

**Jarl Imperium Office,  
March Isles,  
Judecca  
34 ABY**

Locked deep in the highest office of the House Imperium building, Lexiconus Qor stares into the blue glow of his desktop console. He worked heavily upon the new documentation of the House, undisturbed and silent. That was until the door of his new office slammed wide open and the brightness of daylight poured inside, as Qor shielded his eyes and hissed.

“Master!” The feminine voice called out, as she rushed inside. Once the Quarren’s delicate eyes recovered and dilated, he could see his favourite student Blade Ta’var rushed in front of him. The Battlemaster groaned in resistance of her intrusion and stood from his desk. He wondered why she was here in the first place.

“Why am I being disturbed in this very sensitive transitional period!? You know very well how important this is!” Qor growled and slammed his fists into the desk, he wasn’t pleased with this disturbance. But this didn’t phase Blade who continued on her rant anyway.

“But Master! There’s a school of squidlings kidnapped on March Isles!” She jumped up onto the coffee desk nearby, in order to look out the shutters of the closed window. The Battlemaster grumbled and hid his expression under his palm. He decided to listen what Blade had to say and prodded her side.

“Hey! Off the table first! Where in March Isles?”

“On the beach! There’s bounty hunters shipping them off world for indoctrination! Hurry up!” Blade quickly jumped from the table and sprinted out the door. He didn’t even have time to get dressed and was still in his skin suit and cloak. He grabbed *Bairn* from the fish tank, and sprinted out the door after the Hunter.

**March Beach,  
March Isles,  
Judecca,  
34 ABY**

The scorching sun of Imperius glorified the white sands with a beautiful light, while the teal waves from the sea glistened like crystal. Ancient palm trees lounged at the edge of the beach and wavered in the gentle winds, their emerald leaves shimmering in the sunlight. While the tidal waves crashing against the white sand was a pleasantry for the ears, the screaming and wailing from toddler Quarrens destroyed the scenery. Qor and Blade took a moment to conceal themselves inside the dense shrubbery nearby to assess the situation first. From his position, the Battlemaster could see four mercenaries clad in their own customer armour, wielding ARC Rifles. The objective of these men were to capture, not kill. However the blasters in their side holsters seemed to be for precautionary measures. They didn’t seem too much of a challenge, even Blade could take them.

“See what I mean!? These guys aren’t messing about.” Qor had to shove his hand in front of her mouth as she spoke, in fear of being detected by the mercenaries. But the Battlemaster agreed, something was off about these men. Something calculated.

“Let’s take a closer look. I don’t trust the light protection appearance.” Blade agreed with her Master, and they both crawled through the bush in order to get a better perspective on the group and their captives. Upon closer inspection, they found something out of their view. A large quadrupedal turret sits patiently, it’s optical laser scanned the nearby area for hostile enemies. The legs itself were drilled deep into the sand by cutting-edge mechanisms, the axis for the neck became extendable as it switch between short and long ranged firepower. While the turret itself was a slim indigo barrel, squared off with rhombus patterns. It was clear to Qor, this security turret was a very deadly piece of technology. So it needed to go.

“Watch my back, Zeltron.” The Battlemaster said as he slowly extended his arm and concentrated on the turret. Using the Dark Side, Qor slithered through the circuitry of the turret, touching live wires and routing himself to their source. He felt his way across navigational boards, optical devices and the reload mechanism until he found it. The motherboard. The Battlemaster then slowly squeezed his fist and the motherboard squeezed, flaked and sparked into thousands of pieces. The neck of the turret itself seem to do the same, by imploding itself and dropping the turret barrel, it surprised the mercenaries who instantly became alert. Qor smirked.

“Now let’s educate them in the Order of the Sith.” He said, which pleased Blade. The duo then stood from their hiding spot and ignited their lightsabers quickly, deflecting the ARC shots from the mercenaries with little effort.

“Gentleman please, you are no match here.” The Battlemaster calmly said, he extended his arms out in a friendly manner which seemed to leave his chest open. A white armoured mercenary at the back of the group took this opportunity. By quickly whipping out a sniper rifle from a hidden cargo box in the sand, he shot straight at the Quarren. Foreseeing the hostility, the Battlemaster quickly extended his arm as the Dark Side reached out and deflected back at the sniper. A bright explosion blinded the merc who collapsed on the floor, as a large and bloody hole appeared in the front of his helmet. Qor deactivated his lightsaber and sheathed the hybrid organism-mechanism into his waistcloth, then opened his arms again.

“Are we done playing? You should listen to me.” The trio left alive hesitated in their decision, before they lowered their weapons. The red armoured mercenary spoke out.

“Lexiconus *Nosolar* Qor, Skald of Imperium, you are under arrest for conspiring with the Sith Order. Come with us, immediately.” Blade couldn’t help but groan and roll her eyes, but one look from the Battlemaster and she fell silent again.

“It’s Jarl now and i’m sorry, but you will not be arresting me today. Blade here will be showing you off the planet now. Good day.” Qor replied as he turned to leave. But then the red mercenary did something unfathomable and daring. The hard thud of something heavy

hit the sands immediately behind the Quarren, who turned around and stared at the item in total surprise. His red gauntlet.

“There is nothing less for us to expect, but death.” The merc spoke out, as he readied his blaster. Qor removed his lightsaber again.

“Blade, I’ve changed my mind. I will show them off the planet.” Quickly igniting his silver blade, the Battlemaster uses the Dark Side to launch the mercenary into the air and effortlessly snapped his neck. The Quarren threw the body into the blue merc, while Blade unsheathed her katana and pounced on the green merc, as he let out blood-curdling screams. Struggling and wriggling his way from under the red body, the last merc alive shot hastily at the Quarren who found it easy to deflect the bolts. With a swift slice across his neck, the merc was beheaded and Qor sheathed his lightsaber once more. He took a look at the toddler Quarren who seemed to have instinctively crawled their way to the sea, splashing and playing with each other.

“The seas of Judecca are deadly for them, let’s take them back and find an appropriate home.” Qor said, picking up two of the babies with the Dark Side. Blade chuckled.

“Becoming patriotic for your species, eh Master?” The Zeltron said, but the Quarren sighed.

“Someone knew I was here, someone knew who and what I was, then decided to act on it. It must be a Jedi or an Odanite and they clearly are offended by our goals. These children are also Force-Sensitive.” Qor replied, as they walked off the beach and through the jungle.

“So it’s a warning to us?” Blade replied, carrying the remaining Quarren with difficulty, their arms waved around as their miniature tentacles bickered between each other.

“No, young one. It’s a message; *we know you.*” The Battlemaster replied, as intentions became clear. The Jedi were counter attacking.