GJW Round 2 Fiction: PRT DRACARYIS #13802

Dracaryis crouched on the small rock outcropping overlooking the Valley of the Dark Lords and surveyed the area carefully. It had been three days since his Master directed him to travel to Korriban to retrieve the ancient scrolls detailing the Rite of Immortality, and his search was turning up nothing of value. Carefully descending the cliffs, he made his way across the sands of the Valley and towards the ancient Sith Academy. Dracaryis had decided earlier that day that if was to ever track down the scrolls, he would have to begin at the place where they were originally uncovered.

This mission was incredibly risky, especially for a Protector armed with a training saber and a few undisciplined Force skills, but Dracaryis was not afraid. He excelled at working alone, and along with his keen intellect he was a natural detective; an obvious choice for this mission. “Find the Scrolls,” his Master said simply. “Find the Scrolls and retrieve them, so that your journey along the Dark Side may continue.”

Dracaryis approached the destroyed door at entrance to the ancient Sith Academy and stepped inside. He knew where the scrolls were found, and he was certain that he would find clues as to where the scrolls were if he examined the site. As he traveled through the dark corridors of the Academy he found himself in awe of its construction. The symmetrical halls, the sparse living quarters, the large training area; this had been a place where warriors were cultivated. He felt oddly comfortable as he walked the halls.

As he came to the excavation site, he became convinced that he was being watched. Though his Force training was still very unrefined, he was certain he could sense a strong presence watching his every move, waiting for him to drop his guard to in order to strike. He kneeled over the site where the scrolls were unearthed, and ran his fingers through the ancient soil, reaching out with his mind for some kind of sign that would point him in the right direction. He heard the hum of the lightsaber before he had a chance to react, and was lifted off the ground and thrown against the wall by an invisible entity. Dracaryis shook his head and attempted to regain his focus. As his vision returned, he found himself looking directly into the eyes of a female Ikotchi…he was face to face with Darth Necren.

“Who are you?” Necren demanded.

“I am Dracaryis, Protector and servant of Clan Plagueis.” Dracaryis replied quickly, but without fear. He knew how he spoke and interacted with Necren would determine whether or not he survived this encounter.

“Why are you here?” the Elder questioned.

“My master sent me in search of the scrolls defining the Rite of Immortality. I am to return them to him in order to continue my training.” Dracaryis replied. It was better to tell the truth to Necren than to lie, as she would know if he was lying anyway.

“Your master sent you to Korriban, with a limited knowledge of the Force and armed only with a training saber? “ Darth Necren asked skeptically.

“My master is confident in my abilities. I will find the scrolls, and I will destroy anyone who tries to get in my way.” Dracaryis declared, igniting his training saber. “I am not afraid of anyone or anything on this planet, including you.”

The words were out of his mouth before he could silence himself. He stood there, gripping his training saber and preparing for Necren to strike. Darth Necren surveyed the young Protector pensively, running her fingers along the hilt of her lightsaber. Suddenly, Necren burst into patronizing laughter.

“You have spirit, Protector, I will give you that, “ the elder laughed. “You would not stand a chance against me, but I believe you can be of use. I also seek the scrolls. Abandon your master and join me, and I will continue your training.

Dracaryis was taken aback by this offer. To serve under Darth Necren would be a great honor. But there was the concern of her potential loyalty to the One Sith. Dracaryis didn’t care too much about that, as he preferred to operate solo. If he could learn from Darth Necren and then eventually betray her and usurp her power as all Sith are expected to do, so much the better for him.

“I am honored, my Master…” Dracaryis replied. “What would you have me do?”