

## Captain LegionX: The Hunt for The Valkyries

### Chapter 1: The Scent

“...Are you absolutely sure Kyle?”, Legion spoke while sitting at his desk. His computer lit up with the holo image of the mysterious Mandalorian merchant Kyle looking worried. “It’s not a name I can just forget ya know.”, Kyle responds. “What worries me more is that she runs her own squadron within the New Republic.” Legion at this point stands up from his desk walking slowly over to the view-port of his office, uttering only one word, “Valkyrie Squadron.” “Yes”, Kyle again responds. “Being led by one Commander DeRitteir...” Without hesitation, another Beskar cup was crushed in Legion’s hands. “Thank you Kyle...I need to make a call.” As the image of Kyle disappears, Legion is just left in his office in a silent rage. After all this time he can finally get the revenge he craved for all his life.

An image of VA Silwar Naiilo suddenly appears on his computer. “I sensed your rage from across the ship Captain...what troubles you?” asked Silwar, who seems to have an annoyed expression on his face. “You still can’t read my mind sir? I was made aware the Sith were all powerful with their love of force magic”, Legion lashed back.

“I will forgive that slight insolence, only because I don’t want a repeat of HA Plif yelling at me about ripping my ship in half...again. And as much as I hate to admit it, every time I poke inside you head all you do is play Pazaak in your head.”

“A useful skill from a friend of one of my ancestors...Forgive me, but I must ask a mission of you.”

“As I said, recruitment efforts are still underwa-”

“Not recruitment...assassination.”

Silwar just froze, baffled by the fact that his Captain for the first time has actually ASKED to kill someone instead of just being told to do so. Legion has never once taken an assassination mission personally, but to do now seems unorthodox. Puzzled by this request Silwar asked, “It must be pretty bad for you to ask me this...who is the target?”

“Commander Jennifer Scarlett DeRitteir of Valkyrie Squadron, whose squadron seems to be protecting a group of civilian explorers on a mission here in the Unknown Region.”, Legion responds with his voice modulator becoming more crackly. “I am more concerned that the New Republic is getting involved within this region than one singular pilot of some lowly squadron, and as I’m looking up their data it seems to consist of nothing but female A wing pilots...how fitting a name...I think this sort of mission would be best resolved with Eagle instead” Silwar objects. Legion then pulls out a command pen and uploads specifications of his latest TIE/IN project to the Vice Admiral. Silwar can only ask, “you finished it?...And the hype-drive works?”

“All it needs is a field test...wouldn’t this situation be the most ideal?”

“...very well...You have your assignment”

The captain starts to walk out of the office but is stopped by Silwar one more time,

“Captain!...remember...Peace is a lie”

“...There is only Passion”, Legion replies with the office door closing.

### Chapter 2: The First Kill

In a sector within the Unknown Region, a group of GR-75 Transports is seen in orbit near an unnamed gas giant accompanied by Valkyrie Squadron. The group of A-wings slowly patrolling around the transports are working on some sort of internal system failures.

“This is taking forever! I want to go back home soon, they don’t need the shields to work if they are just observing a gas giant from orbit, do they?” One A-wing pilot whined over open comms. “Take it easy Valkyrie 4, my brother is doing everything he can to fix the ships. We will be leaving here in no

time.” Commander Jennifer DeRitteir assured her squad. “Though, I agree that it is taking way too long. Rumors of an Imperial Remnant fleet moving around here do worry me.”

Another A-Wing comes alongside the commander’s star fighter. “Are you sure it was a good idea to have your brother join this expedition mission, ma’am? Especially with that curse your family has?” Jennifer, taking a long pause before reliving what seemed to be gruesome murders of both her father and mother on Coruscant and brief flashes of what could only be seen as a Smiling Demon above the bodies, quickly snaps out an answer, “Look, I don’t believe fate or curses or crap like that—” We are ready to head out. Your brother, was able to fix our electrical problem,” the Commanding Officer of the science expedition interrupts the reply. They continue, “Shields are still down but we can at least navig-...excuse me, we seem to be having radar malfunctions...what do you mean a single star-fighter?”

“Valkyrie 1, this is Valkyrie 3, we have contact in point 2-10. Single Fighter, looks Imperial.”

“A fighter? Out here? That’s impossible, we would have noticed a Star Destroyer by now. Is it a Tie Defender?”, DeRitteir asks, starting to get worried.

“No ma’am! Looks like a...Tie Interceptor - but bigger?”

Changing her flight path to intercept the fighter, DeRitteir begins a transmission over open comms, “Unidentified Fighter, this is Commander DeRitteir of Valkyrie Squadron. This is a peaceful expedition group, state your intentions.” Her squadron falls into formation behind her when there is no response to the message. “Unidentified Fighter, you are approaching a peaceful expedition with a military grade fighter. If you continue your course of action, we will be authorized by the power of the New Republic to open fire.”

The Tie Interceptor continues its flight path toward the squadron, increasing their visibility and straying into the range of the A-Wing’s sensors.

“Ma’am, this is Valkyrie 5. I don’t know what is attached behind that interceptor, but it’s giving off a massive amount of energy!”

DeRitteir watched the Interceptor vanish as Valkyrie 5’s report came in. She snapped her eyes to the explosion where Valkyrie 5 once flew. “What the hell?!” DeRitteir exclaimed, as she calculated the new position of the Interceptor.

