The Nekros syndicate had not arrived too long ago. At first, all seemed calm on Dathomir. But after several hours, the first signs appeared that it was not all well. It started with objects floating around, which was not entirely unsuspected on a world which saw so much activity by force users. But soon, they started hearing odd sounds, and wailing in the distance. Solas dismissed it as the wind, but it did manage to make several of his subordinates quite nervous, especially the younger members of his team. It all seemed to leave a heavy load on their minds, spooking them more than they should be. After all, hadn’t they encountered far worse than this elsewhere?

But the worst was yet to come.

When they had settled down, and set a watch so Solas could brief them, they heard a bloodcurdling scream. Rushing out, they saw the young sith he had set as a watch dead on the ground, a terrified look on his face. Looming over him was a ghostly form, her sword in the sentry’s neck. For all intents and purposes, it looked like one of the Dathomir witches, but it was very clear what had killed her: her ribcage was splayed open. But even death did not seem to slow her down.

Frosty was the first to spring to action. Igniting his lightsaber, he jumped at the spectral form, aiming a perfect beheading strike. To his horror, the blade passed right through the ghost, and even as he was recovering his balance, she struck out at him.

He was almost fast enough to evade her blade. Instead, her translucent sword cut a nasty gash in his arm. “.. how..?”, he muttered, and fell back to the rest of the group.

Solas ordered them back, not having any idea how to deal with this threat, and that terrified him. All he could think about, was the syndicate, dead on the ground, cut apart by beings they could not harm. It would make him a failure, a fate worse than the death he was looking at. When he looked around him, he saw the others were just as scared as he was. Hearing something like an explosion behind him, he looked, and saw what looked like a meteorite heading towards them.

That was what broke him. It seemed like this planet was hell-bent on eating them alive. He called out. “retreat! Retreat!”, and the team started to scatter.

A load voice, loader then it should be, answered. “Belay that! Stand firm! Remember your training!”

Looking up, he saw the meteorite was not a meteorite. It was one of the Tarentum shuttles, and Solas suddenly realized the explosion must have been the shuttle going through the sound barrier. The voice belonged to a cloaked form standing in the hatch, which promptly jumped down amongst them, his hood falling back as he hit the ground. He immediately recognized him, as the face of the Sith Lord was known, and feared, by all.

“they are using a crude form of battle meditation. I am countering it, but beyond that, remember that we have more weapons then our sabers at our disposal. We are the clan of Death, and we do not fear Death itself!”

Solas realized he was right. The fear that had been controlling him started to turn to a red-hot anger. Looking at the others, he now saw looks of anger on their faces as well. In the corner of his eye, he saw Aeternus not draw his lightsaber, but a frosty white sword instead. The diamond sword. Even as he turned to look at it properly, the sith lord cut straight through a ghost advancing on him, resulting in the entire apparition just vanishing. However, more had already appeared.

“What is anathema to death?!”, Aeternus called out.

Solas thought briefly, and then realized the answer. “Life!”, and turned his healing powers to the nearest ghost approaching. First, it slowed down, but after a few seconds, it let out a scream, and vanished.

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He had arrived just in time. He had traveled to Dathomir to see how his new apprentice was handling himself. However, when his ship had arrived in orbit, he had felt what was going on, and ordered the pilot of the shuttle to take them in as fast as he could. Not wanting to get into an argument with the sith lord, the pilot had done as he was ordered, going through the sound barrier as he approached the surface, and slowing down at a terrifying pace, just enough to not rip the wings off the shuttle, but as it stood, the shuttle would not fly again for quite some time. Aeternus was fine with that, there were more where it came from, and the situation at hand more then demanded it.

The battleteam had its morale more than sapped from the instinctive form of battle meditation the ghost-witches were using. He was now countering that, and lighting a fire in their minds. Having dealt with ghosts before, he knew well enough that his lightsabers would not help him here, but his diamond sword would. It had been forged with Sith Alchemy, and powerful spells were woven into its construction. The rest of the team was now using their healing powers on the witches, with good effect, and those who could not were aiding their fellows with other powers.

But he could see it would not be enough. Most ghosts kept appearing, and that did not surprise them. As he had already made the team realize, life was anathema to death, and death would not stop until there was no more life. Them being here was drawing them out. He would have to resort to more drastic measures. In one liquid motion, he cut through another ghost, and sheathed the sword. Instead, he drew the emerald dagger at his waist, and cut it over the palm of his left hand, letting the blood soak the blade.

He had no idea if this would work, as he had not done this before. It had been in one of the tomes of the Council archives, a part that was closed to all but a few. Those few were the Sith Lords. However, he did not let his doubts show. Raising the blooded dagger above his head, he called out in a long-dead language, and the irony did not escape him. Roughly translated, the phrase he canted was ‘Those on this earth, those who are dead, heed my call.’, and he went down on his knee, grabbing a handful of dirt with his left hand, raising it up besides the dagger, and rubbing it on.

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Solas looked in surprise as he saw the dark Master perform what was, essentially, blood magic. He had heard the elders of the clan did things otherwise unheard of, but this was even beyond unheard. Only those with tremendous control could even consider using their own blood to augment their powers, and it was now very obvious why the former Master at Arms was named Darth Aeternus. The result was very effective. The ghosts stopped in their tracks, and seemed to shimmer.

“Ghosts of Dathomir, heed me! We are the Tarenti, and we do \*NOT\* fear Death! Death will serve us!”, the lord eternal cried out.

A wave of force energy washed over them, originating from the sith lord, and the ghosts disappeared. As Aeternus raised the hood of his cloak, Solas thought he could see beads of sweat rolling over his face, but the Master’s face was already cloaked in darkness before he could be sure.

“Solas, establish a perimeter. I already signaled the clan, and more will soon arrive soon, so make sure there is space for landing ships. Lucifer.. Well done.”

Solas turned to Lucifer, and the look of pride on his face at his master’s compliment was very obvious, which did make Solas chuckle. He immediately started giving out orders as the Sith Lord moved away to his shuttle, glad that he was not going to chide him for giving into the terror earlier.