking up that comm. Or maybe he didn't. Maybe he just wanted it dealt with, the board swept clean. He came to a stop, staring at the wall, fine details and hidden seams drawing the line in his mind. The door was hidden well. He turned his head slightly, looking for his slicer. She moved quickly to his side, datapad slipping from one hand to the other as she scanned for the hidden catch, the release code humming under her fingers as hidden mechanisms moved the heavy wall out of the way.

She ducked back behind him, sheepishly ducking behind the droids and his armor, eyes peering out toward the tunnel like an inquisitive child. He paused for a moment, remembering the child she once was. This was no time for sentimentality. Muz stepped forward into the dark, a golden saber flashing to life and hovering ahead of him to light the way. The polished sheen and metal of the service corridor was replaced with rough hewn stone, bits of steel and dust coagulating drops of sweat that had fallen only moments before.

His hand rose quickly, a closed fist signifying silence as the saber hushed itself, the light fading from view. The hushed sounds of boots scraping against the floor, the rattle of armor plates and of magazines clicking together reached their ears. Muz lowered his head, feeling the world, his center of gravity lowering as the second saber released itself from his belt, joining it's brother in the air as his palms filled with weapons.

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Evant paused, giving himself a chance to catch his breath, his blade spinning back in an idle Soresu pattern as he watched the guardsman fall lifeless to the ground. The approach was lightly guarded, as only a handful of people even knew of the tunnels, and most were busy with the chaos topside. He allowed himself a smile. amber eyes shining in dim torchlight of the Dark Ascent's lower level. There was nothing that the Cantor could do to stop him at this point, nothing that the Brotherhood could have that the Collective could not take away.

The smile in his eyes faded. There was a presence. A presence he knew all too well. The Force whispered in his ear, and Evant launched himself, diving over the collective soldier, planting his feet in the wall briefly for leverage as he sent himself upward. The blades cut the soldier to bits before he could see them, the golden light a herald for the destruction that followed. Evant snarled, driving himself to a higher plateau, all but running up the walls as he drew his saber, batting away the golden beams as they found their way to him. He lowered himself, bolting forward, crimson lighting his face. No one was faster, no one was more agile. His was speed, his was fury, his was victory. The Star Chamber's bogeyman would not send terror into his heart as easily as they would have hoped. Evant's mind raced, considering the message he would send with the man's head, what glory he would find.

It happened faster than he could even see. Fingers ached for want of a weapon, his throat burned as the hand closed around it, his eyes winced. He squirmed, his spirit reaching for the Force, begging it to tell their story to him, to whisper the secrets of escape to him as they had done so many times before. It ignored his pleas, muffled like the screams of a man drowning beneath an ocean. There was a panic blooming in his heart as he tried to piece it all together, his limbs reaching for a weapon, his mind scrambling for a solution.

Focus returned, and Evant found himself staring at his reflection in the black visor, golden eyes watering from the strain. Blades and blasters whirled behind him, the collective soldiers of his complement finding themselves fighting a losing battle. "Ashen", he croaked. "Unhand me, I am..."

Muz's hand grew heavy, the strength amplified by his fury. The crack of the back of his knuckles crashing across Evant's face welcoming the Shadow Hand to the warm embrace of sleep.

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Mav stood, arms uncrossing as he stepped toward him. "The Brotherhood thanks you again." He motioned with his hand, several Guardsmen stepping forward with specialized cuffs to deal with the groggy deputy. "None could have predicted..."

"I did." Muz spoke, his face stoic. "So did you." He let the words hang in the air before taking a step back before turning around. Mav watched him leave, a hand slowly reaching up to his chin as the Guards brought Evant to his feet, leading him back to the chamber where this all began. He turned back to the throne, the smoke of burning installations beyond making him debate if they would evacuate or not. Perhaps he was right. Perhaps it was time to end this.