# Arthadonis Kalderis #13833

### Scholae Palatinae

Beginnings

*'Peace is a lie, there is only passion.'* As he began internally reciting the Sith code, the last week's events, still fresh in Arthadonis's mind, began playing out before him.

*'Through passion, I gain strength.'* So many things had changed so quickly.

*'Through strength, I gain power.'* This time last week, he had been a slave, forced to work for the Czerka Corporation.

*'Through power, I gain victory.'* Today, he was a prospective young Sith acolyte.

*'Through victory, my chains are broken.'* And he was glad.

"The Force shall set me free." He spoke this part aloud, fixated on the words. "Free. I'm really free."

Suddenly a knock came from his door, shaking Arthadonis out of his focused state. Standing up from his meditative pose, Arthadonis cleared his mind of the thoughts, reminding himself that his past is just that, the past. He had to forget the groveling weak child he was, and focus on his future within the Sith. It wasn't easy though, how do you put aside the only life you've ever known, and replace it with a future you're uncertain about. One thing he knew with certainty though was that if he was going to survive the transformation into a powerful and valued member of the Brotherhood, he had no choice. Sith were known for their brutality and refusal to accept weakness, and his past was a weakness, one that could be used against him if he let it. He focused his thoughts on the present, walked across the spartanly decorated quarters and opened the door. In front of him stood Koryn Thraagus, the Rollmaster of House Scholae Palatinae.

"Good Morning." Koryn said, taking a moment to survey the room.

"Good morning Lord Thraagus." Arthadonis replied, bowing his head with respect. Arthadonis had met Rollmaster Koryn Thraagus when he'd first arrived on Judecca. He seemed friendly enough, more than Arthadonis was expecting at least.

"You are to be joining the others in morning training soon, correct?" Koryn asked.

"Yes my Lord, I was just meditating before I headed off," Arthadonis attempted to explain himself, thinking he had done something wrong. High ranking members of the Brotherhood don't come to an Acolyte's quarters simply to say good morning, there had to be something more.

"It can wait for now, Quaestor Mordin wishes to see you immediately." Now he definitely felt worried, it was one thing for the Rollmaster of his house to catch him up on something he'd done wrong, it was part of the job description, but the Quaestor? *'This will either be very good, or very bad.'* Arthadonis thought to himself. The duo began walking toward the Quaestor's office.

Leaving his past in his room to be dealt with when he returned, Arthadonis began recounting the last week, trying to find anything at fault. He had only arrived at Judecca four days ago, he was still settling in which meant he could have easily been breaking some important rule without even realizing it. Sensing his uncertainty, Rollmaster Thraagus decided to make some conversation to fill the time. "So how are you finding things here? I hear you're already an Acolyte?" It was obvious Koryn was making small talk, Arthadonis knew he could sense the weariness within him. He decided to follow the Rollmaster's queue and focus on something else. "Yes my lord, I was promoted to Acolyte yesterday." "I'm impressed, it takes some students up to a week to reach that rank." Arthadonis felt some small comfort at the words, if the Rollmaster of the house was happy with his progress, at least that was one thing he could discount as a failure. Eventually the pair reached the Quaestor's office. Arthadonis had only been here once, during the induction ceremony. This was where he met most of the high ranking Sith but he had never spoken directly to most of them. He'd seen the Quaestor several times around the palace grounds, each time he was tempted to introduce himself. But partly out of respect and partly out of uncertainty, he’d always stopped himself.

