

Solas Night-Thorn lifted the flap of his command tent and walked inside. It had been nineteen days since Tarentum's forces had landed on the putrid corpse of a planet known as Dathomir. However, the Nekros Syndicate had been on site for nearly a month. In that time they had been forced to contest with the native flora and fauna, both of which had evolved to kill. In addition to that the Nightsister's magicks had brought the dead back from the grave to fight. The Syndicate's forces had to defend against the planet itself, one of their remote outposts was swallowed whole by a massive sinkhole.

"Supreme Commander on deck!" The ranking soldier in the tent called out and everyone snapped to attention.

"At ease. What news have the scouting teams reported." The soldiers resumed their duties.

"Yes sir! Teams have reported that the horde to the north has begun moving across the Shattered Ridge."

"Understood. If I remember correctly, the forces under the command of the Wrath are stationed there. Inform Warrior Rurra'bek of the horde's movements. What else can you tell me?"

"Sir! Scouts believe they have discovered the origin point of the massive horde to the east."

"They have? Where?"

"A large temple, built into the Singing Mountain."

"Very good." Before anymore could be said. The communicator in the holotable began beeping.

"Incoming transmission My Lord. All channels, authentication code; Haze-Envy-One-One-Nexus-Dash-Seven-Zero." The comms operator called out.

"HE11N-70? That's Master Bloodfyre's all-access code. Put it through." Solas scratched his chin as the holotable flickered to life and an image of Tarentum's Proconsul appeared.

"Dark Greetings all. You have all fought well. Today we will crush our enemies and seize this planet for our own! I command my power over death itself this power will weaken those forces that stand in our way. So go now and destroy all who oppose us!" A cheer rang through the base. Solas smirked.

"Colonel."

"Yes Sir?"

"Inform Outlaw Brigade to make ready to move out."

“Sir!” The soldier snapped to attention before quickly exiting the tent. Solas’ face split into a wicked grin as he could feel the Force coil and seethe around him. It felt good.

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The Soul of Nekros stepped onto the deck of a dropship.

“Supreme Commander on deck!”

“At ease. Are we ready to get underway?”

“We are now receiving the ready signals.” The comm inside the ship clicked on.

“First Battalion all green.”

“Second Battalion ready to get rolling.”

“Third Battalion all green.”

“Cavalry Squadron wheels up.”

“Artillery Battalion all green.”

“Brigade Support standing by.”

“Outlaw Brigade is all green Supreme Commander.” The brigade’s commander snapped to attention.

“Very good Colonel. Commence the operation.”

“Sir! Outlaw Brigade move out!” With a mighty groan, the nearly four thousand troops of Outlaw Brigade began their long march towards the singing mountain.

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The sun had begun to slip beneath the horizon as the Outlaw Brigade came into range of the Singing Mountain. The pilot of Solas’ dropship set the ship down in the center of the brigade’s encampment. As the Soul of Nekros stepped off his ship a scout from the recon troops rode up on a walker.

“Supreme Commander!”

“Yes soldier report.”

“Yes sir! Forward scouts have reported that the horde are holding their position. And strangely they have formed a path leading straight into the temple.” Solas scratched his chin.

“They are inviting us inside. Either they want to talk, or this is a trap. Hmmm well either way we will see what happens in the morning. Inform the commanders to have their battalions hold position. Inform them to be ready to move at sunrise.”

“Yes sir Supreme Commander!” The scout rode off as Solas entered the simple command tent that had been erected.

A few hours later sat cross-legged in his tent meditating. Suddenly he felt a presence in the back of his mind.

*Alnadee, mah, reez, ven, doo, la, tren. He has the seed. But does he possess the spark? That we shall see. Come seek us in the heart of the dead. There we shall see if you possess what is necessary.*

Solas opened his eyes and felt nothing but confusion filled his mind. However he knew that what had spoken to him was tied deeply to the dark side. It felt like nothing he had ever encountered before.

