The Ascendant Legion, it had been filled with the cruelest, toughest, down right rotten to the core. A Battalion broken down in to Companies, Companies into Platoons, Platoons into Squads. All lined up in a perfect formation, Battle Droids awaiting commands, the Saraask’ar a group of loyal Trandoshan slaves. Subjugates, Ravagers, and Wraiths, this was the true ground force behind the Force users, the Mercenaries, and the Loyalist that make such a small clan into a grand force to be reckoned with. These man, women and droids were now and forever Clan Plagueis.

One of its oldest members of the Clan, Battlelord Silent stood quietly behind three of honorary Di Plagia and summit. Teylas Ramar, Selika Roh and Dracaryis Sunstrider, His Consul, Proconsul, and Rollmaster respectively. They took upon their eyes the glorious site of their Clans mighty ground forces as they awaited orders on which lucky few would have the honor of going on the offensive to any undesirables still straggling behind. Silent smirked remembering his younger years as the excitement built within him awaiting a fresh kill, he knew many below felt the same but kept their composure.

“I sense you are ready for more bloodshed even now. It has not been that long since you blade has killed one Silent.” Teylas spoke looking over his shoulder

“Not many can sense my emotions within the Clan, though it does not surprise me that my Dread Lord can.”

“If I couldn’t sense my own Clans emotions I am sure someone like your self would of already put a blade through my back.”

“Such are the old ways my Lord, we must learn from our past to live to see the future, or else Clan Plagueis would not stand here today on our freshly blood coated soil of Aliso.”

“Wise words for once out of you, for a moment I could of mistaken you for Arden or even Selika, but only a moment for your face is still as ugly as the one Dracaryis carries.”

“Truer words have never been spoken my Lord.”

“See to informing General Ranthe that the Army Forces of Vornskr and Wampa are sent out for our away mission.”

“At once my Lord.”

The summit quickly left the platform before Silent even raised his head back up, he calmly walked up to the railing overlooking the Legion. He pulled out his comlink and contacted the General.

“Yes my Lord, how may I be of service.” General Ranthe spoke

“By the Dread Lords commands, Army Forces Vornskr and Wampa are our away teams, have them prepped and readied within the hour.”

“Will we have the pleasure of your company on this away mission or perhaps another my Lord?”

“The Dread Lord has yet to oversee that detail, whoever it will be you will know it when it is to be known, until then you have your orders.”

“Yes my Lord, they will be ready within the hour.”

Looking back over the Legion Vornskr and Wampa had already started moving out, the rest headed off to other duties. Silent stood there silently hoping to be apart of the away mission.