"Damnit, Farrin." muttered Hades as the silhouette of his Apprentice and Consul vanished before his eyes. With a flip of a switch the comm unit was shut off and the elder Battlelord took a deep breath. He glanced out the viewport of his temporary office onboard *Altera* station and exhaled slowly. He sat up and moved closer to the console in front of him. He requested his starfighter be ready to fly. He stood and was dressed in his flight suit within three minutes. He tucked his helmet under his left arm and exited his office to find his Battle Team Sergeant was about to chime his door.

"Wow, good timing? Where are you going?" Pel asked his old friend.

"Have you seen the Consul lately?" Hades demanded back.

"Obviously not. He's playing his secret squirrel games." They both smirked.

"Well, it's starting to piss me off. We need troops and an order to GO if we are going to take on the back-system idiots on Yridia IX. This is Trident's job and we can't do that without express OK from Farrin." Pel nodded and frowned.

"Yeah. There are whispers among the members, even the troops, about Farrin's current state. Some wonder if he is even alive. Maybe Bloodfyre killed him for the throne and just uses a program to imitate Farrin to give his own orders. " Pel noticed Hades glare and stammered.

 "But obviously, that is just a rumor." The BTS nodded, lying to himself.

"Farrin isn't dead. I would have felt his passing. I have a hunch, Ill be back."

"What? We are supposed to be gearing up for the Assault on the "Mayor" of Eden."

"Listen, Pel. As General of the Tarentum Army and my XO you can get our troops to Yridia IX. Start throwing your rank around. Get our troops there and I will meet you before we attack. " Pel nodded and stood up straight.

"Yes, Admiral." Hades smiled and put a hand on his friend's shoulder. "Get our guys there and we will show the system what Trident can do." Pel saluted crisply and did an about face and began his task.

 Hades made good time to the hangar. He found his all black TIE Defender and started the pre-flight check. The ship's crew chief came up to Hades and saluted.

"Your ship is ready." Hades returned the salute.

"Thank you Petty Officer. First round for the deck crew is on me tonight. " The Petty Officer nodded with a smile and returned to his post. Hades climbed up into the cockpit and began to warm up the fighter. Within a few moments he was ready and given priority permission to exit the hangar. Hades eased power into the repulsor coils and brought the ship off the deck by only 1/4th of a meter then engaged the drive, propelling the fighter into space. Two fighters from Hoplite Squadron formed up on each side of him as he exited.

"Trident Actual, this is Hoplite 2-1. With your permission we will be providing escort until you are clear of the area, Admiral." Hades was appreciative of the gesture.

"Hoplite 2-1, grateful for the escort." The calculations for Hyperspace was complete and he big farewell to his escort.

It was time to find Farrin.

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Sith Battlelord Pel looked over at the group of Rangers that was riding down to the planet in the MAAT. There were three MAATs descending into Yridia IX, two with two squads of Rangers plus ten Infantry troops, the third with an engineering squad, their sniper team, and twenty infantry. Pel's plan involved getting down to the surface undetected and setting up shop just inside the dome of Eden City from their "beachhead".

 A half hour later, it became a reality. As the Infantry secured their base of operations in an old warehouse near the edge of the dome, a squad of Rangers escorted the sniper team into position near the "Mayor's " house. His title being quite unofficial and self proclaimed, he was still the most powerful man in Eden City and Pel was here to find out if he was the terrorist Tarentum has been looking for.

"Assault team, this is Trident 2, status, over? " Pel waited for the reply.

"Trident 2 this is Assault Team. We are through the airlock and waiting for GO orders. How copy?"

"Copy Assault Team. Wait for signal." Pel responded and shut down the comlink as Archean Tarentae approached him and the map he was looking over.

"The Assault Transport and the other Rangers are in position?" He asked. Pel nodded.

"They are ready. Now we just need Farrin's GO order."

"Oh great, so we are on vacation then?" Archean mocked.

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 As Farrin sat in front of the console he looked at the tactical data coming in from Yridia IX. Hades' Order of the Trident was in position to take out the self proclaimed "Mayor" of Eden City. But Farrin was upset, though not outright mad. He had discussed the assault with his Master, Hades, previously but had never gave the order to set up the raid even though he knew he was going to actually give that order.

"Damn it, Hades. I never told you to do that." Farrin shook his head.

"No, but you were going to." Hades said from behind the Consul. Farrin jumped and ignited his lightsaber. The white blade racing towards this unexpected attacker. Hade's violet blade met his. Hades chuckled as Farrin groaned as both met shut down their sabers.

"How?" Farrin asked finally.

"You were popping up from one spot to another without anyone knowing how you got there and there is only one other ship that can let you do that in system. "

"Your Escort Shuttle, here on the Sword's Sheath." Farrin said, kicking himself. Hades smiled at his Apprentice then looked over to the tactical map of Yridia IX.

"Well?" Hades asked. Farrin nodded.

"We Go".