Talis looked at his communicator is dismay as static echoed through the rocky terrain. His first mission as a member of battle team Ooroo and he had managed to get himself separated and lost. Talis shrugged as he replaced his comm unit on his belt and adjusted himself. He pulled his armory saber from his hip and turned the hilt in his hand. It was an embodiment of function over form. The simple saber was nothing special but it was his saber. With a sigh Talis shrugged and raised his hands as a smile crossed his face. He was use to the bad luck, it had followed him his entire life and he wasn’t about to let it get him down. Talis stared around and searched for an easy way down from behind the cloth wrappings that covered the empty eyes sockets. The lack of typical sight was a blessing and a curse. He could see well enough but he had heard wondrous things about the colors of various worlds he had been on and he had forgotten to ask one of his team members what color Korriban was. The easiest path through the rocks was easy enough to spot through the use of the force so he stifled his disappointment and continued his walk among the stones.

A good way down the rocky path Talis came to an abrupt right turn. He didn’t figure that there would be any enemy nearby but it didn’t hurt to give it a quick peek. Talis took a deep breath in and exhaled slowly as he concentrated on the location around the corner through a twelve foot sheet rock face. The tell-tale feeling of warmth could be felt rushing to his face as the scarred surface of the rock gave way to nothing. Talis breathed a sigh of relief as he let his sight return back to normal.

“I am not over there,” A voice echoed from above. Talis coughed hard as he nearly jumped out of his skin.
“You suck!” Talis yelled up at the twilek sitting with her legs hanging over the ledge.
“No, you just were not paying attention,” She replied with a tone of scolding, “Judging by the tunic and the look of you, you’re a member of house Odan-Urr aren’t you?”
“Yeah of battle team Ooroo,” Talis proclaimed with pride.
“Oh,” a hint of amusement coating her reply, “and where might your battle team be?”
“How do I know your loyalties?” Talis’ demeanor gaining a sternness to it as he clenched the armory saber a little tighter.
“I am Rhiaen,” the Twilek replied with a smile. Talis thought back to the briefing that battle team Ooroo had received. They were to scout out a known Plagueis position and if Rhiaen or her sister Nalia were encountered they were to be brought to Jac Cotelin for debrief. Then it hit him as he stared around inquisitively.
“If that’s so where is your sister?” Talis said with a raised eyebrow. Talis read it plain as day as he sensed her mood shift from amusement at his expense to a wave of sadness and guilt and despair. He had to think fast. Talis was very susceptible to the feelings of others and if he let her emotions affect his he would never find his unit.
“So where on this trash heap are we?” Talis blurted out as he pulled a map from inside his belt and laid it out on a rock. He could feel the woman’s volatile emotions shift to a calmer more business like demeanor but he could still feel her sadness and guilt. She walked up and looked at the map and pointed.
“We are here,” The place she pointed to was about three clicks to the northwest of the exfiltration point. He wasn’t lost he was ahead of schedule. A feeling of relief swept over him as he turned to the troubled Twilek.
“We were given orders to bring you in for debrief if we ran into you,” the concern could be heard on his voice as he looked at the woman. She didn’t even argue she turned and shot him a forced smile.
“This way,” the Twilek took the lead as they continued down the trail. Talis placed his hand on some stone as the rounded the corner and reached out to the rock and felt the pressure increase where his hand was. As he lifted his hand a visible handprint could be seen on the stone.
‘I hope Master Revak sees this.’ Talis thought to himself as the duo rounded another turn removing the hand print from his field of view.

The duo made their way down a good distance before Rhiaen raised her hand and crouched next to a rock. Talis being the less experienced scout, almost lost his footing from trying to take cover quickly. Rhiaen shot him a glare at the excess noise he caused from catching his balance. He mouthed the word sorry to try and make up for it but Rhiaen had already turned her gaze to the clearing they had stumbled upon.

