

## **Krath Priest Sight Nortorshin, pin 7640, Clan Arcona**

### **Antei**

#### **Outside Dark Hall**

Pravus' words *'Everything is happening according to plan,'* ran through the albinos mind, right next to that annoying ringing in his ear. The dust had not yet settled from the explosion and floated in front of Sight's crimson eyes. The Krath lay upon his back, the wreckage of the QH-7 speeder sparking not far from him. Blood oozed from a few scrapes on the Priests face staining his white hair red, as his helmet had separated from his head during the explosion. The Priest heard the sound of boots scraping against rocks as Nephilim swarmed the crash scene.

A stretcher was laid down beside the albino as he could hear the Nephilim apparently in charge talking to Pravus.

"What of the Krath, Sir?"

"Take him with us," the Deputy Grand Master replied to the man. Sight winced as the Nephilim lifted him on to the stretcher, barely registering the order to remain still. In his peripheral vision, Sight caught Pravus slipping into Nephilim armor before the world went black as the shoulder stock of a blaster rifle slammed into his head.

### **Selen**

#### **Arcona Citadel**

#### **ACB Offices**

Celevon's daughter, Protector Alyssa Edraven sat in the mission assignment office in the Arconan Citadel. Her father busy with the ever present stack of paper work that was on his desk. In Sight Nortorshin's seat sat the new Aedile of Qel Droma. Turel was filling in for the Priest as he fulfilled his duties on Antei. The young girl's green eyes, however, were burning a hole in the Rollmaster's nineteen year old Mandalorian Fade, Lilly. Lilly was sitting in front of a terminal in the back of the office, her fingers furiously tapping away.

Turel looked up from a datapad with a preloaded mission, his own green eyes glancing at the Prelate's nine year old daughter. Raising an eyebrow, the Aedile followed the girl's gaze to the young woman.

"What are you hacking into this time, Lilly?" The Templar asked dryly in a rhetorical manner, as he was familiar with the Fade and her abnormal devotion to her Master.

“The image feed from outside the Dark Hall. Sight should be passing through it any second now,” the young woman replied absently as she brushed a stray strand of her black hair back into place.

“If you keep hacking Antei, you’re going to get us all in trouble,” Celevon spoke through a cloud of smoke as he stubbed out the cigarette in an ashtray.

“He’s in one of these speeders and it’s fine. I made sure-” the young woman gasped mid-sentence as the rocket-propelled grenades slammed into the speeder she knew her Master would be on.

“Made sure of what?” Edraven asked, abruptly rising from his chair as a feeling that something was suddenly very wrong washed over him

“No,” the Fade whispered as her hands covered her mouth, her chair tilting back and then falling with a crash as she backed away from the terminal, tears already forming at the corners of her eyes.

“Lilly?” Concern was evident in Turel’s tone as he moved towards the abandoned terminal. The feed continued on as both Qel-Dromans watched. Nephilim poured out from seemingly nowhere, congregating where the destroyed speeder had landed just out of view.

After several minutes the screen showed the Nephilim carrying away bodies on stretches. The Fade’s cry of horror echoed through the room as the three watched the Nephilim bearing what appeared to be the Sight’s body, his head and hair half turned red from his wounds. Celevon removed the power from the terminal as Turel attempted to comfort Lilly, her tears flowing like a river from her blue eyes.

## **Antei**

### **Dark Hall**

#### **Service Tunnels**

The quiet whir of an exhaust fan and the drip of water filled Sight’s mind as he slowly came back to consciousness. His head still ached even though the Force had healed him while he was unconscious. The Priest could hear several others near to him as they moved around. Crimson eyes opening shed more information on where the albino was.

Sight looked up from the sitting position he had been put in by the Nephilim, and found himself in a power and water supply maintenance tunnel to the Dark Hall. Several Nephilim sat across the tunnel from Sight and the other two guardsmen who had survived the attack. The Nephilim in the middle of the group removed his helmet, revealing himself as Darth Pravus. The Sith Lord gazed at the Krath Priest, his hatred barely concealed on his face, yet his eyes gave it away to the albino.