Koryn knocked on the door, awaiting a response before entering. Arthadonis quickly became anxious, shuffling his feet constantly. "Relax," the Rollmaster whispered to him. Arthadonis managed to calm himself, but not fully. A voice on the other side of the door beckoned, "Come in." Koryn opened the door and stood to the side, Arthadonis realized the Rollmaster was waiting for him to enter first. He took a few tentative steps into the room and the stopped for a moment, taking inventory of the office. It was very much like the rest of the academy, grey stone walls, a tall ceiling, torches spread around to light the room evenly. The only things that stood out were the desk and chairs at the opposite end of the office. In contrast to the stone, the chairs were luxurious and comfortable, and the desk was as high tech as the come. Then there were the two men at the desk. One of them Arthadonis recognized as Lord Xantros, the Aedile of House Scholae Palatinae. The other was the Quaestor, Xen'Mordin. Both were looking at him, waiting for him and the Rollmaster to approach. They did so, Koryn bowed his head slightly as a sign of respect as much as it was a greeting while the other Lords did the same. Arthadonis however went down to one knee, kneeling with his head staring at his boot. He could swear he heard a small chuckle coming from the Rollmaster. "He's a little nervous." He said with a grin. "Please acolyte, take a seat." The words came from Aedile Xantros. Arthadonis glanced up at him briefly, the Aedile is the second in command of a house, guiding and planning alongside the Quaestor on important matters. The Duro seemed tense, almost angry. Arthadonis did as commanded, quickly taking a seat in one of the chairs in front of the desk, but remained silent.

"Thank you for bringing him to us Koryn." Xen'Mordin said. Arthadonis could tell from his voice that he was also very upset about something, he made no attempt to hide it. Koryn bowed slightly, as did the other Sith. Realizing that they were in no laughing mood he made his way out, eager to resume his duties. There were a few moments of silence, each one making Arthadonis more and more anxious and uncomfortable. Finally the Quaestor spoke. "Acolyte Arthadonis Kalderis, born 16 ABY, Iridonia. Sold into slavery at 4 years old, changed masters numerous times, various reasons, eventually bought by Czerka Corporation. Assigned to mission on Polis Massa, intercepted by Sith recruiter and brought to Judecca four days ago." Arthadonis wasn't sure if he was meant to say something, the Dark Lords seemed to be awaiting a response. "Yes my Lord, that's all correct." He tried sounding as confident as possible, he wasn't sure if it worked. "Acolyte, what I’m about to say doesn't leave this room, understood?" Arthadonis, still unsure of the Quaestor's intentions simply nodded in response.

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The music in the cantina was deafening, not that Naden minded. When it was this loud, he was able to simply tune it, and all of the voices out. He thought long and hard about what he was about to do, carefully weighing every option and the potential repercussions of them. Satisfied that he'd considered every possible outcome, he spoke.

"You have a deal!" He had to yell as loud as he could in an attempt to make himself heard, his voice cracking slightly from the strain. Naden wasn't a traitor, not in his eyes. Selling information about the Brotherhood was a way of keeping the peace, and if he happened to make some credits here and there, so much the better. He figured that if he didn't someone else would, someone who *would* betray the Dark Jedi Brotherhood. He saw the selling of a little information here and there as a way of letting the Republic keep tabs on the Brotherhood, he never disclosed the information's origins so it couldn't be traced back to Judecca or any of the other hidden Brotherhood locations, but he did give the Republic the strength of troops and current activities within the Brotherhood, meaning that if the Sith ever decided to attack the Republic, they'd be ready.

"You're making the right decision!" Lerena shouted, smiling at him as she did. Naden had known Lerena for several years, ever since he arrived at the academy. The two had been close once, at one point they even considered having a child, but Naden's commitment to the Brotherhood made that impossible. And so they slowly drifted apart until they'd simply become friends again. It wasn't easy, they both still talked occasionally about raising a family, but every time, Nadel chose the Brotherhood over her.

"You're sure the Republic won't be able to trace this back here?" He asked, still shouting to be heard.

"Yeah, they won't have a clue, trust me!" He did, she'd never let him down and he had no reason to think she would now. He was still hesitant though, when Lerena first brought up the idea to him he'd spit out his drink in shock, considering even the idea to be dishonorable, sneaky, traitorous and downright wrong. Eventually though, she helped him realize that doing so would ultimately help the Brotherhood. If he did it, limiting the flow of information, he'd prevent someone else from revealing something truly detrimental.

