

<b>Titel</b>	The Ways of the Sith
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<b>Zeit</b>	Irgendwann zwischen 900 und 500 Jahren vor der Schlacht von Yavin
<b>Inhalt</b>	Eine Geschichte über die Sith, die nach ihrer fast endgültigen Auslöschung im Verborgenen bleiben und darauf warten, eines Tages Rache an den Jedi zu nehmen.
<b>Anmerkungen</b>	
<b>Spoiler</b>	
<b>Rechtehinweis/ Disclaimer</b>	<p>Dieses Werk basiert auf Figuren und Handlungen von <i>Krieg der Sterne</i>. <i>Krieg der Sterne</i>, alle Namen und Bilder von <i>Krieg-der-Sterne</i>-Figuren und alle anderen mit <i>Krieg der Sterne</i> in Verbindung stehenden Symbole sind eingetragene Markenzeichen und/oder unterliegen dem Copyright von Lucasfilm Ltd.</p> <p>This literary work is a piece of fan fiction. <i>Star Wars</i>, and all associated content (whether trademarked, copyrighted or otherwise protected by U.S. or international law) are property of LucasFilm Ltd.</p>

## The Ways of the Sith

A cloaked figure sneaked through a dark street on Coronet, capital of Corellia. It followed a single young human man who went cautiously through the empty night. One hand on his blaster, he hurried toward his destination, being attentive to every possible sign of a pursuer. But though being that cautious, he was not aware that he was in fact pursued by an invisible shadow.

Finally he slipped through a backdoor into a scruffy hotel. The cloaked figure waited some moments in concentration as if it tried to feel what was going on inside. Then, it disappeared in the shadows.

Inside the hotel an old Zabrak with a tattooed face sat at the reception. Bored of the eventless nightshift, he zapped through the Holonet, when a young human lady in a long coat entered through the front-door. Her long straight black hair fell over her shoulders and shimmered silky. She moved towards him in such an elegant way that she seemed to float above the ground. Her face was of an astonishing smoothness. Her pale skin seemed so soft that even a feather could have hurt it. Fascinating green eyes looked at the old Zabrak keenly.

“The man who checked in some moments ago – please, what room number did you give him?”, she asked him gently. Her voice was deep for a woman, but soft and melodic.

“I... I... I’m very sorry.”, the old Zabrak stammered. “This... this information is to be handled very discretely. I’m sorry.”

“You will give me this man’s room number, now”, she insisted in a monotone cadence.

“I will give you this man’s room number”, the Zabrak repeated stupidly. “Um... it’s 666.”

“Thank you, this is very kind of you”, the young lady said to him. She gave him an amazing smile and let him alone.

She went over to the turbolift and made for the sixth floor.

Moments later on sixth floor, a smooth tone indicated that the turbolift had arrived. The doors slid open and a cloaked figure left the elevator car. Without making any noise, it walked along the nearly lightless corridor, until it reached room 666. A rangy smooth hand knocked at the door. Moments of silence passed by. Then, a quiet voice from inside the room.

“The code phrase!”

“The smuggler’s gamble is his life”, a lovely female voice responded from beneath the cowl.

The door opened. Suddenly, a crimson blade flashed up and disappeared as fast as it had been ignited. The headless corpse of the young man collapsed. Silence returned into the dark. The cloaked figure turned around and disappeared once more in the shadows.

Some days later, a speeder parked in the parking garage of one of Coronet’s biggest business complexes. A gorgeous young Twi’lek girl dropped out and made for the building entrance. It was late evening and most of the people working here were already home. But one of the Twi’lek’s clients often stayed here after work. He preferred to receive young alien prostitutes instead of returning home to his wife.

Suddenly, a cloaked figure appeared from behind a pillar and headed for the Twi’lek. The young girl hesitated in fear.

“Who’re you?”, she shouted.

The cloaked figure went on without response. The Twi’lek turned around and ran for her speeder. Suddenly, she felt a grip tighten around her throat. Her steps grew shorter and eventually she came to a halt. Terrified, she turned around and saw the cloaked figure standing motionless ten meters away from her. Slowly her panic changed into languidness. Finally, she fell over and lied still.

