

Grievous Lives On!

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What if Grievous got the fight he deserved and lived? What will happen the good General in his further quests? Read and review to find out!

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1 - A Fight to Remember

Grievous Lives On!

Chapter 1: A Fight to Remember

I don't own Star Wars, but I wish I did so Grievous wouldn't have to die!

I made this fic because in many ways I was displeased with how short Grievous' and Obi-wan's battle was. I know Obi-wan is one of the greatest Jedi, but Grievous is the greatest non-force sensitive fighter. Obi-wan should have had tons of cuts and bruises on his face. He cheated. Anyways, this story is about what would have happened if Obi-wan had not killed Grievous. But both will suffer pretty badly. Don't worry, Obi-wan will still live.

Obi-wan stood ready, or so he thought, to battle the fearsome General Grievous. "Take your best shot," Obi-wan taunted the cyborg with a smirk.

"You fool, I have been trained in your Jedi arts by Count Dooku," Grievous replied as he removed his cape, revealing his droid body. The general held up what appeared to be two, then four lightsabers. "Hahaha," Grievous extended his four sturdy arms and began whirling his green and blue blades faster than Obi-wan could blink. His smirk quickly disappeared as he stepped back, not quite sure what to do about this new threat. Grievous began walking forward slowly, using his lightsabers as a body shield.

"Its now or never," Obi-wan thought to himself as he looked back to see not much more platform to step back on. The brave Jedi jabbed forward, disrupting Grievous shield, but also pulling the Jedi in close. Grievous swung all four blades precisely, knocking Obi-wan back as the Jedi barely blocked the attacks. Grievous spun his torso at incredible speeds, his blades appearing as one blue and green blur. Obi-wan jumped over Grievous, narrowly escaping the funnel of death. But, as soon as he landed, Grievous merely turned around, still spinning his arms rapidly. "I could really go for an evil monologue about now!" Obi-wan suggested hopefully.

"Don't worry, I'll make a speech for your corpse!" Grievous shot forward, all four blades extended to a point in the shape of a drill, and he began spinning once again, except this time he was running.

"Not good," Obi-wan stuck his saber right into the center, stopping the rotation of Grievous, but also sending him flying like a spiraling javelin. The Jedi slammed against the ground below, causing him to grab his injured back. Grievous leaped down and hacked downward, but Obi-wan flipped backwards onto his feet and out of the way.

Obi-wan jumped forward at the general, whose defenses were down, and swung at his head. But, at the nick of time Grievous bent back, avoiding decapitation, but losing most of his left antenna plate. Obi-wan rolled forward, dodging Grievous attempted backward stabs, and hopped to his feet. Grievous sprung to a stand as well and entered a new saber stance.

"I have all but barely begun to fight," Grievous said as he raised two arms over his head in stabbing positions, and the two others in defensive formations. "While you are limited to one style at a time, I can use two!" Grievous bragged.

"Well, you'll need it, Grievous! And now I'm not holding back!" Obi-wan declared as all of a sudden, hundreds of clone troopers appeared. Grievous showed little concern.

"So it's an all out war you want? Then allow me to illustrate my tactical superiority!" Grievous spoke into his radio transmitter, "formation EG-67!" Suddenly at least twenty droidekas rolled out and popped into position. Their shields came on and when lasers were expected to come out, twenty starship rockets flew out, decimating a third of the troops. Obi-wan stared wide-eyed. "Don't lose focus!" Grievous stabbed forward at Obi-wan with mind numbing speed, nearly catching the Jedi Master off guard. Obi-wan blocked each blow, but was growing weary.

"Try this on for size!" Obi-wan thrust his hand forward and launched the general into a circular vehicle. Grievous slammed against it hard and fell forward, but caught himself with one foot on the vehicle. He flipped himself to the top of it, just as Obi-wan landed behind him. Obi-wan swung, and Grievous blocked the attack, but not without a cut to the side. Grievous spun quickly and knocked Obi-wan away so he could recover a little.

"Darn Jedi," Grievous cursed. He hated all Jedi, but this one was really getting annoying, and there's only one thing to do with an annoyance. Grievous jumped and landed on the wall above Obi-wan. Obi-wan looked at the bizarre melding of flesh and machine.

"Get down here insect! If you're so superior, prove it!" Obi-wan mocked the increasingly impatient Grievous. Grievous scowled as best he could and launched himself at Obi-wan, blowing the Jedi onto his back.

"Die Jedi!" Grievous stabbed down with his two attacking lightsabers, impaling Obi-wan in the ribs.

"Aaaaahh!" Obi-wan yelled in pain. But he quickly stabbed upward, surprising the general, and impaled his robotic body.

"Gaaah!" Grievous jumped back in shock, while Obi-wan held his torso in agony. Obi-wan somehow rose to his feet, the Force now his only life source. Grievous stared in hate at this 'weak' human who dare stand up to the Great General Grievous. He could not understand what drove the Jedi on.

"It ends here!" Obi-wan lunged forward and swung wildly and well aimed all at the same time Grievous tried to attack with his top left, but was terrified when his hand was cut clean off. Grievous smacked Obi-wan back with the melted end of his arm, but it did not keep the Jedi back for long. Grievous kept pacing backwards, stabbing and blocking Obi-wan's barrage of attacks. Grievous felt his foot slip and soon realized he was out of floor. Both warriors fell downward, landing on a small landing pad. They each rolled to a stop when Grievous collided with a wall, and Obi-wan grabbed the edge of the platform. Obi-wan used his momentum to catapult him straight into the air and into the middle of the landing pad. Grievous stood up and realized he had lost his lightsabers. He looked at the cocky Jedi holding his lightsaber. Grievous noticed why he was smiling. On Obi-wan's belt hung two lightsabers.

"What are you going to do with out your lightsabers?" Obi-wan scoffed at the displeased cyborg. Grievous stepped back with one foot and found what he was looking for.

"I'm still quite capable of killing Jedi filth such as your self," Grievous answered. "Your move." Obi-wan

charge forward ready to strike, but gasped when he was suddenly stopped. The Jedi looked down to see Grievous' foot holding a lightsaber that was going through him.

"..." Obi-wan couldn't speak. Grievous turned off the blade and let the Jedi fall to the floor. Grievous stood, his lightsaber hilt in hand. He began to turn when he noticed Obi-wan stand once more.

"What?" Grievous' eyes nearly popped out. Obi-wan stood up as best he could, with his arms hanging at his sides.

"I... wont give up," Kenobi spoke softly. "Raugh!" Obi-wan attacked, slicing Grievous' entire right arm off. Grievous had no time to cry out, and so he uppercut the Jedi into the air. Grievous lost his balance and plummeted into the jungle below. Obi-wan laid still, while several clones ran to his aid.

"Sir! Are you all right?" Captain Cody checked his pulse. "Get him on some bacta!"

"Right away sir!" a clone answered. He quickly took out bacta injectors and applied the healing liquid to Kenobi's severe wounds. "He'll be all right, sir," the clone reported.

"Good, I just hope Grievous wasn't so lucky," Captain Cody said.

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Grievous Lives On!

Chapter 2: Resurrection

I don't own Star Wars. Recently I have discovered why Grievous had to die. He was too powerful to disappear, and since he was never in the first trilogy, it was obvious he had died. If he had lived he could have drastically changed the galaxy, and you will see this in the chapters to come.