“How the hell did it get behind—”, screamed Valkyrie 3 just before the interceptor shot her down with its L-s9.3 Laser Cannons.

The remaining members of Valkyrie break formation in a mass panic, trying to kill the attacker before it engages the civilians. The A-Wings fall one by one until Commander DeRitteir remains between the Interceptor and the Transports. Shifting her shields focus to the front, she has the Interceptor in her sights when it comes to a stop, facing her craft. Both craft still and wait to see what the other’s next move is.

The comms spart to life with a voice that causes her stomach to drop, “It has been far too long since I heard your voice, Jenn.”

She knew he wasn’t there to kill her, just torture her, as images of the Smiling Demon flooded her mind again like a wild vortex. Shaking her head violently once, she pleads, “No, please! He is innocent. Don’t do this Mich—” The interceptor vanishes again, cutting off her plea. As the first explosion goes off, she flips her A-Wing toward the expedition. She felt the wetness on her cheeks as her despair came out in sobs. Her brother and everybody in the expedition, was killed – by the Smiling Demon, again. She watches as the Interceptor turns towards her A-Wing to fire the final shot when a Nebulon-B Frigate exits from Hyperspace. DeRitteir continues to cry, watching the Frigate open fire on the Interceptor, causing it to back off.

“Welcome to my world now...traitor,” the dreadful voice calls out as the Interceptor jumps to hyperspace with a modified engine behind it, leaving only destruction and death.

Above the ancient world of Rakata Prime, the ISDII Challenge was in orbit under the direct orders from HA Plif. VA Silwar Naiilo paced up and down the command deck, all the officers noticing him getting angrier by the second and mumbling about “where is he” or “what’s taking him so long.” MAJ Honsou, Tempest Squadron Commander, enters the command deck. “You wanted to see me sir?” “Honsou, yes, you’re finally here. We seem to have an issue. One of our pilots is gone and I fear he no longer has the capability of returning anymore,” Silwar proclaimed with urgency.

“Anymore? I’m confused, who have we lost?”

“Legion...was in the prototype...”

A loud slap rang out, Honsou’s hand landing on his face. “You gave Legion...who has a penchant for being the most destructive assassin in the galaxy, our one and only prototype, that has the most unstable Hyper-drive core in existence?”

“He showed me the finalized plans, it looked sound. I saw no reason at all to deny him his field test. But, with the reports of a Nebulon-B Frigate around this sector-”

“New Republic? Here?” Honsou cut Silwar off.

“Based on information given to me... by Legion.”

Another resounding crack sounded out in the silence before alarms began ringing around the command deck.

“Vice Admiral, we have a proximity alert! An object coming from the Frigate’s last known coordinates is approaching at light speed!” screamed a bridge officer. Both Silwar and Honsou made their way to the view-deck as Silwar yelled out the command for general quarters.

In the hangar bay, most of the pilots perform pre-flight checks, waiting to deploy. MAJ Graf D’Jinn, Eagle Squadron Commander, spared no time as he ran toward his fighter. Suddenly, a bright light appeared in the middle of the hangar and a heavily damaged Tie Interceptor crashed its way inside, landing askew. Graf ran toward the ship without hesitation, noticing that it’s the prototype Interceptor Legion had been working on. The hatch separates from the hull of the craft as Graf approached, a non-plussed Legion emerging from the cockpit, wearing his Beskar armored flight suit. “Legion?!” screamed Graf, “What the hell happened?!”

“Progress, Major! Glorious progress! At last, I can hear her screams of pain once again!” Legion bellows out followed by maniacal laughter.

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After some time had passed, Legion stood at parade rest in Silwar’s office. The Vice Admiral sat behind his desk, tending to a migraine with a glass of Chaquilla. Graf stood behind Legion to ensure he remained stable and Honsou off to Legion’s right side utterly speechless at the captain’s performance.

“You were supposed to kill ONE pilot,” Silwar reminded Legion. “One. Pilot. And you instead kill dozens of Republic citizens and everyone BUT Valkyrie Squadron’s commander.” Silwar leaned forward, staring more intensely at Legion’s black mask. “Remind me again, why do I have you running an ASSASSINATION squad if this is how you seem to get results?”

Legion snapped to attention and proclaimed, “Because her fear will drive the Rebels out of their fox holes, sir.”

“Explain, now,” Silwar spoke, raising an eyebrow curiously.

“How quickly did that Frigate come to her aid? Does that not come off as strange?”

“It would have taken time for a Nebulon-B Frigate to make its way that location, Legion,” remarked Honsou.

“Apologies, I’ve given you the wrong concept. I’m not focused on the timed response, it’s the fact that a Frigate came to her aid for ONE singular fighter... would not a Corvette have been more effective and have a faster response time?” All three men listened more intently as Legion explained.

Silwar stood up and spoke, “You had my curiosity. You now have my attention.”

Legion pulled out a small datacron, sparking to life when he manipulated it to bring up a holo of the Frigate in question. “At first glance, a standard Nebulon-B Frigate of the New Republic. Observe the markings toward the bridge. Tell me, what does that look like to you, Vice Admiral?”

“...the symbols of the Jedi Order?!” Silwar mused, staring intently at the display.

“Precisely. She has a guardian it seems. For what purpose I do not know, but what I DO know, is that DeRitteir is now more useful... as bait.” Legion paused to let the information sink in. “They revealed their intentions too early, and now I am certain their purpose in the Unknown Region is to hunt us down.”

