

# The Warning

By Battlemaster Vincent Brujah

The door to the Consul's office whooshed open. Emperor Thran Occasus-Palpatine smirked as Scientist Titius Osseus walked into the room and offered a greeting. Thran motioned for Titus to have a seat, which he quickly did. A brief silence was interrupted as Titius spoke out.

"You've called me here urgently, Emperor. How may I be of service?"

The Sith's face grew serious as he began to speak.

"We have worrying news. Top secret news, from the ISB. It seems that there are spies among us in the Empire."

Titius nodded, understanding the gravity of the situation.

"Understood, but how does this affect me?" the Scientist questioned.

"Well, Titius, you have quite the reputation for being a crack shot with that... **Horrific Deluge** of yours. I've received word that a ship of unknown origin has landed here on Seraph."

"And you think it could be a spy?"

"We believe that is well within the realm of possibility." Thran replied. "I want this spy brought in alive, and I trust your ability to take the shot that will put the spy down, but not take them out."

A smirk crossed Titius' face.

"You've come to the right place!"

"I thought you might say as much. I'm counting on you for this mission, Titius. Bring that spy to me, but bring them to me with their heart still beating."

With a nod from Titius, the plan was in action. Thran pulled up a map on his desk, showing Titius the location that the ship landed as well as records from spy droids that had secretly been tracking the movement of the spy. With the rise of an eyebrow Titius spoke.

"It appears the spy is headed..."

"Here?" Thran interrupted. "Yes, we do not know why, but it seems as though the spy is making their way to headquarters while trying to evade tracking."

“And you’re sure you don’t want me to put this one down?”

“Quite sure. The spy and the information they have is no good to us if they are dead.”

“Very well.”

Titius stood and made his way to the door. With another whoosh it opened. Titius looked back at Thran as he walked away.

“Make sure when the word gets out about this, the proper credit is given to the one who brought the spy in.”

Thran cackled: “You can count on it! But Titius, the spy is close. You must make this quick. If you have not reported back in 10 minutes, I will deploy a full security force around the perimeter.”

“Understood. You can count on me.”

And with that, Titius was off. As the door to the Consul’s office closed, he was at a near running pace down the halls of the Clan Scholae Palatinae headquarters. He needed the high ground, so he took the lift to the 5th floor of the building and made his way to a balcony overlooking a wooded area that the spy appeared to be entering from a distance according to Thran’s data.

Titius pulled out Horrific Deluge and stabilized it on the railing of the balcony. Flipping the sight open he peered into the woods. At first, he saw nothing but trees, dirt and the occasional small creature scuffling about. Then, slowly at first, a figure came into view in this distance.

Whoever this was, they kept their features well hidden under a cloak. Titius could tell nothing much of who this was or what they may be carrying. The spy continued a slow and methodical approach, seemingly straight towards Titius’ position. The spy was nearly within range.

Titius lined up a shot. High on the shoulder on the right side of the figure. Far enough away from the heart that it would put them on the ground, but leave them breathing. He focused and took a deep breath in. Holding his breath for a second that felt like an eternity, Titius squeezed the trigger. As the rifle blast fired, he heard a loud screeching “STOP!”, but he couldn’t tell if the scream was real or only within his mind.

The shot fired true and in less than a second it reached the target. With a hiss and a flash of red a lightsaber jumped to life and batted the shot into the sky. Before Titius could even line up another shot he heard a voice from an even higher location than he was stationed.

“I have the shot!” shouted out the voice.

“No!” the spy screamed out. “Stand down, Jaz! Believe it or not, this is our ally.”

Titius turned upward quickly, spotting a figure in Mandalorian beskar with a Blastech E-11s pointed right at him. The Mandalorian let out a quick wave at Titius, who still wasn't sure if he should take another shot, but the spy interrupted before he could come to a conclusion.

“Young man, we have come a long way to reach the leadership of Clan Scholae Palatinae. We have a warning for them, and I need you to trust us.”

“I will do no such thing!” Titius responded. “You are a spy and a threat to the Empire, and I will bring you and your friend to justice!”

Titius could almost hear the sigh escape the face of the spy.

“As you wish.” The spy looked up at Jaz and spoke. “Jaz, surrender yourself to the young man below.”

“But!” Jaz screamed.

“Not now. Our mission is too important. Fly down to him and surrender your weapons.”

With a grunt the Mandalorian fired up his jetpack and within seconds he was standing next to Titius. Jaz dropped his rifle to the ground. Quickly followed by two Westar 35's and a variety of explosives. Titius restrained him as the spy made an impossible jump from the ground level of the headquarters to the balcony a short distance away from Titius. The spy lowered the hood of his cloak; revealing a middle aged human with jet black hair except for a white streak that ran down the middle of his head. He had a scar running just below his right eye down to his jawline. A scruffy black beard covered the rest of his face. Even with these details, Titius had no idea who this man was. The man smiled at Titius and tossed down a DL-44, a vibrodagger and a thermal detonator.

“And the lightsaber?” Titius demanded.

With a wave of the man's hand his lightsaber hilt detached from his belt and gently flew to the ground at Titius' feet.

“Treat it well, or the same respect will be shown to you in what is to come.”

Titius rolled his eyes.

“I'll keep that in mind, spy.”

Titius restrained the man and pressed the button on his Commlink.

“I have them. Headed your way.”

“Them?!” Thran responded

“You heard me. It’s a bit of a story. We’re on our way.”

Quickly Titius escorted the prisoners through the halls of the headquarters, trying not to raise any unwanted attention from passersby.

“I really like what they’ve done here. Much better than the old headquarters on Judecca.”

“*Judecca?*” Titus thought to himself. “*Judecca was destroyed nearly a decade ago.*”

Not wanting to risk the attention Titius shoved the man forward with the butt of his rifle. After a few twists and turns, they made it to the office of the Consul. The door whooshed open and the face of Thran dropped.

“It.. it can’t be...”

“Or could it?” the spy said with a sly grin.

“Titius release these men immediately!” Thran belted out.

“But these are...”

“I can’t speak for the Mandalorian, but this man, this is the one known as Brujah. One of our members from long ago. We came up the ranks of Clan Scholae Palatinae together. But then...”

“I died?” Brujah scoffed.

Thran smirked at the thought.

“Well, there were rumors... rumors that you had gone mad from your duty as the Left Hand of Justice. Rumors that you had vanished into the Unknown Regions and were never heard from again.”

“Until now.” Brujah said.

Titius removed the cuffs from Brujah and Jaz, giving them back their weapons. Thran, though seemingly happy to see Brujah, still appeared skeptical.

“So why return now, Brujah? What brings you here without as much as a warning?”

“Oh, but it’s a warning that I’ve brought you, Thran.”

The Consul's eyes perked up as Brujah harnessed his lightsaber.

“You see, Thran, you may have heard some nasty rumors about spies in the Empire recently, and you’re right to be preparing for them.” Brujah tidied his cloak and took a seat. “But what you have are merely rumors. What I have are facts. Facts that some might find very inconvenient.”

Brujah looked over at Titus.

“Titus, was it? Nice to meet you, and congratulations on your expertly placed shot. A lesser opponent would have been incapacitated on the ground. But now, it’s time for the grown ups to talk.”

With that Titus felt himself pushed out of the room by the weight of the Force. The door whooshed closed, nearly taking Titus’ nose with it.