Grievous lay on the forest floor brimming with life and surrounded by odd trees and animals. He was in an interesting state of mind. He couldn't really tell if he lived, or was in some boring afterlife. Either way, he couldn't seem to move whatsoever. Maybe it was the damage received in battle, or maybe it was just the hundreds of feet-long drop. It was probably the drop that did it. But, Grievous was prepared for this moment. He had built a self-sustaining machine, one that would keep his brain working virtually forever. Soon he would die, and then he would live, if you could even call it life, and the Sith, particularly Darth Sideous, would regret betraying him.

His brain finally shut off, triggering his ship to automatically find and pick him up. Within a half hour it had tracked his robotic corpse and landed in the foliage. Two Grievous' Guards, Griff and Ugly, both constructed and named by Grievous himself, shuffled down the boarding ramp and moved him and his severed arm onto the ship. The starship blasted off, leaving the war torn planet behind.

Behind in Utapua, an order was made that threw the already battered world into further confusion. A lone Jedi barely escaped in a freighter, running from his once allies. Obi-wan looked down at his now mechanically healed torso. He had been given new lungs and ribs, and he now felt as if he was not quite human. The thought almost disturbed him as much as his fellow soldiers turning on him within a second. He'd barely been able to find an old space freighter, narrowly escaping death. As he thought on these events he then recalled the horrible battle that earned him his mechanical organs. He had a strange feeling he failed, but he didn't know what to do. "Focus on the here and now," Qui-gon's words echoed through him. He then decided to try contacting help.

Grievous ship landed in a small, completely unnoticeable hangar on the frigid planet of Hoth. Griff and Ugly carried Grievous remains through the snow-incrusted halls with quick efficiency, unrivaled by even the most expensive assassin droids. Both stopped, their advanced sensors picking up an odd smell.

"I'll handle it," Griff said in its dull mechanical voice. He left Ugly holding Grievous while he walked farther ahead and found the source of his sensor reading. It was a huge Wompa ice beast, obviously attracted here by the caves warmth and safety from the dangerous icy winds outside. Griff ignited an orange lightsaber and stabbed the creature in the back of the neck, killing it before it knew there was an enemy. Griff picked the huge beast up and carried it outside, passing by Ugly on the way and giving him the signal that it was safe.

Griff chucked the beast with ease, and quickly walked back to his master's quarters. Ugly laid Grievous on a strong table and Griff connected several odd machines to Grievous head and chest. While the small devices hummed, Ugly reattached Grievous right arm and Griff replaced the missing parts of

Grievous' hand and antenna. As soon as the two droids were done Grievous sat up forcefully and removed the humming healers, tossing them to his droid assistants. "So I'm alive again?" Grievous questioned out loud.

"Yes, sir," Griff answered. Grievous slapped the droid away.

"I really hate droids! Now get me my cape!" Grievous hopped off the table and separated his arms into four and juggled his remaining lightsaber, testing if his parts were still working correctly, while Ugly pulled out an extra cape from a container on the wall. He passed it to Grievous, who was now standing at his full height of about seven feet. Grievous strapped on his cape and then coughed, leaning over. "Contact Kamino and send them my DNA sample," Griff ordered, "and tell them to make me some lungs."

"Right away, sir," Griff moved to follow his orders. Grievous walked into his personal quarters, leaving Ugly to recharge. Grievous gripped a holo-photo, one that none but himself had seen. It was of him and what appeared to be a female, beautiful by his species' standards. He put it back down quickly. It was all memories he should have forgotten. Sideous would pay, for ruining his first life, and now his second life.

"I'll make you wish you had let me die!" Grievous swung his lightsaber downward, hacking his holo-photo and the small table that it stood on. He fell to the floor in anger and despair.

"Sir, we are to meet Shie-Dae on Kamino," Griff said while standing in the doorway.

"Fine then," Grievous stood back up and shoved the droid out of the way, closed the door, and walked on towards his ship.

"Can anyone hear me? My clones attacked me, over," Obi-wan said, in hope that someone would reply.

"Master Kenobi, is that you?" Bail said, appearing on the ship's screen.

"Bail Organa?" Obi-wan said in surprise. "General Grievous may still live. I failed to destroy him."

"That is the least of our problems. Clones all over the galaxy have turned on their Jedi generals, and there was a horrible massacre at the Jedi Temple in Corusant. We just saved Yoda from Kashyyyk and we'll pick you up as well," Bail explained.

"Thank you," Obi-wan replied.

Grievous ship landed smoothly on an isolated docking pad. Grievous and his two guards walked briskly on down the ramp into the small building, escaping the massive rainstorm. When they walked in a male Kaminoan in what appeared to be coveralls sat casually reading some holo-news, not noticing the frightening figure before him. "I expect my order is ready," Grievous said impatiently. The Kaminoan almost fell out of his chair in surprise at the sudden boom of Grievous voice.

"Yes, of course, right this way," the Kaminoan lead them into a back room filled with odds and ends, including bacta containers and the like. Shie-Dae, the Kaminoan leading them, began looking about and messing with this and that. "Ah, here it is," Shie-Dae moved some junk out of the way and grabbed a

small bacta container with two objects floating in it. "Now to my office," he pointed down a hall to another door and began walking. Grievous already didn't like this creature.

"I hope this doesn't take long," Grievous said, more of a warning than anything.

"I'm the quickest most efficient Kaminoan this side of the Galaxy," Shie-Dae bragged.

"I can tell by how your storage room is so organized," Grievous answered sarcastically.

"Sir, it was a horrible mess," Ugly corrected. Grievous turned and punched the droid to the ground.

"I REALLY hate droids!" Grievous fumed. Finally they entered a surgery room with a small table in the center. The table was hardly big enough for the general, but he was told to get on it anyways. He sat, his legs hanging over like he was a small child.

"Okay, I'll be done in a jiffy," Shie-Dae assured the general, and got to work.

To Be Continued...

Please Review!

3 - Pressing Matters

Grievous Lives On!
Chapter 3: Pressing Matters

I don't own Star Wars. Thank you for reviews! I'm very glad you guys enjoy it.

Obi-wan exited his beat up freighter and walked into a perfectly polished white hallway. Before him stood Yoda hunched over his cane and Bail Organa standing confidently as usual. "Relieved to see you am I," Yoda greeted.

"As am I, master," Obi-wan replied, smiling for the first time that day.

"We must decide our plan of action soon," Bail said with urgency.

"Agreed, but what should we do?" Obi-wan answered. "Master Yoda?"

"Return to the Jedi Temple we must. More knowledge will be helpful," Yoda said.

Grievous opened his eyes and jumped off the undersized table. He took in a deep breath and exhaled, finding he could breathe normally once again. "Fine job, and quick as well," Grievous said with more gentleness than usual.

"It's good to be good at my job," Shie-Dae chuckled, though Grievous had already lost any interest in the alien. "Now about my pay_"

"You don't have to worry about that, I will not cheat you," Grievous assured the uneasy Kaminoan. "In fact, I would like to offer you a business plan," the general added.

"What kind of plan would that be?" the alien asked, somewhat suspicious. Grievous took a roll of Republic credits from Griff and turned back around.