Every expression melts from contemplation to anger. Graf spoke up first, “Vice Admiral, permission to get my squadron ready?”

“Granted, get your pilots familiar with A-Wings though. Their favorite ship will be their downfall.”

Silwar directed Graf with a malevolent smile. “Honsou, prep your squadron to be on standby at all times. If we find that Frigate, I want it gone YESTERDAY!”

As Silwar directed the Eagle and Tempest Commanders and dismissed them, Legion began to speak once again.

“There is one more issue sir.” Legion manipulated the datacron again, displaying multiple panels of text and images.

“More intelligence I’ve uncovered from the field test, directly from the Frigate’s computers.”

“How... did you even get the chance to data-mine anything in the prototype interceptor?”

“I have a very good program, but I digress, the issue lies in the Jedi. The Saint is involved”

Silwar began to vibrate with barely restrained rage as he read over the information. The Vice Admiral closed his eyes and took a deep breath, holding it in to calm his anger, knowing that an outburst could damage the ship again. Silwar focused on Legion, staring him dead in the eye, “Through Passion?”

“...Strength...” Legion intoned.

#### Chapter 4: The Truth

Chaos abound at a wedding on Coruscant. People fleeing for their lives from a group of rebels that appear to be protecting the bride, who is wearing improvised armor over her dress. A man lay on the ground, holding his chest as smoke rises from it. His eyes, blood colored irises, meet the bride’s in rage. He outstretches his arm as if reaching toward her as she starts to engulf in flames. Commander DeRitteir then awakes from her dream. Still in her flight suit, her eyes bloodshot from the crying she has been doing since returning from the disaster. Her brother’s death at the hands of the one person in the galaxy she wanted to never meet again. She notices her data pad beeping, a message notification going off. She along with many of her old friends, now mercenary pilots, summoned to the briefing room.

At the briefing room, many pilots with colorful flight suits looked over whatever specs they could get off the TIE Interceptor that attacked the civilians. “Is this real?” asks the hulking Mon Calamari merc pilot named Grize, “a light speed movin’ TIE Interceptor?”

“Believe it Grizzy, I just don’t understand how they can fuel it. It takes a lot of Coaxium, more than the interceptor’s weight alone, to power a Hyper-drive like that. That engine is dishing out 5 times the amount our star-fighter Hyper-drives can put out,” explains the level headed Twi’lek pilot named Nova.

“Is no one else seeing that shield system attached to the Hyper-drive?” asked Twitch, a young Selkath pilot. “That is nothing like the shield systems I’ve ever seen.”

While the pilots are analyzing the new fighter, a robed human walked into the briefing room and begins to speak, “How about we stop staring at it like a new toy, and focus on how much of a threat it actually is, hmm?”

“Padawan Souma? Apologies ma’am, we just curious is all,” Grize quickly responds.

“Give me a run down of the craft Twitch”

“Yes ma’am. Heavily modified TIE/IN star fighter. Standard weapons and armor. Only differences we can analyze is the additional unit attached to the rear of the fighter. Originally thought to be just a Hyper-drive slapped onto it, turns out to also have a shield system unlike anything seen before. Fuel source unknown, yet massive enough to power a Mon Calamari Cruiser-” Twitch explains but is interrupted by Nova.

“I know I said 5 times what our ships can do, but a whole Mon Cal Cruiser!?”

“Preliminary analysis only, but if I’m reading this right...more than one actually.”

The Padawan speaks up to ask, “How many more?”

“Your going to think I’m crazy...but over 100 ma’am.”

Grize and Nova begin to laugh out of the utter nonsense of what they heard. “No way in hell one star fighter has the power output of an entire fleet!” Nova yells out in utter shock.

“Moving aside from the fighter, can we get any confirmation on the pilot’s info?” Souma asks without even thinking about the statistics given just now.

Grize pulls up an old image of Legion X. “The only records from the old Imperial archives we can find about him is his name, place of birth, and units he worked in. Other than that, this Legion X guy is a ghost. The mask is even creepier, apparently never takes it off, even if front of the old Emperor himself.”

“Hmm...from Coruscant? Makes sense for an Imp to come from there-” As Souma deliberates, Commander DeRitteir walks into the room and interrupts.

“His name is Michael. Of the Mandalorian Clan of Ordo, not this LegionX he claims to be. Believe NOTHING of what is on that record other than that damn mask of his, he most likely gave false information to cover who he really is.”

The room falls silent with all eyes on DeRitteir. An eerie feeling creeps up on everyone. DeRitteir then continues with a disgust in her eyes, “That...thing...is the most deadliest being that I know of in this galaxy. Intelligent beyond comparison, a genius in weapons craft, and strength that could challenge a Rancor.”

“Jen-...Commander...if this is too much for you right now we can hold off this debrief,” Padawan Souma says, worried that the commander is still in too much pain. “I need to move forward...and end this damn curse.”

“We are with you Commander, just like the old days,” Nova reassures DeRitteir. As Padawan Souma dismisses the group and the pilots leave the room, she rushes to hug and comfort DeRitteir. “I’m so sorry Jenn. Had I known it was him I would have never asked-”

“It’s fine Sou, really. I’ve done enough crying...and now we know he is in this sector, which means I can finally put this nightmare to rest.” DeRitteir hugs Souma back, knowing she will succeed.