"Okay, here!" He gave her the data pad and she again smiled at him. Standing to leave the bar, she gave him a kiss in the cheek, whispering "Thank you" into his ear. He always melted when she got close, he was powerless against her. All he could do was savor the closeness until she inevitably moved away and walked out of the bar.

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The tension within the Quaestor’s office was palpable. The young Acolyte still had no idea why he had been called to the room, and the look on the Aedile’s face did little to comfort him.

"Acolyte, what I’m about to say doesn't leave this room, understood?" Quaestor Xen knew of the importance of this mission, he'd send a more experienced student to handle the matter if the circumstances were more favorable. Unfortunately due to the unique situation he found himself in, this fresh faced Acolyte would have to suffice. Arthadonis was indeed new to the House, this meant he hadn’t been evaluated by the other students. There was also a good chance that they hadn’t taken the time to memorize his face, meaning the Acolyte would be free to walk amongst the students outside of the palace without raising attention to himself. He watched as the Zabrak in front of him simply nodded, awaiting what was to come. Finally, the Quaestor began speaking again. "There is a traitor within the academy, and we need your assistance to find out whom.”

Arthadonis was taken back, *'A traitor?'* he thought. *‘Why would someone be stupid enough to betray the Brotherhood?’* Not only did he consider it cowardly and pathetic, but the punishment for being caught would be death by torture. He mulled over this for a moment, before looking up at the Lords to signify he was ready to continue. "We aren't sure who it is yet." Aedile Xantros said, stepping into the conversation. "But we do know that they have stolen sensitive information from the archives."

"What information?" The words came out of Arthadonis's mouth before he had a chance to stop them. He silently cursed his overly inquisitive nature.

"Sensitive information. That's all you need to know." The Quaestor growled. This situation angered him greatly. He knew it had to be one of the students, no one else could have accessed the archives. But the thought that someone within his house could do this brought his blood to the boiling point. Xantros, sensing the rage building within him, attempted to calm down his friend.

"This plan will work Xen, we will find the scum that betrayed this house, this order, and we will make them beg for death before the end." This seemed to work for now, Xen calmed and sat down in his chair.

"I know we will, and I will personally cut them to pieces." Arthadonis waited patiently for the Sith Lords to continue what he now realized was a mission briefing, considering what his part could be in it.

"Acolyte, we need you to track down and stop this information from leaving the planet. Then once it is successfully recovered, track down and bring me those responsible." Xen's words left no room for misinterpretation. It was clear that he wanted to kill whoever had done this himself, so that everyone could see what happens to those moronic enough to betray the Brotherhood. There was one question that hung in Arthadonis's mind and he eventually worked up the nerve to ask it.

"Why me?" Xantros considered his response for a moment before speaking.

"You are a new Acolyte, which means you have not fully devoted yourself to this academy yet. You have advantages in this situation that other students don’t." The underlying subtext wasn't lost on Arthadonis, he understood fully. He was chosen because he was unproven, untrusted. He was still seen as a potential defector and this was his way of getting in with the traitor. Taking a moment to fully understand the mission, he looked directly at the Quaestor.

"I understand, and I will complete this task." The orange skinned Zabrak finally responded.

Standing from the chair, Arthadonis bowed before the masters, already formulating ways to achieve his goal. The first option was to simply ask some of the other students if they knew who had done it and this wasn’t as ridiculous as it sounded. Rivalry was a normal part of the Brotherhood from the lowliest Apprentice to the Dark Council, and an opportunity to destroy a rival was rarely passed up. He quickly dismissed this though, knowing that someone skilled enough to pull this off without being monitored by the security systems wouldn’t have been seen by chance by another member of the Brotherhood. The next idea that came to his mind was to examine the terminal used to extract the files. Even the most skilled hackers left clues and knowing a great deal about infiltration himself, Arthadonis was sure he’d find something.

