

It's a race. Who gets to the Desired One first. Members of the Odan-Urr and Plagueis clans are now searching this artifact in a hidden temple to gain its power. Among the Odanites is a young Jedi Elyon de Neverse, who is now walking through a tangle of corridors looking for an artifact.

Her sapphire blade is the only light that glows in the darkness of the corridors. Her footsteps echo from the walls, breaking the deadly silence of the place. However, Elyon does not admit the horror of this place and continues to search the Force for an artifact that tries to confuse her and lead her astray.

She continued down the hall when the shudder of the Force alerted her to the danger. Right behind her, a red blade shone, moving in a direct attack on her. However, with a quick flick of her blade, Elyon blocked her move, and two red eyes lit up right in front of her.

How come she didn't feel anything before? How come she didn't hear footsteps? She had been on the lookout all along, but now she was staring into the enemy's glowing eyes. A young man stood in custody with her blade. He couldn't be as much than herself. They both stumbled for a moment, then Elyon pushed his blade out of range in one sharp motion and took a step back.

"Didn't you get lost, little one?" The young man asked, a smile on the face which she can see thanks to the glow of the blades.

"I don't know which of us is lost in the darkness," Elyon replied in a calm voice.

However, the young man made nothing of her remarks and continued to smile. It was, but a smile full of ridicule, and the fiery orange-red eyes mirrored contempt for her person.

"The artifact is mine, and you won't stop me," the young man said in an elevated voice that sounded natural to him. Elyon guessed it was probably his usual tone.

"The artifact will belong to the Clan Odan-Urr. And you won't stop me from trying to get it," Elyon countered, her voice still calm but strong.

"So you want to play little one," the young man laughed at her again.

"You shouldn't underestimate me," Elyon said, standing in her basic fighting position. The young man stared at her for a moment, but then he too stood in a fighting position.

The next moment, the young man pounced on her. He was strong and confident in attacks, but Elyon was not a beginner either. The blow was followed by cover and cover was followed by a counterattack. The young man was amused, but it was clear that he was researching her technique, which Elyon also did.

They were both not going to give up, so the beat seemed endless. Elyon knew she had no chance of defeating him in a standard duel, so she decided to use the Force. The young man attacked her in the direction of an armed hand. Elyon covered it and, with another

quick, strong swipe, removed his blade from range. Then she reached out with her free hand and summoned the Force, tossing the young man against the wall.

Elyon hoped he had hit hard enough and lost consciousness when he slumped to the ground and didn't move for a moment, but unfortunately not for her. And in a few seconds, the young man began to rise, and his eyes seemed to light up even more.

"I was nice to you now, but you're not worth the fight," the young man said in an icy voice full of contempt and anger.

"I'm stopping playing with you anymore," he continued, and as he straightened, lightning flashed from his free hand and struck Elyon with full power.

Elyon Force lighting has never been experienced before. The pain that ran through her body from head to toe at that moment was unimaginable. She knew the technique, but she had never seen it and felt it with her own eyes and body. The young man continued to send lightning bolts on her, and Elyon collapsed in convulsions.

Then suddenly the pain stopped. The young man stood over her and laughed at her, "this is your right place, at my feet. All the Jedi and everyone else belong there."

Elyon's body was still in pain, but she still tried to get up. The young man took her by the throat and picked her up.

"Who are you to rise above all?" Elyon asked hoarsely, as the young man was still holding her by the throat.

"I am Aleister Mavros, lord of the Sith and member of the Clan Plagueis," the young man replied in a strong, proud voice.

Elyon began to gasp a little as Aleister gripped her throat more and more, intending to kill her with her bare hands.

\*Think Elyon, think. You have to do something. It won't end like this ... \* Elyon spoke to herself even though her concentration started to cause her trouble due to the loss of air.

\*I have to distract him rather than hurt, but how? My lightsaber is lying on the ground, and before I summon it, he would feel it.\* At that moment, Elyon remembered the Vibro Dagger she had fastened to her belt on her back. \*This is it. I'll distract him and then hit him in the hand and face.\* Elyon devised a plan. Aleister looked into her eyes in which he wanted to see her fear. He watched as she began to choke and he felt powerful.

"And I'm Elyon de Nevers of the Clan Odan-Urr, who protects the defenseless against Sith scoundrels like you," Elyon whispered with all her might and ran her hand under her robe for the dagger.

Before Aleister could say anything, Elyon drew her dagger and struck him with two quick cuts. She first hit the hand that gripped her throat as close to her palm as possible, trying to

hit the arteries. She continued in a smooth motion, running over his head as well, hitting his eye and cheek.

Immediately, Elyon felt Aleister's hand release her, and she immediately fell to her knees. Elyon gasped frantically for the air, trying to feel the hilt of her lightsaber on the ground. Aleister also fell to the ground, holding his face with his uninjured hand.

It was only a matter of time before the young man tried to attack her again, so she attacked him with all her might. After a few blows to the head, the young man lost consciousness.

At that moment, Elyon condemned her behavior and regretted the pain she had caused him, and at the same time marked him for the rest of his life. So she checked his vital signs, and when she found that the gray wound on his arm hadn't hurt him too much, she breathed a sigh of relief, even though it was the Sith. Her job is to heal and not kill and maim.

Elyon sat beside him for a moment, unable to move, but then she slowly rose up thanks to the wall of the corridor and staggered down the corridor.