In the hangar, the trio of mercenary pilots, now assigned to Valkyrie Squadron to help reinforce it since the attack, are working on their A-Wings to prepare for their next deployment. Grize then begins to ask, “Hey Nova, when we helped the commander escape that wedding she was forced to be in all those years ago, wasn’t the groom named Michael?”

“Possibly, but that guy is one hundred percent dead. The Jedi that commander is friends with used his lightsaber to pierce right through the guys chest. No one can live through that you know.”

“Yeah, just wondering how curious that coincide-” Grize is interrupted by a bunch of tools falling from the workbench to the ground as a rookie pilot accidentally bumped into the bench. The rookie, now panicking trying to pick up the tools, is stopped and asked by Grize “Hey buddy, you ok there?” Y-y-y-Y-YES MA’AM!” snapping into attention, dropping the tools in his hands.

“Uh...you sure kid? What’s your name pilot?”

“X-x-x-Xylo. Xylo Pethtel. Here on assignment to reinforce due to lack of numbers, MA’AM!”

“Easy Xylo, we may be military but we’re not strict. Welcome Aboard our Frigate, The Valhallan Vahemency!”

## Chapter 5: The Second Kill

Aboard the ISDII Challenge, Captain Legion X could be seen making his way to the hangar bay in his duty uniform and him slapping on some old ISB flight armor which only covers his chest. He also holds an old ISB helmet that has seen better days. Major Honsou in his full Tempest flight suit ran in the same direction, slowing only to talk to Legion, “Got your message to get Tempest Squad prepped, you owe me by the way, but what are we doing?”

“Silwar is about to call you into action Major, we have that damn frigate’s location” Legion responds as he is about to remove his mask to put on the old helmet. As Honsou eagerly awaits to see what the Captain looks like an alarm for General Quarters rings throughout the ship. Honsou looks away distracted for simply a moment, realizing that he now missed his opportunity as Legion already has the old helmet he was carrying on his head. “Wait...Captain, I didn’t know you were an ISB Agent? How do you even have that armor?”

“No time to explain, get Tempest out there Major! That frigate needs to bleed!”

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In orbit of the planet known simply as The Deep, The Valhallan Vahemency floats with a few scout ships paroling around the frigate. On the bridge, Padawan Souma looks over the officers dutifully at work when a sense of dread falls over her. She closes her eyes and a vision is shown to her. A man with black eyes and blood red irises. Arms replaced by cybernetics. A grave wound in his chest, that which looks like it was made from a lightsaber. The man simply looks at her and smiles demonically, speaking simply, “...RUN...”

Waking up violently from the vision, proximity alarms flood the bridge. Officers warn her of an impending force of Tie Defenders and Missile Boats, but before they could even sound of the alarms, Tempest Squadron already had already launched their first salvos. The X wing scouts that were on patrol engaged in a losing fight against Honsou’s flight personally.

“Alright boys, we finally have them! Hit them hard and keep hitting!” Yells Honsou over imperial comms.

As the skirmish rages, two Corellian Corvettes jump out of hyperspace to aid the Nebulon-B Frigate. It seemed the New Republic did at least have something up their sleeve.

“Tempest 3-1 to Tempest Actual, Those corvettes are going to be the death of us. We need more firepower!” The heavy, angry voice of Captain Morgoth rang out. “Don’t tell me we were sent here alone!”

“No...not alone.” Honsou answer backs to see one of the corvettes already sparkling with fire.

“What the heck was that? Was that us?” General Anahorn Dempsey asked, utterly confused as she sees the corvette quite literally go up in flames.

“Flight two concentrate your firepower on the second corvette!” Honsou barked over the comms.

“Flight three focus on the frigate, that ship CANNOT escape!” He adds with extra intensity.

“Tempest 1-3 here, We got fighters inbound heading towards the missile boats!” Major Kalve relays, bringing attention to several flights of A wings and X wings inbound to their location.

“Good, the plan is working. Flight one keep your eyes on the X wings, don’t bother with the tiny buggers, we got others taking care of them.” Honsou continues to command

“Others sir?” as Kalve asks, one of the flights of A wings suddenly get destroyed by three Tie Phantoms that disengage their cloaking devices.

“It’s about time you lads stop hiding!” Honsou shouts, very excited to see Thunder Squadron finally in action.

“This is Captain Dynamus of Thunder to assist Tempest. We got the fast ones covered for you!”

“You know, it would be great if one of these days, someone actually told *me* the plan...” came the voice of a disgruntled Morgoth, lazily finalizing.

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Back aboard the frigate, Valkyrie squadron is about to take off when Commander DeRitteir stops just short of her A wing, feeling the same sensation of dread she had before when her brother was killed.

“Valkyrie, take off now and help defend the frigate, Consider this a first heat” DeRitteir yells over New Republic comms.

“What about you? We need you out there!” Nova yells back.

“Just go, I’ll be right behind you!” as DeRitteir starts to run back towards the bridge to find Souma, Valkyrie Squad takes off to participate in the battle.

Knowing that there is no way the demon of her past could be on the ship she just needed to make sure Souma was safe. As she is running down the hallway towards the lift however, the Frigate begins to lose power in multiple sections. The lights of the hallway are shut off and now only emergency lights glow their faint red. She stops for a moment to get her bearings when she hears it, a re-breather mask. She starts to panic, trying to convince herself that there is no way Legion is aboard the ship. She is then grabbed by the throat and body slammed into the wall by Legion. As the Captain then starts to block a swing by DeRitteir’s attempt to escape, he grabs the arm and in one motion dislocates it. She can’t scream as his grasp on her throat won’t allow her to breathe. As she loses consciousness all she could hear is Legion, “Not fast enough, traitor.”