“Do you know which terminal was used to obtain the information?” He cautiously asked the Lords. By this time most of the fear had left him, he wasn’t in trouble, in fact, the opposite was true. The Quaestor and Aedile needed him if they wanted those files back. He still respected the Dark Lords for their power and reputations but he couldn’t help smile inward at the situation.

“Yes, the terminal used is in the archives on the upper level. Whoever did this scrambled the terminal after stealing the information and we were unable to find any genetic samples that were of any use.” The Quaestor responded, looking at his datapad as he did. This made things more difficult, Arthadonis was planning to check the terminal’s interaction records. It wouldn’t give him the identity of who was accessing the terminal, but it might have given him some idea as to the level at which the traitor was able to break into the terminal. It wasn’t a lost cause though; the scramble protocols used to obliterate the terminal’s systems could be analyzed. As Arthadonis turned, about leave the room, the Quaestor again spoke.

“Before you go Acolyte, take this.” Xen handed Arthadonis a datapad. “This contains our preliminary findings about the terminal and any events that took place during the night. I’m sure I don’t need to remind you that this matter is not to be discussed with anyone outside of this room.” His voice was still low and angry, whether it was due to the betrayal, as a warning to Arthadonis, or even some mixture of the two, he didn’t know. Either way he knew to follow his orders to the letter. He again bowed before the duo and left the office. He headed directly for the archives, still formulating plans and ideas to help him complete his mission. He passed several Brotherhood members along his path, glancing at each of them and reciting what he knew of them. At this point, everyone was a suspect, even the Rollmaster, Aedile and Quaestor. He quickly realized he was getting carried away and took a moment calm himself. While it technically was true that this betrayal could have been anyone within Scholae Palatinae, realistically he had to discount the high ranking members. Reaching the Archives, he took a moment to do a headcount of everyone in the room. He also took a mental image of everyone’s locations and identities before finally moving to the terminal. It was officially classed as out of order and awaiting repairs. If anyone asked, he’d just say he was tasked with repairing it. Attempting to access the base structure of the terminal, his mind flashed back to his training within the Czerka Corporation. They had taught him how to quickly and effectively hack nearly any computer system in the galaxy and it turned out he was good at it. He soon broke the backdoor protection algorithms and began verifying the integrity of the various files, making note of which were damaged and which were intact. After several hours of crosschecking and verification, Arthadonis had mapped out every single base file within the terminal and had a perfect image of the current structure. He stepped away from the terminal and took a moment to connect the dots within his mind, through it he was able to trace the path of the tool the hacker used to reach the protected files. ‘*Got it’* He thought, piecing together the style and complexity of the software used to break the barrier. He narrowed down the possibilities to a handful, most of which were taught within the Brotherhood. But only a small few members ever took the time to learn them, for most within the Brotherhood, the hacking skills would never be needed. Arthadonis pulled out his datapad and called up a list of every member that had learned the skills and the datapad responded by displaying 3 names. Klerx Wonata, Naden Jonas, and Teij Ffarn. Only one of them however was on Judecca, Naden Jonas.

“Hey newbie, are you going to fix that terminal or what?” Arthadonis turned to see another Journeyman standing near him awaiting a response. Arthadonis ignored him and began walking out of the room, eliciting a confused expression on the face of the other student. Just before he passed through the archway out of the archives, Arthadonis flicked his hand, causing the terminal to spring to life and initiate its startup routine. He had a name, now all he needed was to find the traitorous slime and bring him before the Quaestor.

He proceeded to Naden’s quarters, expecting him to be inside. A knock on the door brought nothing but silence in response so he pulled out his sword and kicked down the door. He quickly scanned the room with the force, checking for any areas which Naden could have been hiding but found none, he was gone. Arthadonis moved to the desk and started searching Naden’s personal terminal for any incriminating evidence or indication to where he was. He broke through the terminal’s standard security as easily as he had the door to the quarters but when he attempted to access the personal files, he encountered an encryption block protecting them. Immediately, Arthadonis could tell this wasn’t part of the system’s normal defenses, this told him that there was valuable information behind the block. As good as Naden was, Arthadonis was better and after several attempts, he worked around the block accessing all of Naden’s secrets. Before him lay a library of e-mails, reports and personal logs all of which seemed normal. Among them though, Arthadonis saw several messages going back and forth between this terminal and an address outside of the palace. He opened the earliest and began reading.