Off to the right of the two, a pair of voices could be heard arguing back and forth. One was human enough but the other had an electronic sound to it. It may have just been the stones echoing the voice but it almost sounded droid like. Suddenly movement could be heard as the pair of voices gained bodies. One an average height human draped in a long brown coat with a lit cigarette hanging out of his mouth. The other, a droid draped in tattered vestments. The two were having an very heated argument.
“My habits are none of your business whyvee,” The human spat at the droid.
“My model number is Y V H dash one, not whyvee,” the droid rebutted calmly, “and statistics say that.”
“I don’t care what statistics say, I don’t smoke because of statistics and the health value.”
“But Master Connor, are you not concerned for your health?” The droid’s voice actually held a hint of concern. Talis was more confused from the droids feelings. It actually had feelings and he could feel the force exuding from the peculiar droid. His thoughts were interrupted as the droid stopped dead and pulled a lightsaber from within the tattered remains of its vestments.
“Master Connor we have uninvited guests.” The human turned and reached within his coat but did not pull whatever he had hidden. The droid ignited the red lightsaber and his yellow robotic eyes stared straight at the hidden duo.
“Come out!” Connor yelled at the bushes. Talis mumbled a few choice expletives as he pulled his lightsaber from his hip and looked at the Twilek with a smile.
“It’s just a force wielding sith robot and a creepy dude in a trench coat, how bad can they be?” The twilek rolled her eyes at the sarcastic remark as the two Jedi appeared from behind the bushes. Talis ignited his lightsaber as soon as he stood, bringing the emerald blade to life. The twilek just rested her hand on her blade bud did not draw her lightsaber.
“What lot are you thrown in with?” Connor asked the two as Rhiaen and Talis shot each other glances.
“What does it matter to you Connor?” Talis remembered the man’s weathered face from his briefing, “You work for the best paying party don’t you?”
“Well yeah,” Connor said looking around at the clearing. Talis knew enough about Connor to know that at the first chance he would bolt. The droid was a new situation that he had no knowledge of.
“I am Talis,” Talis paused to ready himself for the man to pull a weapon, “I am a member of Battle team Ooroo of the House Odan-Urr.” The droid didn’t give either side a chance to talk any further as a robotic scream bellowed forth from it as it leapt at Talis and brought it in a downward slash at his head.

Talis easily side stepped the rudimentary slash as he heard another lightsaber ignite. Talis reached out his hand and almost could touch the droids head. He felt the rush of warm energy surge through his arm as his blasted the droid in the face sending it bouncing across the clearing. Out of sheer luck Talis brought his saber up and stopped a stab aimed at his chest. His gaze fell on Connor who had a cleared the distance and in one hand had a white shoto lightsaber and in the other an enforcer pistol. Talis kicked the man hard in the groin and bounded back out of his range. The man slightly keeled over before a bright light emitted from the man blinding all onlookers. Except his opponent. Talis stepped in and struck the human in the throat, along with a punch under his left shoulder and again, kicked Connor in the groin. The man stood there dazed and stared in bewilderment at the young Miralukan who just smiled back and with his empty hand tapped the wrappings around his eyes.
“I don’t know what people are thinking trying to blind me. I don’t see variations in light.” Talis just shrugged and shook his head staring in irritation at the human whose mouth was open but somehow still holding onto his broken cigarette. Talis pulled the cigarette from the man’s mouth before depositing another punch with his empty hand. Connor stumbled back and out of range of the irritated Miralukan. Connor’s left arm was numb and he wasn’t very good with his right hand. He would use it if he was in a pinch and had to but he was outclassed in a heads up fight. Connor was good at one thing that Talis was not planning as he stood there with a stupid grin on his face.

“Don’t let him get away!” Rhiaen yelled as Connor turned and sprinted towards the edge of the clearing that he had come from. Talis’ mind returned to the real world from an especially good day dream where he had beaten lord Muz along with Esoteric and returned balance to the galaxy. Talis began to give chase but was interrupted when his body suddenly stopped mid step and he was thrown back into Rhiaen. They both came to a bouncing stop against a boulder several meters away. Talis thumped hard against the rock but quickly bounded back up from the ground and reactivated the armory saber. He had taken harder hits than that but what concerned him was not that impact but the fact that someone had easily pushed him across the hundred foot clearing and he had no warning. Talis scanned the tree line before he found the assailant. Talis felt his blood run cold and the hairs on the back of his neck stand at attention as the cloaked figure immerged from the bushes. The droid’s head bowed towards the cloaked figure before racing after Connor. Talis began to give chase but stopped dead in his tracks when the robed figure pulled back her hood. The two cranial horns sprouting from the woman’s head identified her as a member of the Iktotchi race. Runic sith tattoos covered the entirety of the amber skin that showed through her battle dress as she dropped the cloak to the ground. An evil smile of pointed teeth accentuated her orange eyes and gave an all-around evil look to the woman. The wave of emotions hit Talis like a freight train but it wasn’t coming from the person he was expecting. Fear and guilt lathered in anger swept through Talis like a wave over rocks. Talis turned and looked at Rhiaen who had never stood from being knocked over and was curled up in the fetal position against the rock with wide eyes and an expression of pure terror covering her face.