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Greg Maloy waited in his bureau for his nocturnal visitor. When the bell rang, he got up and unlocked the door which slid open. The vision he found took his breath. A young woman stood before him. Black hair, soft skin, green eyes.

"A new face", he pointed out. "Hello!"

"Hello", an erotic voice answered. "I'm sure this meeting will be for both our pleasures, Mr. Maloy."

The woman gave him her hand and he kissed it. She entered his bureau and the door shut behind her. The woman wore a tight leathern black catsuit.

"What's your name?", Greg asked without taking his eyes of her.

"I'm Julia."

"Nice."

Greg sat down in his chair behind his desk while Julia walked slowly around him. Her fingers swept tenderly above his arm. She stopped behind him and massaged his shoulders. She bowed down and whispered in his ear softly.

"Your son is dead, Greg."

"What?"

"Don't you wonder why he didn't report in time?"

Greg Maloy turned around and looked at her. Her piercing green eyes hold his gaze, her arms slung loosely around his neck.

"He was assassinated in a hotel by one of your arch rival's henchmen."

Greg was paralyzed.

"Cohan", he muttered.

"You know it to be true", she pointed out and smiled kindly at him.

"Why should they have killed him?", he could manage to ask.

"He carried unhealthy knowledge."

"How can you know all this?", he asked distrustful.

"I know", she only said. His eyes narrowed.

"Who are you?"

"Haven't I told you that certain knowledge can be lethal?"

His eyes widened.

"How dare you", he shouted. He tried to get up but Julia pushed him back into his chair. She grabbed his throat with one hand and choked him. He was startled by the unexpected strength in her slight arms.

"Don't make me angry, Greg", she yelled in a deep voice. Then, soft again: "You wouldn't like me when I'm angry."

She loosed her grip, bowed down to him so near that he could feel her sweet breath on his lips.

"You should be grateful for the information I share with you."

She leaned back and all kindness vanished from her.

"This is what you do", she insisted. "You call for vengeance. You declare war on Cohan's smuggle and gamble empire. You attempt Cohan's life. And no one is to know where your information comes from. Have I made myself clear?"

"Y...Yes", he stammered. Eventually, he had understood that he had to deal with a power here that outmatches his own. "I will do whatever you ask me for."

"Well, then I think we're going to be good friends", she said with a kind smile on her lips.

Cen Cohan walked down the stairs. His residence was under serious attack. His whole security force was in use of defending his home. This step of his rival Maloy was more than unexpected. They were rivals in business. It was unusual that he took such drastic measures to reach his goals. Nevertheless, if beaten back, this attempt would fall back on his arch rival in trial. Maloy could only lose in this game.

Suddenly, Cohan felt a glance on his back. He turned around and saw a young woman in a long coat standing on top of the stairs.

"Ah, Julia", he said. "You are late. I've expected you last week."

"I had to settle some things."

"What things?"

"Don't you know? Can it be that your wisdom has blinded you?", she asked provocatively.

Cohan's eyes narrowed. He understood.

"So, you finally think you can match with me, my apprentice", he said.

"You've become too weak, master", she told him. "You do not deserve the title of a Sith Lord anymore."

Cohan smiled. His apprentice had managed to isolate him from his security by plotting against him with his arch rival in business. She was good, but as ever too hasty.

"We'll see."

They both slipped off their coats and took their lightsabers. Crimson blades lit up when they ignited them. Some moments they stared at each other, waiting. Only the buzzing sound of their scarlet sabers was heard.

Then, the fight began. Julia rushed down the stairs and attacked her master. Blades whirled through the stairway. They clashed fast and faster. They battled one another relentlessly. It was the Dark Lord of the Sith against his apprentice. Or maybe, it was the Dark Lady of the Sith against her former mentor. In this moment, the two greatest evils in the galaxy were unleashed in a sinister duel of fate.

