

Chapter Eight - Endgame

Cyprixxia Outer Rim Brigia

Kaesar moved through the corridors of *Cyprixxia*, not hurrying. He could feel his prey up ahead, and so he hunted, seeking the paths that would lead him there. He emerged into what seemed to be a large holding pen. He saw three emitters, meaning the shields would be triple layered when active, and with a flash of insight he knew they were in the Terenatek holding pens.

“Where are you pets, Darth Tremar,” Kaesar called into the gloom.

“Sadly we were forced to leave them on Dantooine. Your arrival left us no time to collect them from the surface, nor for me to modify my last commands. Any Force Sensitive on Dantooine is their prey now. They will ignore those who do not feel the Force.”

“Why would you focus them on those who are Force Sensitive, and not let them rampage?”

“What good would a rampage do me? I have no quarrel with the farmers of Dantooine, only with the Jedi,” Tremar replied, his voice strong and confident. With a snap-hiss, one end of his lightsaber came alive, illuminating him in its ice-blue glow, humming with anticipation.

Kaesar plucked his lightsaber from his belt and flicked it on, and with a snap-hiss identical to Tremar’s, its emerald green light illuminated him.

Hangar 12

Iliyana spun backwards, sweeping her bronze lightsaber around and knocking aside Koyi’s thrust. Iliyana lunged in with the momentum of her spin, slashing down, but Koyi simply wasn’t there. Instead she had darted to the right, getting a bit of distance to re-assess her opponent. Iliyana was faster than Kaesar had told her, and a bit more ruthless with her lightsaber as well. Koyi’s tunic had several slashes in it, and the first slash of Iliyana’s had opened it on a diagonal, revealing one of her pale green breasts.

Iliyana’s clothes showed no marks, but Koyi had been close. Now she jumped back in, swinging her lightsaber in a broad arc, and Iliyana swung her lightsaber up to block, but not quite soon enough. Koyi’s strike marked Iliyana’s left shoulder, and Iliyana drew a sharp breath and turned into the slash, pushing her lightsaber into Koyi’s, then shoving it back and thrusting to her side as Koyi jumped back, pricking a hole in her pants, and tapping Koyi’s right thigh.

The Twi’lek pressed the assault, ignoring the flick of pain from her leg, thrusting and slashing, blocking and parrying, but one thrust snaked past her guard and sliced the top of her right forearm. She ducked and rolled backward to avoid losing the hand, and came to her feet in the Makashi stance. As Iliyana jumped in, Koyi flicked and knocked her lightsaber aside, then

slashed. Iliyana turned and thrust, and caught Koyi on the left hip and Koyi's slash marked Iliyana's right hip.

Both women rolled away from each other and began to circle, slowly, warily. They drew deep breath, each in the Makashi stance, each watching the others eyes.

Holding Pens

Tremar threw himself at Caesar, his ice blue lightsaber whirling in the air, and Caesar rushed to match. The blades connected with blinding speed, once, twice, three times and they spun apart, and then back together, eight, nine ten strikes this time, moving with a speed, ferocity and skill that only those who can give themselves to the Force can match.

Caesar's overlong lightsaber slapped Tremar's blade aside and slid across his left bicep as the back end of Tremar's saber activated and lanced across Caesar's left bicep. Both men spun away from each other, and Caesar dropped into Vaapad. Tremar ticked one eyebrow up.

"Vaapad, a most intriguing choice." He dropped into Vaapad as well, and the fight was on again. The two of them moved around the holding pens in near blurs, augmenting themselves with the Force, striking carefully, never overextending. Every move they made was countered by the other almost instantly. Tremar spun his double-headed saber around himself and opened a small wound on Caesar's right bicep. Caesar reversed the deflection and opened an identical wound on Tremar's left bicep.

Despite these new wounds, the two battled on, bounding over the uneven floor. Tremar suddenly pushed an aggressive attack, his double-headed saber whirling and pushing Caesar back. Caesar's heel caught on a piece of rubble, and he stumbled back, and then fell backwards, which may have saved his life and Tremar slashed, and opened a minor wound along his chest.

Hangar 12

Iliyana and Koyi spun away from each other, whirling their lightsabers in deadly arcs. Iliyana started to circle Koyi again, weaving her lightsaber back and forth, and Koyi followed, her breasts, both of them now visible since Iliyana had sliced her tunic away, almost playfully Koyi thought. She took a deep breath, pushing her amazement at Iliyana's amazing increase in skill, and opened herself deeper to the Force.

Koyi lunged in, sliding from Makashi to Ataru, and then she began to move. Enhanced by the Force, she bounded from floor to wall to bounce in and slash at Iliyana, who moved into Makashi herself, sweeping her lightsaber around to slap aside Koyi's blade, whirling backwards, moving more than she deflected, more in touch with the Force than ever before. She watched Koyi, noted a pattern in her movements, and waited. She blocked once, dodged out of range for the next attack, and then, with a deep breath and moments thought, she threw a compacted blast of air under Koyi's feet just before she touched on the side of the boarding ship.