"You sell exclusively to me, and I'll pay you more than you can imagine," the general held out the roll in his palm, about a million credits in all. Shie-Dae's eyes glowed with greed.

"I except," Shie-Dae snatched the credits from Grievous' hand and began flipping them.

"There is only one condition," Grievous began. He ignited his clear blue lightsaber and aimed it at Shie-Dae's neck. The alien's eyes widened and his face grew paler, fear reeking off him. "Do not betray me, or you will die a horrible death," Grievous warned. He turned off his saber and began walking off with his guards in tow. "And clean up this mess!" Grievous added as he left the building.

"Gee whiz! Can't a guy do anything without a lightsaber getting jammed in his face?" Shie-Dae slapped his money onto a counter and began reorganizing his storage room.

"Now on to more pressing matters," Grievous said to himself as he and his two guards sat in their ship.

Obi-wan and Yoda walked, both horrified by the atrocity committed in the temple, into the control room. Obi-wan began tempering with the homing beacon and quickly switched it off. "There we go master," Obi-wan said with one final adjustment. He backed away from the main frame and looked down at the diminutive Jedi.

"Longer it would take to reconfigure the clones," Yoda said, more to himself than Obi-wan. Obi-wan then noticed the records archive. "Only pain you will find if looking in the records," Yoda warned Obi-wan.

"I must know what's going on," Obi-wan turned on the device and stared in shock as he watched his former apprentice slay Jedi after Jedi, even Masters, and even the younglings. Obi-wan quickly switched off the machine. "Everything has been for nothing!" Obi-wan let his emotions slip for just a second.

"Horrible this is, but still be followed the Jedi code must," Yoda scolded.

"Master, I should have been here," Obi-wan said. "I should have helped Anakin stay off the dark path!"

"Bringing Grievous to justice you were! No mistake have you made," Yoda tried to calm the young Jedi master.

"I failed, master," Obi-wan said, disappointment with himself was apparent. Yoda's eyes widened. Yoda turned away thinking on the matter. "I am sorry, master," Obi-wan apologized; he was now on his knees. Yoda turned back.

"Now two enemies we have, both dangerous to the galaxy. Destroy the Sith, we must!" Yoda said strongly. "But, keep an eye open for Grievous we must," Yoda added.

"Send me to kill the emperor, I can not destroy Anakin. He's like my brother," Obi-wan pleaded.

"Not strong enough to battle the emperor are you," Yoda said, "Consumed by Darth Vader, young Skywalker has become."

Grievous' ship touched down on one of the docking platforms connected to the Jedi Temple, bringing several Clone troopers over. Grievous strode out with his guards by his sides, stopping right before a yellow marked Clone. "Your, General Grievous! You're supposed to be dead!" the Clone stepped back with his gun now in firing position. He turned to the other clones, "Tell the Emperor Grievous is alive!"

"Please don't spoil the surprise!" Grievous and his guards lunged forward and attacked the small squad, Grievous with a blue and green saber, Griff with his orange saber, and Ugly wielding a double bladed yellow. Grievous quickly decapitated two Clones, while his guards diced two more. One Clone standing far off noticed the commotion and sped off on his speeder bike.

"After him!" Grievous commanded, Ugly sprinting as soon as the order came out. Ugly quickly caught up to the speeder and skillfully cut the driver in half, leaving the bike available for further use. The droid jumped on and flew back to wards Grievous, while his master and fellow guard felled more Clones. Ugly

leaped from his ride and began dismembering additional foes.

"Stay here and deal with whoever dares to attack, I will be back shortly!" Grievous bounded out of the fray, deflecting shots on his way through the air, and landed on Ugly's speeder bike. Grievous took off into the huge corridors of the temple, leaving his guards behind, as well as the dying Clones. Grievous drove throughout the temple, catching many Clones' attention, but none knew who it was. He finally drove up a flight of stairs, reached the top, and turned sharply to the right.

The room he was in was filled with Clones, and they were all aiming at him. Grievous rammed the speeder into one, sending him into an explosive end with the wall. The general landed in the center of the Clones and began hacking them into pieces with four spinning lightsabers, sending limbs and guns all over the place. Grievous made quick work of them and ran on to his real target. He slid to a stop in a room filled with Jedi artifacts, a treasure room of the Jedi. Grievous turned off his sabers and began to scan the room for what he truly desired. "Ah, there it is," he said to himself. Grievous jumped up onto a balcony above and grabbed a small device out from a beautiful gold case. He eyed the machine, checking all of its markings, for it was a very valuable holocron. He slipped it into one of the pockets in his cape and prepared to leave, when a shadowy figure fell from the ceiling and in front of Grievous.

"Where do you think you're going?" the voice asked.

To Be Continued...

Please Review! Tell me what you think!

4 - Some People Just Never Die!

Grievous Lives On!

Chapter 4: Some People Just Never Die!

I don't own Star Wars. Thank you all for reviews! It's cool to have many a faithful reviewer.

"The Separatists leaders have all been killed, my master," Anakin, or Darth Vader now, said through the holo-communicator.

"Excellent! You have brought peace to the Republic. Now shut down all droid forces," Sideous replied to the good news. The hologram blinked off and he sat back, cackling at his now finished objectives. Or so he thought. Yoda stepped in at his usual slow speed and knocked out the two red robed guards with little effort.

"Emperor Palpatine, or should I say, Darth Sideous," Yoda said to the dark lord.

"Master Yoda," Sideous sneered, obviously displeased with his uninvited guest's arrival. "You will now feel the true power of the Dark Side!" Sideous shot out a deadly stream of lightning, knocking Yoda into a backwards roll. Yoda stopped, sprawled across the floor. "You have no idea how long I've waited for this moment, my little, green friend," Sideous mocked. Yoda stood back up and launched Sideous back into his chair with a massive force wave. Sideous knocked over his chair, crying like the insane old man he was. Sideous sprang back up and made for the exit, but Yoda stood blocking his path, his brilliant green lightsaber aimed towards him.

"If so powerful you have become, why leave?" Yoda derided.

"Your arrogance will be your downfall!" Sideous whipped out a blood red saber and aimed it at Yoda.

"Even should I fail, another enemy you will have. An ally once was he, your death now he may be," Yoda informed. Sideous scowled, not sure what Yoda meant, but rattled all the same.

"I look forward to ending your backwards speech!" Both flew at each other and began fighting at speeds and lethality never before seen.

"I know where you're going, and that's the grave!" Grievous whipped out all four of his sabers and ignited them, not taking any chances. The stranger switched on a red saber, lighting his face. "So it is the great Mace Windu I have the pleasure of killing," Grievous said.

"I don't think so!" Mace thrust his right arm out and concentrated, his face showing strain. Grievous stood and then began laughing.

"Don't you have anymore tricks? I have adapted to that ability, and proven the superiority of technology over the Force!" Grievous lunged forward, catching Mace off guard, and swung ferociously. Mace barely

blocked each blow in time with his only hand available, but every attack from Grievous began to wear the Jedi out. "You're not even at full strength and you expect to beat me? What were you doing here?" Grievous swung, but Mace flipped up onto a higher platform where a window was.