“Oh Rhiaen,” the Iktotchi’s sounded sincerely hurt, “you didn’t tell us you had other friends about.” The woman gaze swept over Talis and a smile crept over her face.
“What is the smile about?” Talis queried.
“You’re just a boy,” the insulting tone could have been felt by a Miralukan a galaxy away and Talis could feel his blood pressure start to rise as he felt warmth of blood rushing to his face. Talis took in a deep breath and exhaled it slowly before turning to the Twilek.
“If you are going to just sit there and rock back and forth like a frightened child then can I at least borrow your lightsaber for a bit?” Talis knew he had a better chance of defending himself with two lightsabers against the Iktotchi woman. Rhiaen just continued to rock back and forth and stared in wide eyed terror at the sith woman.
“If she isn’t willing to let you use her I have an extra one little Jedi,” Talis felt his anger jump at the word little, “what is with the glare? Do you not like my little jokes?”
“I am taller than you short stuff.” Talis replied curtly as he returned his gaze to the woman who was holding a very similar saber hilt to Rhiaen out in front of her. Suddenly it hit Talis. This sith had killed Nalia. Talis didn’t know for sure but by how Rhiaen was acting and the constant wave of feelings bombarding him provided all the proof he needed.
“What is your name young Jedi,” there it was again and Talis found it harder to contain his rage at the insult.
“Give me your name witch, and I shall give you mine,” Talis offered with a smile and a shrug. Laughter erupted from the woman as she tossed the saber hilt at Talis’ feet. He flicked the saber hilt into his hand with his foot and in one fluid action activated the blue lightsaber. Talis could feel the difference in lightsabers almost immediately. Nalia’s lightsaber was considerably more powerful than his own and for some reason her hilt was lighter than his. Talis chalked it up to lighter materials and superior craftsmanship but now was not the time for contemplating the creation of it. It was time to put all his training to bear against the evil woman.

“Oh and my name is Necren,” Talis’ face contorted into a confused look, “Darth Necren? Sith assassin?”

“No idea,” Talis offered with a shrug, he had never heard of the woman, “I have had limited time among the Odanites so I was never warned about you, is this some kind of crazy mood swing or something?” Darth Necren’s eyes narrowed and her face turned from one of amusement to anger at the Jedi’s joke.

Talis made the first move closing in fast only to make a quick series of slashes and bound out and away from the psychotic looking sith. She didn’t even move her feet. She just ducked and maneuvered her upper body away from the blows. Her lightsaber was still laying across her left arm yet to be activated and now a smile spread across her face again. Talis reached within himself as he bounded in and feinted high and slashed at one of the woman’s legs. She swiftly raised the leg out of the way and planted her foot right back where it had been but that wasn’t Talis’ plan. He had been pooling the force in his arms so that he could release it all at once and he had his opening as he deactivated both lightsabers. He raised both hands up to the woman’s chest and released everything he had against her chest. A blast of the force reverberated off the woman and pushed Talis back who had planted both his feet in hopes to move the woman. His efforts were rewarded by the tell-tale hiss of a lightsaber activating. Talis had managed to move the woman across the ground several meters but he found that he had moved the same distance. He chalked it up as a win for himself. Her smile was not affected as the dust settle around the two foes. The woman started to pace to her left and Talis followed suit as he reactivated both lightsabers and spun them in a tight circle and then waded in towards her. He attacked with two swift stabs that Necren easily batted aside and had to bring both sabers back to block her parry. As he continued with his onslaught of simple slashes and stabs the woman parried with strong slashes that took their toll on Talis’ strength and speed. Darth Necren was in control of the exchange and was toying with the Miralukan. Talis needed a way out but he knew he was not going to get any help with the skilled sith. Almost on instinct after blocking a series of swift and powerful slashes Talis ducked down and brought his foot to bear against Darth Necren’s chest. She didn’t even move as the kick landed and Talis bounded backwards in a summersault out of the woman’s range. With her chest still puffed up like she had been awarded a great honor she raised her hand towards Talis.

