“Now’s the time to strike”

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

The Order of the Trident and all of its Legionnaires have always been loyal to the Iron Throne. But Sith would not be Sith if their eager for power didn’t consume them in the way it does, and the hunger to take the Iron Throne rises now the Justicar isn’t around.

It seems that the Justicar has called upon many new Journeymen to protect his Throne, a way to prove themselves. I have a plan to take the Throne for our Patron, for Pel, and all off our Legionnaires.

‘’Solas Night-Thorn, I need you in my quarters right now!’’

As the young Acolyte heard Ranarr’s words echo through the halls he increased his pace, towards his Leader’s quarters.

‘’What grants me the pleasure of coming here?’’ Solas smiled.

‘’Skip this crap, get that smile off your face and sit down!’’ Ranarr roared. ‘’The time to strike is now. I need you to mingle among the Journeymen who are protecting the Throne, get us the info we need to take it!’’

‘’Ow boy...’’

After a small communication unit was hidden in Solas’ robes, a drop-off was arranged at a save distance from the first guards.

‘’Be confident.’’ were Ranarr’s last words Solas could hear when moving towards his goal.

As the Acolyte moved closer he could count seven Journeymen in front of the main entrance. Those seven noticed Solas as well and gathered on a line, ready to grab their weapons. One of them took a step forward: ‘’Who are you and what’s your business here?’’

‘’I’m here to join you guys in protecting the Throne, the name is Solas Night-Thorn.’’

At a distance, Ranarr and some of his men were following the conversation through the comm-unit. ‘’The boy’s doing great.’’ Zekk said. ‘’Good job kid.’’ Dox whispered.

‘’We don’t need extra forces here, turn around and leave.’’ The guy who stepped out stated. Looking at his robes Solas knew the guy’s rank.

‘’Well, Neophyte,... What’s your name?’’

‘’I’m Aldo B’klodi.’’

‘’Neophyte Aldo B’klodi,...’’ Unnoticeable, Solas gently moved his right hand towards his blaster, ‘’I consider myself an upgrade.’’

A blaster bolt got rid of Aldo and a spot in the guard opened up.

After talking to the other Journeymen Solas, and the three Legionnaires waiting in the distance, knew what they needed. Six in front, three at the left entrance, three at the right. On the balcony where six more and there will be ten in the Throne-room. Twenty-eight devoted guards between the Order and ‘their Throne’.

‘’Okay guys, great work so far. Stand ground and wait for my signal. I’m creating an opening.’’ Ranarr stealthy moved towards the left exit. From a distance of two meters he jumped out of the bushes and punched his claws into one of the guards’ chest while grabbed that dudes blaster. One blaster bolt was powerful enough to throw the remaining two guards against each other and giving Ranarr the opportunity to activate his Lightsaber and strike both enemies at the same time. ‘’Left entrance clear. Your turn guys.’’

‘’Clear the balcony.’’ Ranarr commanded. Zekk and Dox had clear passage in through the door where Ranarr waited for them. Both Legionnaires swiftly moved up the stairs towards the balcony. Before engaging they look at each other with their hands on their Saber. They nodded and jumped in. Red flashes enlightened the dark sky as Zekk and Dox swung their Sabers around. In no time the area was clear. ‘’Now let’s meet up with Solas at the door of the Throne-room.’’

Ranarr held watch and suddenly he noticed a ship coming in from the south. It was getting ready to land, could it be... it seemed like... As all three Legionnaires stood in front of the door into the Throne-room, ready to kick it, disappointing words came through the comm-unit: ‘’Abort mission, ... Abort! ... I repeat, get out of there, He’s back.’’