**Preparations**

The door hissed open as the Right Wing of Dread swept through with her cloak billowing behind her. Her face was set into a stern, angry mask as she made her way towards the base of the Pinnacle, Clan Plagueis’ new home on Aliso. A lot of preparation and days of time had been spent getting the old CIS base into shape and finally, it was all beginning to come together and it seemed that their efforts were no longer in vain, but now this. An unknown enemy had dropped out of hyperspace directly in front of the Ascendant Fleet and within moments the fleet was no more. Ion cannons and multitudes of weapons had all opened fire simultaneously and chewed the ships defending the planet to pieces.

As she strode down the hall towards the vehicle bays, people hurriedly made a clear path for her. The anger poured from her in waves and terrified workers scuttled away, fearful for their lives. They had seen Taranae before when she had been angry, but this kind of angry meant that you didn’t even want to be seen by her, let alone block her path by mistake. She checked her load out as she hurried along; the saberstaff attached to her belt, the dual DL-44 blasters holstered at her hips and a keen wit was all she needed. Once she reached the vehicle bays, it was a short walk to the hangars where her ship was waiting. Whoever had done this needed to be found, but the question remained; how had they been found? No-one knew of the Clan’s new home or its location. It had to be an inside job. They had a mole.

Her memory scanned the personnel files she had read and came up with a few names, but one seemed to scream at her senses. The man had only been here a short while, but she never trusted him. Every time he was near her, she sensed wrongness; as though he were hiding something. Even though he pretended to be an ally to Plagueis, he believed he had other, hidden agendas of his own. She shook her head to clear the memory and carried on to her destination. Her personal ship, a PES awaited her in the hangar. Mechanics and droids dispersed quickly as she approached, feeling the waves of hatred emanating from her. She gestured and the landing ramp lowered, allowing her access. She threw her hood back, allowing her fiery red hair to fall down her back and giving her relief as the cool air hit her face and neck. She knew not what awaited her as she entered the ship. She would journey into orbit to see for herself what remained of the fleet and what could be done there, before she begun the task of tracking down the Clan’s attackers and their accomplices. She swore to herself that she would not stop until they were found. Then, she and her Clan would have their revenge and cities, possibly planets would burn if they needed to as they brought their foes to justice. They would pay for what they had done to her Clan, her comrades, and they would pay in blood.