A heavy pressure around wrapped around Talis’ neck as he felt his feet leave the ground. Talis gasped for air as he dropped both lightsabers to the ground below him and grasped at the nothingness that was stealing the very air from him. Talis had to think fast but there was nothing around him that he could use to distract Darth Necren and her incessant laughter was not helping him concentrate thru the panic ravaging his mind.

There was a sudden change in Darth Necrens expression right before a blue lightsaber came to life out of thin air and Rhiaen appeared slashing downward at the back of Darth Necren’s head. Necren’s hand lowered as she side stepped and turned to meet the oncoming attack releasing her hold on Talis. Talis’ landed in a heap on the ground and looked up to see the twilek bring to bear all her training and skill and no small amount of rage. Talis heard a voice in his head yelling at him to pull himself together and get up. Talis felt himself calming and the rush of blood to his head and air to his body was almost euphoric but the rage pulsating off Rhiaen was almost palpable. He looked around and found the two lightsaber hilts and as he stood he reached out and pulled them from their resting places in the grass. Talis narrowed his eyes and steeled his nerves as he waded into the fray.

Talis reentered the fight with a dual bladed block and then batted the crimson blade back at Darth Necren. Talis could feel the rage emitting off Rhiaen and he began to feed off the emotion. His attacks began to gain speed and power as he let himself submerge in her rage. Talis’ stabs and slashes began pushing back Darth Necren who still easily batted them away but was no longer smiling. At least it was a small win for the two Jedi that the woman was taking the fight more seriously. Talis spun and brought two corresponding slashes at Darth Necren both high and low as Rhiaen stab at Darth Necrens midsection. Somehow the woman was able to bat two of the attacks aside and side step Rhiaen’s stab like it was child’s play and it only fed more into Talis’ trance like fighting. Talis could feel his own anger and frustration getting drug out of the small recesses of his mind that he had forced it to and it fueled him as he continued the onslaught. He knew that his actions would draw a lecture from his new master but at the current moment he didn’t really care that much, he would deal with it then, if he survived.

Talis began to feel himself slow down or Darth Necren speed up but suddenly he found himself on the defensive. With a sudden change in body mechanics the woman had gained ground and was pushing the jedi duo backwards and towards their physical limits. Necren brought in downward slash that took everything Talis had to block and cratered the ground under him. Almost as fluid as water flowing down a creek she spun her body and flicker wrist bringing her red lightsaber up in front of Talis’ face and right through the emitter of Nalia’s lightsaber. Talis staggered back as he tried to regroup and looked down at the saber and then over at Rhiaen who was still focused on the Iktotchi.