"I was planning to assassinate Palpatine, but then I sensed something very odd, like an echo or vacuum in the force. Then I found it was you! I can't let an echo in the force go on living!" Mace leaped with Force assisted speed from the platform and tackled the general, knocking both down from the balcony and into the Jedi treasure below. Grievous rose quickly, but Mace had to pull himself up with his weakened left arm. "I can't win here," Mace huffed.

"So you have accepted your fate? Then prepare to die!" Grievous raised his blades in an executioner's stance.

"I won't die today!" Mace flipped up onto the balcony, quickly trailed by Grievous. Grievous began moving and attacking as fast as he could, pushing Mace back towards a window. "Gaah!" Mace launched a Force wave, but then something unexpected occurred. Grievous slid back some, but then he pushed back, throwing Mace through the window. Grievous ran forward as he watched the Jedi fall into the darkness below. Grievous dropped his shut off blades and stared at his hands in amazement.

"What have I become?" Grievous questioned.

He then thought back to what Mace said, '...sensed something very odd, like an echo or a vacuum in the Force. Then I found it was you!'

"I must look into this," Grievous decided to himself. He then jumped out the window, after taking Mace's lightsaber, which appeared to be Darth Sideous', and began to climb back to the landing pad. After a while, he finally arrived and found his guards standing, waiting for their master.

"Were you successful?" Griff asked. Grievous glared at him.

"None of your business. How many Clones did you kill?" Grievous asked, turning away from them.

"Fifty-eight, sir," Ugly stepped forward and reported, "and we captured a Jedi as you requested." Grievous turned back towards them in shock.

"What? I did not order that!" Grievous punched Ugly as hard as he could, sending the droid to the ground with a nasty dent in his face.

"Cool down, I'm the one you should be mad at!" a young male voice said from behind. Grievous turned to see a teenaged padawan leaving his ship.

"How did you tamper with their circuits? They're impenetrable!" Grievous extended to his full height and moved towards the young Jedi. He gripped the Jedi by his collar.

"I have an incredible ability to use the Force in mechanics," he explained, some of his air starting to get cut off from Grievous' tight grip. "Come on, what will one more Jedi's death be to you, when there's obviously no victory to look forward to? I can help you!" Grievous threw down the kid, who hopped back

up and dusted himself off. "I heard what those Clones were saying when you arrived, and I know Sideous is now your enemy. Then we should unite against him!"

"Shut up! You already convinced me not to kill you, but if you keep rattling on you'll convince me otherwise! You will be fairly useful to my plans so you can stick around for now, but I am in charge," Grievous enlightened.

"Fine, you're the one with the brains after all," the padawan chuckled.

"We're leaving now, but first, what is your name?" Grievous asked.

"I am Jorgon Dorn at your service! I can do anything mechanical, and then some!" he bowed courteously. Grievous turned on his saber and aimed it at the young Jedi's neck. Jorgon gulped.

"I asked for your name, not your resume. Now shut up," Grievous fumed. He then switched off the blade and walked into his starship.

"Gee, whiz! That's one mean guy," Jorgon said to himself. He then shuffled onto the ship as it began to lift off.

To Be Continued...

Please Review as much as possible, because I love them! You can keep asking questions too!

5 - The Turn of Events

Grievous Lives On!

Chapter 5: The Turn of Events

I don't own Star Wars. Thanks for reviews! Remember to review as much as possible, other wise I have a much harder time making the next chapter!

"If you're not with me, then you're my enemy!" Anakin leaped forward, his lightsaber glowing clear blue, and smashed his blade against Obi-wan's. Obi-wan barely blocked in time, surprised by Anakin's rage. Both fought fiercely, their blades humming and cracking as they spun clashed at high speeds. Finally, Obi-wan blocked Anakin's swing and pushed it to the side and moved in to cut his unguarded right arm off, when suddenly a red lightsaber with a curved hilt ignited in midair and stopped Obi-wan's swing. Anakin grabbed the saber with his left hand and shoved Obi-wan away, bringing both sabers in a guarding stance.

"So now you even use a Sith blade?" Obi-wan scoffed. Anakin just smirked.

"I kept it after I killed the pathetic old man, knowing it could prove useful in the future," Anakin explained, his voice devoid of the same warmth Anakin's voice once held.

"Then his death was avoidable," Obi-wan came to realization. "Then you had already been turning into Darth Vader before you swore allegiance to Palpatine."

"I was only getting revenge and fulfilling my destiny," Anakin answered, sounding much like his horrid master. "And now to fulfill yours..." Anakin stabbed forward with both blades, causing Obi-wan to jump back to narrowly land on the edge of the platform. Anakin shot forward and slashed to the right, knocking Obi-wan down onto a lower platform. Obi-wan flipped back, kicking Anakin in the face and knocking his former padawan off balance. Anakin flipped back also, but only so he may stay on his feet. He charged forward yet again, never ending his relentless attempts on his master's life. Swing after swing, parry after parry, neither stopping to catch a breather, master and apprentice fought. Both knocked back the other's guard and tried to retaliate with a Force push, initiating an intense battle of will. Both pushed as hard as they could, resulting in a draw as both went flying through the air. Obi-wan was sent rolling into a wall on a tower below, while Anakin hit a flight of stairs with his back, causing mutual pain to both. Anakin sprung back up and jumped down to where Obi-wan sat against the solid, metallic tower wall, cornering the Jedi Master. Obi-wan raised his head stared at Anakin.

"Why did it have to come to this?" Obi-wan questioned in the hope that Anakin would think logically for once.

"Because, you and the Jedi are weak! You weren't there when I needed you most!" Anakin replied angrily.

"You could have just told us what was wrong! You didn't have to kill all of us to get our attention!"

Obi-wan yelled back, his anger flaring for just a moment. Anakin stepped back and lowered his blades, but only for a second.

"You turned Padme against me! For that I will never forgive you!" Anakin lunged forward with blades aimed to kill. Obi-wan rolled to the right just in time, and flipped up onto a tiny platform just above Anakin. Anakin jumped up after his former master and continued his assault as soon as he had landed. Obi-wan blocked and blocked, but his strength was leaving him while Anakin swung as hard as he could with his two blades. Just then, Obi-wan's lightsaber went flying out of his hand, its metal hilt clanging on its way down below. Obi-wan stepped back and stopped, looking over his back and seeing the huge river of lava below him, only to turn back and see Anakin raising his blades for the kill.

"Will this really make you happy, Anakin? Will you be fulfilled by one more death?" Obi-wan asked Anakin, sensing the man he once called friend. He only felt darkness.

"I will never be happy with out Padme! You've taken the only thing that truly mattered to me, and now, you will pay!"

"You have chosen this! When you decided to trust Palpatine over the Jedi, you threw away what really mattered! You have turned Padme against you! And she still loves you!" Obi-wan exclaimed, still hoping Anakin would return, and end Darth Vader.