Taking a deep breath Sight straightened himself causing the other two surviving guards to slide to the ground and exposing the blaster holes in their chests to Sight. A glint of black metal in the hand of one of the Nephilim told the albino where his lightsaber had gone. The Rollmaster sighed as he fully realized his next move would determine how Pravus would have him killed.

“Loose ends I suppose,” The albino said slowly his crimson eyes locked on Pravus’ own blue-grey ones. The two stared at each other for several moments before the Grand Master simply nodded once. The clink of blaster rifles settling into armored shoulders resounded in the maintenance tunnel.

“Did my men die with honor?” Sight asked as he glanced down at the two guardsmen who had been assigned under him in the protection detail.

“No,” The Sith replied disgust evident in his tone. The Krath nodded at the words as he drew another deep breath.

The Force whispered a message to the albino as the almost silent click of armored fingers touching metal triggers seemed to envelope his senses. Krath and Sith moved simultaneously, a tug with the Force and the albino’s lightsaber was once more in his hands where it belonged, yellow blade springing to life in time to deflect a blaster bolt. The *snap-hiss* of Pravus’ own lightsaber revealed the golden blade as it exited through the front of a Nephilim’s chest.

A spark of Force guided electricity shot forward and into the gap under the armpit in another Nephilim’s armor. The man convulsed, the life leaving him as a blue glow filled the tunnel. Another Nephilim convulsed as the Force in the form of lightning fried his insides. The Deputy Grand Master lowered his hand, the lightning having subsided, as Sight crushed the skull of the last Nephilim through the Force.

The Krath gazed once more upon the Sith Lord, taking a knee before him.

“What are your orders, my Lord?”

## **Selen Arcona Citadel**

Celevon stood outside the open door to Sight’s quarters. Inside Lilly was going over various pieces of her Mandalorian armor. The Fade had been next to inconsolable since they had witnessed the speeder Sight was riding in explode. The Obelisk sighed as he remembered the young woman’s resolve from the night before.

---

Turel had convinced Lilly to accompany Celevon and himself to the mess hall to have dinner with them. Already the official word had come from Antei, that Sight had perished in the line of duty. The orders to deploy to Nicht Ka had come but moments before the news.

As they entered the mess hall in the Citadel, Celevon could feel the eyes of those within staring at the them with sympathy. Sight may not have been the most well-liked member of Arcona, but the Rollmaster was known by the majority of the members, as was his Fade. Several Journeymen approached the trio to give Lilly their sympathies on her loss, some of the more cocky and drunk ones attempted a pickup line only to find rejection and physical pain as the answer.

As they ate, Lilly looked up from her barely touched tray of what some would call food. Her tear stained face offset by blue eyes with the fire of determination behind them.

“He’s not dead, the announcement of KIA from Antei mentioned there was no body. But we saw him being carried from the scene by the Nephilim. It just doesn’t add up,” her words seemed full of hope. Turel looked at Celevon and nodded.

“She’s right, Edraven. This whole thing smells of foul play and backroom deals,” the Aedile said as he shook his head.

“Be as it may, we have our orders from the Iron Throne. Tomorrow we go to war once again,” a sigh escaped the Battleteam Leader’s lips as he spoke. It had been a long day for the three of them.

“I’m going to Antei, I know I can’t ask you two to accompany me. But I will be in touch with you as I uncover the truth about this,” the Fade spoke slowly, fire in her voice.

---

The Selen spaceport smelled of the homeless. Turel and Celevon walked beside Lilly as they approached the small ship whom’s Captain had agreed to take her to Antei for a small fortune.

“You’ll be okay, won’t you?” Turel asked as he looked at the ship before them.

“I’ll be fine, but thanks for your concern,” the Fade replied as she adjusted the bag of weapons and armor in her grasp.

“If Sight is alive and anything happens to you,” Celevon left the thought unfinished. They as well as most of the Clan all knew how protective Sight was of his Fade. The young woman nodded once before giving Celevon then Turel a hug. The Aedile held on for a moment longer to whisper into the Fade’s ear.

“He loves you, he might not even know it yet and certainly will never say it but it doesn’t negate the fact that he does. Stay safe: Antei is a dangerous place.”

Their farewells said, Lilly boarded the ship to settle in for her journey.