**Dear Naden, I know how hard it’s been for you having to decide between me and the Brotherhood but I want you to know that even though you chose them over me, I still care about you and I will always be here if you need me.**

**Love Lerena.**

“How touching.” He said, closing the e-mail. At first he ignored it as the love letter it was. The next few were a mundane back and forth about the feelings the duo shared and how they wished things were different. Arthadonis was quickly getting bored until he began reading an e-mail that was sent from Naden to Lerena less than a week ago.

**Lerena, I’ve been thinking about what you said, about doing it before anyone else had a chance and...I agree with you. Better me do it and limit what they know rather than someone potentially giving them everything. I’ll do it next Monday, meet me at the cantina that morning and I’ll give it to you. I hope you realise how much I trust you by doing this, they would kill me if they found out.**

* **Naden.**

**This was what Arthadonis had been looking for, concrete proof that Naden was the betrayer. He had his name but he still didn’t know where to find Naden so he continued reading. He read an e-mail sent as a reply from Lerena earlier today, hoping it would give him what he needed.**

**RE: My Decision**

***Dear Naden, I want you to know how much this means to me, you doing this means that you trust me enough to put your life in my hands, I promise you I won’t let you down. My ship’s about to land, hangar 12b. I’ll see you tonight in the cantina. I love you.***

***Lerena.***

**This was it, the last detail Arthadonis needed to complete the mission. He left the room immediately, heading to the place he knew either Naden or Lerena would eventually be, hanger 12b.**

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It took nearly an hour to make his way to the starport, half running from excitement the entire way. Upon arrival at the starport, Arthadonis quickly found his way to hanger 12b where Lerena’s ship was docked. Before he entered the hanger, he looked out the corridor window as a precaution, getting a good look at the ship she flew. It was a standard G9 Rigger, an old ship design. Its shape was one of a large cargo bay section with the cockpit at the front, and an equally large wing protruding off to the right acting as balance. Only big enough to transport 70 tons of cargo at a time, he figured Lerena was a small time smuggler making the best of a strictly controlled Republic galaxy. Opening the hanger bay door, he walked up to the ship, surveying it more closely for anything of interest. Finding nothing he then reached out through the force and opened the ship’s hatch. Seeing no one inside, he assumed she’d gone to meet Naden in the cantina. He would have gone to meet them there but he had to be careful, no civilians could know about the Brotherhood’s presence on the planet lest the entire house of Scholae Palatinae be discovered. This meant the best thing for him to do, was wait.

Hours passed, Arthadonis had spent some of the time training his sword, some of it meditating, and the rest planning and dreaming about his first real conflict. From what he knew of Naden, he was a skilled swordsman, at least as skilled as he was and on top of that Naden had years of experience within the Brotherhood over him. His train of thought was cut short by the presence of someone nearing the hanger bay. Taking up position behind some crates stacked near the entrance to the ship, he gently probed the intruder to see if it was Naden, or Lerena. He smiled cruelly as he realised who it was, Lerena.

Making her way to her ship, Lerena was happy with how the meeting had proceeded. Naden had given her the datapad and simply let her go, she could hardly believe how easy it was. *‘Once I bring this to the Republic, I’ll probably get a medal or something.’* She thought to herself. ‘*And that Brotherhood Naden is so fond of will be destroyed.’* The thought of that infernal cult Naden was part of being torn apart made Lerena even happier, she was a genius! She stepped into the hangar bay and made her way around to the back of the ship when suddenly everything went dark.

