

\*What drives a person to this kind of madness?\*

Bentre Sadow appraised the chaos which was unfolding around him. It was a bit creepy the way that the galaxy tended to work. While these Crystal Ascendant of the so-called Seer had crystals protruding from their flesh, the Severian Principate had fielded similar monstrosities. Theirs were more crystal than flesh and were just as much twisted flesh as their counterparts.

Now the creatures were engaged in combat. The primary combat was now between the Crystal Ascendant and Restoration Troopers and had proven to be heavily drawn out. Hutt Security forces had thrown themselves into the fray for their own masters.

The question on Bentre's mind, more than the \*why's\* that came up was on the \*how\* of the situation. He had spent a lot of time studying in the Holocon Library and had yet to come up with a method to create something like what he had seen in these crystal ascendant. Many people had mutated or modified creatures, but to do so using the Force was something that Bentre had yet to learn about, or even to read about.

Many would be seeking out the powers that be. Many would be trying to either ally or kill. He was going to follow his common path in these difficult times, however. Bentre Sadow was going to seek knowledge. The cause of these Force-using crystalline monsters would likely be ended, but Bentre was not going to let that knowledge die with the crazed woman who brought it here.

The easiest way to do so would be to follow the carnage back to its source. There were some things that Bentre could do. He lacked something as nice as a lab suite or a means to study the result of this conflict in a lab. That would have to wait until later. For now, Bentre hefted a holocam. He swept the eye of the device over the wreckage, taking extra time to take detailed scans of the corpse of a Tenixir Revenant that had been rent in two.

Normally, he might have taken some pleasure in seeing an agent of this sort of chaos meeting their due, but nearby there were just as many corpse of the Severian Principate as their were of the Revenants. Even if you discounted the soldiers who now fought as crystal-armored and \*questionably\* enhanced weapons by the Principate, there were still far too many corpses. There were far too many bodies.

He would have to carefully document all the evidence that he could. Bentre Sadow wanted to bring order to the galaxy. This Seer, however well she might have intended, was too great a risk to the galaxy. Really, the Principate's decision to employ the new Restoration Troopers was just as bad. Tracking down and stopping one individual was much easier than stopping a government, however. As ever, it fell to a small group to stop the biggest threat to the galaxy. If she were not stopped, then these Crystal Ascendants could bring a ruin to galactic civilization. They could cause more damage than the Jedi ever had.

Bentre ran a finger along the lightsaber on his left side as he panned his holocam across the carnage. He would gather everything that he could. The galaxy owed someone to chronicle what happened here. He would track her down, he would seize every nugget of knowledge that he could bleed from her and then he would employ whatever dark secrets he needed to ensure order for the galaxy. It would just be a matter of time.