

Dek Rott
6352
Inquisitorious Comp

Part 1: The Question

Cocytus System
Unknown Location

A sphere in brightly colored lights glows in the center of a dark room. It fades to a blood red hue, "Come forth, Cipher 3." The voice from it is unnaturally deep. An obvious obstruction to the real voice (if it even comes from a real person). A hooded figure approaches from the shadows, "I am here and I serve at the will of the Sword, the Sun, and the Dragon."

The sphere turned blue, "Process accepted. The Sword, the Sun, and the Dragon wills you to accept a mission for the Inquisitorious, the true hunters of our Dark Brotherhood. The Jedi Resistance is attempting to obtain a CR90 Corvette from the Corellian Engineering Corporation. You must stop them at all costs."

"All costs?"

"Yes," the sphere turned green and Cipher 3's datapad lit up, "You will be working with a mercenary known as Sakrifyce. Also, Delak Krennel and his ship will be escorting you most of the way. Admiral Johan will be leading the interception fleet as well if backup is needed. They are doing false war games inside a nebula, the Tees Nebula, and they make random comm checks outside the nebula. Try not to get them too involved though. You are still operating as an agent of the ISI."

"Of course."

"Go with clear mind and clear strength, Cipher 3." The sphere turned back to its multicolored hue and the hooded figure returned to the shadows.

Hutt Space
VSD Indomitable
Cargo Bay

Dek Rott sat on a few cargo boxes that had some weapons in them. He was fiddling was a blaster, checking the chambers and the heat sinks for proper specs. His mind wandered little from his task; the passing of time. A waft of sweat and rotten meat filled the room.

"Sakrifyce, I assume," Dek questioned without raising his head to see.

A tall, 6'5" warrior with bulging muscles and off-gold armor slowly clanked up to Dek. He had a mask on; a normal full-metal helmet with bright lights for eyes and a slit for the nose with a breathing mask that shot out steam from either his mouth or inside the armor. He had a metallic backpack that was fully attached to the armor and guns that lined down his legs that were connected to the backpack itself.

Dek resumed, taking a quick look see at the entity, "Why do they call you Sakrifyce?"

The steam puffed out of the mask once again, and a distorted voice crawled through, "Because it's cliché and sounds evil." The merc let out a smidgen of laughter. He continued his walk around the cargo boxes. "Are you the Jedi hunter I've been tasked to?" The question was more about sizing up the Mystic rather than actually wanting to know an answer.

"I'm Dek. I fly ships, I shoot guns, and I hack things. And I use those abilities along with the Force. Which means I know a bit about how the Jedi work."

Sakrifyce was unimpressed, but he was almost never impressed anyway. "Don't get in my way," his gruff voice let out, leaving the Dek to continue pursuing his previous activity. The Scholaen wondered why he had been attached to this person. But his conclusions came to his combat ability, and not his social skills. Dek wanted to see how those weapons worked anyway.

Inner Rim
VSD Indomitable
Hanger Bay

The controls to the *Star Courier* were simple. Dek would have no problem piloting this vehicle. He had been given it on the condition he would return it by Delak Krennel. This would be the ship that gets them to Corellia or possibly the Jedi beforehand. Sakrifyce had set his stuff up in the back of the ship, not ever taking off his armor as far as Dek could tell.

"Dek," piped up the comm on the ship, "this is Hanger 2 giving you the go ahead to take off."

"Understood, Hanger 2. I'll return the *Star Courier* in one piece."

Dek's hands flew over the controls as he piloted swiftly out of the hanger. He could've done it in his sleep if he so desired. Sakrifyce had buckled into his chair and was set to go to hyperspeed.

FWWWOOOOOPP...

The merc had said he wanted to be left alone. He would "do his thing" once they got to Corellia. Dek on the other hand questioned what he would or would not do once he got there.