*What was that? What does it mean? Only the marrow will tell.*

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As the sun crested over the peak of the Singing Mountain, Solas and his commanders strode down the lane the horde had created leading to the temple. At the base of the steps of the temple stood three hooded figures. Their robes were plain but the power they radiated was clear and potent. Solas and his commanders came to a stop before the figures.

“Do you serve the one known as Gwei Long?” The voice came from the three, but from which Solas could not say. And while he had no idea who they spoke of, but something in the recesses of his mind told him that the answer was no.

“I do not.” The three nodded and the figure on the left spoke.

“I am the spirit who was born to the night, given to the night and returned to the night. Who am I?” Solas closed his eyes and reached out to the Force and felt for the truth.

“You who was born to the night, given to the night and returned to the night. You are Maul; The Spirit of Destruction.” The figure removed their hood and revealed the red face of the powerful Sith Apprentice. The second figure spoke.

"I am the spirit who was born to the night, taken by the night and used by the night. Who am I?" As Solas searched the Force one name came to him.

"You who was born to the night, taken by the night and used by the night. You are Savage Opress; The Spirit of Anger." Pulling their hood back, the second figure unveiled the yellow eyes and great horns of the fearsome Dark Acolyte. The final figure stepped forward.

"I am the spirit who was born to the night, taken from the night and reborn by the night. Who am I?" Solas could feel that this one was different. But he knew who they were.

"You who was born to the night, taken from the night and reborn by the night. You are Asajj Ventress; The Spirit of Vengeance." With a flick of their hood the pale face of the feared Sith Assassin came into view. The three then spoke in unison.

"You are blessed by the night. The Grand Mothers will see if you are truly the one foretold. Enter now, leave the others." Solas turned to his commanders.

"You return to the troops and wait for my orders." The soldiers snapped to attention before retreating back up the aisle.

Solas turned back and saw that the three had begun to enter the temple. Quickly catching up with them he followed them inside.

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As night fell Solas found himself sitting alone at a great stone table. As the sun vanished into the night three ethereal forms appeared sitting across from him.

"Look upon us, you who are blessed by the night. We are the Grand Mothers. The three most powerful mystics in our history. We are Gethzerion, Baritha and Talzin. And we wish to offer you what you desire." Solas smirked.

"And how could you know what I desire?"

"You seek the power to do what others cannot. You seek to control that which is mastered only by the Force. You seek mastery over death. This we can give you, but you must give us something."

"And what pray-tell, would that be?"

"In order to give you this power, we must perform an ancient ritual. A ritual that has existed since the dawn of the galaxy. This ritual will bind our spirits to your own and thus imbue you with our powers over the spirits of the galaxy. This is a blood ritual that requires a great sacrifice. The lives of the army you brought with you."

“That’s all? I give you my troops and you’ll give me the power to command that horde?”

“Not just control over that horde, but the power to raise such a horde wherever you go.” Solas’ face split into a wicked grin.

“So tell me this Grand Mothers, why do you offer me this power?” The Mothers nodded.

“The one known as Gwei Long has come to Dathomir. His power is like a poison to us. Our hope is that you will use this power to end his life and free our legacy.” Solas scratched his chin at their words. He wasn’t quite sure, but somehow he knew that he had met this Gwei Long.

“Grand Mothers, if I should happen to encounter this Gwei Long, you have my word that he will die.”

“So do we have an agreement young Sith?”

“We do. What must be done to perform this ritual?”

“All you need do young Sith, is order your troops into the valley north of the temple. We must wait until the moons have begun to align.”

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Three hours later, Solas stood nude in the center of a massive open air temple. He stood at the edge of a stone pool filled with a black oily substance. This substance was pitch black as if no light had ever touched it. Solas could not even see the bottom of the pool. The Sith was brought out of his musing by the clicking of the commlink in his ear. It was Colonel Falk, leader of Outlaw Brigade.

“Supreme Commander. Outlaw Brigade is in position in the valley to the north. Are we to make ready to attack the temple?”

