

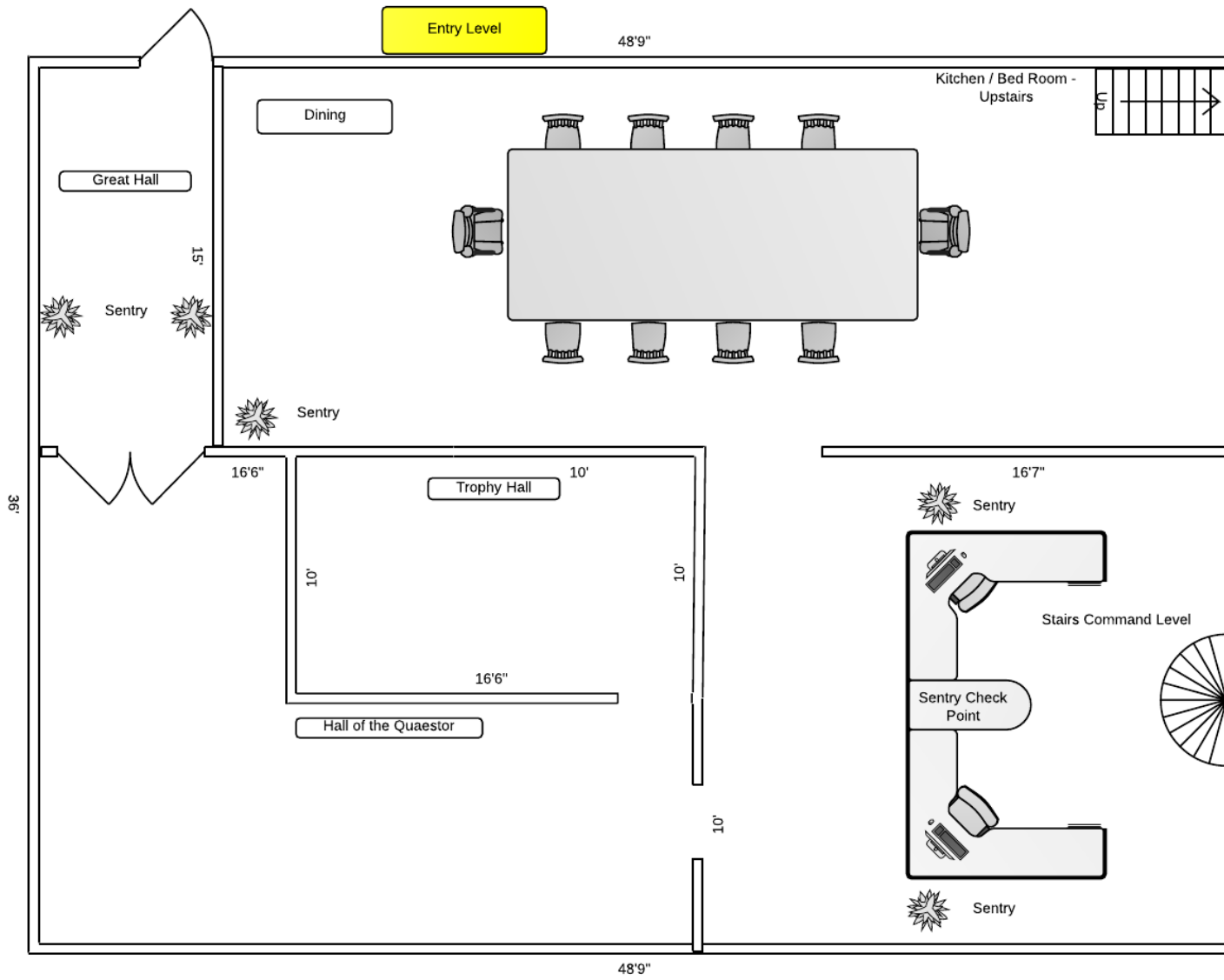
[HSD] Black Guard 2

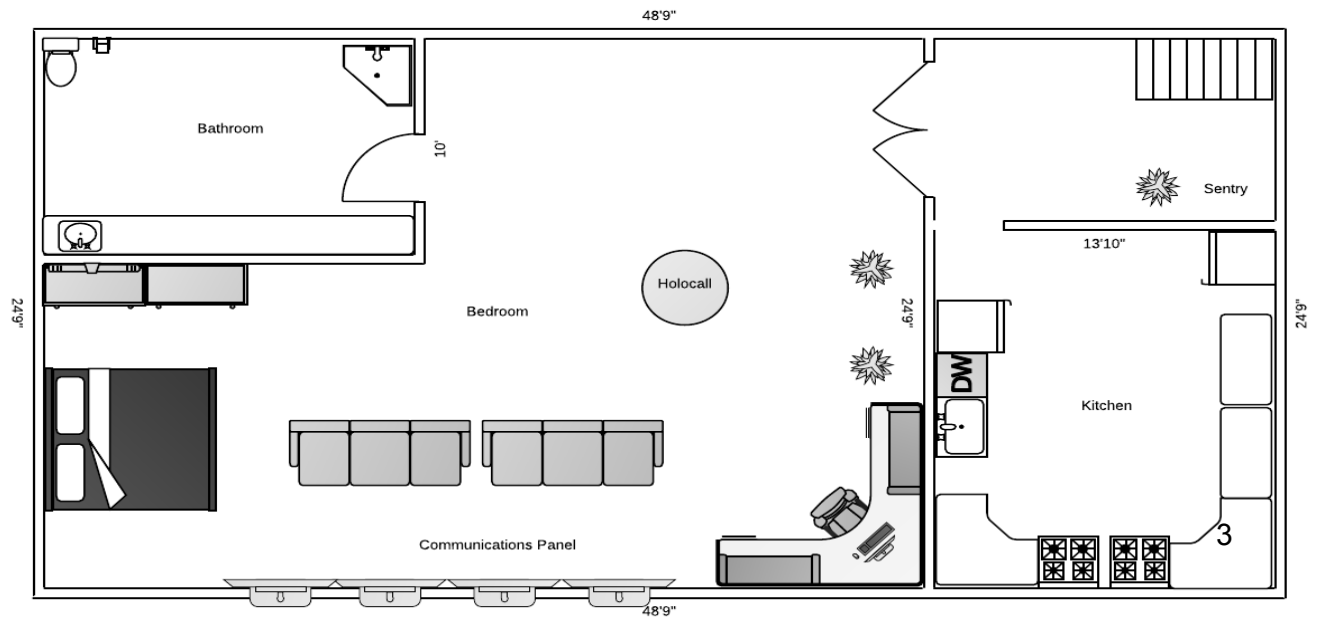