**Antei**  
**Dark Hall**  
**Service Tunnels**

It was at times like these he always found himself missing Lilly the most. The Priest sighed as he strode through the tunnels beneath the Dark Hall. ‘*Find Magistrate Orion Aries Rial, and bring him here,*’ that had been his only guidance from Pravus other than that this Orion worked for the Master-at-Arms. If Lilly had been with him, she would have been able to hack the mainframe and find everything there was to know about the Magistrate, including his current real time location.

The assassin sighed as he climbed into one of the ventilation tunnels that would eventually lead him to the Master-at-Arms’ monitoring center. With a little luck, he would find his target there.

---

Sight had been sitting for hours in the hard metal ductwork watching the Master-at-Arms’ staff rotate through their shifts in the monitoring center. Thankfully, they stood single-man watches so it was just a matter of time before his target appeared. Luck had not been with him at first, but it seemed his redemption had just walked through the door. Muffled voices reached the ears of the assassin, the name of his target causing a wave of relief to run through his body. Donning a Sith helmet that Pravus had given him, the Krath breathed deep of the filtered air within.

**Antei**  
**Spaceport near Dark Hall**

Lilly slipped on a dark grey cloak over her dark grey Mandalorian armor as the ship landed. It wasn’t long before loading ramp descended and she was able to finally walk off the ship. With a small rucksack swung over her shoulder containing her black helmet and a small arsenal of weapons, the Fade strode out into the masses of an Antei starport.

The young woman pulled her hood deeper around her beautiful face as she walked through the crowded streets in the city that had sprung up around the temple of Okemi. It wasn’t long before she found one of the entrances into the underground caverns and tunnels that lead to the Dark Hall.

Every so often the young woman would check a map display on a mini datapad strapped to her wrist. The slicer smiled as the map she had retrieved with the stolen credentials of a Nephilim recruit proved to be accurate to a scary detail. It wasn’t long before Lilly was walking through

one of the power and water maintenance tunnels that ran around the Dark Hall. Taking a moment to rest, the Fade smiled to herself and slid her black helmet over her head. A multitude of internal and external readouts displayed on the heads-up display as the suit self sealed. She would find her Master even if it killed her.

**Antei**  
**Dark Hall**  
**Service Tunnels**

Within the monitoring center Orion was glancing over the various monitors and reading the watch log. It would be a long shift this time, but he had grown accustomed to the multitude of procedures and the specifics of his work. It wasn't the hardest job around to be honest, simply watch the monitors and if anything crazy happened, call the boss or send forth the Nephilim. If Orion was to be honest with himself, he was growing slightly bored with the repetitiveness that watch was. Nothing ever happened during his shifts, as they took place during the middle of the night when most of the personnel in the Dark Hall were sleeping. Even if something happened, there were so many Nephilim around that it would be resolved by the time he got to do anything. However, this was not to be like any shift he had endured before. The Obelisk felt the pain of electricity enter the base of his skull but lost consciousness before he was able to act upon it.

---

Sight began to slowly remove the remaining screws on the ventilation grate, shortly after Orion had found himself alone. It was slow work, even with the help of the Force, but it kept his target unaware of his presence. If he was caught there would be no escape, no overpowered Elder there to deem him worthy enough for the grunt work of a scheme.

After an hour, the Krath finally lowered the grate to floor and crawled just far enough out of the ductwork to get a clear line of sight to the back of his target's head. His right hand raised just enough in front of the assassin's body to let the spark of Force guided electricity free to strike his target.

A soft grunt escaped Orion's lips as he lost consciousness. For Sight, everything seemed to move slowly as he raced across the short gap to catch the Obelisk before his unconscious body hit the floor. One heartbeat, Orion's head wobbled to the side, his shoulders slumped but unevenly as his body shifted in the armless chair. He would fall and the noise might alert others nearby. A second heartbeat, Sight was halfway across the small room his feet falling fast but silently. Orion's body reached the tipping point in the chair leaning dangerously to the right, he would hit the floor hard. The sound of his armor would surely alert someone in the hallway. A third heartbeat, the albino's armored hand grabbed the back of the Knight's armor, stopping his fall just in time.

