He’d received the summons less than an hour ago and had hastily made his way to the Arca Praxeum as the last few stragglers made their way into a large open hall reserved for large gatherings of the Clan such as this. Taking a seat he looked around at the group on the raised dais at the head of the hall. The Clan’s Togruta Consul A’lora Kituri stood front and centre flanked by V’yr Vorsa to her right with Nathan Decarius to her left.

Torin found a seat next to Lu`aisha Gresee turning to his fellow New Tythonian and whispering “What’s going on Lu?”

With a shrug the Sentinel Scout replied “I have no idea. Must be important though for the whole Clan to be called together”

As the last few stragglers managed to grab a seat A’lora raised her arms beckoning for quiet before she began to speak.

“My friends, I have grave news to impart. Agents of the Sentinel Network have discovered a plan by forces of the O’reenian military to invade New Tython”. She stopped for a moment to let the news sink in before continuing saying “The invasion fleet is substantial and without help New Tython will fall, and we will fall with it”

“What can we do?” shouted one of the Clan’s newest recruits.

“As I said we cannot hope to hold off this invasion without aid therefore I, along with the rest of the summit, have approached Clan Arcona for aid” replied A’lora to a chorus of outraged cries and murmuring.

As the noise continued Salbecca rose to his feet, towering over the rest of the Clan, and said “Surely you can’t think to trust these dark siders” before turning to face V’yr and saying “V’yr you must remember how just two Sith destroyed the order. How many friends did we loose then and now you wish to invite a Clan of them here. It’s madness”

With a stern look V’yr replied “I do remember my friend, we have not reached this decision lightly”

Pointing a hairy finger at the summit Salbecca roared “This will not end well” before storming off.

Exhaling a breath she didn’t realise she’d been holding A’lora continued “My friends, we did not reach this decision rashly but often times we must make difficult choices but either we ally ourselves with the Arconans or we watch our home burn. Now go, prepare yourselves for the battle to come”.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several hours later Torin lay staring at the central support beam of the tent belonging to his partner Kiera Sallian, the caramel coloured wood looking almost black in the moonless night. Looking down he lay their quietly watching Kiera sleep, her head resting lightly on his chest, rising and falling with each breath. As he brushed her hair from her face her eyes fluttered open and she gave him a small smile.

“What are you doing awake?” she asked sleepily.

“I can’t sleep” he said stroking her forehead.

Sitting up she asked him “Are you worried about the battle or your new allies?”

With a sigh Torin said “A bit of both I suppose, Sal says we shouldn’t trust them but his past kind of clouds his feelings. A’lora and V’yr seem to think this is the only way we can keep the planet safe but I don’t know, can we really trust dark siders to keep people safe”

“Do you trust A’lora?” asked Kiera.

“Of course” answered Torin.

“And V’yr? Do you trust her?” she asked.

“I do” replied Torin.

“Then maybe you should trust that they know what they’re doing. You can’t judge people on reputation alone, they may be dark siders but maybe they’re not all evil” said Kiera.

Smiling Torin said “Why do you always know the right thing to say to me?”

“Because I’m smarter than you are” she replied giggling.

Kissing her forehead Torin said “I’m gonna take a walk, try and clear my head” before he rose to his feet, got dressed and walked outside.

As he exited the tent he looked skyward, an ocean of stars spread out above him stretching from one side of the horizon to the other. And within that ocean of stars the planets last line of defence, the orbiting space station Sanctuary. As he took a deep breath of the cool night air he could see several new lights flash into the night sky as several ships exited hyperspace above the planet. Moments later the comm unit in his pocket chirped pulling Torins attention from the sky.

As he pulled it out of his pocket and activated it a hurried voice said “All forces are to report to the Arca Praxeum immediately” before the message ended.

Ducking back inside the tent Torin moved to the bed and whispered “Sweetheart, I have to leave” into Kiera’s ear.

Sitting up in the bed she hugged him tight and said “I love you Torin, stay safe”

Kissing her he said “I love you too” before he turned and left the tent.