“Defense of the Asylum”

By Knight Ranarr Kul (Sith) / Order of the Trident - House Mortis of Tarentum (#14229)

Something was wrong. Sith Bloodfyre Tarentae ran his mind around the room, trying to Sense what was bothering him. The lower level of the Asylum had only some experimental science stuff and books older than the age of all Tarenti counted together. Most of it was covered with dust, it pulsed an irregular symphony in Beef’s mind. He studied everything, but couldn’t see it. What was bothering him?

A line of blaster bolts blasted through the only window that let some light in, just beside Beef. They came far too fast for his body to react or dodge, moving with an incredible speed.

As fast as the bolts were, however, the new Proconsul’s mind was faster. He whipped out his Lightsaber, slashing through the air. The force of his attack slapped the bolts backward. There was a series of audible sparks as the bolts hit the walls of the room and then... All was silent. The Proconsul plopped into his seat, his face horrified as he stared at the window and its holes.

As he stared through the window he noticed a figure running of in a distance. At amazing speed he caught up with the mercenary and brought him back to the lower level of the Asylum for interrogation.

“Farrin?” Beef urgently grabbed his holo-comm. “Farrin, you copy?”

Beef informed the Consul about what happened.

“Someone shot at you?” Farrin asked with concern.

The Proconsul regarded the holes—they ran in a small circle in the window just beside his head. “Yes,” he said. “They tried to kill me.”

“How did you let him sneak up on you like that?” Farrin asked.

“I wasn’t expecting to be shot at. And according to this guy here… More are coming”

‘’Ranarr... I need you and your team on Yridia IX ASAP!’’

The Cathar was surprised by the urge in Farrin’s voice and gathered all Legionnaires immediately. With their newly formed alliance, Melue Karthdo flew the Order of the Trident, on the Doomsday, to their destination and provided them with the necessary resources.

‘’Pel and Scion, I’d like you two to board a fighter. Fly out and see what’s coming in the direction of the Asylum. Do not hesitate on firing.’’

‘’Allright! Time for action!’’ Both replied almost at the same time.

‘’The rest of us will be waiting in front of the Asylum for incoming troops.’’

As the Order reached the Asylum Ranarr ordered Hades to go inside (he was the only one of the crew who knew his way in there) and check on Beef. The moment Hades stepped through the heavy wooden door, Ranarr received a message from Pel.

‘’Oh boy... There’s many of them...” In the background Ranarr could hear guns firing.

‘’Scion and me took out some, but these mercenaries come in high numbers. Many made it into a mining shaft that, according to my calculations, leads to a few meters from your position.’’

Dox, who stood closest to Ranarr and heard Pel’s message, activated both of his lightsabers in an eager to kill. The rest of the Faction followed his example and readied their weapons.

After only a few minutes the Legionnaires could see something coming up at the horizon and the longer they watched, the harder their hard started pouncing. Ranarr’s heart almost broke out of his chest. He looked to his left... He looked to his right... And realised they were highly outnumbered. ‘’Everybody! Move inside! NOW!’’

As everybody moved to the entrance, the door bursted open and hundreds of undead soldiers moved past them, into the battlefield. Highly surprised by what was happening, the Legionnaires did not see Sith Bloodfyre Taretae appear, aside Hades, in the doorway.

‘’Let us even the odds!’’