"Shut up!" Anakin swung both arms, bringing his sabers down, but Obi-wan grabbed onto Anakin's hands, struggling to remain alive. Both strained to gain the upper hand, but Obi-wan was slowly pushing Anakin back, finally increasing his chance of survival. But, Anakin kicked forward with all his might into Obi-wan's chest, knocking the wind right out of Obi-wan's still sensitive artificial lungs. Obi-wan loosened his grip just a bit, but that was all Anakin needed, and the Dark Jedi broke free from Obi-wan's grasp. Obi-wan rolled right between Anakin's legs, escaping two fatal swings once more. Obi-wan crouched and slid around facing Anakin's back, but Anakin swung backwards quickly, grazing Obi-wan's right arm, in the same spot Dooku had wounded him before. Obi-wan cringed but he instantly sprung up and head butted Anakin in the face as hard as he could, causing Anakin to lose hold of his red lightsaber. Obi-wan grabbed it fast, cut Anakin's saber in two as it approached him, stabbed Anakin in the left side of his ribs, and pulled it to the right, cutting all the way through his side. Obi-wan stepped back in shock, dropping his shut off saber.

"I'm sorry..." Obi-wan said, appalled by what he had done to his apprentice. Anakin gawked; his eyes and mouth wide, and fell backwards off the platform, over come by his pain. Obi-wan dived at the edge and grabbed Anakin's hand, suspending him above the lava rocks below. "Please, Anakin! You can still change! Its not to late to rejoin the Jedi!" Obi-wan called out, tears streaming down his cheeks. Anakin's glazed look was replaced by a haunting glare.

"I hate you!" Anakin screamed, his eyes glowing with Sith fury. Obi-wan let go, taken aback by the evil in Anakin's voice and face. Anakin fell and landed hard on the hard and somewhat jagged boulders.

"You we're supposed to be the chosen one!" Obi-wan cried. "I have failed you," Obi-wan picked himself up and pulled his and Dooku's lightsabers to his hands. He silently slipped away towards Padme's ship, leaving Anakin to die.

Within the huge Senate room stood Darth Sideous, his victory over Yoda apparent. "Search everywhere till you find him," Sideous ordered three clone troopers. They all sped off on their hover ship. "Prepare my ship for Mustafar, I sense Lord Vader is in danger," Sideous commanded two other clones.

Sideous and his men ran across the rocky terrain, finally coming upon Anakin's brutally wounded body. "Get medical attention now!" Sideous barked orders to the clones that had followed him, resulting in them quickly leaving to complete their task. Sideous walked over to Anakin and examined his injuries, particularly the lightsaber wound. "I had sensed you would be in worse shape," Sideous uttered to himself. "Odd that I did not see the future correctly, or is it that the future is changed..." Sideous scowled as he thought on such matters. Had the Force changed something? Sideous cursed, clearly angry about the turn of events.

Mace Windu stared into the beautiful sky of Corusaunt, the unsuspecting Corusaunt. "This is the second time I've fallen," Mace thought to himself. "Maybe I should just stop getting up." But that wasn't the Mace he knew himself to be. He slowly picked himself up, his injuries kicking in as if they were brand new, and stood somewhat hunched over.

"Master Windu!" a familiar voice rang through the Jedi Master's ears.

"Qui-gon Jinn?" Mace questioned, wondering if he was now becoming delusional from the pain.

"You must journey to the planet Dagobah, where you will meet Master Yoda," the voice replied. Mace turned around to see a ghostly incarnation of Qui-gon.

"It is you, but how?" Mace asked. Qui-gon kept his stern gaze.

"You must save your questions for later, for you are still in danger," Qui-gon answered.

"Fine then," Mace nodded and made his way towards a star ship.

Grievous and company, which now included Griff, Ugly, and Jorgon, walked briskly through a dark corridor, Grievous leading the way as usual. At last, they entered a much brighter room, lit by a lone yellowish glowing lamp on the ceiling. Grievous stepped right through the tiny and messy room and sat at a humongous computer. He quickly began clicking buttons and going through files, searching for something. Then, he stopped and briefly read through a long article, unreadable by Jorgon, since its language was unknown to him, despite his lessons in the Jedi temple. Grievous read:

Force Echo: a person who has either experienced the death of thousands within a certain amount of time, especially Jedi or Force users, or experienced 'death' itself. A Force Echo's original strengths are multiplied, and further more, they have gain a natural but unnatural at unity with the Force. Only one such person has been known of, and their existence alone brought great chaos. Said person is now only known as Exile, and although once a Jedi, they had caused a massive amount of death, reaching into the thousands. Now only the highest-ranking Jedi Masters know of this, and are expected to destroy any such threat if it arises.

Grievous shut off the machine with one press of a button and stood up from his seat. He turned, but just stood still, thinking on what he read. Jorgon leaned against a wall, whistling as he waited. "Will you quit

that?" Grievous turned his head so Jorgon could see his glaring yellow eyes. Jorgon grew silent, as did the room. "If I wrote a biography, I wouldn't know where to begin in my insane life," Grievous said to himself. He stood a while longer, still sullen.

To Be Continued...

Please Review! I can't stress the importance of reviewing anymore!

6 - Secret Lair

Grievous Lives On!
Chapter 6: Secret Lair

I don't own Star Wars. Thank you all for reviews! Also to Lack Thereof, thank you for the insight! I'll try to keep that in mind. This chapter will return focus to Grievous.

"So what is this place?" Jorgon asked, looking about at his surroundings. The walls were humongous holo-records cases, with records on anything you could imagine; from Argon crystals to Zam Wessel. The room was quite large and spacious, and there was not a single bit of furniture, just an empty stone floor, and an impressive assortment of weapons in the far right corner. There were no windows, but the room was well lit by lamps on the ceiling.

"It is Darth Tyrannus' secret keep," Grievous answered.

"Tyrannus?" Jorgon questioned. Grievous turned.

"Count Dooku as you know him," Grievous stated. "He was the one who trained me to fight, but he never taught me the ways of the Force."

"Why not?" Jorgon asked further.

"He was afraid of my power," Grievous replied. "Even with out the Force I could read his fear. I was a greater Sith than he."

"Was?" Jorgon noticed.

"Just shut up!" Grievous fumed. Jorgon stepped back. "Well now I will see just how powerful you are," Grievous stated as he walked to the shelves full of weapons. He pulled out three swords, and threw one of them to Jorgon, who caught it with ease.

"Any restrictions?" Jorgon asked while Grievous threw his cape to the side and fell into his stance of dual saber wielding, both blades positioned for precise stabbing and defense.

"No lightsabers, and no killing, of course the last rule is for me," Grievous responded.

"Cool," Jorgon used the Force and pulled three swords to him. He then fell into his own stance, one sword in each hand and one floating above his head. Grievous' eyes widened for a second, but then charged forward. Both clashed their blades at furious speeds, Grievous blocking every attack, while Jorgon had to dodge several swings from Grievous. Grievous was soon finding out what it was like to be a on the other side of multiple blades and one wielder. Grievous was holding back, but Jorgon began pushing the general back hard, and Grievous finally finished the spar. He grabbed Jorgon's two swords from his hands and knocked away the third in the air, and pushed the padawan down to the ground.

Grievous carried the swords back to the shelves and put them back in their sheathes. "So did I do well?" Jorgon asked.

"Better than any other padawan I've fought," Grievous said. "But you still need much training."

"Well since most of the Jedi are dead, how will I learn?" Jorgon wondered. Grievous reattached his cape and walked up to Jorgon, his huge mechanical form towering over the Padawan.

"You will become my apprentice," Grievous answered. Jorgon's stared in shock.

