

I felt hopeless shackled up in restraints to a large tree, my lightsaber under careful observation of a white haired old Jedi. The brilliance of the trap that left me and my entire unit as prisoners of war made him almost worthy of respect. Or that everyone under my command was still alive. At least for now.

“What is your name, rank and intention?” the Jedi asked in a friendly tone.

“Commander Evant Taelyan, my intentions are not yours to know Jedi,” I responded as I prepared myself for whatever torture they had planned for me.

“I am Liam Torun. I have no rank, and regardless of your intentions it is mine to prevent you from fulfilling yours. Whatever small task you carry out for the Iron Throne it is not to be completed,” Liam responded almost as if to apologize for the inconvenience he was causing me. The forced smile on his aged face backed his words and assured me of their meaning.

“You only need me, let my men go,” I pleaded. I had clearly drawn the Jedi to us and put my men in danger. Perhaps Liam’s honor would see them free of this predicament.

“I am sorry, but that can’t be allowed. I can assure you though that no harm will come to them at our hands as our prisoners,” Liam responded. I believed every word. We would all be dead if it weren’t true.

I actually felt a sense of reassurance for the first time since landing on Dromund Kass. In fact, it was the first righteous act I could remember since the start of the relentless Dark Crusade. I had fought on the desolate wastelands of Nfolgai. I penetrated the ancient fortress of Ludo Kressh on Rhelg. I killed on the grassy plains of Bhragebba. Every action I took was in the name of power for my House, Scholae Palatinae, at any cost. Yet even when I found victory with my Brothers in the jungles of Korriz, the spoils of war were taken in the name of the Iron Throne.

It was a feeling that I held onto for only a moment before that enemy I had fought so long to destroy, the One Sith, took it all away. I watched as the crimson blade of a Dark Adept emerged from the chest of a defenseless Captain Veran, my second in command, life leaving her eyes before mine. I struggled against my shackles anxious to come to the aid of the rest of my unit as the emerald blade of A’lora Kituri hissed as it blocked a lethal blow on another of my men.

As I watched the Consular Seer struggle against the Adept, I no longer felt the resistance of my shackles. “You are going to need this,” Liam spoke matter of factly as I took my lightsaber from my former Jedi captor.

I expected to be slaughtered by the One Sith as a Jedi prisoner, now my sapphire blade hummed to life as I wielded the Force to reach out and smash the Sith Warlord. He didn’t expect my blow, giving A’lora a the opportunity she needed to disarm the Sith. Her blade cutting cleaning through his hand.

Outraged at my action, the Dark Adept knocked aside A’lora. Tendrils of blue lightning erupting from his hands heading directly towards me. I held out my lightsaber ready to absorb the oncoming attack as best I could as Liam stepped in front of me, his own emerald blade taking the oncoming hit.

The old Jedi struggled against the powerful attack of the Dark Adept. I stood behind him in a moment of pure amazement at how quickly he came to trust me. It was an act of honor that again struck me. As I hesitated I noticed in a moment of intense meditation, A’lora allowed the Force to flow through her and into Liam strengthening his defense.

Perhaps the Dark Adept didn’t expect a Sith to come to the aid of the Jedi. I don’t blame him, it was nearly unthinkable. With all his energy focused on overpowering and destroying Liam, little could be done as violent strings of electricity filled the air in the opposite direction from my hands. I gave it everything I have as the Dark Adept quickly went from the offensive, to the defensive. A physical barrier

quickly manifested itself absorbing the attack.

I had a brief moment of panic. I could sense the power in the Dark Adept and knew I was outmatched. Yet that feeling was fleeting. The Jedi had surprised me again as A'loria had redirected her meditation to my benefit. I could feel the Force waiting again for my command.

Again I attacked, yet again the lightning quickly dissipated against a barrier put up by the powerful Dark Adept. This time however, the emerald blade of Liam Torun followed. As the barrier shattered from the Force attack, a blade cut down the unarmed Dark Jedi. His lifeless body falling to the ground at the hands of a Jedi.

After months of doubt and angry at the greed of the Dark Council. Years of betrayal between the Clouses of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood. A Lifetime of service to a corrupt Empire. I watched two Jedi stand together with a prisoner, with an enemy, for the greater good. Enough will never be enough for the Dark Side. I was ready to become a guardian of peace, to defend and protect. I was redeemed.