The Grand Master had recently killed thousands of supposedly "Undesirable" sentient beings. To add fuel to the fire, Dek was partially a part of it. He had been captured by Clan Taldryan and in place of freedom he was to work for the Clan to help eliminate those who rebelled. He did so unwillingly, but for his freedom, which he valued more. Now the Jedi are attempting to rebel, but Dek could not help but bring up in his mind his own self.

I am a Duros. I am not Human. I also do not relish in darkness and killing children.

Lexiconus Qor, the current Aedile of House Imperium, had taken a hold a child during their last operation and snapped the neck of the child. When Dek heard the news, he felt his heart stop, but realized that this was the Sith way. Time and again the Sith had killed relentlessly. And yet he worked for them, and he was working for them now.

The Sith had allied with species in the past that had given them power over others. The Duros were never a part of that plan, but they never entirely allied with the opposition. As a species they were once allied with the Neimodians, but never as evil as the Sith were. Thus, he was still confused on exactly what he would do when he got down to Corellia. In the back of his mind, he wanted to aid the Jedi. A thought forbidden almost entirely by every code he was sworn to whether it be a mystical dark code or his oaths he fulfilled to the ISI and the Scholaen Empire. But he had pushed the thought of continuing that line of thinking out a long time ago. He was too far in for regrets now...or was he?

Core Worlds
Corellia
Star Courier

The ship had arrived at Corellia and had patched itself into the comm system on the planet. Dek had taken the time to review the exact mission specifics, and wondered about Sakrifyce and his plan.

"Corellian system control, this is the merchant ship *Star Courier*. We wish to dock for refueling and the gaining of supplies in the city of Coronet. We won't be long." This was routine for ships heading throughout Corellia. Maybe not the mercenary on board, but Sakrifyce seemed capable of dealing with things his own way.

"You're cleared for landing and your registry checks out. You are assigned to the docking platform of 9B. However, since this is an unscheduled arrival, you will have to be inspected when you arrive."

Dek placed a glare back to the merc, "Understood, system control, preparing for docking procedures."

The masked merc had no response, but he seemed to care little about what was going on.

Letting to auto-pilot slowly cruise down to the planet, Dek finally walked back to the end of the ship. "Sakrifyce, what's your plan?" He decided to be more diplomatic at this point and feed his ego a bit but not to the point of being obvious about it, "If I'm going to stay out of your way then I'll need to know what you're doing."

The eyes of the merc looked through the slits and strained a bit through what seemed like hidden sweat. "You'll be covering my tracks if I leave any. Distractions, hacking doors closed, security, etc."

"And the inspection? I assumed you had a plan?"

"I'm about to jump out of this ship. The Mandalorians were rumored to have tech at one point that would allow them to enter planets on the backs of massive machines that would aid them in crushing their enemies. This suit is equipped with a prototype of that rumored tech. I'll land in a relatively unknown part of the platforms, and make my way to..." He was interrupted by Dek.

"Platform 21C, where our ship that we need is."

"Good to know you can read," quipped the merc, returning a slightly more unfriendly mood.

"And of the resistance when we get there?"

"I'll *dissolve* their presence," Sakrifyce spoke as he touched the guns on his sides that extended to the backpack.

The word sent a shiver down Dek's spine. *Dissolve*? Maybe there was a bit more to the name than Dek thought. I guess he would find out when necessary.

Corellia
Coronet City
Starship Hanger 21C

The inspection and the escape was easy. Nothing of particular value on the ship. Sakrifyce may have set off a few alerts but nothing that wasn't quickly brushed aside as birds or malfunctions (with a little help with a certain hacker). Now they were at the hanger where the Corvette was. This is where the Jedi were supposed to pick it up. The plan was ultimately to kill those involved and take the ship for our own. No one specific was guarding it. But nobody goes around stealing a Corellian Corvette anyway. Not

even small time petty thieves.

Dek was in a window above the platform 21C looking directly at the Corvette. It has turret security, but it would be quickly diverted by the Duros himself. Sakrifyce set himself up in a secretive zone.

