

Taasii was tired, completely drained from the last few days activities. He looked up from his new desk. His office was small with a small desk and chair for him to work in. Across the desk was a smaller, much less comfortable chair. On the wall to his left was a weapons rack that held his preferred weapons from Shili. On the desk was a cluttered assortment of files, holopads, and various other readouts.

The new Battleteam leader had been studying but for hours on the files of the members of his Battleteam. As a member of the Apostles of Syn he'd never taken the time to get to know any of the other members, nor had he learned any of their particular skill sets and various assets. Now as the leader of the Apostles of Syn it was required that he learn all of them, what they could do, and most importantly how to deploy them in the field to achieve maximum results.

The work was exhausting and tedious, but Abadeer needed to have everything ready for the coming days. The assault on Aliso was fast approaching, and more preparations needed to be made. This operation would not be conducted as any of the normal missions that Plagueis would normally do. Lord Teylas and Lady Selika felt unintimidated by the odds of retrieving the slaves, and had decided a competition between them was in order. Abadeer had been chosen by the Dread Lord himself to lead several platoons in, as one of his field commanders. His Master, Arden, and his Apprentice, Arsolimes, were also called by Teylas.

Abadeer's role in the initial phase of the assault would be to lead a small strike team that would infiltrate the old CIS compound, where the slaves were held captive, and cut communications to the outside. There would be an additional team led by Kultak Drol, who had been drafted to Lady Selika's forces, that would lead a team to attack the leaders of the compound. *That was where the glory would be*, Abadeer thought to himself, but he knew where his talents lied.

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The next morning Abadeer arose from his cot, somewhat rested. It had been a long night, and thoughts of the coming assault had plagued his sleep. It wasn't a difficult mission, but he still thought endlessly about it, wanting it to go perfectly. As this would be an official mission for the Clan, Abadeer decided to forgo his normal robes, and donned his ornate battle armor. It fit well, the Plagueis symbol glinting boldly on his chest plate.

Taasii made his way to the hangar, where he would be boarding his personal craft, *Nemesis*. Teylas had all the preparations made for the various platoons and squads. Abadeer would meet up with his squad planet side. His ship had been prepared and was ready for take off. While walking between the various ships on the hangar floor, he ran into Laren Uscot. Abadeer looked and the thin Pantoran, and saluted.

"Lord Uscot, I've heard you've been given the honor to join with Lord Teylas in the main assault. I wish you luck." Abadeer said, while relaxing from the salute.

"And to you, Commander. We're counting on you. If there are other strongholds around, and you can't get those communication lines cut off, I don't need to tell you what a tactical disadvantage that could put us at." Laren rubbed his chin, his lost look showing that his mind was down on the battlefield.

“Of course my Lord, I will not fail in my mission. Only glory for Plagueis, and Lord Teylas. Maybe I will see you on the battlefield. I’ve yet to have to pleasure of seeing you work in person.” Laren chuckled and patted his blasters.

Abadeer ran over to his Sith Infiltrator and ran up the ramp in the rear of the ship. The astromech assigned to his ship, R2-Q7, was already in place for all the navigational needs. Abadeer had been learning recently to become a better pilot, but there were still times he need assistance from the droid. Abadeer turned to the right to activate the elevator up to the cockpit. The domed room could get a little cramped, but Taasii loved his ship. After performing the necessary preparations and double checking with R2-Q7 that they were all ready, Abadeer activated the primary ignition. He reached over to open com links with the hangar control.

“This is commander Taasii, preparing for take off. Getting ready for departure to Aliso, open the blast shields.” There was no question in his voice, only a command.

“Of course my Lord! Right away, at once.” the reply came over the radio. Taasii nodded to himself, and brought the *Nemesis* off the ground, and retracted the landing gear. After the blast shield doors were retracted enough, he activated the wing flaps and engaged the throttle. *Nemesis* was an incredibly fast ship, and nearly invisible in the black of space. He brought the ship around to face Aliso, preparing for his descent. The *Transcendence* had been in orbit right over the pirate complex, making the descent for Abadeer very simple. He let his astromech take over, while he did a double check on his equipment.

*Nemesis* touched down approximately 2 kilometers away, giving Abadeer some time to be able to stealthily move to the pirate complex. Abadeer put in his ear piece, and called in to R2-Q7. “Take the ship up into orbit, but keep it running. We may need a quick escape.” The reply was a series of beeps and whirs that meant nothing to Taasii. He looked down at his wrist communicator which had a translated to Basic message from his mech. It was just a simple affirmative message. Taasii stared off into the distance, where he could make out the faded outline of the pirate compound.