"But how," Jorgon asked.

"Like this!" Grievous pushed Jorgon with the Force, sending the Jedi into the air. Jorgon landed softly, but he was still amazed.

"I thought..."

"Well I did too," Grievous cut off Jorgon. "Apparently, I am now even weirder than before." Grievous said, not humorously either. Jorgon laughed slightly, not noticing the bit of despair in Grievous voice. Grievous pulled Jorgon forward with the Force, dragging him across the dusty floor, to a stop right at his feet. The general picked up Jorgon from the floor and hoisted him in front of his face. "Don't laugh at my jokes," Grievous ordered.

"Okay-"

"Hush! Someone is coming!" Grievous said. He pulled Jorgon and himself against a wall and threw his cloak over himself and Jorgon, causing the cloak to activate its camouflage. Grievous' guards followed suit, and Griff activated Grievous' ship's cloaking device. An old but strong and graceful man walked into the library and stood in the center looking about for something. He has a well trimmed beard and wore a gold expensive cape over black clothing, and his eyes held an evil glow, like that of a Sith. "Count Dooku?" Grievous thought to himself, amazed his former teacher had somehow cheated death. Finally, Dooku stopped looking over the bookshelf and saw exactly what he desired. He walked forward to grab a book from the shelf but Grievous emerged from his hiding spot, which just happened to be where Dooku was reaching.

"What?" Dooku jumped back and was about to fire off his lightning, but Grievous moved quicker and kicked the Sith Lord in the face. Dooku flew backwards into a wall, stopping painfully. He quickly jumped back up though and ignited his lightsaber and lunged forward, meeting Grievous' four blades. Both stopped and jumped back from each other. "What are you doing here?" Dooku demanded. Grievous' eyes widened in shock.

"What are you doing here? You're supposed to be dead!" Grievous exclaimed. "You were beheaded!"

"A true Sith never dies, and I'm not about to teach you how that is," Dooku replied haughtily. "So has Sideous betrayed you as well?" Dooku asked.

"Yes," Grievous began, "but I survived it." Dooku glared.

"It was Sideous' failure not your victory," Dooku scoffed. Grievous suddenly lashed out and punched Dooku across the face, knocking Dooku to the ground, and separating the count from his lightsaber. Grievous put his foot on top of Dooku's chest and held the Dark Lord in place.

"I don't have to listen to you anymore, Old man," Grievous said.

"You're a fool to attack me!" Dooku pulled his saber to his hand and was just about to swing, but all of a sudden his lightsaber was ripped from his hand into Grievous grip. Dooku paled.

"Not so tough now that I can do what you can! Hahaha!" Grievous laughed. Dooku scowled in determination.

"Not quite!" Dooku unleashed a wave of Sith lightning, throwing Grievous straight through the ceiling. Dooku stood up and laughed. "You're pathetic powers you've somehow acquired are no match for mine!" Dooku suddenly had to dodge when three lightsabers whizzed over his lowered head. Dooku rolled out the way when Jorgon swung his sabers once again. "A Jedi? I will teach you!" Dooku pulled a vibro blade from the weapons shelves and rushed at Jorgon. Jorgon fought with all his might, but Dooku easily parried his three sabers and cut Jorgon's arm. Jorgon attempted to Force push Dooku, but the Sith only resisted and jabbed forward, cutting Jorgon in the side. Jorgon fell onto his back, his side and arm both bleeding and stinging with horrible pain. Somehow the count had hit him where it hurt most. Dooku raised his saber about to finish the padawan, when Grievous plowed into Tyrannus from above and laid him out across the floor. Dooku picked himself up, but it was obvious he was in a lot of pain.

"Flesh against metal is not a wise choice!" Grievous drop kicked the Sith Lord, knocking him down once more. Grievous leaned over the Sith and held Dooku's own blade at his throat. "Do you wish to lose your head once more? Or do you want to live and help me get revenge on Sideous?" Dooku scowled even angrier than before.

"A Sith should never be led by a droid!" Dooku reached for one of Jorgon's lightsabers, but Grievous stabbed down, killing Dooku instantly.

"Fool," Grievous spat, angry that Dooku would be such an idiot. Grievous stood and turned around facing the fallen Jorgon. "That was not as satisfying as I hoped." His guards uncloaked themselves, and Ugly quickly gave Jorgon some bacta. "Now we must meet with the Senators. Prepare to leave," Grievous ordered his two droids and new apprentice.

To Be Continued...

Please Review! Thank you!

7 - A Rebellion is Born

Grievous Lives On!

Chapter 7: A Rebellion is Born

I don't own Star Wars. Thanks for reviews!

Obi-wan stood watching the multi colored horizon as the two suns set over the arid terrain of Tatoonie. He had been living there for just a while now, and he didn't quite like the place. He stepped back down from his perch on the hill and began heading back to his place at a steady pace. He heard some movement of rocks and dirt and footsteps. 'Darn Tusksens,' Obi-wan thought to himself. He moved swiftly and silently, removing his trusty saber, and reached the doorway to his humble and well hidden home. Obi-wan stepped in quickly and ignited his saber, ready to take out whatever was bothering his house. He stopped suddenly to see a familiar masked face. "Plo Koon?" Obi-wan asked, confounded by the Jedi's sudden arrival.

"Master Qui-gon's spirit led me here," the Jedi answered in pained breaths. Obi-wan could see that Plo Koon was in less than perfect condition. Specifically, Plo had a mechanical leg, as well as a few other accessories.

"Please, let me help you," Obi-wan led the injured Kel Dor to another room where he had some medical equipment. He gave Plo some bacta and laid him down on a bed to let the Jedi Master rest.

"Thank you Obi-wan," Koon spoke softly as he fell asleep.

"I have brought him here for a reason," Qui-gon's voice said as the spirited form appeared out of nowhere.

"Master," Obi-wan bowed.

"You and Plo Koon will train under me, so you may prepare for the events to come," Qui-gon continued.

"What events?" Obi-wan asked.

"Remember what I taught you: Pay attention to the here and now. You will know enough when these events come to pass," Qui-gon said in his wisdom. "I will return when Master Koon has woken."

Bail Organa stepped into a well-lit but still somewhat dark circular room. As he entered he noticed the terrifying host in the center.

"Please take your seats, senators," Grievous ordered. Bail the saw several other senators, all of them he observed to be secret opponents of Palpatine's new Galactic Empire. Everyone sat down at their assigned places, except for Grievous in the middle of the circular table and his two guards and Jorgon. "You do not know yet why you are here, but I assure you will be most interested," Grievous began. "You

may be curious, even frightened that I am the one who has called you here, but I am no enemy to any of you. I only seek to dethrone Palpatine from his unrightfully earned seat. I propose a plan to win back the Republic."

"How can we believe that such a horrendous enemy can be our ally?" one of the senators, a Zabrak, spoke up.

"Senator Dolle made a good question. Why should we believe you?" Bail seconded Dolle.

"Because I have been betrayed myself and have come to see the light," Grievous answered. "I am no longer an ally of the Sith but a Jedi. I even have an apprentice," Grievous pointed out Jorgon standing against the wall. "and I have battled Sideous," Grievous pulled out Sideous lightsaber hilt, showing all of the senators. Just then Mon Mothma stood up from her seat.