So this was it. The choice was made. It was easier to simply follow through with the planned actions than to go against them. Dek couldn't help but think about history. Those exact same thoughts brought down the Jedi of the Old Republic. The same thoughts brought down the Sith many times before. The same thoughts even brought down the Dark Jedi Brotherhood at many points. *Going with the flow is better than questioning things and those who go with the flow ending falling off the same waterfalls.*

Footsteps! Dek duck down a bit and peered over the window. A few people walked in. Some guards with blasters, what looked like a Jedi, and some other important personnel. Dek tapped a few keys and...

KIIZZAAAAAAARRRRRRRRR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

A liquid has shot out of one hand cannon Sakrifyce had held. He stepped out in front of the people going to the ship while spurting this green goo all over the resistance. He then triggered his other hand cannon and it shot out an orange goo over a few of the guards.

"Ambush!" Yelled out the Jedi, as she stared at some of the covered guards who were slowly melting where the goo had intermixed. A steam arose from where there had once been skin, bone, and flesh. The metallic guns bubbled and the guard effected shrieked and shriveled in dark pain. Those who had survived this initial attack had quickly taken cover, some taking off their tainted armor. Some had been shot with one of the liquids but not the other, fearing the same fate that the others had.

Sakrifyce shot another liquid and the Jedi diverted some of it to the floor, splashing it on herself a bit. Rounds of firing went off. Yet the bolts were too weak to instantly break the armor itself. Sakrifyce continued with his other cannon once again, feeding his focus into the destruction of the Jedi herself. The Jedi was hit with a lot of the second liquid, crippling her in the process.

Dek activated the turrets, aiming at everything that wasn't fully covered in armor. This pinned people in specific positions and scattered others away from the main fighting. Sakrifyce had put down the cannons and pulled out heavy blasters, rolling to cover and firing off rounds. Some bodies lay on the ground, half eaten away. The merc had no problem kicking the semi-corpses out of the way to make room for his body.

Security had probably been called so far. Dek thought this may be the time to plan the escape route, yet he suddenly felt a sharp whack to his head and he blurred out of his own sight.

Part 2: Anti-Hero

Unknown

CR90 Corvette

Cell

The Mystic woke up with a startling head ache. The dull pain of the migraine was slightly soothed by the recognizable hum of a ship. Definitely not the *Star Courier*, for this tiny room was a brig, and the *Courier* had none. It was either a Corellian security ship or the Corvette itself. Whatever it was, Dek did not want to wait around to see what lay in store for him.

SWISH!

A door opened to the brig area. In stepped a Human male about 5'8" with a muscular build, short blond hair, and green eyes. The man approached the force field guarding the cell and seemed to sum up the situation. Dek didn't attempt to do anything suspicious. He only eyed his captor in return, hoping to strike up a conversation. Information is easier to extract when someone wishes to talk.

"What is your name and what was your purpose in the platform area?" Success.

Dek responded succinctly, "My name is Fred. I work as a technician aboard a merchant vessel known as the *Star Courier* collecting rare artifacts."

The man smiled to himself and looked down at the ground. He revealed a few wrinkles that may have been more permanent, showing his age. Late 30s? Early 40s? Maybe a veteran of some war. His eyes peeked back to Dek, "Technician, eh? Armed with a lightsaber, a blaster, and a cipher pad with a high security threshold?"

Dek was prepared for this answer. It's easier to lie to people when part of what you're telling is the truth.

"Blaster for protection. Cipher for keeping secrets and clients safe."

"And the lightsaber?"

"Rare artifacts. Since when do non-Jedi keep lightsabers?"

"Come on, Dek. Is that really the truth?"

"Well..." Dek suddenly realized he wasn't using the same he had told him. He had to think of an excuse. The sudden stop in sentence was already taking too long of a time. "I...uh..."

Dek focused on his head ache, relaying some of the feelings of pain to the interrogator. Suddenly feeling uneasy and realizing that the knock to the Duros' head may have been a bit too hard, the man spoke up, "I'll return in a few hours."

