*The Attack Quandary*

The Overseer of Plagueis stood, fidgeting slightly as she watched the proceedings unfold with more than a little disinterest. It wasn’t often that a precession happened, but the Deputy Grand Master was a sight to behold. She stared at the chariot he was travelling in and noticed his guardsman, Sight, shift uneasily. Feeling a disturbance in the Force, her hand dropped to her hip when the *whoosh* of a rocket made itself noticeable as it careened towards the Deputy’s transport. Taranae’s lightsaber flared as the grenade hit, sending clouds of debris and pieces of chariot in all directions, her ears ringing from the explosion. People rushed toward the wreckage looking to help but Taranae saw the capture of the attacker as a greater priority.

As the smoke began to clear, she looked around quickly. No-one was to be seen anywhere in the vicinity, but as she glanced up, she saw a brief flash of movement in one of the arches high up around the area. Steeling herself, she gave chase, sprinting to where she knew the arches led to on the outside of the building and hurriedly took in her surroundings. The scene was utter chaos as people ran in all directions, some panicked and some ran for cover, fearing for their lives. A shimmer off to her left drew her attention and she bolted towards it, sure of what she had just seen. Rounding a corner and heading between two buildings, she eventually caught up with her quarry, only to find it a female of medium height with mid length brown hair who had just removed her helmet, obviously believing she was clear of the area. The young Knight called on the Force and achieved a burst of speed to rival any land vehicle. She was by the woman’s side in seconds. Grabbing her arm, Taranae twisted it around behind her back, thinking she had the upper hand and grinning.

“You will be brought to account for your attack on the Deputy Grand Master, assassin!” she shouted.

The woman just turned her head slightly, smiled, and with a quick shrug she was out of Taranae’s grasp. Shocked, the Sith stared at her for a second too long before trying to grab her again, but her quarry ignited the jetpack attached to her back and took off skywards as she unravelled something from her wrist. Taranae ran at her, hoping to grab her legs as she took flight, but as she neared, the assassin fired a device. Taranae grunted as something resembling a very slim rope coiled around her arm and dug deep into her skin, causing blood to well up around the lasso, and a significant snap to sound from her arm.

The woman rose into the air, taking the hapless Knight with her, and Taranae tried desperately to free her bleeding wrist as the pair soared higher. She realised her captor’s intentions immediately, as a building loomed before them, and the woman adjusted her flight path and height to put Taranae on a collision course with the structure. Her body hit the side of the high rise building with a force that knocked the air from her lungs and made her gasp, the airborne assailant laughing madly as she looked down upon the damage she was causing to her dangling nemesis. Taranae knew she had to do something quickly, as it was obvious that she could not take much more of the incredible damage the collisions were going to cause.

Building after building she was thrown into fits of pain as her body was smashed into each, her ribs and back screaming in pain and at one point making a terrible cracking sound. Fearing broken bones and capture at the hands of this sadistic woman, she at last saw a possible ending to her plight. Before them was another building, this one with sloping sides, and Taranae hatched a plan. As her body was about to hit the slope, she tucked up her knees and began to run up the side of the slope, causing the rope to slacken. Pulling hard, she looped the end near her wrist around the underside of the beam she was running up and anchored it there.

The woman screamed as her flight was abruptly halted, her arm making a terrible noise, and Taranae could imagine it being ripped out of the shoulder socket by the sheer force. Using all her will and training, she gestured towards the woman and she went limp as the Sith shocked the consciousness from her. Atop the building, Taranae walked over and leaned over her fallen foe. Grabbing her by the throat with her uninjured arm, she growled,

“Who do you work for? That shock was but a sample of my powers and I can burn you from within. I promise to make it last as long as possible.”

Her attacker slowly opened her eyes and focused on Taranae. The Sith gestured and the woman cringed away as she screamed,

“I am under contract with a Magistrate. I was told to assassinate Darth Pravus by the Magistrate!”

“Whose magistrate is this?” screamed Taranae. “Tell me!”

“I...I don’t know!” she croaked. “I only know what I was told, that the job was no questions asked. Her name was Baenre.”

“What made you think you could assassinate Pravus and not face consequences?”, the Sith barked. “Are you completely insane?”

With that remark, she knocked the woman out cold and tied her with her own lasso after carefully unwinding it from her arm. She would be returned for questioning. Inspecting her wound, she found a broken wrist and a very deep gouge in her wrist that needed repairing. Calling on her knowledge of the Force, she healed the bone perfectly, and the cut around her wrist disappeared into insignificance. She took a few moments to calm herself.

*Now*, she thought. *To the matter of the Magistrate*.

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Heading back to base, Taranae thought on what she could do to find out who the Dark Council member was that had “Baenre” as a Magistrate. She headed directly to the archives and consulted the tomes for any mention of the name “Baenre”.

It took a few minutes to finally locate an entry that mentioned a “Rhiann Baenre”, a Guardian Duellist from House Odan-Urr. She seemed a formidable opponent from her dossier, and Taranae had no intention of taking her on in direct combat. Even questioning her may bring about a conflict, so she decided to check further. The indications were that this treachery came from higher in the Brotherhood’s hierarchy, so scrutinizing the volumes once more, she found what she was looking for. She was Magistrate to Sith Battlelord Socorra, the Herald of the Brotherhood.

Taranae looked in horror as she realised just how high through the Dark Brotherhood’s ranks the treachery spread. She shook her head as she closed the massive tomes of the Brotherhood.

*This needs taking directly to the Grand Master. I’m sure he will be eager to learn what I have discovered about the treason running through the organisation.* She thought. She pulled her hood up over her head, hiding her bright red hair and made herself look as inconspicuous as possible as she carefully walked from the archives, taking care not to be noticed by anyone as she made her way to the Grand Master’s chambers.