“No Colonel. You’ve done all that you need to. All will become clear soon.” With that Solas removed the commlink and tossed it aside. In that moment the spirits of the Grand Mothers appeared.

“Now young Sith. We are ready to begin. Please step into the pool.” Wordlessly Solas stepped down into the pool. To his surprise the substance only came up to his knees. Once he reached the center of the pool, he felt his body begin fall backwards. But it felt more like someone was laying him down, rather than falling. As his head passed into the liquid, his mind filled with the chanting of what felt like thousands. These voices all spoke in unison.

“Geiss kan erde mak harden ob Stein, geiss kan lewf mak krig ob blitz, geiss kan pire mak blod loge raga, geiss kan vass byn skol zum Asa! Erde-blitz-raga-byn erde-blitz-raga-byn, erde-blitz-raga-byn, zum Asa! Sre haz vas khala noro gensia tei! Choono slalem. Denni tay'lori olee-ay. Lucheno vadem klavlane. Blenay vedi nalem koreem. Blenay vedi nalem koreem! Villos susko kono lamal! Vlemon tagoo! Rise! Rise, awake, dead brother! Rise! Rise, rise! Awake, dead brother! Rise!” Solas’ body limply rose out of the pool and hung in the air as he was surrounded by a swirling mass of green smoke.

Suddenly the air surrounding the temple was split by a chorus of screams as the members of Outlaw Brigade were murdered by the servants of the Grand Mothers. Soon more green smoke began pouring into the temple. All converging on the floating body of Solas. As soon as the screams of Outlaw Brigade died down Solas began screaming. As he screamed his body floated over to the other side of the pool. The smoke began to dissipate and the black liquid slid from his body as he knelt on the ground.

“Rise now, you who was not born to the night, you who chose the night, you who is blessed by the night, you who has been reborn by the night. Rise, Spirit of the Night.” The Grand Mothers spoke.

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It had been three days since Tarentum forces had lost contact with the Soul of Nekros and the forces of Outlaw Brigade. Currently the two remaining members of the Nekros Syndicate’s Inner Circle were meeting at the base of Nexus Division. Frosty sat in front of the holotable as Strask paced back and forth.

“How could the Soul and the entirety of Outlaw Brigade just vanish?!” Strask snapped.

“I don’t know. All we know is that they traveled to the Singing Mountain. And after that they went out of contact.” The brooding Dashade replied. As the pair continued to try and piece together what happened to their leader. A soldier ran into the tent and snapped to attention.

“My Lords. You need to come to the east watchtower.”

“What is it trooper?” Strask inquired.

“It’s the Soul. He’s marching across the plains.”

“What?” The two Sith asked in unison before rushing to the watchtower.

Looking out over the eastern plains they saw what could only be described as the largest horde of ghouls they had ever seen marching towards the base. But as they looked closer they saw a solitary figure marching at the head of the horde. Strask turned and shouted to the base.

“All Units Hold Fire! Someone get us a speeder!” A few minutes later the pair rode up to the horde on speeders. As they approached the leader. Frosty shouted.

“Cross!”

“Burn!” The leader of the horde shouted back. Frosty smiled, only the leader of the Nekros Syndicate would know that countersign.

“Sir! We thought we had lost you.” Both Strask and Frosty bowed.

“You haven’t lost me. I just simply did what I had to, to ensure our future. And do I have a tale for you.” As he stepped away from the horde many things stood out to the pair.

First off Solas had grown a full seven inches, infact he was now even taller than Frosty. He had grown a small white goatee and his face paint had turned black. But infact his face paint was actually black tattoos, reminiscent of the tattoos applied to members of the Nightbrothers. His attire had changed, but there was one thing that stood out more than the others; his eyes. When they had last seen him his eyes had been a normal icy blue. Now his irises had turned a sickeningly sulphuric yellow, and surprisingly his sclera had turned a deep black that seemed to absorb all the light around him. He also had a companion; a black hawk that rode on his shoulder.

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