Sight breathed deeply in relief through the filtered air in his helmet. That had been to close. Slowly, the assassin pulled the Obelisk out of the chair being careful to set him down gently. The Krath drug his target across and into the ventilation tunnel. Before the Rollmaster put the grate fully back on, Rial groaned as he started to come back around. A quick elbow to the man's temple was the remedy to the situation. The grate once again secured in place, the monitoring center looked as if nothing had happened, save that Orion had abandoned his post.

His task of fetching complete, Sight dragged the Magistrate through the service tunnels to where Pravus awaited them.

**Antei**  
**Dark Hall**  
**Service Tunnels**

Lilly stood in front of a service access point for the Dark Hall's internal network. The young woman allowed herself a smile as she shoved a slicing spike into one of the relay boards. The hacker had designed the spike herself to be both untraceable and unstoppable. A few cables later and she had access to the Master-at-Arms' data network. The rush was intense; if she were caught, there would be no arguing out of it or pleading for her life as it would already be forfeit.

The Mandalorian looked quickly through the most recent files, keeping a close eye out for any mention of the incident with the Deputy Grand Master. It wasn't long before the hacker found what she was looking for. Her smile grew as she dove through the intense security that had been placed around the files. A small list of survivors caused her to stop and read carefully:

Lord Pravus - Location unknown  
Krath Priest Sight Nortorshin - Location unknown

The list contained a few more names that had been dulled out after the original creation of the document. Her smile faltered and her heart sank as she re-read the status beside her Master's name. A brief note at the bottom of the document however returned hope to the young woman:

-Note: It is believed that Pravus and Nortorshin became separated from other survivors and the Nephilim were instructed to guard them. While no bodies have been found, contact has been lost with the Nephilim guards.

Disconnecting the cables, Lilly left the Slicing spike in the circuitry as removing it would damage the boards and reveal her presence in the tunnels. Her Master was somewhere close; she would find him and that was all that mattered to her.

**Antei**  
**Dark Hall**  
**Service Tunnels**

The albino watched from the shadows as the Magistrate's eyes fluttered open. Rial struggled against the bonds that held him to one of the thicker pipes in the tunnel.

"That's pointless; you won't get free," the Krath's voice was distorted by the filters in his helmet as he spoke.

"Who are you?" The Obelisk demanded as he continued to struggle, a look of horror washing over him as he realized his connection to the Force was gone. "What have you done to me?!"

"Don't worry little Knight: this is only temporary. Although I know of a lovely coven of light Jedi that could make the work of this Ysalamiri permanent if you don't tell me what you know." The Priest's altered voice spoke softly.

"Know about what?" The captive inquired of the captor.

"Who is the traitor in the Dark Council?"

"There is a traitor?!" Orion's reply to the question was genuine.

"What has the Master-at-Arms been doing behind closed door, and don't tell me you don't know anything."

"I don't know anything, he watches me-not the other way around."

A hand touched Sight's shoulder lightly, looking up the Krath caught a nod from the Sith Lord.

"Failure to cooperate or mere stupidity will not be kind to you," the Rollmaster stepped into the light, vibrosword in hand. "After I went to such trouble to secure you, I would rather not spill too much of your blood."

The tip of the blade swept across the bridge of the Magistrate's nose.



**Antei**  
**Dark Hall**  
**Service Tunnels**

Lilly walked through the service tunnels; the reports had said the Nephilim brought her Master to the tunnels for safe-keeping. Traitors in the Dark Council, plots to flush them out, the Master-at-Arms knew something but that wasn't the Mandalorian's concern, though she had saved all the files, even his personal ones.

In the distance, the Fade could hear the muffled sounds of a man screaming. Her interest became peaked at the irregularity to the constant, deafening silence with the white noise of exhaust fans since she had entered the tunnels. Lilly checked her map to discern what specific service tunnel it could be coming from in the labyrinth of passages.

As she grew closer to the screams, the Fade readied her weapons. Her footsteps grew quiet as she disengaged the safeties on her wrist-born flamethrower and 2mm rockets. On her other wrist, she prepared the ascension cable for use and shouldered her disintegration rifle. The screams were louder now as she covered the last stretch of tunnels between her and the source of the noise.

**Antei**  
**Dark Hall**  
**Service Tunnels**

Sight chuckled as the blood spurted from the most recent stab wound in Orion.

"It would be easier if you just told us what your boss has been up to."

