Dek Ironius II approached the shuttle heading to the mysterious planet. Antei was its name. He had only heard of it before in passing. Never directly. And now with Clan Scholae Palatinae's efforts to smooth relations with this Iron Throne of the Brotherhood, Dek Ironius II was tasked with overseeing a mission to the planet to retrieve some items for the Tribune of Holocrons. Of course, Dek wasn't the only one doing this mission, but the more-informed members of the Imperial Senate chose the Major as their delegate. He would be well protected of course. A hired mercenary would be going with him as his main defense.

Inside the shuttle entrance, Dek was met with a figure clad in orange and yellow armor head-to-toe. Steam erupted from the back of his jet-pack looking backpack, covering the roof of the shuttle in a damp sweat. Some parts of it rusted, and two guns with hoses could be seen coming from the back of the backpack.

"Sakryfyce, I assume?" Dek covered his face from the sweat with the long sleeve of his robe.

"You the Senator I'm protectin'?" A deep, grotesque voice came from slits in the mask. Steam arose from the slits, swindling itself up to the dark eye holes.

"Yes, my name is Dek Ironius II. I am the representative of the Imperi..."

"Don't care who you are. I knew another Dek once though. A Duros who got himself into a bit of trouble."

Dek grunted in affirmation. He didn't want to open his mouth again unless he was out of his range.

"Shall we get going?" Started the merc again.

Dek gasped, "Yes. Let's go."

Dek swiftly moved through the shuttle to the front where the pilot would be and shut the door behind him. As the door closed, he heard a deep chuckle from inside the armor suit.

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Antei was a dark shell of luscious dark side energy swirling around the surface. When the shuttle entered into a full view of the planet, the pilot looked in fear and the Major looked intently. *This planet holds mysteries that no one else would think of.*

The shuttle had a bumpy ride down to the surface. It landed on the grey and brown sand close to one of the ancient Dark Jedi structures. The shuttle door opened and Sakryfyce got out with the Senator. The merc looked up at the structure, took both guns in hand and spritzed one liquid onto the base of the structure, and took his other gun and shot it at the opposing liquid. The spritz was purple, but the other liquid was green. When they interacted they both shot into flames.

"What are you doing?" Dek shouted as he walked up to beside the hired gun.

Sakryfyce laughed, "Obelisk structures that are destroyed get extra pay for me! Same with Krath structures," the merc continued to laugh, mostly at the Senator's precious ignorance of what those were.

"Krath? Obelisk?"

"Maybe one day you'll learn. Or maybe it's good that you don't. The Iron Throne frowns on those types."

"So the Iron Throne hired you for me?"

"Heh, wouldn't you like to know." Ironius could feel a grimace pointing at him further, "Let's start walking."

The walk wasn't too long. Half an hour and they were at the half-collapsed towering structure. The distance had purples, blues, and reds going through the horizon. Dek was used to seeing the technological marvel that was the Eternal Cocytus Empire. But this magic was something that the Major didn't want to touch upon. The force was already a handful. But the force being broken and striped across a dark side planet? It's not an inviting thought, nor a reality Dek wanted to realize.

The door to the structure was large and grey. Some of it lay in chunks before or proceeding the door. Towering locks and silver cracked insignias were strewn around the entrance. Sakryfyce used his jetpack to launched himself through the door way. Dek climbed up a portion and stepped through a small hole.

Suddenly, when he got to the other side, Sakryfyce yelled, "Watch out!" But it was too late. Dek stepped on a loose brick. It was a trap. The loose brick tripped him and he broke his ankle in the fall into rubble. Gas started to fill the doorway and he choked for air. Sakryfyce tried to save him, but gave up halfway through, said something, and ran out of the complex. Suddenly, an acidic substance erupted from a hole in the roof, covering Dek in this substance, melting his skin off. And then a blade came out of the wall and chopped Dek's limbs into pieces. Dek slowly suffered a horrible death and....

Dek stopped talking. The Senators around him as well as the System Moff were all in a small meeting room, decorated with pictures of the Emperor and the Cocytus Empire. "That is why I won't do the mission. Why the fwec is it a good idea to send a Senator to a planet of the dark side armed with nothing but a washed up merc?"

"It wouldn't be that bad," mentioned Senator Agatha, "You could take a small regiment of troops with you."

"Send someone else more qualified. I simply won't entertain my death much longer." Dek smiled. He finished his story with the death of his person, and then refusing to take on this mission to search for strange holocrons.