"I believe he can be trusted," Mothma said to everyone. "The only way we could ever defeat the emperor is with a Jedi as our leader, especially if the rumors are true that Palpatine is in fact Darth Sideous." Many senators showed alarm, obviously not aware that 'their' new emperor was a Sith lord. Mothma sat down, having said what she needed to.

"I am glad to have some support," Grievous said. "Now my plan is to form a rebellion and make strategic military strikes against the Empire, crippling it as best as possible."

"A bold plan indeed, Grievous, but where will we get an army strong enough to fight against the Empire?" Bail asked.

"We must secretly begin recruiting soldiers who are enemies of the Empire and invest in space fighters and the like. It may take a long time, even years maybe, but once we are prepared, the Empire will crumble!" Grievous explained with surprising passion to even himself. "I am determined to defeat this opponent, and I trust you are as well."

"I will join this cause," Bail said, standing up. Senator after senator stood up as they showed their new allegiance. Only two sat, and Grievous nodded his head to his two magna guards. They both shuffled off, leaving Jorgon standing alone.

Bright light stifled by liquid seeped through Dooku's open eyes. He pushed forward and opened the bacta filled container, spilling out its contents into a drainage vent around the glass and metal tube. Dooku pulled off the air mask and scowled as fresh air entered his lungs. "Defeated by a snot nosed punk, and now a droid?" Dooku questioned in disgust. "I must become stronger," he thought to himself, as he stood in the green-lighted metallic room lined with electronics.

Dooku walked into another room, a much more homey environment, and grabbed his usual suit and got dressed. He then sat down at an impressive computer much like the one at his now not so secret haven. He hacked into Sideous data that he once had almost full access to before he was betrayed. He scrolled through different Sith items of interest such as history, famous Sith, and what he really wanted to find: Sith techniques and hidden sources of power. There were many he'd already read of and mastered himself, counting the Sith cloning technique which now kept him alive. Finally, he found something useful.

The Valley of the Jedi.

He'd heard of it before, but little was known since its whereabouts were kept secret. There were incomplete reports, a map of the system in which the site resided, but nothing real specific. He'd most likely waste a lot of time searching three different planets, but he could think of no better plan. Dooku stood up and quickly made his way to his starship.

A few days later...

Sideous followed his loyal clone troopers as he made his way through the battle-wrecked Jedi Temple. They walked into the treasure room so Sideous may collect the artifacts left behind. "Check up there," Sideous pointed up at the balcony. Two clones used their grappling hooks and quickly scaled the wall and the barely remaining railing. They scanned a gold rectangular case for the item Sideous desired but found nothing.

"Sir, there's no holocron here," one of the clones marked with yellow, a leader, said.

"What?" Sideous questioned angrily. Surprisingly, he pushed through the clones in front of him and jumped up onto the balcony. He shoved the two clones out of his way and looked at the empty container. "Who could have taken this?" Sideous said to himself, his anger seething.

"Sir, I might know what happened," the clone leader spoke up. "A few days ago somebody broke in here and killed at least sixty clones. By the time we got back up here, there was no evidence to be found."

"And why wasn't I informed?" Sideous fumed.

"You were training with Lord Vader for two whole days, and we were ordered by your clone commander to not disturb you," the clone leader explained. "I'm sorry, I-" The clone grabbed at his throat as best as he could with his armor on while Sideous strangled him with the Force. The clone collapsed onto the floor and the other clone on the balcony picked him up to remove him.

"I want a bounty made for the retrieval of that holocron and the head of the thief! One billion credits! Now!" Sideous ordered, and all the clones rushed off to complete their mission.

Plo Koon opened his eyes and stared through his eye protection to see a concerned Obi-wan Kenobi. He quickly rose and shook his head.

"Its about time you woke up. I was beginning to think you were in a coma or something," Obi-wan joked. Plo could never understand human humor.

"How long was I out?" Plo asked.

"Nearly three days," Obi-wan answered. "Now that you're awake Master Qui-gon can begin training us for what's to come." Just then Qui-gon's spirit appeared. Plo Koon jumped up off his mattress and stood in respect of the Jedi Master.

"Now to begin our training..."

Mace Windu looked about the swampy environment that he had been led to. There were sound of all kinds in the surroundings; some quite others were rather hostile sounding. Mace turned his head to see the diminutive Jedi he came here to searching for. "Master Yoda," Mace acknowledged his good friend.

"Master Windu," Yoda replied in turn. "Trouble with Darth Sideous also you had?" Yoda asked, pointing at Mace's mechanical hand. He had been able to get a safe operation from a friendly medic in Corusaunt who didn't hate the Jedi like all of Palpatine's brainwashed subjects.

"Unfortunately, I also ran into General Grievous, who is now a potentially greater threat then Sideous himself," Mace responded. "I believe he has become a Force Echo." Yoda's already large eyes seemed to increase at this news.

"Sensed this Echo I have. Very worried its make me," Yoda said.

"Do not despair Master Yoda," Qui-gon's voice rang as he appeared. "Grievous is not what you think. He is not fully evil, and the Force still has use for him."

"Wise have you become in the Force, but hard to believe your words are," Yoda answered.

"You do not trust my word?" Qui-gon asked.

"Doesn't the Force Echo defy the Force?" Mace asked. "If so, then how could you know what will happen?"

"Can one defy life? Grievous is still only a speck of dust in the winds of the Force. You must believe what I say," Qui-gon tried to convince Mace.

"I don't think so," Mace said. Mace began walking off into the jungle, leaving Yoda and Qui-gon behind.

"I lead you here, and now you choose to go your own way?" Qui-gon questioned Mace.

"I came expecting more then lunacy," Mace said. "You're Chosen One is a crock. And you're just as crazy as you were when you were alive." Mace used the Force to jump far away, trying to escape the two Jedi.

"Palpatine has done more damage then thought," Qui-gon said. "He has destroyed what the Jedi were about, leaving them lost like everyone else."

"Just frustrated Master Windu may be," Yoda suggested. "Hard to stomach is betrayal," Yoda said, referring to Anakin's betrayal.

"If only..." Qui-gon said.

To Be Continued...

Please Review!

8 - Clues!

Grievous Lives On!
Chapter 8: Clues!

Thank you for reviews. Sorry for taking so long to update, but its not always easy to produce quality chapters in a decent amount of time. Hopefully this cool chapter will make up for your wait.

All of the senators silently left, but only two were important right now. Senator Galick, a sniveling male Twi-lek, and Senator Herolt, an elderly human who was deeply under Palpatine's control. They both shuffled out, trying to keep unnoticed, and took off in a luxurious sports air-car.

"We've got to tell the Emperor!" Herolt said to Galick with great urgency. Galick was at the controls and he sped up towards the senate chambers.

"Try to contact the Senate Chambers, maybe we can get a meeting," Galick told Herolt, who turned on the car's holo-transceiver. It came to life and then burst into sparks as a blaster bolt from behind nailed the screen.

"Oh crap! Grievous knows!" Herolt turned to see Griff and Ugly pursuing them aboard a small, aerodynamic spacecraft.

