*Civil War has befallen the Brotherhood. The Clans have split into three factions: the Loyalists, who have rallied behind Grand Master Ashen; the Rebels, following the banner of Jac Cotelin; and the New Order, led by the mysterious Sith Lord Esoteric. Each faction has stormed the surface of Korriban, establishing impressive fortifications and moving towards the Valley of the Dark Lords. But the battle for Korriban is fought all over the planet's surface, and not just with blasters and lightsabers..*

After a catastrophic battle amongst the ruins of the ancient Sith Academy, treasure hunters took advantage of the chaos to plunder the area for all it was worth. Secret writings on the Rite of Immortality—written during the time of the Jedi Civil War—have recently appeared on the black market in the Korriban settlement of Dreshdae. Lord Ashen has sent one of his loyalists, Colyn "Tusken" Skybender, in search of them. However, the Grand Master is not the only one seeking this knowledge. The leaders of each faction wish to secure the writings for their own objectives. Synin Torin is also known to be seeking these writings, likely for his One Sith master. It's rumored that he is close to acquiring the writings… if he hasn't already. Darth Necren - though who she now serves, no-one knows - has been sighted in the city with a Nephilim.

Others have also appeared showing interest in the writings. Known Jedi operative Rhiaen Ust'essi appeared in Dreshdae just after the rumors of the writings surfaced, but [her sister is nowhere to be seen](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/news/reports-voice-mid-gjw-report). Connor Grey, a relic hunter and arms dealer, has also been seen in Dreshdae, though whom he serves is unknown. He's a likely starting point - he knows this planet well, and he may even have been the original plunderer of the writings, though that is pure speculation.

The One Sith control the city of Dreshdae, but that does not mean that there are not allies to be found for those serving other Masters, and dangers for those seeking Esoteric's New Order. Folow the trail to the scrolls in some way, make contact with one of the above-mentioned individuals or another you suspect may be involved, and do whatever is necessary to secure the ancient texts through any method at your disposal.

## NPCs:

* [Colyn "Tusken" Skybender](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/character_sheets/1853), a loyalist to Lord Ashen
* [Synin Torin](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/character_sheets/1331), a renowned One Sith engineer with more than a few screws loose - he is never far from his droids.
* [Darth Necren](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/character_sheets/1554), whose loyalty to the Dark Council was not in doubt... until she was seen working with bounty hunters loyal to the One Sith. Now a pariah, she has found her way alone to the Valley of Dark Lords, desperate to prove she still has value to the Brotherhood - though which Brotherhood is unknown.
* [Rhiaen Ust'essi](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/character_sheets/1919), a Jedi spy. Her demeanour has become serious, cold... and far darker. For once, her sister isn't travelling with her...
* [Connor Grey](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/character_sheets/1851), a rogue Jedi, arms dealer, and relic hunter, his allegiances are unknown… at least for now. Rumor has it he’s uncovered something big, but with all three factions about to clash, it might not matter now.

Dreshdae, Korraban

The spaceport was bustling with current events. Dreshdae’s spaceport built in the shadow of the Commerce Guild’s offices was a place for smugglers and mercenaries. The air was thick with talk of the battle now raging on the planets surface and the orbit above.

Connor Grey, recent captive and escapee ducked through a low overhang and into a secret entrance. The door slid closed firmly behind him as he then strode over to the only device in the room and knelt.

The holo device abruptly turned on filling the room with light and a strongly clad figure. The being spoke with an irksome calmness. “Report, my padawan”.

Connor stayed on his knee as he spoke, with his eyes cast downwards towards the ground. “My Master. I was successful: I have the relic.”

“Good, these events are still unclear. A great cloud over the Force there is.” The shadowy figure waivered as the holo transmission found some static.

“Where should I deliver your quarry, Master?” Connor asked.

“I will be on the planet’s surface soon enough. Wait for me to contact you,” the voice stated.

“Yes, my Master,” Connor said. The transmission was abruptly cut off.

Then something started to buzz on the grey Jedi’s person. Connor scrambled to find what it could be until he noticed two crimson blades starting to cut into the secure room’s wall. Connor braced himself and ignited his own blade.

The two blades finished their circle and the wall plug fell forward. Two thermal detonators bounced onto the floor and exploded in a bright white flash. Connor wrapped himself in the Force, assisting him to survive the blast, however he was thrown across the room into the far wall as the two Taretni bounded into the room.

Egregious spoke into the comm device in his hand. “Secure.”

The room was quickly flooded with troopers. Egregious reached out with a hand to summon the downed Jedi’s blade and clipped it to his belt.

The tropper’s then started to disarm and search Connor’s unconscious body. “It seems like he must have stashed the relic, Sir!”

“Blast!” Egregious smashed his fist into his palm, as Samael entered the room.

“Easy brother. Your thoughts betray you.” He walked to the device in the center of the room and whistled. “Expensive enough, seems like its a high burst transmitter.” As he approached the device it started to pop and smoke. “Booby traps.”

“Booby traps?” replied Egregious.

“Yes, that’s what I said.” Samael stroked his chin thoughtfully. After a few moments he pulled out his comlink and dialed a secure code. “My Prince. We have him, but no sign of the relic.”

Scion’s voice filled the room. “The tracking device had him in the spaceport before stopping at your location. It must be there.”

“Understood.” Egregious turned to the troopers. “Get him aboard the transport. The Prince is waiting.” They dragged the man out of the room. The Knight followed them out of the room then made his way toward the spaceport.

Dreshdae, Space port

When he arrived, he could see the spaceport was a flurry of fleeing beings. There were many that were desperate and trying to flee the battle that was raging nearby.

The sith warrior pulled out his scanner and dialed it to overlay Connors tracking telemetry. He then raced to where the device showed a large delay in the signal. He skidded to a halt. There was a Nephilim standing in front of a locker area.

From behind him he felt a familiar presence. “My master I would not think you would join me here.”

MERLANCE then stood next to his long lost apprentice “Yes. It is the force that brought me here. And the Prince’s orders no less”

Egregious then moved to ignite his saber. His old master, long forgotten put his hand on his and then stepped forward. He then walked across the small room and then charged the standing Nephilim.

Thier blades crossed as they collided together. MERLANCE took a strong pose and then tried to strike low. The Nephilim jumped with a force assisted flip. Moving the fight further away.

Egregious eager to help focused on the force. He tried to suck the force out of the attacker, with his skill of suppression. He stood there rooted and pulled the force from the attacker of his master, in an attempt to distract it.

MERLANCE’s blade then hit home piercing the armor under the armpit. the contact made the flesh boil within his armor. He deactivated his blade and let the body fall to the floor. The pair then stepped further into the locker room.

Egregious then reached out with the force to enhance his sight. There was a blackish purple haze on one of the lockers. It was thick with the dark side. He then walked over and pulled open the locked locker and pulled out a leather satchel. Peering inside le grinned.

“We got it.” he chuckled.