Sith BattleLord Pel was in his quarters, contemplating his next course of action. It was either time to go find Hades and have a few drinks, or time to hit the simulators for a little extra practice. As he weighed the options he was interrupted by a soft chime from his comm panel. Pel looked over and saw that the incoming communication was from an unknown source.

 Intrigued at who might have spent time tracking down his private comm information, he thumbed the audio only switch and waited. A few seconds passed before an electronically generated voice began, “BattleLord Pel, many years ago you swore an oath to the Iron Throne, and joined the ranks of the Envoys, acting as the Grand Master’s eyes and ears within Tarentum. While that group no longer exists, your oath of loyalty has never been terminated. It has been many years since you were last called upon, and Grand Masters have come and gone in that time. The Grand Master has formed a new group, which will function as not only his eyes and hears, but also as his hands. The current Grand Master has seen fit to instate you as a Senior Apprentice, with all rights, duties and **obligations** commensurate with that rank.

“You are hereby directed to act as an observer for your Battle Team. An encrypted comlink will be waiting for you in your fighter. Keep it on you at all times, and watch and observe. Future instructions will be relayed to you through the comlink. You will not use any other means to communicate with us. You will follow all instructions as they are given. There will be a brief pause, so you will not miss further instructions as you scream – do not fight what is about to happen.”

This last instruction was the first to surprise Pel, as he had been expecting to hear from the Iron Throne ever since his return to Tarentum. It had been a great honor, and a minor burden, to be a member of the Society of Envoys once. Duties were minimal, a monthly report to the Knight Commander on anything unusual happening in the Clan. It seemed as if this new organization was both more demanding, and more secretive. Quickly Pel braced himself for the unknown, wondering just what was about to occur to make him scream. No sooner did the thought pass than the answer came, in the form of a burning sensation inside the skin of his back. Pel grunted at the initial shock, but quickly recovered his composure, using his talents with the Force to mitigate the pain of whatever was being burned into his flesh. After several long minutes, the burning seemed to have reached it’s limit, and the sensation had stopped spreading. Those areas already affected were still throbbing, and Pel had a feeling it would be a while before it stopped entirely. Pel looked over to his comm, to see if the connection were still open, just as the voice resumed.

“You have now been marked. The marks will not show to the normal eye, but those who know how will be able to see them. You will not reveal your new duties or status to anyone. We will be in touch.”

The connection closed, leaving Pel alone with his thoughts again. A moment’s reflection on his original quandary led to the obvious decision that a quick trip to his fighter was now required, and THEN he could go hunt Hades down, and enjoy a drink or two. This would have the benefit of pushing the pain and new obligations (how ominous that the voice had stressed that word) out of his head for a short while…..