Allegiance

The Grand Master Strikes

“I understand” was the simply reply, that emanated from the translator, the Inquisitor got before Tarryyhn cut him off. He had opened the channel as was expected of him but he certainly was not prepared for what they had asked him to do. Capture Sanguinius, dead or alive. *Nonsense* was what Tarryyhn had first thought and he was glad the Inquisitor had been on the comm channel not in person. He threw the piece of machinery across the room and pushed himself up from the floor where he had been kneeling. As he rose he made sure to keep his head low as the ceiling of the room he was in had not been constructed with a species of his height in mind. As he moved to leave the private room the bartender moved up to walk alongside.

“Is everything, everything alright Mr...Master...erm...Sir?” he muttered as the Wookie moved past him. “Can I help you with anything else? Perhaps a lovely lady or another drink?”

Tarryyhn carefully brushed the man to the side with one sweep of his hand and continued on. A couple of Inquisitorius agents stared at him as he passed and he knew they could send what he was, he knew the darkness in him left and nothing remained but the purity he had spent so long trying to achieve. He watched as they pushed themselves up, hands upon their sabers but he ignored them leaving the premises and moved out into the street. He had expected them to stay inside but he turned as he heard the door begin to open after him. He watched the first Inquisitor attempt to leave but with a wave of his hand the door slammed shut pushing both Inquisitors with it. Before they could recover the Guardian was gone and had vanished into the night.

Using a secure network Tarryyhn contacted Sanguinius, just and managed to maneuver his way through the city to where his friend has hidden himself for the time being. The door opened and a small blue face peeked out at him and within seconds the door was flung open and the Twi’lek grabbed him by the arm and dragged him inside before embracing him. He patted her head gently and pushed her away, the look of concern in his eyes evident.

“Where is he” he growled in Shyriiwook. She took him by the hand and led him through a small enclave he noted the cameras and guards situated at nearly every turn. There were soldiers of the Dalarit military he noted, some even seemed to be ground forces from the Retribution. Loyal men and women who would give their lives for the man who had saved them, been there for them or simply said hello and didn’t expect anything back. Tarryyhn let his guard drop ever so lightly as they ventured further through the corridors. Soon they arrived at a heavily secured office and behind the desk the target sat.

Though to the Wookiee this man was not a target, he was his friend. He had meditated on the future and had not seen the Jedi’s death by the Inquisitors. He had seen more and the knowledge he had obtained sat quietly in his mind, never to be shared incase the future would change. He had learnt over time that the future was a fickle thing. He moved to the front of the desk and kneeled.

“Rise my friend, no kneeling for me. For your age and time spent in the order I should be referring to you as more than I can.” Sang rose and moved around the desk to embrace the Wookie. “No, we are equal in this situation and i’d rather you stand with me than kneel before me.”

*“Inquisitors hunt for you.”* The Wookie sent into the man's mind. Sang nodded sadly and moved back behind the desk and sat.

“They will hunt for me because they blindly follow a mad man's orders. Who would dare go against the great Pravus?” He laughed sadly and a guardsman entered the room carrying a small tray. He sat it down upon the desk, saluted crisply and left without a word. The refreshments were poured and silence hung for a few minutes.

“*If we could only take the fight to Prav---”* Tarryyhn started.

“No,” Sang cut him off. “it would only cause issues for the Clan. Locke is aware of where I am and has yet to do anything. So we will do nothing but wait.” He sat his cup down and clicked his tongue. “I must thank you for journeying out here to make sure I am safe my friend, but there is nothing you can do or to be more precise, there is nothing you can do yet that won’t cause any issues or potentially push you back down that path you no longer wish to tread. Return home to Dawn and the child and relax as much as you can.”

That was that then, they embraced once more and Tasha led him through the corridors until they reached the front door.

“See ya Tarry.” she muttered as she opened the door and he slipped outside.

“Bye.” he barked in Shyriiwook and made to leave the area. He hadn’t made it more than ten feet when something out of the corner of his eye just got his attention. He roared and his saber was in his hand blocking the blow that would of decapitated him had he not reacted. The second saber slid out of the darkness to his other side but he was unable to see it due to his blind eye, the noise however caused him to shift his weight and reach out with the Force pushing his would be assailant away enough for him to disengage with the first man.

“Filth! You were easy enough to track, and now we shall take your head and then the head of that filthy Jedi you weaklings call a friend.” The first Inquisitor spat at him.

Tarryyhn didn’t react and as the man lunged he sidestepped and delivered a chop with the side of his hand that caught the man to the side of the neck. A crunch was heard as vertebrae snapped and the Inquisitor dropped like a stone. Apprentice Inquisitors it seemed, how lazy. The second Inquisitor moved in as his fellow dropped and slashed with a heavy downwards blow. The Wookie brought his two handed saber up and blocked the strike, pushing back and causing the human to stumble. He hadn’t expected a fight it seemed or he had simply underestimated the strength of the Wookie he now faced, alone.

Silver blade struck against red time and time again, a undercut was leapt over, whilst an overhead smash was blocked. The colours in the night illuminated the street and as they danced across the road in a deadly weave the human soon found himself with nowhere to go as the wall of a building rushed up to meet him. he ducked in time to dodge the Wookie’s amplified punch and brick buckled and crumbled at the impact. He dived forwards and brought his saber in cutting across Tarryyhn’s side.

The Wookie kept his anger in check, the punch had meant to finish it but it had been stupid. He rounded on his assailant and went in for another blow when the man just stopped. The barrel of a blaster was pinned to the back of his head and with an order he dropped his saber which struck the hard ground and rattled away from him.Tarryyhn stared over the man's shoulder and was surprised to see Sanguinius and a detachment of guards in the low light.

*“I can finish this.”* he sent towards the Jedi.

“I know.” was the reply. “But I refuse to let you fall for my sake.” He clicked his fingers and the Inquisitor was cuffed and led away at gunpoint. Sanguinius moved over to check the vitals of the man on the ground and shook his head. “This was done in self defense. Jedi are not weak we can fight and kill if the reason is the right one, you know this and I know this. They think us weak and that we will not fight….come my friend, perhaps there is more you can do for me than we thought.”

With that he turned on his heel and walked away, his guard followed him. The Wookiee growled slightly but reached out with the Force and brought the assailants saber to him. It spun lazily in front of him before he plucked it out of the air and placed it within his robes. As he looked down the street he saw nothing stirred, no lights were on and for whatever reason no one had come to see. He was unsure why but he shrugged and moved across to the fallen Inquisitor, picking him up and slinging the corpse over his shoulder before moving back to the enclave, in through the bolted door and down the passages he had just recently vacated.