**Master Shikyo Keibatsu (Dark Jedi)**

**Dossier #: 6059**

**The Luscious Lekku**

**Yellow Sector**

**Tarthos**

She understood the point of these establishments but it nonetheless made her feel awkward. She enjoyed dancing herself but there was something about the very rich and the very poor that awoken disturbing behaviors towards her kind. Tasha’Vel stood outside the entrance as she pulled the holo-communicator from her robes. Consul Locke Sonjie’s form appeared in the middle of the metallic disc, frantically searching around his own communicator.

“I assume this communique is necessary, Aedile Versea?”

“Locke, are you sure about this?” Tasha’s voice held a tone of disgust as she spoke. “Who could we have that would be willing to take on this kind of mission?”

“Someone who’s brash and isn’t scared of risks. He’s been off-grid for some time but he can get this job done.” Locke let out a sigh before focusing on the conversation. “I trust him. He won’t let us down.”

“As you wish.” The Mystic disconnected the transmission before making her way into The Luscious Lekku.

Neon lights drowned out the sun as the cheers of music and inebriated patrons filled the void left by the outside world. Once inside, Tasha took in the environment, searching for the entrance to the VIP section of the club. It didn’t take long for her to find where the distinguished guests were coming from and made her way past the bouncers and up the stairs.

The Aedile looked for the largest room, finding one with a balcony overlooking the whole of the establishment. As she walked in, a cacophony of laughter bellowed out of the room. Shikyo Keibatsu was sitting in the middle of a U-shaped couch, arms draped over the top and watching the Twi’lek girls giggle and rock on the couch. Tasha shook her head slightly before clearing her throat.

Sasuke turned slightly towards her before waving the Mystic forward.

“Join the party, sweetness! Plenty of room here for you!” The Keibatsu’s words came out a little slurred but were clear enough.

“Excuse me?” Tasha said with her words infused with a bit of venom.

She looked over the dancers, her lekku shivering discreetly. The girls started to frown before leaving the Dark Jedi, each one taking their time to smile and make subtle gestures as they made their way towards the door. Shikyo scowled at the Aedile, locking his eyes on her.

“You know, you’re a real mood killer when a guy is on recon. You could at least send me a message.”

*‘Or did you forget how to use the Force?’* The former Herald’s message rang clear in Versea’s mind without his lips ever moving.

Tasha retrieved a small, rectangular device from her robes, handing it to the Elder.

“We need your help finding potential Force sensitives. Details are included.”

Sasuke took the device and smirked, raising it in the air as acknowledgment of the orders.

“Oh and Shikyo?” Tasha’s voice purred but without any playfulness. It was strictly hostile.

*‘Next time, I’ll kick your ass in front of your friends.’*

The Master smirked and waved off the Equite, connecting the device into his holopad. He looked over the details of the mission and analyzed the enemy. They were discreet, illusive, and foreign. Shikyo smiled to himself and decided that discreet could be left to these new adversaries. He’d be as subtle as a brick to the face. Downing the last of his ale, the Dark Jedi gathered his belongings and made his way to Fort Keibatsu. He’d need a ride to the party.

**Cobalt Spaceport**

**Cobalt (Locally Referred to as Arcalo IV)**

By every conceivable standard Shikyo had to base this planet on, it was dull. The people were skittish, the environment left nothing for poets to describe, and it seemed as if excitement was punishable severely. Why Sonjie considered these people a threat was beyond the Dark Jedi. It wasn’t until he passed through the spaceport and entered the market square did things make more sense.

There were materials on display as luxury items that could be used for excellent conduits for his lightsaber. Intriguing crystals were passed off as “pretty rocks” when the power of the Force resonated deep within them. Children playing games with unwritten rules were using rudimentary techniques first taught to the most junior of Initiates. This place, despite its horrific appearance, was a fountain tapped into the Force.

Sasuke watched the locals go about their lives, watching the Kyataran with uncertainty in their eyes. However the children looked at him with wide-eyed curiosity and the teenagers took him in with the mindset of a “fellow rebel”. The Son of Sadow couldn’t help but smirk to himself. These people had been so long into the dark about their own status that they didn’t realize how much potential they had to being a power in the galaxy. They needed to be enlightened.

Shikyo made his way to the center of the domed establishment and sat down, closing his eyes and letting the Force flow around him. It was wild, untamed, and truly untapped by the population. Raising his hands slowly on either side of him, the Keibatsu could feel his body slowly leave the ground and the strain in his arms signifying as if he was not the only one rising. He could hear their gasps and bewildered comments. His plan was working.

Holding his position for only a few moments, the Dark Jedi brought himself back down until his feet barely touched the ground. Once his eyes opened, he fully extended his legs and looked out over the masses, a wolfish grin sliding over his face. Their curiosity was piqued. There was nothing the authorities could do but bask in the spectacle themselves. One man stepped forward with the intent of authority but froze in place the moment the Master looked into his eyes. With a calm voice, Shikyo called out to the people, using the Force to carry his words.

“People of Arcalo IV! My name is Shikyo Sasuke Keibatsu. I have traveled this galaxy to train only the finest and strong willed of individuals to perform feats like the one you have just witness. There is no illusion. No trick. Many among you have the ability to do what I have done and so much more. Those willing to break the mold and learn the power they have within themselves, please step forward.”

Many hesitated. Others showed desire but their bodies froze in place. After a brief moment, several people stepped forward and circled around the Dark Jedi Master. They began suggesting areas to learn and to be taught, childish excitement ringing in their words. Holding the communicator within his robes, the Keibatsu tapped out two clicks on a button, followed by one. He already knew the message being sent to Orian without needing to say a word.

*Mission successful. Proceeding.*