



# An Uneasy Alliance

Written by Aedile Mystic Alara Deathbane #12681

**19:30**

**IMS Tipoca II**

**Amongst Space, 35 ABY**

“Alara, are you ready to meet us in the council chamber?” Braecen Kaeth’s resonated from the Mystic’s datapad, worn on her left wrist.

With a sigh, Alara held down the response button. “Aye, I’ll be there in 5.”

Alara lifted herself up from her bed and stood up to reach her cloak hanging on a nearby hook. *Time to go back to work. Ain’t no rest for the wicked.* She had been really enjoying these last two months in position of Aedile for her beloved House Excidium, but she found there was not much time for rest within her new schedule.

The Dark Jedi wasn’t quite sure what her Quaestor would have her do this time. One thing she could always trust Braecen in was that he would never waste her time. In fact, he usually taught her ways to avoid wasting time. Whatever this mission is that she was about to be briefed on was important. It was a struggle for her to stop her imagination’s gears from instinctively turning. The Aedile’s cloak whipped behind her as she exited her temporary dormitory and headed towards the nearest elevator.

Her pale fingers clicked the elevator buttons 4,5, and 3 once she made it inside. Another sigh forced itself from the Mystic’s chest. *I wonder if it’s a lead to our new home. Maybe we have finally made it to where we are supposed to be.* Her heart could only hope for rest. The House and Clan itself had been rather unsettled for weeks due to Grand Master Pravus’ deed of destroying our beloved Cocytus System. Everyone seemed to grow more and more restless... more tense as each day passed.

The elevator rung to notify its passengers that it had reached its destination. Its doors automatically slid open to reveal yet another

metallic corridor lined with countless doors on either side. Alara walked towards the first door on her right and entered the room. Braecen was already inside standing near the centre of the long table. The Elder lifted his face to acknowledge his Aedile's presence. At his left closer to the end of the table sat someone Alara didn't like to be in the presence of: Her brother-in-law Professional Brandon Tarsus. Things had always been rough between them since he ran off on Alara's dear sister Shadow while she was still pregnant with their twins. He came back months later at Shadow's rescue after the boys were born, and claimed that he was captured while trying to protect her. Alara personally didn't know what to believe. She had only known Brandon to be a thief of her only family still living, save the children. Shadow and her sons were everything to Alara. Perhaps she was far too protective, but she would never let her guard down in case he left once again.

The Aedile's amber eyes flickered menacingly as she peered suspiciously at the Professional. "What's *he* doing here?" Alara interrogated her master.

"I know you two don't exactly get along, Alara, but he's important to the mission. I promise." Braecen began. "Have a seat. This might take a while."

Alara obeyed her Quaestor's words and sat across the table from him. Braecen sat down as well, and brought his hands into a clasped position as he scanned the two strong clan members before him. Alara huffed, blew some stray hairs out of her face, and kept her eyes on the table's smooth dark grey surface.

"Well I can tell this is going to be rather interesting." Braecen laughed half-heartedly. Alara looked up at him from under her furrowed brow and awaited his announcement. Brandon crossed his arms, leaned back into his chair, and did the same.

“Okay kiddos. You’re going to have to play nice. You’ll be working together on this mission. The Summit wants to send you two to look for a system. So far our searches has been unsuccessful, but perhaps it was because we were looking in the wrong coordinates.” At that, he pulled out a tablet and instructed it to emit a hologram of a galaxy. “We want you to check here next. Shouldn’t take too long, a day at the most. Just don’t get into any trouble. If you run into baddies, get the Sithspit out of there.”

“With respect, Braecen, I’ve already ran into a baddie. Back’s turned once and she’ll probably smash.” Brandon glared over at the half Sephi before him. Alara couldn’t help but chuckle and roll her eyes.

“I don’t think I’ll be your only worry if you cross me,” Alara smirked at the Mandalorian, “Jorm doesn’t like you that much either.”

“Well the Summit and myself like the both of you, so professional attitudes only.” The Human tossed his head back and forth at the clan members. “We already have a ship and droid ready for you in the shuttle bay. Weapons are ready and loaded too. Go out, take a quick look, then get back here as soon as you can. We don’t want Grand Master Pravus finding you and following you back here.” He sat down in front of his Aedile and looked up to Brandon. “You’re dismissed, Professional. Alara will join you in a matter of minutes. Get yourself ready to leave as soon as possible.”

Brandon’s chin twitched as he clenched his teeth. He swallowed down his contempt and nodded, slightly bowing to show respect to his leader. The bulky Mandalorian then left the room, but not before shooting a glare towards his sister-in-law.

Once Brandon was out of sight, Braecen looked over to his second-in-command. “You are going to play nice, *right?*”

“Aye.” Alara nodded. “I may have anger problems, but I know when business comes first.”

At that, the Elder let out a laugh. “Oh Alara, you are quite the Aedile. Have some fun out there. Don’t let him bully you into anything, though.”

The half-Sephi’s mouth corner curled up with a slight smile, then pursed tightly once again. “Seriously though, why the Mando? Why not Jorm or Shadow?”

