One by one each member of the counsel members had their trust betrayed. Each were shot in the back by a silent blaster pistol and their heads severed by a lightsaber. The crystal was then taken from its chamber. The cameras showed no one. It was a confusing time for Aura, who had taken control in the aftermath. She was confronted with the killer on the Deliverance.

Creon stood at the entrance of the bridge and revealed a trail of bodies in the hall before him. He held in his hand an unstable crossguard lightsaber made from Mandalorian steel. The blade and their exhausts blazed a wild fire, and the center chamber had revealed the stolen crystal.

“You killed them for a rock? For a new stick?!” Aura said in anger.

“It’s sentient, and spoke through me in the Force. I obeyed its commands and it’s led me to this point. I am promised unlimited power, the desire of all men.”

“You fall prey to the Dark Side, Creon. Do not allow temptation to cloud your judgement. You will be punished, but you can be forgiven. Lay down your arms and come with me.”

Creon leapt at her with a Force enhanced jump and swung the shining blade in a swirl before slicing at her stomach. She defensively deflected his fury of fiery flare back and forth along the bridge’s walkway. The nearby officers stayed still in silence to the sword duel happening above their station. The control bridge’s terminal was carved through by the clashing of their blades, rendering it asunder and disfunctional. Creon and Aura had a long history of dueling as she was responsible for teaching him his form a lightsaber combat. This put Aura at the advantage of being a mentor, but Creon’s newfound weapon changed the battlefield. It was distractingly bright, radiated a heavy amount of power and pressure in the Force. Heat radiated lightly from the weakened magnetic field around the blade, making it hot to get close to let alone wield. The blade’s length had also extended to 120cm which gave the reach advantage to Creon.

The duel drew out like a rehearsed dance. This succession of formed movements allowed key moments for a swift stroke. Each one was deflected by the other until eventually one would give. In the past it had been Aura that was the consistent victor. Fires were started each time the blade made contact with something in the room. Eventually it spread and the officers evacuated, leaving the two struggling jedi to the hand of destiny on the burning bridge.

His defense was impregnable by the size and brilliance of the sword. It was sentient, and therefore watched her and warned him in ways he could not have perceived. Aura wasn’t just fighting her apprentice, but also the sentience that dwelled within the crystal as well. It exuberated the Dark Side of the Force, instilling emotions of anger. She hated Creon for what he had done and this anger caused a slip in her focus. Her head rolled off the bridge, and Creon stood before the destroyed control terminal of Deliverance.

*This is ours now*, it told him, *and this is only the beginning.*