The Obelisk shrieked as the Krath's vibrodagger found a new sheath in Orion's left thigh.

"What Black Operations has the Master-at-Arms been conducting?" The assassin's distorted voice came from beside the Knight's ear.

"*Kurf* you," the Magistrate muttered through his broken teeth and split lips. The interrogation had been going on for what had seemed like an eternity to the victim. He had been cut, stabbed, punched, kicked, and other things he had no idea what to call only that they hurt. A new wave of pain flooded through Orion's body as the vibroblade was ripped unceremoniously out of his body once again.

Stepping back from his victim, Sight removed the Sith helmet and smiled at the man covered in his own blood. The act of smiling caused the Priest's scarred face to take on a distorted, demonic appearance to the Obelisk.

"Who..." Rial stammered over the words, "who are you?"

"I was going to let you live Magistrate, however it seems that you are unwilling to cooperate. As such I am handing you over to his Lordship," the albino stepped back into the shadows. As he spoke, Darth Pravus moved forward.

"My Lord, what-" the Knight stammered, his face showing that he failed to understand why the Deputy Grand Master would have him tortured.

"Answer the question, what has Aabsdu been doing?"

"My Lord?" At Rial's words, Pravus' face seemed to grow darker. The breath caught in the Obelisk's throat at the notion of a Grand Master being displeased with him.

"My Lord, Aabsdu has been tracking the Headmaster's movements."

Pravus nodded once and returned to the shadows as a yellow lightsaber sprang to life.

**Antei**  
**Dark Hall**  
**Service Tunnels**

Lilly rounded the final corner, disintegration rifle at the ready. One hundred meters away, she could see the Deputy Grand Master talking to a man chained to a large pipe. The man's blood was pooling beneath him, yet Pravus had not a speck upon himself.

As the Fade watched, a yellow lightsaber ignited in the same moment the Sith Lord retreated to the shadows. The holder of the blade stepped forward, already launching into a horizontal slash. Her heart skipping a beat as the Mandalorian witnessed Sight beheading the man. Hope and joy filled her as she watched her Master. He was alive! Lowering her weapon, the Fade ran towards the two.

**Antei**  
**Dark Hall**  
**Service Tunnels**

Sight deactivated his blade as Orion's head fell to the damp stone floor of the tunnel. From further down the tunnel, a shriek of joy sounded followed by the clomp, clomp, clomp of armored

feet running on stone and durasteel. Both the Sith Lord and the Krath Priest turned towards the source of the noise.

“A Mandalorian?” Pravus’ voice sounded almost confused.

“I wondered what she would do,” Sight said with a chuckle.

“You know that person?”

“That is Lilly, my Fade,” the Rollmaster replied as the young woman drew near. Slowing to a jog and removing her helmet the Fade beamed at her Master.

“I knew you weren’t dead!” Lilly called out her eyes fixated on the albino.

“What are you doing here?” The cold voice of Pravus cut through the reunion.

“I came to find my Master,” The Fade replied in a matter-of-fact tone before her voice took a more serious inflection. “By the way, the Master-at-Arms appears to be planning on exposing the Headmaster as a traitor in order to gain power for himself. His personal files are full of shady things he’s been doing.”

“Why should I believe you?” The Sith Lord replied.

“Please, it’s all in here,” the Fade chuckled as she tossed the datapad containing the Master-at-Arms’ files to the Deputy Grand Master.

## **Hyperspace Lanes Transport Shuttle**

After Pravus had looked through the files Lilly had liberated from the Dark Hall’s network, he had sent the Krath and his Fade on their way. *‘You have a war to get to Nortorshin, keep your Fade out of our network from now on.’* Lilly smiled as she remembered the Deputy Grand Master’s parting words. The Krath and the young woman were currently sitting on a shuttle in route to rendezvous with the Arconan fleet in orbit above Nicht Ka.

“Out of curiosity, did you make a second copy of those files?” Sight asked, his crimson eyes closed as he relaxed in the shuttle’s seat.

“Please, you know I always do,” the Fade scoffed.

“Good, my superiors in the DIA will love to get their hands on them,” the Krath said with a grin as the two drifted off to sleep. The invasion waited for no one and they needed to sleep before they arrived.