Unknown

CR90 Corvette

Cell

Dek had been awake for a few hours, wondering where the captors were. His migraine was subsiding and his mental faculties were returning. So far he had reacted on impulse from what he was taught. In times of distress it was good to relay the negative feelings to your captor. They may let off or feel sympathy. Or they may question further and think they are getting somewhere even if they aren't close to anything. It's a fail safe for getting out of sticky situations. This taught process wasn't questioned though.

Dek's life before the Brotherhood had been slightly different. He had done his own thing. Went from job to job racking up money and a little bit of side wealth. Piloting through the skies of different worlds, occasionally rough housing with coworkers, and tinkering on different computer subsystems, especially within the confines of the cockpit itself. He firmly grasped systems and order, because that is what every computer was. That is how the pilot flies a ship, through computer orders or steering with purpose for a cause and effect situation that was almost entirely known. And yet his life was different. If he didn't like what he was doing, he could move on. If he got bored, he could leave and go onto another thing.

But this life is different now. An older gentleman might say Dek matured and grew up a bit. But occasionally Dek stops to think whether or not he should question what he is doing and move on with his life. But coming here stomped that out of him. Now he is an agent for an Empire. He has freedom, but only as far as those above him allow. He is a tool that accomplishes things. He simply wants to survive to make it to the next best thing. And if he leaves does death follow him? Does death follow those who betray the Scholaen Empire? Can he get out of it by simply questioning himself and those around him? Probably not.

And yet these Jedi, and these species around him in this ship were forced into doing so. They enjoyed the order that life brought them. And now they've been ordered to die. Dek thought back to the ship. *I am Duros. I am not a Sith. And if I leave my current position, I will be just as undesirable.* He wondered if they would send Sakrifyce after *him* as well. Do these people really deserve the fate that is ordered upon them? Do they deserve to be controlled like a computer system? Or do they deserve to question their own survival?

FWOOOSSSHHH...

The door slid open again. The same man walked through. Dek didn't waste much time. The Mystic stood, rubbed the back of his head, and spoke up.

"I'm Dek Rott. I work for the Imperial Scholaen Empire. I am also a Force user. I've been sent to bring you in. But right now that seems impossible."

The man was surprised. But Dek was unsure for what reason. Did he already know this? Or was he simply not expecting such as action, like Dek thought?

The man smirked, "I'll be right back."

He briskly walked out and reached for a communicator just as the door closed. *What next? What next? Fwec! Ask yourself what you're doing, Dek!*

The man returned and opened a side panel and placed cuffs inside of it, "Put these on." Four guards walked into the room, all armed to the teeth. Blaster rifles, side arms, metal plating and what looked like small personal shield generators. These guys meant business.

"I'm Feros. And if you make a move other than what we want of you, I'll snap your fwecking neck."

Unknown

CR90 Corvette

Random Room

"Sit down," Feros said to Dek. Their walk had been quickened with one guard in the front and three in the back. *They didn't use the four guard formation that most people mistakenly attempt. They know what they're doing.* Dek sat down in the chair, cuffs in front of him holding his hands together. Force cuffs at that. They weaken muscle movements in the hands and force the Force user to use the Force on their own hands. Plus quick movements stun the hands when opened improperly. Much different than the Force cuffs used a few decades ago.

"Beatrice will be right with you." Feros walked out of the room.

Dek waited a few minutes and suddenly one of the people he had seen on the landing platform walked into the room. She lay a cipher pad in front of him, his own actually, and firmly spoke, "Open it."

"You must be Beatrice?" Questioned the Duros.

"Doesn't matter. You helped that monster of a soldier kill some of my friends. We have families and friends who fight to survive. And now you suddenly reveal who you are and where you are from."

She sat down and stared Dek in the face, "I don't need you to talk. This can do it for me." She pointed to the pad. "What I need you to do is open it. Then we'll talk whether you can stay alive or not."

Dek took the pad and stared at it for a second. He had gone against protocol, telling the resistance exactly who he was. But did he have to betray every person back in Clan Scholae Palatinae? And is there a point when allowing too much information becomes stupidity?