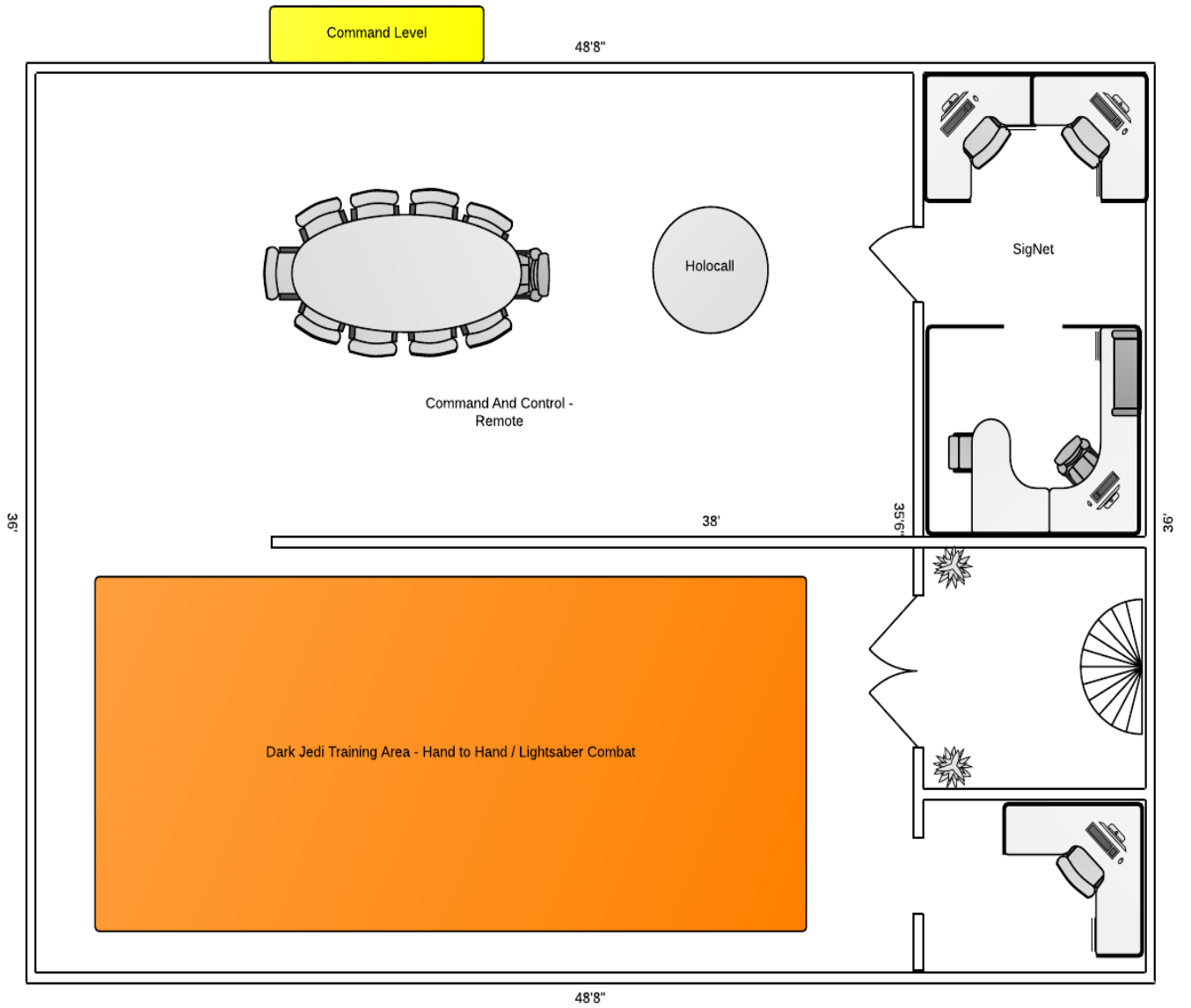
Protector Daedric Turelles