Koyi sprawled to the ground as Iliyana leapt through the air, whirling her lightsaber and dropping on the stunned Jedi. Koyi rolled aside just before the blade connected, and received a long slash across both her shoulders as she rolled to her feet with fluid grace and a stifled whimper.

Iliyana pushed her advantage, and the Master had a harder time defending herself with the wound across her shoulders. Iliyana struck, and Koyi swept her lightsaber up to block. Iliyana reached out with one hand and roughly yanked on one of Koyi's nipples, getting a startled gasp out of the Twi'lek before letting go and whirling backwards.

Koyi took a step back, and then swung her free hand forward. A loud screech caught Iliyana's attention, and she raised one hand to stop the metal girder Koyi had torn free and thrown like a javelin at her. For a moment they contested for control of it, and then Iliyana rolled to the side, and let it flash past her to impale one of the remaining fighters.

Holding Pens

Kaesar rushed Tremar again, drawing on his enjoyment of battle with Vaapad to slash, strike and try and keep the Sith Lord off balance, whirling his over-long lightsaber about himself to create a deadly offensive and defensive shield. Tremar slid backwards, gliding more than moving, moving his lightsaber only to block the attacks that came close. Kaesar ignored the burning of the slash on his chest, jumped high over Tremar's head and lashed out in mid-air.

Tremar swung his lightsaber up and caught Kaesar's, serving as a fulcrum for the Jedi to move over his head, and yet he wasn't there when Kaesar slashed out. Tremar faded into the shadows, his lightsaber hissing away to make him truly invisible. "Why bother fighting me Jedi? Shouldn't you be worried about your friend? By now, Iliyana probably has her tied down and stuffed by now."

Kaesar closed his eyes and took a deep breath, lowering his lightsaber to touch the ground in front of him, drawing deep breaths to regain his energy. He could feel Koyi, even through this much rock and steel, and he knew that while she was in trouble, it was from her combat skills, not because she was being raped. "She is fine. You have taught Iliyana some new tricks it seems."

"I have not taught her anything," Tremar's bodiless voice called out, "This is simply her natural talent, freed of her fear and self-consciousness."

Kaesar took another deep breath, and then deactivated his lightsaber. He slid into an old stance, hilt by his left hip, his body almost folded around it, with his left hand on the emitter. He drew on the Force, waiting, preparing. This technique he had learned from an ancient holocron, mastered through decades of hard training, and had never been able to teach another Jedi to do it.

"If you activate your lightsaber like that, you're likely to slice off your fingers," Tremar said, almost scolding him.

Kaesar lashed out, activating his lightsaber just as it cleared his thumb, and then struck the blade with a narrowly tuned blast of Force, tearing the blade from his lightsaber and throwing it into the gloom. His lightsaber hissed and sizzled until he shut it off, and the blade ripped apart the floor, the darkness and Tremar's lightsaber flared into view. To Caesar's astonishment, he slapped the blast aside easily, and stepped out of the darkness. "*Unconventional Attacks using the Lightsaber in Conjunction with the Force*," he said, moving to match Caesar's stance. "Written by Tralin Noscor," he smirked, and moved in a blue, launching both of his blades at Caesar by spinning his lightsaber.

Kaesar rolled to one side, and rushed Tremar, re-igniting his lightsaber as he thrust. Tremar, however, swung his saber hilt into the path of the attack, knocked Caesar's blade aside, and slammed the hilt into Caesar's head. Caesar jumped back, and shook his head.

"I wrote that holocron, developed the techniques. It is nice to see the Jedi recovered it from my tower however," Tremar said with a faint smile. "Oh, and the hilt of my lightsaber is made of a cortosis weave. I took every step I could think of to make my entire lightsaber a weapon."

Kaesar peeled his lips back and rushed Tremar again, hammering his lightsaber down on Tremar as Tremar fought to respond to the sudden onslaught, and then his blade got past the defence once, twice, marking his left hip and left thigh. Tremar stumble back, and struck out, lancing Caesar's left hip even as Caesar spun and drove his boot into Tremar's gut, and the Force-enhanced kick flung Tremar into one of the shield emitters. Caesar rushed in to finish the job.

Hangar 12

Iliyana struck at the flying cargo box with lightning, smashed it into the ceiling and out of the mental grip of Koyi. With her other hand she slashed a long phosphorous tube in half, and continued her advance. Koyi threw another cargo box at her, and she slashed this one out of the way and then slammed lightning into Koyi's body.

The Twi'lek screamed as the lightning crawled across her, and she dropped her lightsaber. Iliyana caught it before it hit the ground and pulled it into her hand, then cut off the lightning. "Darth Revan adored mind games, Darth Malak was a sexual sadist, if we read between the lines of Bastila Shan's report, but I simply enjoy sex. Did that luscious female show you any tricks," she asked teasingly, "she was quite the slut once she got into it, and the men, oh the men. Did you see their cocks?" she moaned slightly at the memory, "I had one in my ass and pussy at the same time as Reanne raped your girl with a strap on while having the third in her ass."