He tapped a few buttons that lit up the console and opened a tertiary intelligence file. Nothing important. Just a few key channels for the Imperial News Network. Any citizen could find this if they spent enough time on Judecca or Ptolomea. It isn't even illegal to possess it. They potentially did not know this.

"Radio channels. That's what I'll give you now."

Beatrice stood up and sarcastically half-yelled, "Radio channels? Let's bring out a damn parade for this blue-milk sucking bastard!"

Some of the guards laughed, but Dek stayed serious, "I'd be stupid to give you everything. You need this. This ship is good, but it's poodoo compared to letting key intel on your enemy slip out. I don't deny your right to exist. But I won't throw away mine for your cause. Ultimately, it's me who has to make that decision about myself. Not some low level resistance secretary. I wanna see the leader of this op. Then I'll bring out some more juice for you."

Beatrice's eyes flattened a bit, seemingly wanting to peer through Dek's soul. It was similar to the look Sakrifyce and Feros both gave him at different points. It set off some kind of thoughts within himself, as if people didn't know ever what to think of him. Did he ever really change from before this event until now? Was anything truly different about him? Could he still technically work for the Empire and simply evolve his sensibilities about what he does during his line of work?

Beatrice let out a huff. "I'll return shortly."

The yelling outside was different than usual. Dek attempted to pick the cipher pad back up, but one of the guards rested the tip of the rifle on Dek's shoulder. *O...K...guess that's out of the question.*

Beatrice stormed back in, "Get him up," she barked to the guards, "We're going to see Green-7."

Dek's shoulders were picked up and stood upon the ground quite forcefully as a whole. Beatrice picked up the pad and stuffed it into her belt. Feros joined them on the way to the lift and they marched just as quickly as they had come to this Green-7 person.

Inner Rim
CR90 Corvette
Bridge

"ETA on arrival?" Spoke a hooded figure in what looked like a captain's chair.

"With the hyperdrive mostly well off and the slight damage obtained from the battle, about 2 days from the drop off point." An navigator responded.

"Very good," said the figure calmly.

"If I may ask, madam," started a limping officer, "Why not go through the main hyperspace lanes? We've definitely got the advantage in this situation. We beat our oppressors so far. They may be demoralized and unwilling to attack us."

The hooded figure laughed. "The Tantive IV took hyperspace lanes, and look where that got them."

"The what?" Questioned the officer.

"Eh," clarified the figure, "We both know that we're being hunted. Simply a safer bet on our part. Plus we have wounded. As well as potentially a mercenary coming after us, attempting to finish his or her job."

"I see," finished the officer and he limped off to a console.

The door of a turbolift opened, and out walked a few guards, followed by Dek, Beatrice, and Feros. The chair swiveled around revealing a woman who was seemingly scarred by the goo that spurted from Skarifyce's gun. Beatrice wasted no time, shoving the pad into Dek's hands.

"The leader of our op. Now open it!" Beatrice pointed directly to the Jedi, who had grey hair and was in her 50s, maybe 60s. It was the same Jedi on the platform.

"Now, now, Beatrice. That's no way to treat our guest, especially someone who was allied with the monster who gave me this scar."

"If it helps," responded Dek, "I didn't like him that much either. And it that....liquid....was just as surprising to me as it was to you."

Dek could feel tendrils of the Force piercing his soul, seeing if he was telling to truth or not. Luckily,

none of what he said was a lie.

"LIAR!" Yelled Beatrice. Feros had a good laugh Dek's expense. *These people love to laugh and yell. More emotional than most Sith I know.*

"Or not so," gently responded the Jedi. "Dek? My name is Jill. They call me Green-7 because that is my code name. It's easier to confuse our enemies that way. Of course, that is the same reason you say your name is Kar."

"How did you know my name originally?" Dek asked.

Jill smiled, "We were just like you once. Half-loyal citizens of a sympathetic Brotherhood. They left us alone, so we left them alone. But now the lines are drawn. Just because we are enemies now doesn't mean we were never friends."