“Please, I beg you, I have kids and a wife,” one of the combatants against the wall begged. “I’m just doing this so that I may feed them.” He continued.

“Looks like your children are fatherless now,” Daedric stated with a smile forming on the corner of his mouth.

Layout:





The Obelisk

“My Lord,” Daedric stated as the Quaestor of House Shar Dakhan, Sith Battle Master Caelian walked through the entrance of the Great Hall.

“Protector Turelles,” Sith Battle Master Caelian acknowledged as he entered.

“You have a guest waiting for you in your Trophy Room, My Lord” Daedric stated.

“Who is it?”

“He stated that he was from the Orian Assembly, and refused to tell me his name. He carries the marks of an Obelisk from House Marka Ragnos.”

“Take me to him.” Quaestor Caelian ordered.

“Follow me my Lord” Daedric requested as he led Quaestor Caelian through the Great Hall. The Great Hall was filled with paintings and art of the family of Caelian. It showed his accomplishments and that he was most proud of. A mural was painted on the ceiling depicting the story of a battle that Quaestor Caelian led to victory many years ago. Two door slid open into the Hall of the Quaestor. Every Quaestor was depicted here in their traditional robe of the appropriate order. Beside each picture stood an Artifact that they have placed here to give power to the next Quaestor. Some gave a holocron, while others gave statutes from their spoils of war.