Koyi took several deep breaths and stared at Iliyana. The Jedi Master concentrated, focused, and then flung both her hands forward. Iliyana let out a whoosh of air as she was thrown back into the side of the boarding shuttle, and lay there shaking her head, trying to clear the stars. She felt Koyi's lightsaber fly from her hand, and she blinked rapidly, working to see straight.

Koyi suddenly appeared above her, holding her lightsaber in hand. She flicked her lightsaber twice, slicing Iliyana's right shoulder and left calf, making her cry out. "It would be almost impossible to run now. Iliyana Partan, by order of the Jedi Council, you are under arrest."

Iliyana took a deep breath, and lashed out with the Force, fuelled by her anger, and slammed lightning into Koyi, pushing her up into the ceiling, and then cut it off. As she fell, Iliyana slashed once across her stomach, flicked her hand at the control panel, and darted out the half-open door.

Command Deck

Larian stood on the command deck issuing verbal orders, directing the robotic forces of *Cyprixxia* in their battle with the Republic forces. A massive explosion rocked the station, and Larian lurched and caught the control panel. The explosion had come from the holding pens, and he made the decision to finish the battle. “*Cyprixxia*, activate Self Destruct, time delay one hundred and twenty seconds, authorization Larian Naver, L502T6X.”

All the monitors in the command deck went black, and then began to flash red as the consoles began to spew smoke and sparks. Larian moved rapidly from the bridge, knowing he could extend the sequence once, and only once.

He arrived in the mid-station hangar and boarded the small smuggler vessel that he and Reanne had modified. It was already online, the engines hot and waiting. As he sat in the cockpit, he saw Reanne and Iliyana helping Tremar across the deck. He linked into *Cyprixxia*'s computer relays and punched the time up by 45 seconds.

Reanne closed the hatch, and Larian was out of the hangar with plenty of time to spare, burning his engines only a small amount to keep the signature down, and then he activated the stygium crystal cloaking device.

Cyprixxia suddenly began to come apart, chunks of rock blowing free from each other as the hidden superstructure came apart, the first wave of explosions breaking the critical places, and then, just as the small boarding shuttle rocketed out of the hangar, *Cyprixxia* went with a massive explosion as the reactors all exploded at once, the shockwave tumbling fighters and the smuggler across space.

Coruscant Republic Senatorial Chamber Four Months after the Battle of *Cyprixxia*

Jedi Masters Kaesar Caestol and Koyi Komad stood on a Senatorial platform, hovering smoothly in the center of the chamber. “Esteemed members of the Senate, we come before you today on behalf of the Jedi Order. The threat of Darth Tremar and his Sith forces has officially come to a close. The destruction of the *Cyprixxia* space station and the loss of his presence in the Force that day has convinced us that the Sith Lord and his apprentices are now dead.”

Koyi stood calmly beside Kaesar, her white robes gleaming in the light. “In the four months since the Battle of *Cyprixxia*, we have devoted our efforts to finding the source of Tremar's forces. His fighters came from a world known to us as Antazi, thought destroyed by Darth

Nihilous. We are examining all other worlds attacked by that Sith Lord to be sure that they had no other factories, but so far, Antazi is all, and it has been neutralized.”

Supreme Chancellor Duron stood, and smoothed his robe. “On behalf of the Republic, we convey to you our most grateful thanks. Once more has the Jedi Order stood in the path of the Dark Side, and prevailed.” He began to applaud, and soon the entire Senate was applauding, every member standing. Kaesar and Koyi bowed to the Senate, and floated slowly back to the dock, and made their exit.

Less than an hour later they were in the Jedi Council, relaxing in their chairs. “My friends,” Kaesar said, “Koyi and I will be going to Dantooine to help with the removal of the Terenateks, and the rebuilding of Khoonda. Once more Dantooine was attacked because of the Jedi presence. We must find a way to prevent this in the future.”

Corvis Minor
Noscor Estate
Eight Months after the Battle of Cyprixxia

Tralin Noscor walked calmly down a highly polished hallway in his estate, his shirt open, and his slacks loose, his feet were bare, and his skin healthily tanned. He entered into a large sitting room, where his young wife was sitting before a real fire, rocking back and forth with one hand resting on her swollen belly. Her eyes were distant and dreamy as she listened, and felt, the changes going on inside her.

Also sitting near the fire was a young girl with darkly tanned skin, sun streaked hair and large breasts. She was lying on a carpet staring into the fire as a young man lay beside her, asleep from his breathing. Both were naked to the waist, and both looked incredibly comfortable.

The pregnant woman looked at Tralin, and opened her arms. He walked over to her and hugged her close. “How are you today Iliyana,” he asked in a strong voice.

“I’m fine Tralin. You missed the fun. Reanne and Larian showed me that you can actually climax from having your nipples sucked on,” she replied impishly.

Tralin laughed, and eyes the other two. “Then we shall simply have to have them demonstrate again.”