Legion, now standing over DeRitteir, could finally end the life of the one he had hated the most. However, before he can think of how to do it, he hears a lightsaber ignite behind him. A green light now accented the dark red corridor with Souma speaking slowly, shakily,

“Step away from her.”

“How interesting. For someone who wishes to be a Jedi, you seem awfully attached to this...traitor.”

Legion states as he turns toward the padawan, “As if you...care...for her. I thought Jedi weren’t supposed to love?”

“Or maybe you’re just so out of touch you don’t know what love is anymore...” Souma shot back, and swung her lightsaber towards him. As quickly as she was though, he moved with such speed and precision that the lightsaber was mere centimeters away from his armor after every dodge. He then made an attempt to grab her, but she quickly dodged and swung at his arm making contact with the lightsaber. As she connected the hit she realized the arm wasn’t cut off as the lightsaber merely bounced off him. Did she see that correctly? Did he repel a lightsaber with his arm? What was this man? These thoughts started to invade her mind as he used his arm to tear through the metal plating of the corridor, steam flooding through the gaps. Souma protecting the unconscious body of DeRitteir stands in a defensive posture awaiting Legion’s next move.

“It’s actually funny. I’d never took her to be in love with a Jedi, or is it one sided I wonder?” Legion begins to taunt her from the mist.

Souma breathing heavy tries desperately to concentrate. How can a pilot of an imperial remnant fleet give her, a Jedi, so much trouble. She should be stronger than him, faster even. These thoughts flooding her mind as she notices something is off. It’s not her thoughts, but something else talking in her own voice. She snaps to, only to find Legion behind her. Taking her lightsaber and stabbing backwards, using as little movement to catch him off guard, feeling the killing blow. It was, however all for naught as the lightsaber was ripped away from her and she fell from a push by Legion. He was holding the saber with his hands by the blade.

“H-how?...how are you not cut?” She asks in desperation to understand. As Legion throws the blade behind him she noticed his gloves burned off, to reveal cybernetics. A metal of unknown origin had been keeping his arm from being cut. “Oh trust me,” Legion says while outstretching his arm, fully revealing a whole cybernetic arm, “This is where MY fun begins.” Now struggling for breath, unbelievable pressure around her neck, she too loses consciousness and slips away.

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Back in space, both New Republic and Imperial forces start showing signs of fatigue as the missile barrage keeps hitting harder with every minute that passes by. Suddenly, five more corvettes jump out of hyperspace nearby and make their approach to reinforce Valkyrie squadron, missiles pouring out of the lead vessel.

“This is Honsou to all Imperial pilots, retreat to the rendezvous point now. We’ve done all we can. That means you too Thunder, stick to the plan he gave us.” As Honsou calls for the retreat one by one Tempest and Thunder ships start jumping into hyperspace, barely avoiding their own barrage.

Near the frigate, the prototype Tie Interceptor is seen next to the hangar and Legion holding a person tied up with an emergency re breather mask on their face jumps out of the hangar into the Interceptor. As the last ship, Now focused by a dozen lasers, the prototype engages its hyper-drive and leaves the battle. As Valkyrie squad start to rejoice over their survival, some strangely more than others, the comms spark to life uttering urgency in every word.

“This is DeRitteir, all hands back to the frigate, Souma is gone!”

## Chapter 6: The Pain

Coruscant, during the era of the Galactic Empire’s peak, on top of a luxurious hotel skyscraper. A wedding is taking place. The groom at the altar, wearing an imperial military dress uniform eagerly awaits for the bride. The young man at the height of happiness looks around to see so many familiar faces, all joyful. The music begins to change, the bride begins her walk towards the altar. Arm in hand with a Twi’lek female who doesn’t seem to be pleased at all, walking the bride towards the greatest moment that these two would ever have. It was to be a perfect day.

Until a blue lightsaber blade pierced right through the young man’s chest. Guests starting to scream, as rebels hidden in the crowd begin to open fire on everyone. As the lightsaber disappears, the young man falls to his knees, clenching his chest and gasping for air. The bride removing her veil and begins to don improvised armor, reveals to be DeRitteir. She signals a LAAT gunship to approach and pick her and the rebels up to flee to safety. The young man, now fueled by nothing but hatred extends his arms towards the ship. As flames begin to engulf it and the rebels inside, a Jedi with the same blue lightsaber cut both his arms off. The gunship flies away, with only corpses and the young man on the floor now losing consciousness. The Jedi simply saying, “I’m sorry...brother...”

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Legion wakes up from his trance, back at the ISDII Challenge, looking around at the new holding cell in the brig. He was put in here due to the lack of the Valhallan Vahemency being destroyed, a direct order by Vice Admiral Silwar. He is still amazed that they let him keep his mask on. He wonders if he has to get out the same way he did in the past, only without a toothpick. As he ponders his options, Silwar himself walks into the detention center and stares at Legion through the ray shields that surround him.

“You are to stand at attention when I enter” Silwar demands.

With Legion just sitting there, silently staring back, Silwar just lets out a sigh and continues, “I know you have a tendency of changing plans last minute, but we had a chance to finally be rid of these damn republic nuisances! What was so hard to set their engines to go nuclear?”

the only response Legion gave was pointing at what seemed to be an ultra security cell. Silwar could only sigh again, “The padawan....bait?”

