

Sola Night-Thorn-13525

Jensen Tebbo-14406

“How did I get here?” Tebbo kept whispering to himself. He could always feel the eyes of Force users on him wherever he went and it made him uncomfortable and now he was assigned to patrol the area around Castle Tarentum. He could tell that many members of the Brotherhood looked down on him because he was not a Force user and not afflicted with the Dark Side. Tebbo knew this would be a chance to prove himself to his leaders that even a mercenary could be as useful as a Force user. Tebbo walked into the hangar where he would meet up with the other Journeyman that was assigned to be his partner. It took a few minutes of looking and asking around before Tebbo realized that his partner wasn't here yet. Tebbo had only seen his partner a few times while going around the Nekros Syndicate's base, The Pyramid. Tebbo couldn't fight the excitement he was feeling. He was brand new and Tebbo still didn't know why he was sent here in the first place, but it was fun and it killed time. This would also be the first time interacting with the Supreme Commander of the Nekros Syndicate.

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Tebbo started flirting with one of the female maintenance crew members when he was suddenly being dragged from behind by an Epicanthix with white hair. Tebbo gave the female crew member a wink before getting a foothold and walk behind the Epicanthix. A moment later he noticed another individual walking with them. One look and he knew this person was an attache of the Supreme Commander.

“So you must be Solas?” Tebbo said cheerfully while holding out his hand. It was clear by his black and red robes with his dark demeanor. Solas handed the datapad he was reading to his attache and dismissed her with a silent nod.

Solas stopped and turned a little, “I am Supreme Commander Night-Thorn, you will show me respect. Now let's get going.” Solas gave with a squinted and looked Tebbo up and down before turning away and back to the two underwater modded starfighters.

“Yes sir, very sorry sir.” Tebbo responded quickly and nervously. Tebbo jumped inside his starfighter, glad to be in a starfighter since his was destroyed after his arrival.

The starfighters were standard models modified for underwater travel because most of Yridia II is mostly underwater and so was Castle Tarentum. The patrol would consist of following a perimeter that would get near some islands that were near Castle Tarentum. The pair entered their ships and took off from the hanger. As they passed through the airlock Solas clicked on his comm.

“Alright, set heading to two-nine. Follow my lead.” With confirmation from his partner, Solas fired up his underwater systems and lead them along their patrol route. “Set scan range to thermals, we’re looking for living things after all.”

“Understood sir.” Tebbo quickly adjusted his scanners to the thermal spectrum. “Permission to speak frankly sir?”

“Granted.”

“Have you ever raced one of these babies before?”

“Once back when I was a Novice. It frankly didn’t end well.”

“What happened sir, if I may be so bold?”

“My opponent crashed his ship and we wound up spending the next month scrubbing the hangers. Well he did, he was an apprentice Sith and thus wasn’t called to the battlefield when the Dark Crusade began.”

“Oh, well I will try my best to not disappoint you sir.” Tebbo responded with a quiet disposition.

“See that you don’t.” As they were speaking both ship’s scanners beeped. “Eyes up, we’ve got contacts at two-five. Switch your systems to low power and follow me.” As both of them turned to low power, the tension started to creep on both Tebbo and Solas. Tebbo felt like there was a storm about to hit and it made him feel nervous. Solas brushed off the feeling to keep a sharp eye out.

“Sir, should I go for a swim and take a look at what's up ahead?” Tebbo whispered into his mic.

“No need. Just get ready to go loud. I can feel them coming, we’re going to force them to surface. If we take out their life-support systems they’ll be forced to go ashore on one of the nearby islands. We’ll attack there. Now train your blasters on that rock formation at two o'clock. They’ll be there shortly.”

“Ok, are we planning to wipe them out or take at least one prisoner?” Tebbo mentioned while aiming towards the rock formation. Solas sighed at the question.

“Normally I’d say let’s just wipe them out. But considering that our last captive didn’t yield much in the way of information. We should try and take one alive. Now focus they’re here.”

As Tebbo and Solas fell quiet, they waited till two small ships started to pass under the rock formation. “Fire!” Solas yelled as he fired his blasters at the rocks right above the ship. Tebbo quickly followed suit and a huge part of the formation fell off. It quickly sank and hit the first starfighter, breaking off the back left part of the ship. The second starfighter hit the rock directly on, but was slow enough to not be instantly killed. Solas knew that it was an immediate success.

“Cut all non-essential systems and let your ship drift, if they pick up on us this will get messy.” Solas barked the command as he disabled everything in his ship aside from the life-support.

“Yes sir.” Tebbo replied before following suit and shutting down his fighter. Soon the two Tarenti were drifting with the current.

Solas reached out with the Force and felt their enemies making for the surface. Snaking his way into the lead pilot’s mind and planted the idea to land on small island nearby. Smiling to himself as he felt the ships begin to move away. Solas waited until they were out of scanner range to reactivate his ship.

Tebbo saw his leader activate his ship and followed his lead as the Sith lead them around to the far side of the island. Coming ashore just as night began to fall, Solas turned to the nautolan.

