

“Supreme Commander!” The Pyramid’s Intendant ran into his superior’s office panting. “We have a problem!”

“What is it Quee?” The Epicanthix responded without turning his chair.

“Sir, patrol thirteen dash twenty-one has returned and well... I think I’ll let their leader explain.” With a gesture, he allowed a young man into the office.

“Sir! We were patrolling the streets east of the Ale Pond when we engaged a group of bandits. We were able to fight off the main force but we were unprepared when a secondary force outflanked us and well... they captured Salinas. We lost track of them south of town. I’m sorry sir.”

The Sith exhaled and stood from his chair. “Yes you are.” Suddenly the young man began to grunt and clutch at his throat. And with a sickening crunch the boy’s head wrenched to one side and he collapsed to the ground. “Quee, dispose of that mess. And prepare me a ship.”

“Yes Sir!” With a salute the intendant rushed down the hall. As he did Solas threw his black cloak over his shoulders and began walking towards the main hanger.

Meanwhile Salinas Ker sat bound to a chair as she watched her captors argue.

“Are you mad?! How many times have I told you not to mess around with the Ale Pond? The last thing we want is to run afoul of the Syndicate. And now we have this hostage to deal with.” Red, straight hair clumsily hangs over a chiseled, anguished face. Beady brown eyes, set graciously within their sockets, watch stressfully over the young blonde girl sitting before him. Tribal marks in the form of 2 stripes under each eye marks his heritage as the leader of *Charhands* bandit clan.

Blonde, short hair neatly coiffured to reveal a bony, time-worn face. Big, round hazel eyes, set well within their sockets, stare directly at the floor in shame. Fire has left a mark stretching from the top of the left cheek, running towards the left side of her lips and ending on her right nostril leaves an aching burden of defended honor.

“Look I’m sorry, they looked like easy marks. And I mean look at her, her parents probably don’t know what she’s up to. They’ll probably pay a pretty penny for her.” Salinas chuckled.

“You two have no idea what you’ve gotten yourself into. My father knows that I’m here, and here’s the facts. If he has to come here and get me, none of you will get out alive. Come to think of it, if I have to get myself out, you probably won’t survive. So why don’t you two untie me right now and maybe my father won’t pull your tongues out through your bottoms.”

The two bandits stopped arguing and turned to the young blonde. The man stepped closer and spoke.

“What makes you so sure your pompous rich daddy can do a thing to us?”

“Well for one, my father isn’t rich. Two, he’s not pompous. And oh yeah, he’s a **Sith**.” The moment she said that name both of her captors eyes grew wide. “And if I know him as well as I think I do, he won’t be coming alone.”

“What do you mean by that?” Before Salinas could answer the female interjected.

“Boss don’t you remember the rumors about the Syndicate’s leaders? The ones about them all being Sith?”

“She’s right you know? My father isn’t just one of the Syndicate’s leaders, he’s ‘*The*’ Leader.” Salinas smiled.

Solas stood stoically at the head of a Nekros Syndicate Hunter squad, as their shuttle descended on the warehouse where Solas felt that Salinas’ presence.

“Listen closely, my daughter was taken by these clowns. That means they wish for death. We’ll do this as a standard sweep and clean op, understood?”

“Sir!” The squad spoke as one as the bay doors opened. Solas gave the signal for the squad to get into position. The Sith then dropped out of the shuttle and slammed into the ground outside the door. Knocking of the door he watched as a panel slid open to reveal a pair of eyes.

“What do you wan-!” The man’s sentence never finished as blade of crimson plasma punched through the door and then through the man’s chest. With a blast of force energy, Solas sent the door crashing back into the warehouse. The Sith stepped through to find a group of bandits armed with blasters. He gave a silent signal and the hunter squad came crashing in through the skylights and opened fire on the unsuspecting bandits. Soon more and more bandits came out of side rooms.

Inside the back office, the two leaders waited in horror as their warehouse was filled with screams. Soon the door to the office swung open and a bandit ran inside and slammed the door shut.

“Boss! We have to get out of here, there’s a Sith here with shock troops. They’ve already killed Telos’, Drake’s, Vaelon’s, and Carn’s teams. Denor and Selmo’s teams have bugged out.” The bandit boss’ eyes grew wide.

“Four teams dead already, two running. What about Falev and Hendric?”