“Yep”

“You couldn’t just kill them both right there? Why drag this out? Trying to see if The Saint will rescue his poor useless padawan? We know that will never happen, he throws them away the moment they become useless to the New Jedi Order, and we KNOW this one is in love with DeRitteir, which NO Jedi would agree to redee-” As Silwar was venting his frustrations out, the room suddenly fills with a dark aura, thousands of phantom eyes of all shapes and sizes starting at the Vice Admiral, and Legion



standing with his mask off and in his hand. The Vice Admiral could only look in horror as to what he is seeing, and dares not to speak in fear of whatever this...creature...is. Legion takes a simple breathe and puts his mask back on. The eldritch like horrors subside into nothing.

“Apologies Vice Admiral. I could hold only so much frustration before...we..get angry. You do remember the memos from Grand Admiral Rapier and Moff Gideon correct?”

Silwar remains quiet for a moment, observing to see if anything else would appear out of no where. Without realizing he noticed he had his lightsaber in his hand, powered off but at the ready.

“I do, but I have to admit...wasn’t expecting it to be this, powerful. I hate The Saint as much as you, but to create something like...that?”

“Wounds come in all shapes and sizes. Wasn’t one of your ancient Sith lords able to consume a whole planet?”

Silwar chuckles as he is impressed his squadron commander knows so much history. Putting his lightsaber back on his belt, and looks dead set on Legion, “Through Strength?” As Legion takes his arms and quite literally rips open a hole in the ray shield of his cell, walking out as if there was only curtains there.

“...Power.”

## Chapter 7: The Lightning

Aboard the Valhallan Vahemency, Commander DeRitteir is frantically pacing the bridge. Her fellow squad mates, reviewing the security footage of how Padawan Souma was taken and how Legion was able to defeat both her and DeRitteir so easily. What was worse is how he entered the frigate in the first place. A new republican pilot was seeing guiding the prototype Tie Interceptor near the hangar. They now know how they were found, a spy is within the ship.

“How the hell did they even get a spy on board?” Nova starts to question, as she looks around the bridge cautiously. “There were so many background checks on everyone to make sure this wouldn’t happen.

“That isn’t the worst part” proclaims Twitch. “I’ve been going over all of our security protocols an I’ve noticed that most of them were rewritten. This was also done remotely, so we have someone who can breach-”

“It’s that things AI companion” interrupted DeRitteir. “Michael never goes anywhere without it.”

“AI ma’am? Something with that level of sophistication would require a mobile platform. The Tie Interceptor?”

“No. Him. He has some sort of machinery he installed in his head.”

“Jenn, with respect, ya know a little too much of this guy” says Grize, worried that she is going to do something regretful. “Don’t tell me he really WAS the one you were marrying way back when?”

DeRitteir just stood there, starting to tremble at the mere thought of the past. She knew it had to be done. All those people at that wedding. She knew none of them would agree the Empire was evil. Their deaths meant the freedom of everyone. They kept glorifying his work which brought death and destruction to whole worlds. The last she knew of was the poor Mandalorian home world. He among a few others were the very reason their world is a wasteland.

Nova speaks, “Look I wasn’t going to say this, but I was there that day. Right next to the commander. I didn’t think it was possible for Michael to still be alive, especially since we saw a Jedi we knew quite literally piercing a lightsaber through his chest. But I guess he somehow survived and just added more machinery to keep him alive. Especially those arms, Grize did that metal look familiar to you?”

“Yup, that was Grade A Phrik. Only a few metals out there that lightsabers bounce off of, and only one of that color.”

Suddenly Twitch’s console starts to sound alarms as an X Wing of unknown origin bolts out of

the frigates hangar. "Who the hell authorized a launch? All fighters are grounded!", screamed Twitch. "Pilot, this is DeRitteir. Where the hell are you going?" A static in the radio fills the air on the bridge. As the X wing jumps into hyperspace a designation could be seen in the console, Eagle 2-1. A bridge officer then reports that one of the crew saw Xylo jump on that weird looking X wing.

DeRitteir is starting to lose her mind. Hearing voices in her head and everyone around her starts to scramble to figure out if another attack is inbound. Flashes of the past and present flooding in her mind. She starts to feel helpless and runs out of the bridge and into her room, with the door locking behind her. Nova had enough of this and screams for everyone to be quiet. "Why are we panicking? We are New Republic! We need to stop acting like children and take the fight to the Imps! Valkyrie squad, prep the fighters, we are hunting that damn traitor down!"

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Aboard a derelict X01 platform station, Souma is seen chained in a dark room with only one view-port overlooking what appears to be the planet Rakata Prime. She has been beaten and bruised by a couple of Death Troopers accompanying her. In the dark, the sound of a re-breather mask can be heard but not seen, she knew Legion was right there.

"Troopers that's enough, wait outside" He commands, to which they promptly leave the room.

"So Jedi can tolerate torture. Well at least a light beating anyway...especially a student of The Saint."

Souma not trying to show emotion stays quiet. She is trying to find a way to escape this situation but can't help the feeling of dread that she won't be able to.

"Staying quiet? Go ahead, I really don't care much of your voice anyway. You are only bait after all...but as we wait how about a game of 20 questions." Legion says as the sound of the re-breather mask can now be heard. His mask now slides on the floor into the light where Souma is but he cannot be seen still. The Padawan desperately closes her eyes and begins to chant the Jedi Code in her mind.