"Time for my military training to kick in!" Galick exclaimed as he made a sudden, completely vertical dive, dodging the baffled magna guards for the moment. Ugly quickly spun the craft around and began following once more. Griff aimed a blaster rifle and fired three shots in a row, all of them hitting the senators' car. Galick watched as the back of his car burst into flames.

"Dang it!" Galick yelled as his vehicle spun out of control. He then saw an open bed mattress freighter, and he grabbed Herolt and jumped out of his ruined car onto the mattresses below. Ugly spotted the jumpers but had to quickly pull up before they ran into the monstrous skyscraper in front of them.

"Are you crazy, Galick?" Herolt demanded.

"We're alive aren't we? Now lets keep moving!" Galick pulled up Herolt and both climbed off the now docked freighter.

They ran into the closest building, but unknown to them, Griff and Ugly were already trailing them. Galick stopped in front of a plump dock worker and exclaimed, " We're Senators and two assassin droids are pursuing us! Can you help us?" Galick inquired. The man grew pale and began sweating.

"Assassin droids? I'm sorry, but I don't want any trouble," the dockworker scurried into a door marked 'employees only' and locked the door.

"Spineless whelp!" Galick cursed.

He then spotted a small blaster pistol behind the main desk. He hopped over the table and grabbed the weapon and checked it for ammo.

"Good. Herolt, you head off to safety through the back doors! I'll hold these guys off!" He ordered the human senator.

"Are you...?"

"There's no time for hesitation! Get going!" Herolt dashed away while Galick hid behind the desk with his pistol.

A few minutes later, the two magna guards broke down the office door and paced through the building searching for their target. Ugly approached the desk and began to peer over the table, when suddenly a blaster poked out and blasted Ugly in the face. Its head sparked as the droid fell back, but it was far from dead. Galick sprang from his hiding place and began firing with adequate precision, but Griff ignited its lightsaber and easily deflected the shot back into Galick. The Twi-lek hit the wall hard and slid onto his rear, his chest sizzling from the several reflected blaster shots.

"There's still one more. Check for footsteps," Ugly told Griff.

Griff had three eyes, unlike Ugly, who had only two. Griff's extra eye could detect the smallest of details. Griff immediately spotted a trail and led Ugly along. They began sprinting and soon caught sight of their target.

Herolt was just about to make it into the Senate Chambers, but Ugly bounded forward and landed on the senator's leg. Herolt's leg snapped painfully under Ugly's immense weight. Ugly pulled out its double bladed lightsaber and cut off the senator's head in a swift, vertical saber spin. But Ugly had failed to identify the clone troopers dashing up.

"Stop right there, droids!" the troopers let loose a volley of shots, shredding Ugly's cape while the droid attempted to escape. Ugly and Griff disappeared, but the clone commander picked up the remaining pieces of Ugly's cape.

"The Emperor will be pleased with this," the clones spoke.

Vader paced quickly into Palpatine's throne room, stopped ten feet away, and kneeled respectfully. Since his injuries on Mustafar, Vader had to have many mechanical enhancements, from organ replacement to a type of armor suit. But he wasn't burdened by a helmet or too many external injuries.

"My Master," Vader spoke, his young voice overshadowed by the hate within. Palpatine smiled evilly.

"It is my custom, as it is a Sith custom, to test the true limits of my new apprentice. All your training before was nothing compared to this final test. Prepare to defend yourself," Palpatine commanded.

Vader rose without hesitation and drew his newly crafted red lightsaber, ignited the blade, and fell into his stance. Palpatine stood also, and his two royal guards left. Vader stood still, waiting for Palpatine's

attack, but was surprised when a burst of lightning shot out from Palpatine's hands. Vader barely blocked the blast, and was finally launched backwards into the air. Palpatine soared into the air and attacked with a lightsaber this time. Vader recovered and parried Palpatine's blow, only to suddenly get jabbed at. Vader was fighting faster than he had ever fought before. Even Obi-wan was not this fast! Vader tried to Force push his master, but Palpatine held it and reflected it, throwing Vader hard against the wall. Vader tried to rise, but Palpatine's saber was already at Vader's neck.

"You've done well my apprentice, considering your injuries," Palpatine chided. Palpatine's lightsaber once again disappeared and he stood normal. "Continue to train, and you will be unstoppable," Palpatine added.

He walked back to his throne and Vader put away his own saber and began to leave. When Palpatine reached his throne his communicator activated.

"Emperor, there was a disturbance earlier and two loyal senators were killed. We have evidence that the killers were somehow in league with someone from Kalee," a Clone Commander reported. "It may be linked also to the Temple raid."

"Kalee?" Palpatine questioned. "Fine. Go back to your business. Lord Vader will deal with this."

"Yes sir," the Clone Commander replied. Palpatine turned to Vader, who stood ready since hearing his name mentioned.

"Lord Vader, you will send for bounty hunters and have them search Kalee for any strange activity. They will most likely be the same bounty hunters contacted after the Temple raid. Now with more information, I can have my holocron. You will also stand by in case of their failure. You are dismissed," Palpatine finished.

"It will be done, my master," Vader kneeled quickly, and then left.

"You were spotted!" Grievous yelled in fury. He paced back and forth, ruining the starship flooring with his heavy, metal feet. "If you weren't so expensive I would kill you right now!" Grievous raged on.

"Maybe I can make their programming better," Jorgon suggested. Grievous turned in interest.

"Then get on with it. You do not need my permission to make these idiot droids smarter," Grievous sneered.

Jorgon instantly began working on Ugly, tweaking the droid's components here and there.

"We will have to relocate for the time being. I believe Kalee is in need of visiting," Grievous said to Griff. Griff started punching in coordinates, readying their departure. The large starship then blasted off, leaving Corusant's atmosphere.

Mace Windu sat on a dead log with crossed legs, meditating on the Force. He could feel the Force Echo. He could sense his movement. At that moment, Yoda appeared from the dense jungle.

"Obsessing over Grievous you are," Yoda spoke. "Not healthy is this behavior."

Mace turned towards the green Jedi with a scowl.

"I didn't ask you for advice," Mace angrily replied.

"But need my advice, you do," Yoda answered.

"The Jedi are no more! So you're not my superior. To defeat both Grievous and Palpatine will take more than a Jedi. Its time to fight fire with fire."

"Then truly won Palpatine has, if turn to the dark side you do," Yoda warned.

"I lost against Palpatine because I hesitated. I must become stronger. I will kill him!" Mace seethed. He got up from his seat and walked past Yoda. "I'm getting off this planet. I'm going to Tatooine and then Kalee. Grievous will be destroyed." Mace left for his ship in the distance.

"Master Yoda, please stay here. You must stay hidden," Qui-gon's spirit demanded from behind Yoda.

"For once, make more sense than Mace you do," Yoda responded as he turned to face the ghostly image of Qui-gon.

"I'll take that as a complement," Qui-gon replied with a smile.

"Your mission is to hunt down and destroy the one who is responsible for killing two senators and raiding the Jedi Temple. You will go to Kalee and search for any strange or dangerous activity. I will not accept failure. Do not return without results,' Vader concluded his briefing for the ensemble of bounty hunters aboard his personal Star Destroyer.

Vader turned to a bounty hunter in complete Mandalorian armor.

"I expect the best from you, Fett," Vader said.

"Then you'll get the best," Boba Fett replied.

To be continued...

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