“They’ve been out of contact for weeks. I’ve got my team moving to engage them now but we need to leave now.”

“Alright. Cait, grab the girl we’ll take the tunnel.”

“Understood.” The blonde grabbed Salinas and threw the girl over her shoulder. As she did, her leader punched a button on the wall and a hidden door in the wall slid open. As the trio moved to enter the tunnel, the team leader was suddenly yanked backwards, as if being pulled by an invisible rope. The momentary distraction was just the opening Salinas needed. Swinging her legs up, she drove her knees into the blonde woman’s chest. Sending them tumbling to the ground, Salinas rolled to her feet and dove past her captors.

Solas yanked the door to the office off it’s hinges with the Force. Stepping inside he found Salinas bludgeoning the prone bandit with a brick. Standing up covered in blood, she turned to her father.

“Lord Night-Thorn.” The girl greeted the Sith with a short bow. “There are two enemies running down that tunnel. We should be able to catch up with them.” The man reached out and cut the blonds on her wrists with his saber.

“Daughter. Go with the troopers and cut off their escape. I will pursue them alone.” The blonde nodded.

“Understood.” She turned to the troopers. “Let’s move out.” As she moved to exit the office she turned back to the Sith. “Good hunting my Lord. And, be safe... Father.” With her last word she ran out of the office and joined up with the troopers. Solas sighed.

“I will Daughter, I will.” Steeling himself, he deactivated his lightsaber and hung it from his belt before running down the tunnel.

The two remaining bandits were running down the tunnel when they heard the telltale sound of the hidden door closing. This spurred them to run faster. Soon they arrived at the door to the hidden hanger in the warehouse across the street. The leader quickly punched in the code and the door began to slide open with a hiss. But before they had opened no more than a foot the doors grinded to a halt, as if they were jammed by some unseen object. The leader frantically

began to try and fix the problem. The blonde girl looked around in a panic, but both bandits' attention was ripped away by the oh so distinct sound of a lightsaber activating, as the tunnel was flooded with crimson light. With one final kick the leader sighed as the door slid open. His hopes were quickly dashed as the pair stepped out into hanger to find it occupied.

Salinas was barking orders as Syndicate initiates were loading body-bags filled with the remains of the bandits onto the shuttle. She turned her head when she heard the door open and quickly ordered the troopers to target the bandits. The pair froze like two deer, but only until they heard heavy footsteps behind them accompanied by the hum of a lightsaber. Turning around they found themselves staring up at the nearly seven-foot Sith.

The blonde knew that many Sith were men of creature comforts, and in the hopes that Solas was one of those, she threw herself at the man. Wrapping her arms around his neck she began cooing at the Sith.

"Please m'lord, these bandits kidnapped me and forced me to help them. I hold no ties to them, please m'lord take me away from them." As she spoke Solas placed his left hand on the side of her head. "Please, if you take me with you I'll do anything you wish."

"Anything I wish?" The Sith inquired.

"Yes m'lord. Anything." The girl pleaded.

"Then scream for me." Solas replied calmly before he drove his thumb into the girl's right eye. The girl let out a ear shattering scream as she stumbled back from the man clutching at her eye. The Sith moved faster than almost anyone could see as he closed the gap and with one fluid motion he grabbed the girl by the throat and threw her into the male bandit. As the pair hit the ground in a heap, the girl curled up screaming. The man on the other hand leapt to his feet and tried to run. Only to find himself staring down the barrels of a half dozen blaster rifles. Fortunately for him, he didn't have much time to think of a plan of action as a blade of searing red plasma pierced his chest and in two quick swings, Solas cut the man into four pieces.

The Sith turned back to the girl and with a wave of his hand, knocked the girl out. "Hunters, collect the remains and secure the prisoner. She will answer for what her comrades did to my daughter."

"Yes Sir!" The troopers moved to collect the pieces of the man in a bodybag. A pair bound the unconscious girl's wrists and ankles before loading her onto the shuttle.

Solas strode over to the Nekros shuttle and with a hand gesture ordered Salinas to join him. While he may have seemed cold, Salinas knew he cared. The Supreme Commander wouldn't lead an op like this for anyone, especially not someone who wasn't an Acolyte of Nekros. But

she was his daughter, and while that didn't afford her much, it did mean he would be there for her. He'd show his real feelings later when they were alone.