Jill touched a few buttons and on a screen came up Dek's picture and profile in the Scholae records for the Clan. Jill started reading, "Expert pilot, yadda yadda yadda, swiftly rising tech junkie with intuitive and innovative computer and mechanical skills."

She looked up to Dek and snickered, "And now you're on a ship meant for the resistance and Clan Odan-Urr. Your skills must have attracted some wanted, or maybe unwanted, attention." She pressed a few buttons and the profile went away.

Dek couldn't deny that this person knew what to say and when to say it. She was intelligent. He could almost feel as if there was something wrong though. Abnormal. Out of the ordinary. Something was going on. And it had almost nothing to do with anything happening now. He felt a feeling inside of him, expending from someone else. Beatrice herself looked quite calm. Feros swayed a bit, wavering from his previous militant posture. Jill was the same though. Dek felt the feeling slowly creep through him. And he realized he started feeling it the second he got on board. Why?

Usually at this point people would say something in response, but the workers quietly worked, the people surrounding him quietly looked at him.

"So if I'm gonna open this cipher pad, I'll need both my hands. Otherwise it could cause some chaos."

Beatrice looked to Jill and she nodded, smiling further. The staunch female walked up to Dek and let off the cuffs. Dek found himself in a similar situation. Before he let go of a few radio signals. What would he do now? What would he let go? The feelings from his gut just said, "Let it all go. You're in safe hands."

Dek raised his eyes and looked out of the screen window into space. He frequently studied star charts because he loved them. He could see the Chairn cluster from here. And there was the Tees Nebula.

And the Freegar Nebula.

Dek paused. He pressed the locks away on his cipher. And opened up all the data channels. Handing it back to Beatrice. At that moment Dek felt the positive feelings leave his body. The white walls were sterile, and the black beams that held them up looked like a polish that death would enjoy watching. He looked at Jill, but not at her face. At the wrinkles and the scars. The Mystic saw her eyes, and they were punishing. At that moment, Dek had come to the realization. **Order. The pilot to the ship. The hacker to the computer. He was being steered.**

"Send him out the airlock," Jill quietly said, staring down the Duros.

Dammit!

"Hook up the cipher to the computer and let's see what ISI has to show us!" Dek felt Jill at that moment. It was as if she was teetering on the dark side. Ever so close to falling. She wanted to shred Dek to pieces, but she knew she had to hold back. It's as if all that held her back was her code. And to Dek, that would be her downfall. For he only needed a few minutes.

Inner Rim

CR90 Corvette

Corridor

"Come on, guys. What happened to being friends?" Dek attempted to talk down the guards manhandling him to what was probably the airlock. Dek could see his future though. *Darkness. Stars. Death. And Dek in a dark room with a sphere in the center.*

BOOOOMMM!!!!

The ship was rocked. The guards stumbled and Dek immediately went into action. He swiped the key to the cuffs and through a bit of stunning pain he unlocked the cuffs. One guard pulled out a blaster while the other took Dek head on. The incoming guard was maneuvered to the side of the corridor, his sidearm being taken at the same time. Dek took a blaster bolt to the left shoulder, and in response shot with his right arm. Headshot!

With the two main guards disabled, the others opened fire while Dek dived into another room. The ship rocked again with what now seemed like laser fire.

Dek felt guilt. He felt as though he was destroying the lives of those who wish to survive. They are fighting for their survival. He knew why he did it though. The Jedi was manipulative. The Jedi wanted Dek to die. The Jedi would not let him survive. Their cause has been going for thousands of years.

They have wanted to destroy the Sith and the darkness since the beginning of each other's existence. And now the Jedi, just as they attempted to manipulate Dek, are manipulating the Undesirables and those the Grand Master finds unworthy of life. They would suffer, because of the Jedi and Sith war. He found it more and more useless to be fighting over this conflict. The Sith bring forth too much chaos and the Jedi bring forth too much order. And yet the galaxy has to pay for it.