**"GIVE ME THE DATAPAD!”** Arthadonis’s voice was very angry and very coarse, trying to put as much fear into Lerena as he could. Unfortunately his intimidation fell on deaf ears as she was still stunned by what had happened, unable to move, speak, or even breathe by the look of her. She was unconscious. Impatient, Arthadonis pulled her roughly to her feet, his sword held against her throat not taking any chances. Feeling for anything she may have been hiding, but not feeling any weapons, he moved his hand back to what he felt in her left breast pocket and smiled as he reached in to grab it. Removing his hand, he saw in it a Sith datapad. Activating it, he took one look at the information it held, what he saw made his smile grow. He had it.

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Several hours had passed since Lerena had taken the datapad from Naden, and he was still in the cantina. He was struggling with what he'd done, part of him believed Lerena and the idea of being a lesser evil within the academy, but another part of him felt that she was hiding something from him, something important. And hiding something from him was not acceptable, even for her. He knew that he had to head back to the academy soon before his absence became notable. Visiting the city was permitted by the Sith Lords but only to those deemed trustworthy. Hiding an entire house of the Brotherhood within a palace, with the Quaestor the palace's emperor was a genius tactic but also a delicate one. All it took was one stupid Acolyte to reveal the true nature of the palace to the entire city. But before he did, he'd get to the bottom of what she was up to. He stood up from his table, taking a moment to survey his surroundings and check his belongings. It was unnecessary in here, over the years he’d gotten to know most of the patrons and all of the staff, but it was a habit he liked to keep. Making his way through the crowd, he felt a wave crash into him through the force. It nearly overwhelmed him and instantly, he could tell Lerena was in trouble. Suddenly scything through the crowd, he burst into the street, sprinting as fast as his body would allow toward the starport. 'Please be ok. Please be ok. Please be ok.' He kept repeating this in his mind, as if the thought would hold true. It didn't take him long to arrive at Lerena's ship, the starport was only a few blocks from the cantina, but every second felt like an hour to him. He briefly surveyed the outside of the ship and surrounding hanger, searching for some clue as to her whereabouts but he found nothing. He reached out through the force in an attempt to sense her location. *'There!'* He felt her presence, she was inside the ship! Running around to the back, he saw that the hatch of the ship was open, peering inside, he saw Lerena. She was tied up against a bulkhead, not moving. He rushed to help her, ignoring his instincts screaming that it was a trap. Just before he reached her, a fist flew out from behind a bulkhead. Ducking, he narrowly dodged it, feeling the force of it ripple the air next to his ear. If the punch had connected, it would have easily knocked him out cold. Instantly he drew his sword and trained on the assailant in the shadows.

Arthadonis had a name, Naden. He'd spent the better part of an hour extracting information from the woman he'd captured. He didn't need to, she told him it was Naden who gave him the data pad before he'd even finished tying her up, but he wanted to. By the end of their 'session', Lerena had told him her entire life story. She was born on Coruscant and moved around a lot with her family. She ran away at 16 with her at the time boyfriend and lived with him for a few years, until he dumped her on Nar Shadda for another girl. She was so angry she'd hired a bounty hunter to kill him. This woman surprised Arthadonis, her hatred was strong once properly motivated. He even considered the kind of Sith she would have made, but unfortunately for her, life didn't work out quite so well. Soon enough and with enough encouragement she told him about her relationship with Naden even though he already knew about it. What he didn’t know however was how they'd considered having children multiple times only for him to choose the Brotherhood over her every single time. She even told him how she was planning to take the information and use it to lead the Republic right back to Judecca, all to get back at Naden. Arthadonis laughed, Naden should have known better than to scorn a woman. By that point, she had told him all he needed to know, and so he brought her miserable life to an end. He knew that killing her would bring Naden running, the death of a loved one hits you like a tidal wave through the force, he knew this all too well. He waited a few minutes behind a nearby strut, planning the confrontation and all potential outcomes. Naden was a gifted warrior, as gifted as Arthadonis. His combat style was very focused, and very practiced. That coupled with the years of experience Naden had over him meant that Arthadonis would have to play this smart. Arthadonis had one thing in his favor though, the element of surprise. Soon he heard the frantic running of someone. He masked his force signature and took position. The footsteps came closer, the dull knocking of the sandstone changed to a metallic clang as the footsteps entered the ship. He waited another instant, making final preparations until the time had come for him to attack. He threw a punch at Naden's head as he came around the bulkhead, Naden dodged but only just, Arthadonis's fist coming within millimeters of Naden's surprised face.