The run took only a few minutes with Abadeer’s enhanced speed. As he neared the compound he started picking his way carefully, make sure to avoid any attempt at detection. There was tall yellowed grass surrounding the complex which allowed for an easy hidden entrance. Taasii knew that the plan was for Teylas’ main force to assault the front gates. The Shadow made it to the side of the huge structure, a massive vertical wall with little purchase for climbing. With no climbing gear the Togruta closed his eyes, to draw upon the Force. He melded his own will with that of the Force, and reached out to himself, pouring all of his concentration into lifting his body. He began to rise, slowly, up through the air until he reached the top of the wall. Abadeer reached out and took hold, and pulled himself to the parapet.

Abadeer looked down to the courtyard of the complex where there many buildings, and a few visible figures. He’d infiltrated the fortress now, undetected. *Now to find the communications array.* There was a smaller building on the far side of the complex with a large satellite, that was almost definitely the place he was looking for. Taasii focused and called upon the Force yet again. The focus was upon his own body yet again, but this time he willed himself to disappear. The translucent cloak spread across his figure until his whole being was gone. To lessen the noise of his steps, Abadeer crouched and slowly made his way to the stairs on the corner of the wall.

Slowly the Sith descended into the complex below and started making his way towards the communication building. He took only a moment or two to let the occasional guard pass by, staying unnoticed. As Abadeer came to the building he decided the best way would be to jump to the top and take out the satellite dish. Taasii took a few steps back and channeled the Force once again into his own body and took a running leap. He got to the top without much issue, but alarms had begun to sound.

To be able to take the running jump, Abadeer had needed to uncloak himself, and had inadvertently set off some motion alarms. *Shit*, the Knight swore to himself in his native tongue. He had to make some fast work of the satellite dish. He drew his mauve lightsaber and swung hard at the base of the dish, and it began to lean dangerously over. Taasii maneuvered himself out of the way of the crashing machinery before turning to face any possible threats from the compound. At that moment, a tremendous crashing sound came from the front entrance of the fortress. *The assault must have begun*. Even if Abadeer couldn't get out by himself, reinforcements would be arriving soon.

In the courtyard there were several guards converging on his position. Keeping his lightsaber out, the Sith descended the drop to the ground and prepared himself for combat. He focused on letting his mind be taken over by the Force, to increase his reaction time. His saber style was not suited for deflecting blasters. He would have to rely on his speed to be able to dodge any incoming fire. A few pirates of various intergalactic species, and various tattered garb began to take positions to fire on the Knight. Abadeer wouldn't allow them the chance. He rushed the first and nearest pirate and easily dispatched him before he could take a single shot at the Togruta. Abadeer then continued his momentum into a roll behind some cover. The burst of blaster fire was quick, the pirates weren't waisting ammo on targets that weren't there.

Taasii looked around at his feet, a number of rocks of different sizes lay around. He reached out with the Force and lifted them off the ground, and shot them like a rocket in the direction of where the blasters had come from. A single cry came out from across the road. Taasii was starting to feel some exhaustion, he'd relied a lot on the Force this day and it was taking a toll. He'd have to rely on his reflexes, and only use the basics of the Force to guide him. Abadeer reached out with his conscious mind to be able to sense danger before it came. He quickly hurtled over the cover and rushed to the remaining combatants.

There were three all with their heads sticking out waiting for an opportunity to attack. On the ground was another who had a deep bleeding wound from his head, with a few rocks scattered around him. Taasii rushed in as quickly as he could, lightsaber held out in front of him in defensive preparation. One of the pirates came farther out of cover and began firing his automatic rifle. With only one series of lasers to dodge, Abadeer easily picked his way quickly to the pirates hiding spot, neatly dodging all of the incoming fire. He swiftly dispatched the shooter, and then turned to face the other two. Two more deft slices left the two pirates in heaps on the ground. With no more immediate danger, Taasii began to look around for his escape route. *Probably just back the way I came*. The Togruta ran to the stairs, taking time to dispatch two more unsuspecting pirates on the way with his blade.

As he sprinted up the stairs he could begin to see the assembled Plagueis forces. From this point of view, it was entirely terrifying. There was no way these pirates would ever stand a chance. The Sith continued to run to the edge of the wall, making sure not to alert any of the

now incredibly nervous sentries. He continued sprinting to the edge of the wall, and jumped off. The impact was significant, but with the help of the Force, it was nothing he couldn't handle. He ran to where he knew his squad would be. At the forefront of his column he saw his Apprentice, Arsolimes.

"Good to see you back safe Master, it seemed like quite the ruckus in there you created." the young man, stood at the ready waiting for his Master to respond.

"Of course I made it. Only pirates after all. We'll continue with the assault as planned. I'll allow you to continue the coordination of our unit, while I take a moment of respite." Abadeer said after catching his breath. There was a mobile command station at the back of the unit where he would take his place. Arsolimes didn't waste any time waiting for additional orders, and began directing troops, and artillery fire as needed. Abadeer Taasii proceeded to the back of the ranks, muttering to himself under his breath in his native tongue "Long live Plagueis, victory for the Dreadlord."