Gon Doru #12767

Odan-Urr

Ooroo

Year: 37 ABY

**Behind Enemy Lines**

**Prologue: Identity Crisis**

 The room was partially lit by a solitary flickering candle. As the wax melted with the burning wick the most pleasant smell was released. Beeswax candles could have a calming effect, if not a nostalgic one for most humanoids in the galaxy, but for Gon Doru the smell did not matter. He could not smell anything due to the cybernetics that made up his face. Instead it was the flickering light. The flame that burned atop candles made of beeswax looked spectacular to his photoreceptors. Although he could now see in a couple of light spectrums, the one closest to the normal vision felt the most correct, the most right.

His mind began to drift within the confines of his meditative mind. It had been some weeks before he could even sit down to meditate. Not since the day he felt a stirring in his heart, a pleasant, but uncomfortable feeling. Finally against his better judgment he went out into the surrounding glade that was his retreat shack and found himself walking towards something. The moment hit him hard. He had always been going towards something, yet it was always nothing. As a Sith that path led him deeper into the chaotic sorrows of the Dark Side of the Force, but this new feeling was not the same. Something within him had pushed him farther away from that path. Being healed by some Jedi only strengthened his resolve to move away from that terror he had become.

*The simple grassy knoll gave way to a gorgeous glade. The trees here were spectacular and very radiant in their own way. They called these evergreen because their own foliage would not wither and die at the end of the season. It was closest thing to an annual life that he had been around in a long time. The path his feet had carved into the ground stayed underneath him. This simple snaking trail went to one place only and he had been to it too many times to count, and yet today, in this moment he had never been there. This something he was walking to would not be another thing to stop and marvel at. Today it was going to be the destination.*

The vision ended just as the Grove came into focus. The meditations of late always stopped at that Grove. The recently renounced Sith knew why. That grove was the place he had finally reconciled himself to the Force and found a new power waiting. A power that would no longer beacon him as it did during his journey as a Dark Jedi. A new mission, a new goal was his new focus. If only to satisfy a moment of his life certainly this would be the way to go about it.

A noise disturbed his meditation. He knew it was a droid. He could feel it in the Force, and with one motion summoned his lightsaber. The fluidity of his movements had been practiced a thousand times. This action of combat pose from seated meditation was one of his favorite movements. Some ancient master of combat once said, “I fear not a man who has practiced a thousand moves, but a man that has practiced one move a thousand times.” Those words rang true even as the energy blade snapped to life only to stutter off again as Gon realized where he was, and most importantly what he had become.

“I am terribly sorry to bother you Master Jedi,” if the droid could swallow it would have gulped loudly. “But our Quaestor has orders for you.”

“Gon Doru,” the image of Liam appeared to look right at the former Tusken. “You have forsaken your past, and moved into a brighter future. However, one cannot overcome the Dark Side so easily. I have a task for you, and for all the other Jedi of Odan-Urr. Seek out a Dark Side stronghold and investigate them intensely. Gon, this is a most grave hour for you. For I ask that you go directly to the House you fled from. Return to Plagueis. Investigate them. Learn what they are doing. And come back. This will tempt you beyond anything you have ever faced.”

The holo unit fell to the floor. Not from any intended action on Doru’s part, but because the gravity of the request left him spellbound. He had not even given up the Dark Side long enough to count six months. Now he was to go and tempt the very presence he sought to abandon. It would be almost too much for him. Certainly the temptation would return, and he would lose the small thread of bantha hair he held on to.

Behind Enemy Lines

Part 1: Encroachment

 The civilian shuttle craft slipped out of hyperspace near a fleet of ships hanging in space. The entire group consisted of the homeless Plagueis. Perhaps to call them homeless was a harsh word, but here deep within the blackness of space harshness was the name of the game. That game; an underhanded version of Pazaak, and the truth is no one wins out here. No one. All craft approaching these ships would undergo serious inspection. Yet, it would be a military inspection. The need for this fleet for resources may blind them. A Jedi sneaking onto a vessel out here, nearly unthinkable. Pride usually came before a fall, and the former Sith Weapon was about to exploit their weaknesses.

“Shuttle craft, this is the Ascendancy, please respond,” a curt military voice commanded.

“Ascendancy, this is the Shuttle Ravisher requesting clearance to land.”

“Ravisher you were scheduled for delivery yesterday,”

“Correct command, we had a little run-in with some trouble. Lost our escort and are barely limping in on half power.”

Silence hummed across the comm before the watch captain responded. “This is Captain Hobodie, please change course to dock onboard the BAC Harrower, there you will unload your cargo, and depart.”

“Copy Ascendancy.”

The three soldiers that had accompanied Gon Doru looked back at their Jedi leader with questioning eyes. Only a slight forward nod from the Sentinel altered their perceptions and brought a little encouragement. The shuttle lurched forward. The faked engine damage doing its best to fool even the best sensors of the fleets command ship. It had taken an R2 unit’s sacrifice to pull off, yet the former Tusken Raider did not even seem to mind.

The hanger was littered with various craft in several stages of repair. The recent Dark Crusade had left their numbers in disarray, and not to mention decline. Much of the Bothan Assault Cruiser itself was under heavy repairs. No wonder they wanted the medical supplies here. Setting the large vessel onto the deck and beginning the power down sequence left the pilot and co-pilot busy. In the crew quarters the Equite mentally prepared himself. He had donned black robes, and even an old armory lightsaber that belonged to the poor Dark Jedi Guardian, currently deep asleep in a supply closet. Pretending to be a weak Sith was going to really test his powers, and patience, but if all things go according to plan he will have gained the knowledge he sought.