Stepping out of the shadows, Arthadonis slowly drew his sword into an attack posture. By this time, Naden had drawn his sword as well, and was standing between Arthadonis and Lerena in a pointless attempt to protect her. *'He doesn't realize she's dead, what a fool.'* Arthadonis thought. Naden's idiocy however would be the perfect advantage for Arthadonis. "Get away from her!" Naden screamed at the horned assassin. He recognized the Zabrak from the academy, one of the newer students. He also recognized that this student had been moving up through the ranks noticeably fast and this worried Naden. He'd assumed the Zabrak had been receiving training at another academy and was forced to start again when he'd reached this one, meaning that Naden had no idea what his true capabilities were. The Zabrak then began emanating dark side energy. It kept growing and growing until it surrounded Naden. Then suddenly, everything went dark. Straight away Naden knew what had happened, the Assassin had used the force to trap him within a sphere of dark energy, blinding him. Between this and the Zabrak's ability to disappear through the force, Naden was helpless.

Laughing loudly, Arthadonis walked slowly toward his prey. Knowing Naden couldn't see him, Arthadonis decided to have a little more fun. Using the force, he flung some containers against the wall near Naden. He was careful not to overuse the force lest Naden sense where he was. He wanted to gauge Naden's reactions. The smaller Human jumped and span to the right in reaction to the containers crashing against the wall. Arthadonis flung another container against the wall to the other side of Naden, again causing him to spin around to face the sound. This was his opening, Arthadonis knew the blackness sphere could fade away at any second, so he decided to end the conflict. Hurling one last container at the wall behind Naden, he lunged, expecting Naden to once again spin in response to the sound. Naden didn't spin toward the sound though, he span toward Arthadonis. Pushing his sword forward in a stabbing motion, Naden was aiming precisely where Arthadonis was about to land.

The Blackness had impaired his vision completely, and the overconfident Zabrak thought he was invisible through the force. But Naden's senses were stronger than the Zabrak realized, and even though he could not see the assassin, he could still feel him although barely. Falsely reacting to what he'd imagined were a few containers hitting the walls around him, Naden lulled the Zabrak into a false sense of security. On the third container, Naden sensed the Zabrak lunge at him, intending to strike the fatal blow. But Naden was ready, and positioned his sword so that his opponent would be impaled on it.

What happened next surprised both of the students. They froze where they were, Naden ready to catch the Zabrak assassin and Arthadonis still in midair ready to strike at the traitor. For a few moments, both were utterly confused until they heard a voice.

"Excellent work Arthadonis, you have completed your task." At that moment, the blackness sphere was lifted, and Naden could see to his horror, the Quaestor of house Scholae Palatinae standing at the entrance of the G9 Rigger. Arthadonis was lowered to the ground, but Naden was held firmly in position. "My lord." Arthadonis said, bowing before the Quaestor. His bloodlust was satiated somewhat from his time with Lerena, although Arthadonis desperately desired to finish the traitorous Naden himself.

"I told you when i gave you this assignment that you were to bring him to me alive." Xen's voice was low, making Arthadonis take a step back.

"Thankfully for you, I have arrived to finish this myself. Wait in my office, I will return soon." Arthadonis sighed internally, bowed again and began back to the palace as ordered, knowing that even he wouldn't want to be present for what was about to happen inside that ship. As he left the hanger, he could hear Naden's pleas growing in both volume and franticness, and couldn't help but smile as screams began emanating from within the freighter.