“Obelisk, I present to you Quaestor of House Shar Dakhan, Sith Battle Master of the highest decree, Caelian.” Daedric announced as he gave a deep bow, keeping his eyes on the unknowing subject.

“My Lord,” The Obelisk acknowledge as Quaestor of Shar Dakhan entered.

“Who comes into my home and doesn’t announce himself upon entering?” Quaestor Caelian demanded.

“I am an Obelisk Templar from House Marka Ragnos. My rank and house shall be sufficient.” The Obelisk replied.

“I will state what is sufficient Templar.”

“If you wish my Lord, you may contact Quaestor Kalon Entar for the validity of my information.” He replied.

“Very well, continue with whatever it is that you need to tell me.”

“Reports have come in from our operatives that there is an attack being planned for tonight, when the moon is all high.”

“Why am I just now hearing of this?”

“The reports just came in, Quaestor Entar sent me as soon as we heard my lord. I am here to assist with repelling them until reinforcements arrive from House Marka Ragnos.”

“Protector,” Quaestor Caelian called,

“Yes my Lord?” Daedric answered and he took a step forward.

“Get to command and control, alert the rest of the Guard. We are going to have visitors.”

“Aye my Lord” Daedric replied as he turned to exit the Trophy Room. He made haste to the sentry point that lead down to the command level. After a quick verification by the sentries and another verification once he was down on the command level, the doors opened to reveal the Training Hall. There fighting the soldiers of the House Shar Dakhan was Krath Pontifex Methyas L’eonheart. He was tossing around the soldiers like they were nothing, and without even using the force. His moves were swift and his timing was impeccable.

“Pontifex,” Daedric stated as he gave a bow,

“What is it Protector? Your lesson isn’t until the morning.”

“Quaestor Caelian sent me. There is an incursion of the house happening tonight. An Obelisk Templar from House Marka Ragnos came and gave word to us. The Dlarit are going to attack tonight when the moon is at its most high.”

“This information, is it credible?”

“The Quaestor himself believes that it is.” Daedric stated as he approached the Krath Pontifex.

“Very well, dawn your battle gear Protector. I must go to SigNet and get more information. Alert the soldiers of House Shar Dakhan, these ten soldiers here aren’t going to be enough to fight the onslaught of the Dlarit.” Pontifex L’eonheart ordered.

“As you command.” Daedric answered. He turned to his left and headed into the security office not far away from him. As he walked through the doors he could see the Sergeant sitting at his desk, monitoring the screens on the walls in front of him.

“Sergeant,” Daedric started. Sergeant Weatherly stood to give the proper respect to the Protector.

“Set Alert Condition Alpha. We are going to have visitors.” Daedric ordered. “Estimated time to contact, three hours.” An alert gong began to ring throughout the entire house. *Alert Condition Alpha, Alert Condition Alpha. Time to Contact Three hours. Report to defensive positions.* The voice repeated. As Daedric exited the security office, the ten soldiers that were previously training with Pontifex L’eonheart were beginning to don their battle gear. Cladded in the black armour of House Shar Dakhan, they each buckled the armour together and began checking their respective weapons.

“Protector Turelles,” The voice of Pontifex L’eonheart came through on the comlink on his wrist.

“Meet Quaestor and myself in the CnC.” The comlink chirped back off.

Daedric entered the Command and Control room to find Quaestor Caelian in his battle armour as well as Krath Pontifex L’eonheart. Captain Scott to the left of the Quaestor while Pontifex L’eonheart sat on his right.

“Sit Protector,” Quaestor Caelian insisted. “We have much to plan and not a lot of time to do it in.”

The Assault

“Dakhan Actual, Dakhan One One, in position.” Daedric announced over the com link. He was positioned at the entrance into the trophy room, along with two soldiers, Private Searon, and Corporal Jones.