The hatch to the shuttle descended with a hiss to the deck, and one soldier led the way while the incognito Jedi followed. “Ensign Brigand reporting per request of the *Ascendancy*.”

The deck supervisor returned the salute. “I understand you are delivering medical supplies? A day late.” The tone of voice echoed into Gon like so many months under the dark tutelage of Kal Vorrac he could swear this man was schooled by Sith.

“Correct, and I have delivered Guardian Choke as well.”

“We will begin the unloading process, you will wait aboard your vessel, and as for the Journeyman he will report to Brimstone.”

As the nearly ritualized unloading of cargo began Gon Doru found himself walking next to a soldier he recognized from the Dark Crusade. He silently begged the Force that he would not be recognized. He also did not want to come face to face with the Chiss.

“Am I to be Dark Jedi Knight Brimstone’s apprentice?” If a human without a vocoder spoke those words with the level of hyperbole employed the soldier would have discovered him immediately.

“Sir, it is Sith Warrior Seabr’imsto’nedansr, and no you are reporting to the Battle Team Karnass Muur’s Sargent.”

“How do you like Arden Karn as your…..” the words barely left his mouth before the soldier slammed him against the bulkhead. Ignoring the shift in the Force that told the Jedi the move was coming was rather difficult. But resisting the urge to draw the lightsaber was too much.

“You will not speak of that Traitor!” the unknown man stumbled backwards a step when Gon placed a rather well aimed push against the others’ sternum with the but of the saber.

“Traitor or not I am still Sith, Journeyman or not I am still *SITH*,” The words felt as though a bucket of bantha poodoo squirmed out of his stomach only to worm forth from his maw. His revelation of what he was, what the Sith was made him violently sick in the Force.

“What Guardian Choke?” the guard gave a quizzical slight grin, “have you been living under a rock?”

“I just came back from the Shadow Academy, and did not realize there was many changes.”

“You were away during the Dark Crusade against the One Sith?”

“I know I should have been here fighting, and yet the higher ups thought I should learn about the Force before I was thrown into the fray.”

As the two entered the turbo lift, Gon felt a little sick in his stomach, he needed to stall this as much as possible. He had to get back to the shuttle before it departed, and he could certainly not meet with one of his closest former allies. Not to mention he was bound to come across someone that could recognize him. The more he pulled the Force around to obfuscate his presence the more he grew concerned of getting caught.

“Look, Soldier,” the incognito Equite gently motioned with his hand, “I have not been here for a long time.”

“It is obvious you have not been here a long time.”

“You should fill me in with what has been transpiring.”

“I should tell you about what we have been dealing with.”

In his pocket a recording device was activated. The soldier began telling about the end of the Crusades, and the traitorous behaviors of the former Quaestor Ronovi. He spoke of the Commander of Karness Muur and Celevon taking control of the Ascendancy. The bridge of the Harrower was destroyed in the conflict, and they had only just finished repairing it. Parts of the Cruiser would be inaccessible for several more months.

The impromptu lector rambled on and on, unaware in his diatribe that Gon had led them both full circle to the hanger bay. The recording device would later show more than two hours of dialogue between this soldier and a couple of other people stopped and questioned. Verifying this or that just to make certain facts were straight. Doru had no idea that Plagueis had suffered so much after his escape. Kuro had been the only one who knew that Telum vas Umbra decided to leave, but the Dark Jedi would never imagine that he had found a small light to guide him away from the Dark Side.

“Oh, um sorry sir.” The soldier said when he finally noticed their surroundings.

“No it is perfectly alright, we received that call that I needed to report to the Ascendancy immediately for debriefing.”

“Oh that’s right, I forgot.”

“Listen, you did a great job telling me these things. Being away in the Academy they seem so distorted and one sided.”

The pretend Sith walked up the boarding ramp just as the flight crew had finished their warm up. With the closing of the hatch he let out a sigh of relief. He approached the other pilot.

“Deactivate our ploy. We will need to escape quickly.” He felt something in the Force. It was a familiar sensation. The Chiss Sith was seeking out with the Force.

As soon as the shuttle left the hanger the hyperspace computer began its job. The ship righted itself. Gon knew that Brimstone *felt* him. The BAC Harrower was turning towards the craft. Its weapons had been deactivated during repairs. The movement did draw the attention of other vessels in the area. Attention that was too slow to react upon. The shuttle lurched than broke into hyperspace with a flash.

Behind Enemy Lines

Part 2 Recovery

 “It may not be much,” The Sentinel Scout stood before the old wizened man. “But it does tell us the command structure of Plagueis, and her fleet.”

 Liam nodded his agreement. Yet that old twinkle his eyes told the former Sith that he had passed this test. “Gon Doru, you went to those that you were once kindred too and managed to escape so readily?”

 “I do not think so. My old companion Brimestone felt me in the Force. He knows that I was there, and they will be ready to kill me.”

 The older Jedi combed his hand around his beard and gave a simple well thought nod. “Go ahead and return to your meditation. You will be called upon very soon to act. You will be called to use your lightsaber to possibly kill those that you were once close to.”

 “We were never close. The Sith I was part of used me as a weapon, and for that I will get my revenge.”

 “Careful, you walk a fine line.”

 With those final words the Former Tusken, the Former Sith, the Former Nomad walked away mind swarming with thoughts of what was to come.