"Interesting...how would you know to block US out hmm? Maybe a certain traitor told you? She would know a lot about US. Or perhaps...your Master?" Though she keeps her eyes closed, thousands of phantom eyes fills the room all staring at her. Whispers in the dark trying to throw her off from chanting the Jedi Code. Tendrils begin to slowly creep up to her from every direction.

"First Question" A tendril begins to choke the Padawan, forcing her to open her eyes. "Where is my brother!" His question is interrupted by a Nebulon Frigate dropping out of hyperspace near the station. The eyes and tendril disappear in an instant. Legion now picking up his mask and putting it back on looks at the frigate.

"It would seem we are out of time for our game...no matter. Now...my suffering ends." Legion says as he walks towards the darkness.

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Back aboard the Valhallan Vahemency, Nova is commanding the bridge officers as DeRitteir seems to have run off. They were able to figure out where Xylo's X Wing went, but instead of finding him they found an old abandoned station with what appears to be a beacon's signal coming from it.

"Twitch, give me some good news. What is that signal and where the hell are we?" Nova asks while desperately attempting to locate DeRitteir.

"Holy....This is Rakata Prime! This planet still exists??"

"Twitch, FOCUS!"

"Right, right. Beacon Signal is...a New Jedi Order distress beacon?!? It's got to be Souma!"

"Nah...this ain't good. Too easy to make that station into a trap." Grize unbelieving that the Padawan is actually aboard the station.

"I agree, but scans indicate one life sign aboard that station...and something else?" Nova questions what she is seeing on her monitor.

"What's up Nova?"

"I...don't know, multiple life sign pings keep appearing and disappearing around the station as if the scanners are malfunctioning, but Souma is indeed on that station."

As the rest of Valkyrie Squad deliberates an A-Wing bolts out of the frigates hangar, DeRitteir's ship. Nova scrambles to the comms as quickly as she can. "Commander, what are you doing? That station is a trap!"

"Of course it is, and I don't care! I'm saving Souma!" DeRitter screams back, completely hysterical as if she has lost her sanity.

"Jenn, please! Come ba-" Nova tries to reason with her when comms start malfunctioning everywhere on the frigate. A bridge officer frantically calling out that several squads of Imperial fighters have jumped out of hyperspace and are heading towards them. The designations of Inferno, Eagle, Tempest, Firebird, and Thunder all identified on their monitors.

"Battle-stations everyone! Protect the frigate!" Nova calls out. The Challenge begins their assault!

## Chapter 8: The Thunder

A raging battle in orbit of Rakata Prime. Squadrons from the ISDII Challenge slaughtering the New Republic forces that are desperately fending off their attackers. Missile boats from Tempest Squadron hammering down on the frigate they have been hunting forever. Inferno Squad keeping their own alive with their TIE Reapers and Interceptor escorts. Eagle and Firebird Squadrons showing the superiority of X Wings, Y Wings, and B Wings under Imperial Pilot control. Thunder Squadron, Captain Legion's crew, doing what they do best, going in and out of their cloaking capabilities and strike at unsuspecting enemies. While the Imperial pilots clearly have an edge against the New Republic forces, the pilots of Valkyrie Squadron are still holding their own.

Aboard the Valhallan Vahemency, Nova has now taken full command of the frigate in the absence of its commanding officer. Twitch and Grize, both out in the battle continue to help defend their last bastion of hope. Nova begins to wonder if it's even possible to recover at all from this situation. She takes a deep breathe and begins to instruct her bridge officers to contact the New Jedi Order and New Republic Senate immediately to report how bad things are going.

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Aboard the abandoned platform station in orbit around Rakata Prime, Commander DeRitteir lands her A Wing in the stations hangar and readies her blaster. She had known that if lightsabers couldn't kill Legion, a blaster wasn't going to do anything at all. Yet she couldn't think in a calm and sane matter anymore. Her anxiety and fear has taken control of her and now she dashes around the station in a frantic panic looking for Souma. All she could think about was the one who showed her an emotion that no other had shown her before. A forbidden love. The source of her sanity breaking. Knowing that the Smiling Demon has her in his grasp and is torturing her with the thought of hurting Souma.

She finally found and entered the room Souma was held in. Still changed up, but in a trance. Mumbling some form of recitation, what sounded familiar to the Jedi Code. As she is trying to loose the chains that hold her in place she sees the battle taking place outside through the one view-port. DeRitteir just realized the trap she sprung, as she slowly regains her sanity. Then out of the darkness, the sound of a rebreather. She turns slowly towards the opposite direction of the view-port, facing the darkness. She only looks towards it with anger and hatred.

"...Good...I was waiting for you to wake up" Legion slowly walks towards, and staying at the edge, of the single light in the room. His armor off, and no shirt to cover what appears to be the very lightsaber wound given to him by the Jedi of the past. The elusive "Saint" that he has been after. His arms now replaced with cybernetic prosthesis made of Phrick and machinery never before seen in this galaxy. Legion then grabs his mask and takes it off, throwing it on the floor right in front of her. His face revealed to be exactly the same as it was the last day they were together, with only two changes. The first, the streaks of read running from his eyes downward towards his jaw. Tears of blood that stained his skin from the years he keeps remembering the day she ruined. The second, his eyes. What used to

be white eyes with red irises, is now black with red irises. As if his eyes projected his soul, now turned to nothing but destructive hate.