“Acknowledge One One,” Quaestor Caelian answered.

“Dakhan One One, allow the majority of them to pass prior to your ambush. SigNet from suspects that their numbers range from twenty five to thirty five. Suspect heavy tangos. Dakhan Actual, out.” Daedric’s com link fell silent.

“There is fourteen of us, how the hell are we going to fight twenty five to thirty Dlarits?” Private Searon questioned, a hint of fear in his voice.

“Shut up, Searon. Are you forgetting whose house they are coming into and the amount of power that is in this house alone? You have four skilled users of the Dark Side and then ten highly trained Shar Dakhan soldiers. Do you fear for your life that much? If so, I should just end it right now and save the enemy a charge.” Daedric scolded as he turned to look at Private Searon.

“I - I was just saying sir. No need to get bitchy with me.” Private Searon stated as he looked down at his weapon to make sure it was charged. Daedric looked at the Private. Anger for the lack of respect swelled within him. Daedric stared at the Private concentrating on his chest. Allowing the feel of his heart beat to resonate through his thoughts. Daedric raised his open hand and closed it softly. Private Searon’s heart began to slow in pace, making it hard for him to stay awake.

“Say another word Searon, and I will remove your heart from your chest.” He stated. Searon was gasping for air and only gave a nod in agreement. Daedric lowered his hand as Searon fell to the floor gasping for air. The pressure on his chest finally relieved.

“I hear something sir,” Corporal Jones stated. Daedric reached for his lightsaber and closed his eyes. He allowed himself to slip into a trance. Focusing on the footsteps that were faint in the distance, he could make out about nine different footsteps. He called on a new ability that he recently learned, Terror, to strike fear into the hearts of the enemy. He could hear their breaths becoming louder as they made their way into the Hall of the Quaestor.

“Dakhan Actual, Dakhan One One. Nine Tangos approaching.” Daedric announced in hush tones over the comm set.

“Dakhan One One, Dakhan Actual. Affirmative. Some how we have moment down here also. Approximately eleven tangos. You are weapons hot, kill with extreme hate. Make these bastards pay for entering this house.” Quaestor Caelian ordered.

“Dakhan Actual, Dakhan One One. Affirmative. May the Force serve you well. Dakhan One One out.” Daedric switched off his comm set, and turned to the two soldiers that were with him.

“We have weapons green,” he started. “Kill with extreme hate, make sure that you limit collateral damage. Quaestor Caelian still wants to live here after these assholes are gone.” Daedric ordered with a grin. Jones and Searon noted with excitement.

The footsteps grew louder and louder as the intruders came closer. One, two, three, four, five soldiers passed and they still didn’t notice the three men standing in the doorway in the shadows. As the first soldier went through the entryway to the sentry station, he met no resistance. The sentries had been pulled up to the top floor along with Pontifex L’eonheart.

“Attack,” the words went through Daedric’s lips with ease as happiness. Bolts of red hot plasma spilled out the end of the two soldiers weapons, striking one of the Dlarits in the head, melting his helmet on to his face, burning the flesh. His lifeless body fell to the floor with a single twitch. The other soldiers ran to the entryway to the sentry station getting into cover, and began returning fire. Bolts of blue plasma hitting the walls around Daedric and his men, scorching burn marks into the walls.

“Dakhan Actual, Dakhan One One. We are in contact.” Daedric reported to Quaestor Caelian.

“Dakhan One One, Dakhan Actual. Affirmative. You’re not the only one, Pontifex L’eonheart up top is in contact too, and we are down here. Fun times.”

The sound of blaster fire ring in the background.

“Kill them all Protector.” Ordered the Quaestor. His comm link fell silent.

“Dakhan Actual, Dakhan One One. Comm check,” Daedric attempted. No reply came through. He attempted the communication check again, but was unsuccessful.