Sculptures which decorated the stairway were destroyed, walls were marked with scorch marks of lightsabers and the balustrade of the stairs was cut through. The anger in both Sith boiled over and the fight got wilder and wilder until, in a moment of balance, both lightsabers clashed and no one receded. They pressed the sabers against one another and tried to force their opponent backwards. Cohan could not hold back the unlimited power of Julia for long. In a desperate move he reached for the Force to jump back and simultaneously threw one of the sculptures at Julia. She managed to thwart off the sudden assault and the sculpture fell to the floor in two pieces. She fed her anger and immediately engaged Cohan again.

But for one moment, she was too careless and her former master slashed her cheek. A fine line of blood appeared on her pale skin. A snakelike spit escaped Julia's throat and her rage reached its climax. She embraced the dark side of the Force and she didn't only let the Force guide her but she subdued it to her will. She engaged Cohan with such a strength that he was pressed into defence completely. He could barely manage to continue parrying her quick strong strokes. Being only a matter of time, Julia finally cut off his lightsaber along with both hands holding it. Beaten, he fell to the floor in front of her.

Julia dropped her own lightsaber and from her outstretched hands, lightning sparkled through the air and through the body of her former master. The stairway was illuminated by the electrostatic blue lightning. Julia's maniac face was an ugly mask of hatred. When the lightning ended, the body of Darth Vicious was nothing more than a charred corpse.

"The time of Darth Asina is to come", Julia fizzed through her teeth.

The last of Cohan's security force fell. Greg Maloy was content with the outcome. Julia's insider information had allowed them to evade Cohan's security measures. Now, only one last door divided them from their target. He signalled two of his twelve remaining men to break up the door. They affixed two detonators to the door and took cover. The door bursted and Maloy and his men got a very surprisingly view.

At the bottom of the stairs behind the door lay the dead body of Cen Cohan. Greg Maloy hold his breath. He saw Julia's back who stood over his arch enemy. Slowly, she turned around and Maloy's blood ran cold. Instead of green ones, two yellow eyes stared at him from her pale face. Her beauty was as desirable as it was terrifying. Hatred and anger blazed in her gaze.

“Kill her!”, he screamed in horror and opened fire along with his men.

Jula released a stunning dreadful scream and Maloy had to fight the impulse to turn around and flee. She started to whirl through the hall so fast that aiming was degenerated to mere luck. Maloy and his men fired wildly all over the place. But every laser bolt finding its way near Jula was deflected by her crimson lightsaber and send back to one of the attackers. It took only few seconds that only Maloy remained alive and on his feet. He fired twice but Jula deflected the bolts easily. In fear, he discarded his blaster, Jula approaching.

“Please, we had a deal!”, he whined.

“You know too much”, she said and without hesitation she swung her lightsaber and cut off his head.

A young handsome woman headed for a counter on Coronet’s spaceport.

“One ticket to Alderaan, please”, she said kindly to the seller, an elder woman.

“Alderaan, very beautiful is it there”, the seller said.

“Yes, I always wished to study there”, the young woman said.

“Oh, you will study in Aldera? It’s universities belong to the best.”

“Yes, indeed.”

“And it is said that the landscape is amazing. I wish I could go there one day, too. By the way, it’s particularly wide less crime there than here on Corellia. That’s the best thing on Alderaan. Have you heard of that massacre in the Cohen building?”

“No, that is new to me,” the young woman answered.

“Terrible, I tell you”, the elder woman continued. “I heard even the Jedi already investigate in this case.”

“I’m sure when the Jedi are investigating the case will be solved very soon.”

“Yes, you may be right”, the elder woman said. “If I may say so, you seem to be a victim of Corellia’s crime scene, too.”

The young woman touched her cheek where a fresh thin scar affected her pale soft skin.

“Oh, that was an accident.”

“Whatever. I wish you a good journey.”

“Thank you very much. It was nice talking to you.”

Jula left and turned her back on Corellia. Alderaan would become the new domicile for the Sith-Order. Its universities might be a rich source of forgotten knowledge.