“Like the new look?” Legion smirks as he speaks.

“What have you done to yourself?” DeRitteir looking at him with disgust.

“Me?...at MY self?...that ain’t even funny.” Legion begins to get slightly closer. It was at this moment DeRitter was trying to think of anything to get her and Souma out of here. She notices the lightsaber still on Souma’s belt. Maybe she could use that? As she tried to plan an exit, Legion continued.

“Why....why couldn’t you just accept what we had. We had a future, stability, a chance at happiness!”

“Happiness? While you slaughter innocent lives for the sake of your precious ‘Balance’? You killed your own people!”

“TO GET RID OF THE CORRUPTION THAT PLAGUED OUR VERY EXISTENCE!” Legion lashes out. The darkness around them filling with the phantom eyes all staring at DeRitteir. Whispers lashing out at her, spewing hate.

“The Mandalorian way had been plagued by weakness that WE needed to correct! We were a feared race of warriors that became so pathetic that we involved ourselves with ‘politics’! We were CRUSADERS! Bringing Power and Order to the Galaxy! Now nothing more than bounty hunters and hermits. I saw a new opportunity. The Empire. They brought Order, they had Power, and you just threw it away for some stupid rebels that infected your head with ‘hope’!” Legion was at his wits end with her. “Allow me to show you what ‘hope’ brings to your miserable lives.” As he finished speaking, the ISDII Challenge jumped out of hyperspace right in front of the New Republic Frigate. DeRitteir looking outside once is feeling nothing but dread as the Star Destroyer begins to destroy the Valhallan Vehemency. Her friends, one by one, killed in battle in front of her eyes. Tears flowing out of her eyes now as all she could do was watch in horror. Everything taken from her, but the curse of the Smiling Demon. The whispers from the dark now laughing at her maniacally. She couldn’t take it anymore. She had to do something, anything to fight back.

As Legion stands there, smiling like his demonic looking mask at long last sees her broken. She now knows of the pain and loss she dealt to him. At last, in his mind, the stage is now set for the glorious revenge he wanted so much. “With power..VICTORY!” He screams out, reaching his hands towards her. DeRitteir in an effort to catch Legion unaware, used the Force to grab the lightsaber from Souma’s belt and ignited it. Then it was heard all around the station. A sound that silenced everything else around. Thunder. It caught DeRitteir by surprise. Force Lighting came out of Legions hands. With her eyes of green irises looks down towards her chest, realizing the pain she was feeling was real. A hole right where her heart was supposed to be. She looked back up at Michael, to see him smiling and crying at the same time. She now knew what it felt like, the day of their wedding.

She fell to the ground, her face looking at the ceiling. Gasping for air that wasn’t going to come. Her last moments are of pain and suffering. As her final breathe faded, so did the color of her eyes. All Legion could do was stand there. He wasn’t smiling anymore. As he looked at her lifeless corpse he just started to talk.

“...I get it now...their code makes more sense than the Jedi’s...Peace is a lie, there is only Passion. Through Passion, I gain Strength. Through Strength, I gain Power. Through Power...I gain Victory...Through Victory, My Chains Are Broken...and now, she is...” As Legion is speaking, he outreaches his arm to the side using the Force to grab what was a cloaked spydroid.

“...soon...you will be too, Brother.” Legion then crushed the droid with the Force. At long last it is done. He is free of one suffering that weighed heavy on him. As he closed his eyes and took a deep breathe of relief, he opened them again showing his eyes now white with green irises.

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Victory however, was to be short lived. Legion’s Death Trooper guard and entered the room informing him that a New Republic Armada was on route to their location. As Legion was interrupted, his eyes going back to normal, He promptly begins putting his armor and mask on again, opening

comms to The Challenge. "Captain Legion to Vice Admiral Silwar, mission complete. Target has been neutralized. What shall I do with the Padawan?"

"This is Silwar, bring her back with us. We don't have time, that Armada out numbers us one thousand to one. We need to retreat back to the main fleet."

"About that sir, I have an idea. A way to send a message to the New Republic failures to never mess with us again. But I need the prototype Interceptor."

"You...plan to use it's hyperdrive to go critical aren't you?"

"Precisely, it will also cover our tracks of what we have been doing on Rakata Prime from prying eyes."

"Permission Granted, no loose ends this time."

"Understood, Legion out."

As the Death Troopers drag Souma onto an Imperial Drop-Shuttle and as Captain Legion X walks towards it speaks inside his mask.

"Virus, remote activation of the Ghost Bullet prototype, cause an unstable reaction in the Red Matter Core. Authorization code, X07"

"Statement: At once master, the meatbags won't know what him them" a digitized voice says within his mask. As the shuttle leave for the star destroyer, Legion's TIE Interceptor begins to fly towards the now appearing New Republic Armada consisting of several Mon Calamari Heavy Cruisers, Correllian Corvettes, Nebulon-B Frigates, etc. When all squadrons and shuttles return to The Challenge, it jumps into hyperspace leaving behind the TIE Interceptor. The small fighters hyperdrive goes critical and begins to explode, causing at first what appears to be a moon sized nuclear blast, then changes violently into a black hole 3 times the size of Rakata Prime, devouring everything within the System.

Darkness now shrouds the final resting place, of The Valkyrie.