“Sorry about this,” Talis offered with a shrug as he placed the now useless lightsaber in his belt. Rhiaen let the destruction fuel her rage but Talis found himself on the outside looking in as he felt the fatigue slam into him like a star destroyer. His breathing became labored and he suddenly realized he was covered in sweat. His legs and arms felt like jelly and he had a throbbing migraine. This was his penance for using his rage in battle and he had been warned in training not to rely on it. Talis had to rest but now wasn’t the time nor the place to be taking a five minute sit down. Rhiaen needed him to push through it but Talis knew if he entered the fray he would only succeed in getting one of the killed.
‘I know’ Talis heard a voice in his head again. ‘I will finish this’
Rhiaen began pushing herself harder and harder. Talis stayed kneeling as he caught his breath and pulled up calm thoughts to center himself again. Rhiaen used her rage and anger at Darth Necren to push through her physical limit but she was visibly slowing and her attacks were becoming sloppy. The sith took her chance and extended her hand right up to the Twilek’s face. What Talis saw next would haunt him for the rest of his days. A blast of lightning erupted from Necrens hand and a matter of seconds Rhiaen’s eyes exploded as chunks of flesh melted off her face. The twilek reeled back in pain and tried to let out a scream but no noise came from womans mouth as she fell back to the ground attempting to flee the dancing veins of electrical current. Darth Necren pressed her attack and continued shocking the already severely wounded jedi. Talis couldn’t take anymore of Rhiaen’s screaming. Talis rose from his kneeling position and planted his feet. Talis reached out to the force and pulled all he could into his body. He pooled it in his arms and chest as he narrowed his gaze. He was going to give it everything he could muster. One last final attempt to dislodge this sith from her high horse. He was going to humble her or die trying. Talis felt himself strengthen his body for the attack as the overflowing force began to pool between his hands. Darth Necren was too busy enjoying torturing Rhiaen and didn’t even notice the incoming attack. Talis saw his opportunity and bounded forward and came to a stop a couple feet from his target. She turned and looked in amusement at the Miralukan. The look of amusement was replaced by a look of surprise as she blasted back across the clearing and bounced a few times before agilely landing on her feet and glaring at the young jedi who collapsed onto his knees. Talis looked over at Rhiaen who wasn’t moving and was barely clinging onto life. Talis looked over at Darth Necren with a grin as he forced himself to stand. He knew that the woman’s next attack would end the fight.
‘Well this isn’t what I had in mind for my evening,’ Talis thought to himself as he stumbled and fell to his knees. Tunnel vision set in as he watched Darth Necren take two steps and leap high as she activated her lightsaber. Talis couldn’t lift his arms, as if it would do anything to stop the incoming strike. He just watched in slow motion as her red blade came around. The force of her attack stopping suddenly blasted the near unconscious jedi back across the clearing and against something solid forcing him back into consciousness. His normal field of vision returned and standing in front of him was a tall Miralukan, he had stopped Darth Necrens attack as if it were a child’s play. Talis did not know this man but he was glad for his timely arrival. A gentle hand could be felt on Talis’ shoulder and as he turned to look into the eyes of a very attractive woman. Something about her graceful hands and calm demeanor put him to ease. She turned and looked at the now even fight between her companion and Darth Necren and looked up. This drew Talis’ stare as he looked up and into the eyes of two figures who were backed by two dozen jedi. Talis knew one as his Master and relief washed over him as he forced a smile.
“I almost had her master,” Talis smiled as he drifted out of consciousness.

Revak nodded to the woman as he and the combined forces of Battle team Ooroo and Battle Team Wardens of House Ektrosis, one of the houses of the allied clan of Taldryan, made their way across the field. The purple blade of Shaz’air wove his attacks like an intricate dance. The reversed grip attacks were so fluid and powerful that Darth Necren was forced to go on the defensive. She had used a minimal amount of her power playing with the appetizers but now she found the main course to be a little stouter than she would like. She continued to block and move and parry when she got the chance. Shaz'air suddenly disengaged his battle with Darth Necren and leaped back towards the combined battle teams as he scanned the tree line. He held up a hand to halt the advancing battle teams who in turn drew and activated their weapons. A purple lightsaber buzzed to life among the shadows of the trees which acted like a catalyst as twenty more various colors of lightsabers ignited and lit up the shadows as the entirety of the house Ajunta Pall emerged from the tree line and took up position behind Darth Necren who just smiled evilly.
“What you thought it would be that easy to capture me?” Darth Necren offered a smile before nodding her head commanding the lower ranking members of the House to charge. Revak turned to the battle team and nodded giving them the unspoken command to take up arms. The two forces charged in at each other with battle cries and the clashing of lightsabers.

Talis awoke to the sounds of battle but when he tried to sit up a hand pushed him back down. He looked up at the human woman who hadn’t even looked his way and was busy doing something else. Talis adjusted his gaze to her other patient as she bandaged wounds on the unconscious Twilek. Rhiaen was in bad shape but the human had seemed to have kept Rhiaen alive and had even begun to pull her away from the abyss. A tall man suddenly appeared over Talis and looked at him with the calmest face Talis had ever seen.
“Are you alright here?” The man queried.
“I’m fine,” The woman still hadn’t looked up from her current patient, “how is it going out there Sena?”

“Well Imperius wasn’t with them so we have the upper hand for the moment.”

“These two need to be medevac’d soon.” The sense of urgency resounded in her voice.

“It’s been called for, they should be on their way.” Talis’ last image of the fight was of his master, Revak Kur engaging two members of house Plagueis, a blonde human with an abnormal amount of tattoos wielding a blue lightsaber and a dark hair pale man with eyes as red as his lightsaber.