“Jones, we need to get to the Quaestor. His comms just went down.” He stated with a fury in his eyes. Corporal Jones nodded. Jones began a series of violent volleys toward the eight Dlarits behind the sentry wall. The clear sound of a lightsaber initiated and Private’s eyes grew wide. He had never actually seen a Dark Jedi in anger, he had never seen what a lightsaber was able to do.

“Searon!” Jones exclaimed, attempting to return the Private back to reality.

“He can handle his own, we have got to get to that wall and get the hell out of here!” Ordered Jones. The clear sound of a thermal grenade bouncing its way into the trophy hall caught the attention of the Protector. His eyes snapped on the location of the sound, as located the thermal grenade he rose his hand and pulled it toward himself. As the grenade flew through the air toward him he deflected it towards the entrance of the Hall of the Quaestor. A blast rocks then entrance of the hall. Paintings and statues shattered and fell to the ground obliterated by the blast.

“Son of a bitch! This ends now!” Rage filled into Daedric, fueling his hate for those who entered his Quaestor’s home. Daedric rose his lightsaber and lept into the entryway to the station, Jones and Searon following on foot right behind him. As Daedric landed, he rose his hand to the enemy on his left. Time seem to stand still, he could see the fear in his enemies eyes as the faint glow of the lightsaber flooded his face. With a wave of his hand, Daedric pushed the combatant back into the wall next to the steps. The combatant hit the wall with a hard thud, placing a small hole in the wall where his back had hit. Still filled with rage, Daedric launched his lightsaber at the chest of his enemy laying on the floor. The weapon found its mark in the middle of his enemies chest, ending his life as his head slumped to the left. Daedric felt a sharp pain in his left abdomen, as a bolt burns through his black armour. He looked to his right and saw the one who just struck him. He rose his saber to deflect an incoming bolt and as he twirled the saber around his back he deflect another bolt from the opponent to his rear. As he brought the saber back around his body, he extended it, relieving his opponent’s body of his head. The head rolls on the ground, the face frozen with the fear that was evident prior to his decapitation.

“Worthless,” Daedric muttered as Jones fell in behind him, firing his blaster to the enemy behind Daedric. The bolt found its mark in the center of the chest of his enemy, burning its way through the chest, showing a partial beating heart as the opponent fell to his knees. The heart stopped beating, as he fell face first into the floor.

“Searon take last one on the right, the Protector and I will get these three.” Jones ordered pointing in the direction of the last enemy on the right who was now hiding behind the sentries desk, only lifting his blaster of to fire random shots. The three remaining combatants had made

their escape into the dining hall hiding behind the walls to the right, laying down fire into the slight hallway. Daedric quickly deflected the incoming bolts as they made their way to find cover.

“Sir, I recommend we use a thermal, that will get these bastards out of there.” Jones recommended.

“Negative Corporal, collateral is too great.” Daedric replied as he looked slightly around the corner and located a dining chair. He rose his hand once more and pulled it towards him. The chair rocketed towards the wall and found its place with a loud thud. The sound of the enemy crying out in pain gave great satisfaction to Daedric. He showed it by a slight, sinister grin creeping across his face. He repeated this process two more times, but was unsuccessful in finding his mark.

“Alpha One Omega, Alpha One One” Daedric attempted to reach Pontifex L’eonheart who was located one floor above him.

“Alpha One One, Alpha One Omega. Go.” Pontifex L’eonheart replied.

“Situation my Lord? We two combatants located in the dining hall, we are unable to kill without too much collateral.” Daedric requested.

“You’re in luck, Protector. We were about to start getting bored up here. What took you so long to finish these pesky rodents off?” Pontifex L’eonheart questioned. A hint of annoyance in his voice. “Don’t tell me these, dissidents, are stronger than you Protector.” He added.

“Negative my Lord, I’m just not trying to destroy Quaestor Caelian’s home.” He replied.

“He isn’t going to be happy with me then, we’re moving. Time to contact, thirty seconds, Alpha One Omega out.”

