Callus Bo'Amar was going to owe me, and big time. After his endless cajoling, taunting, and begging, I had finally relented and agreed to take the Test of Lore in order to become a member of the elite Dark Jedi Brotherhood.

Today was that day. I sighed, took mental stock of what weapons I had hidden on myself earlier in the day. Despite Callus’ reassurances, I was not going into an unknown situation unarmed and unprepared. I was a trained assassin after all, and I was prepared to defend myself against any surprises or 'tests' I might experience.

"What are you getting yourself into?" I murmured to myself. Shaking my head at myself for caving to Callus, I went to blend into the rest of the group awaiting our test.

All around, I could hear murmured conversation from the other initiates. Some sounded excited while others seemed apprehensive. I covertly glanced around the room, taking note of the exits and the placement of each initiate, when suddenly a new figure entered the room.

“We will be separating you into two groups for the test. Would the following individuals please proceed through the door to the left?” the stranger said with what looked like a small smirk from where I was standing. I had the feeling there was more to the separation than we were being told but as more and more obviously unqualified initiates filed out of the room, I couldn’t help but let a small smirk touch my own face.

Perhaps Callus had been right, maybe I did belong here. Wouldn’t be the first time, sometimes he knew me better than I knew myself.

Suddenly, I felt a familiar tingle on the back of my neck. I was being watched. Slowly, fluidly so as not to betray my movement, I turned to see who was watching me. In the shadows, on the balcony above, a cloaked figure stood observing. As our eyes met, the figure turned suddenly in a swirl of cloaks and disappeared from view. I had known that we would be watched and measured from the time we walked into the Shadow Academy but the figure that had been watching us clearly exuded a level of power I had only ever felt a few times before.

My attention drawn back to the front of the room, and away from the mysterious figure, we were being led into a room to complete the test. At the completion of the test, I found myself wondering what would happen next. I was confident I had passed, but I didn’t know what would happen next.

As I contemplated, leaning against a wall back in the shadows, a figure appeared before me. Instinct kicked in as I slid my hands to my thighs reaching for my ever-present daggers.

“My name is Dralin Fortea, Jai’de, and I don’t believe you’ll be needing those.” He said to me knowingly. “I am the Rollmaster for Clan Plagueis, and I am here to welcome you to House Karness Muur.”

“Thank you.” I murmured rather sheepishly, embarrassed that I had telegraphed my movements so clearly. I hadn’t been that careless in years.

“If you’ll follow me.” Dralin continued, as if nothing had happened. “I would like to introduce you to Callus Bo’Amar, your Quaestor and Octavia Obrie of the Apostles of Syn.”

I followed behind Dralin, increasingly aware that we were not only being watched, but now we were also being followed.

As we approached the two, Callus shot me an “I told you so” smirk and greeted me warmly. I greeted both with respect, eager to get started on my training.

“Once you have settled in Jai’de, we will look at assigning you a master, to help direct your studies and training within the Brotherhood.” Dralin was saying. I was only partially listening. I could feel my muscles tightening, preparing to fight with whoever had been following us, as they were now immediately behind us.

In a fluid flurry of motion, I slid into a crouch with my twin daggers in my hands, ready to strike out at the figure in front of me. I was drawn up short when a familiar voice spoke.

“That won’t be necessary, Dralin.” the familiar voice said.” She already has a Master.”

Before me, stood a man that I hadn’t laid eyes on since I had been a young, barely trained assassin on Nar Shaddaa.

“I don’t believe we’ve formerly met.” He said with a knowing smirk.”I am Teylas Ramar, Proconsul of Clan Plagueis, and your new Master.”

“Well *Teylas*, it’s nice to meet you.” I said as I met his eyes knowingly and thought clearly, “*Again.”*