"All guards to the air locks! We're being boarded!" Jill's voice was frantic. *Good.*

The Duros went to the door and quickly programmed it to overload when someone from the outside tried to open it. Just as he had confirmed the execution, it overloaded, sending a slight shock through Dek. That shock was worth the slightly smoldered flesh of the guards on the other side of the door. He picked up another blaster and holstered it in the now empty belt he had.

Dek was ever so slightly familiar with the CR90 Corvette. His mother had piloted one when Dek was a boy. The model may have changed slightly, but the general layout remained the same. *Life support.* The agent strode to the supposed life support systems room. Opening the door, it was not the life support systems room. Instead, it was the backup systems room. *Alright, I can work with this.*

He went to town on the sub and backup systems. Crossing a few wires, and attaching back up shields to the garbage chute would allow for an interesting display of crap. Hyperdrive restart sequence would instead restart the thruster systems. He slowly felt the calm feelings coming back. Jill was at it again. Dek attempted to resist as much as possible. *A Sith would never be calmed by this. I guess one of their few strengths.*

"Ok, time to aid my fellow soldiers." Dek had realized something through this experience. Innocents were also in the Empire. The Sith are known to manipulate others. So when someone lives under them, even comfortably, it doesn't make them any less oppressed. Going into that corridor, he would be fighting alongside people who had families and even children. He would certainly aid them in their time of need.

And so he fought for them.

Cocytus System
VSD Indomitable
Briefing Room

"I seem to have a knack for saving you at just the right moments." Delak made sure to let that jab simmer for a bit. This was the second time Dek was saved by Delak. The Duros did not want to be reminded of it.

"Gentlemen," spoke up Admiral Johen, "I'll need a mission brief for my superiors. I wouldn't mind a few comments from both of you regarding the missions you took on for this yourselves."

"Of course, Admiral," said Delak sternly, immediately returning to duty mode.

"I'll see what I can scrounge up," Dek's response much for vague.

Delak shifted to the other side of the room to talk to the Admiral.

Dek's mind wasn't entirely secure. He felt a nagging presence. As if something was wrong, or was going to be wrong.

"Sir," a voice came over the commlink, "we've got an important message coming from....from someone known as the Black Hand?"

Delak immediately knew it was for him. "I'll excuse myself," realized Admiral Johen. "You can go on ahead too, Dek," Delak hit off from Johen's comment.

"I'll remain here," retorted the Duros.

Delak eyed Dek and then shaking his head opened up the comm, "Cyris is gonna be pissed to see you," he said under his breath.

"Delak...Dek." The voice of the Grand Marshal of Clan Scholae Palatinae filled the room. Dark, musky, and fueled by the Force itself, any average person would fear such a voice. "The captured CR90 Corvette has self destructed in the shipyard it was being kept in. The Emperor wants you, Delak, to see him in his Throne Room immediately."

The voice continued, with Delak bowing his head slightly in a sign of military respect, "Dek, report to Lexiconus Qor. He is going to question you on the nature of your mission."

Dek was hesitant, "The Emperor agrees with this?"

The voice paused.

"I am your superior in every way. Whether the Emperor wants you to do this or not doesn't matter. I want you to do it."

"Show respect, Duros," chimed in Delak, his loyalty as clear as the aquifers of Dantooine.

"Of course, Grand Marshal," started Dek, "and what of the Jedi, Jill?"

"Executed, along with her friends, after they were tortured for information."

"And Sakrifyce?"

"Rewarded...as always."

The comm ended. Delak walked off in frustration towards Dek.

Calm. The calm before death. She wasn't attempting to convince me to let my guard down. She knew they were going to die. So she was soothing their thoughts beforehand. She knew this mission would fail, and so she prepared for it. Still. She tried to kill me. Dogmatic and singular. She might have been just as bad as Sakrifyce. Who knows if any of her followers agreed to die. Or if she simply chose that fate for them.

Only one thing is certain, and that is the uncertainty of success or failure of any mission that was supposed to occur.