“Jones, Pontifex L’eonheart is on his way. Keep your head down. Time on target, thirty seconds.” Daedric relayed.

“Aye sir.”

A loud and thunderous roar came down the steps in the northeast corner of the dining hall. Sentries clad in heavy black armour came running down the steps, blasters firing in all directions. Walking behind them, Pontifex L’eonheart deflected all incoming bolts of plasma without even raising his saber. He located the two combatants against the wall in shock at what was coming up behind them. He rose his hands, lifting the two off their feet and slammed them into the wall. They shifted and shook as they attempted to break free from the hold that he had them in. Pontifex L’eonheart opened both of his hands, forcing the opponent's limbs in every direction. Screams of pain and agony spilled from their mouths. Cries for mercy filled the now quiet dining hall. Daedric walked around the corner to find the two enemies begging for mercy.

“Please, I beg you, I have kids and a wife,” one of the combatants against the wall begged. “I’m just doing this so that I may feed them.” he continued.

“Looks like your children are fatherless now,” Daedric stated with a smile forming on the corner of his mouth. Pontifex L’eonheart opened his hands further apart forcing the limbs of the two pinned against the wall away entirely from their bodies. Their torso’s fell to the ground, as they gasped for air. Red bodily fluid pouring from the locations where their limbs once called home.

“Well that went pleasantly.” Pontifex L’eonheart stated as he stepped over the lifeless torsos.

“Agreed my Lord.” Daedric stated.

“We need to get to the Quaestor, my lord” Daedric stated as he turned and ran over to the steps leading to the floor below. As the Protector and the Pontifex ran down the steps leading into the command level, the doors to that normally stood at the end of the steps were blown apart. They slowly stepped through, the faint glow and hum of the lightsabers shining on both of their faces.

“Yes, Consul.” Quaestor Caelian stated as he rose from a kneeling position. The portable hologram flickering flickered out of existence.

“My Lord,” both Protector Turelles and Pontifex L’eonheart stated as they knelt, showing respect to Sith Battlemaster Caelian.

“Rise,” Quaestor Caelian stated, waving his hand upward. “What took you so long dispatching those dissident bastards?” Quaestor Caelian questioned as he took off his shot comm link and tossed it to the ground.

“Well my Lord, I had to show the Protector a thing or two,” Pontifex L’eonheart stated with a slight smile forming.

“Hey, I was trying to save the artwork my Lord,” Daedric replied with a slight chuckle under his breath.

“How’d that work out?”

“Umm, I saved most of it,” Daedric stated he approached Quaestor Caelian.

“Well done, Protector. You might not be a part of the Black Guard but you proved yourself this day.” Sith Battle Master Caelian stated as he placed his hand on Daedric’s shoulder.

“I will talk with the Summit about your immediate appointment to the Black Guard.”

“My Lord, is that wise?” The Obelisk protested. “He is only a Protector. Surely you can find someone of,” He took a brief pause and looked at Daedric. “of greater stature.” The Obelisk finished.

“He has proven himself in battle, more so than you did. Where *were you* at during the heat of the battles?” Quaestor Caelian scolded the Obelisk.

“I was in,” He began.

“I don’t care where you were at, Obelisk. Go to SigNet and send word to Marka Ragnos. We no longer request their assistance.” Quaestor ordered.

“As you command.” The Obelisk stated as he gave a slight bow and left the room.

“Protector,” Quaestor Caelian started as he turned back to his left to face Daedric.

“You’ve performed well, go clean yourself up and report back to me in one hour. We have much that needs to be done, and I’m afraid, not a lot of time to do it in.” Quaestor ordered as he motioned for Pontifex L’eonheart to follow him. Daedric stood there for a moment, in disbelief at the events that happened mere moments before. He looked around the command level and saw nothing but destruction, death and carnage.

This I can get used to. He thought to himself.

“As you command, my Lord.” Daedric finally replied as he turned to head back to the main level.

Credits:

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