“We’ll make camp just inside the treeline. No tents, no fire. We’ll wait till midnight and strike once they believe their safe.”

“Very good sir, I will take first watch so don’t worry ‘bout a thing and get some sleep if you would like to.” Tebbo slyly said. Tebbo was good at guerilla warfare and knew he could impress this Sith with his skill.

“I’m fine.” Solas respond before proceeding to lean against a nearby tree and watch the forest for movement.

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“Wake up now.” Tebbo quickly opened his eyes to find Solas staring at him with annoyance. Tebbo looked at the time and it was almost midnight.

“They made a light sweep of the island, so they didn’t notice us.” Solas turned back to the forest. “We should get a move on.”

“Of course,” Tebbo grabbed his blaster and shouldered it.

“Stay low and close. Move on my command.” Tebbo nodded as the Sith lead the pair through the forest. It wasn’t long before they could see the smoke from their target’s campfire. The pair came to a stop just inside the treeline that ringed the beach their enemy’s camp was set up.

Giving their canteen a gentle push with the Force, Solas knocked the water into the fire pit dousing the flames. Both men jumped to their feet and began arguing over who had knocked their water into the fire. Amidst this argument, Solas gave a silent signal to Tebbo to look away from the camp. Once he was certain his partner wouldn’t feel the effects of his next move, Solas extended his hand towards the bickering pair. Closing his eyes he exerted his will over the Force and a moment later the beach was lit up with a blinding white light that caused the two unsuspecting mercenaries to stumble back in pain covering their eyes.

“Now Jensen! Target the one on the right! Try to bring him in alive, I’ll take the one on the left!” Solas shouted before leaping out of the trees igniting his crimson lightsaber.

As Solas ran towards the man on the left, Tebbo took aim from their hiding spot. Tebbo had just lined up the shot when the man dove for his tent. Coming back up, the man started shooting frantically.

“Oh, frotz, that was close.” Tebbo fell behind his cover.

“Hurry up Jensen!” Solas yelled as he was almost to the camp.

“By the thousand tides, fine,” Tebbo leaned against a tree and took aim again at the man on the right.”Try not to get shot and it's all your fault.” The man had gotten some of his vision back so he had taken cover behind the stump they were using as a seat.

“Not quick enough” Tebbo whispered as the man started to aim at him. Tebbo’s blaster bolt went through the man’s shoulder. The man quickly fell with a scream and dropped his blaster. The man started to roll on the ground and Tebbo knew the fight was over, Tebbo took a Death stick out of his coat and drank it. Tebbo walked over from his spot to grab the blaster and brought his aid kit.. As Tebbo walked he watched Solas.

Solas landed just in front of the man on the left just as his sight was beginning to return. Seeing the six-foot-nine Sith looming over him, lightsaber in-hand, the man frantically tried to take aim. This was a fruitless action as one swing of the Knight’s lightsaber severed the man’s arm just below the elbow. The man stumbled back with a scream, clutching his severed limb. Panic set in as he clumsily drew his sidearm and fired off a shot that caught the Sith in the leg. Seeing this he

began to look for a way out of the situation, then the Sith began to laugh. But not a joyous laugh, this laugh was hollow, raspy, chattering, it was the laugh of a madman.

“Good, good. Your fear is what’s keeping you alive. Too bad it won’t be nearly enough!” At his words, Solas lunged at the man one move sliced both his legs off and kicked him over towards the firepit. Solas watched as the man began to weakly crawl towards his ally. Laughing, the Sith slowly walked after his prey, pausing only to pick up a smoldering log from the firepit.

The man slowly but surely reached his ally, who had fallen to the ground from a shot to the shoulder. Just as he began reaching out to his friend, the man felt something grab his hair and lift him into the air. A moment later he felt something press into his back, then he felt the heat. The man’s screams filled the night air as Solas slowly forced the smoldering log through the man’s back and out his chest. In an instant everything went quiet, and the Sith dropped the man’s corpse. His ally tried to retreat, only to earn himself a shot in the head from the butt of Tebbo’s blaster, knocking him out. With a nod Solas grabbed his comm.

“Castle Tarentum, this is Nekros Patrol One. Calling for extraction.” A moment later the comm clicked.

“We read you Nekros One, has your transport been compromised?”

“Negative, we have a captive that needs pickup.”

“Understood Nekros One. Shuttle is enroute.”

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As daybreak arrived, Sith Battlelord Scion entered his office to find the Supreme Commander of the Nekros Syndicate leaning against the wall while a nautolan stood at attention just inside the door, clearly uncomfortable to be standing that way. Scion sighed.

“At ease young one. Now Solas what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?” Solas smirked at the question.

“Well, our patrol bore fruit. We’ve got a captive in the brig, he’s not exactly in the best shape. As expected after seeing me impale his partner on a burnt log.”

“You are one twisted individual. You do know just how to make my day.” The pair shared a laugh.

“Physically, he can be questioned any time you like sir.” Tebbo stammered out “He only got hit in his shoulder and hid.”

“Very good. Now head down the hall to Zekk’s office for your debriefing. Solas, walk with me.”  
The two Sith walked out the door and down the hall.