“Shadow has to deal with Tacitus Athanasius. Her boys are keeping her busy with their steady growth.”

“The twins, or the newbie members?” Alara’s eyebrow cocked sarcastically.

“Heh. Probably both.” Braecen chuckled once again. “Jorm would probably tempt you to stay out in the stars a little longer. We need you back as soon as possible.”

“Fair enough,” the Mystic shrugged. “What happens if you fail?”

“No no, *when* you fail. The Summit is counting on you to. We aren’t sending you out there to look for a system. We are sending you out there to see if we are being tracked or followed. Get out there, keep your sharp space-elf eyes peeled, and get back. Nothing more, nothing less. Keep this info to yourself as well.”

“Understood, Master.” Alara stood up and naturally saluted.

The Elder nodded in response. “Stay safe out there, and don’t kill the Professional. He’s your backup in case you run into any trouble. On your way, then.”

With a nod, the half-Sephti spun towards the door and made her way to the shuttle bay.

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**23:00**

**Aboard Excidium's Lambda-class T-4a Shuttle  
Amongst Space, 35 ABY**

"Travel 50% complete. Estimated time of arrival: 6 hundred hours." The T-4's computer voice echoed throughout the cockpit. A growl from a rather impatient Mandalorian came from Alara's right. That was the first sound Alara had heard from the Professional since they had embarked on this journey. She couldn't help but prod him further by speaking up.

"I want this mission to be over just as much as you do, but moaning about it won't make this any faster." she sneered.

"Hearing you talk to me like that will only make this take longer, Blondie." Brandon spoke sternly.

"Oh c'mon! We've had some good times, right?" Alara chuckled, flinging her arms in the air, "What about that one time on Aesirus? We worked together on that mission pretty well, didn't we?"

"Yeah... all was fine until you murdered your parents." Brandon shot back.

"Oh my. Still harboring grudges, are we? Even Shadow is over it. IF ANYTHING," Alara stepped up from her once lounging position in her seat and raised her voice towards him, "I SHOULD BE HOLDING A GRUDGE OVER YOU."

**“FOR WHAT, ALARA?!”** Brandon flicked on auto-pilot, jumped up, and yelled back, **“FOR GETTING CAPTURED?!”**

Alara’s Sephi eyes suddenly widened, but not for the reason Brandon was hoping for. **“WHAT THE HELL IS THAT!?”** Her arm quickly lifted upwards and pointed towards the black abyss before them.

Without checking to see what it was, Brandon immediately jumped back to the controls and flicked another switch to cloak their location. A sigh of relief left his breast. The Professional swallowed down his suspense and looked into the barren sky. A Jedi ship, a J-type 327 Nubian Starship to be exact, hovered ominously over the Palatineans.

**“Sithspit.”** Brandon stated. **“That’s Grand Master Pravus himself.”**

**“What in Xen’s name is he doing out here!? Wouldn’t he have sent his minions to come find us rather than himself?”** Alara gasped.

**“He really has lost his mind,”** Brandon blinked, and turned to his controls once again. **“I don’t know why he’s out here, but I really don’t want to find out. Going to warp in 5 ... 4... 3... ”**

**“WAIT!”** Alara leapt towards the Professional and placed a hand gently on his wrist. **“Shouldn’t we wait? He didn’t see us right? Why not follow him for a bit and see what he’s up to? This is a chance for us to get a lot more answers than we have right now.”**

Brandon exhaled deeply, closed his bright yellow eyes, and looked up at the Aedile by his side. **“I suppose you’re right. But we are staying cloaked. The minute things start getting suspicious, we bolt.”**

**“Agreed.”** Alara nodded and hopped back into her seat. She stanced herself in a ready, alert position, still watching the starship above them.

Within a blink, another strange ship appeared into space above them.

“A Kom'rk-class Fighter?” Alara questioned with even more surprise.

“What on Judecca... That's... Mandalorian.” Brandon swallowed strongly at the thought of his people resurrecting their troops once again.

“Oh boy. This is going to get a heck of a lot more complicated.” Alara swallowed too, observing the confusion on her brother-in-law's face.

Bright green lasers spouted from the fighter's cannon and landed on the Starship's right wing. In retaliation, the starship began shooting blue shocks of emps towards the Mandalorians.

“What are they doing!? They're crazy trying to strike him down!” Brandon slammed his right fist on his knee in frustration at the sight before him. Before his fury could further fester, an entire fleet of Mandalorian Fighters warped into view. Hundreds of laser blasts were released onto the Nubian starship.

“OOOhhhkayy time to go Brandon. We need to head back. Now. We don't want to get caught here.” Alara strapped herself in and tensed for the throw backwards that came with warp speed's momentum. With a nod, Brandon began the countdown once again and warped the shuttle to safety.

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They warped back without being followed and arrived back to the Space Station within what felt to be only minutes. As soon as the IMS Tipoca II came into view, Alara pulled out her datapad and immediately called her Quaestor.



“Did you find anything, Alara?” Braecen’s voice reverberated from the datapad on her left wrist.

“Yes. But a lot more than we anticipated. An entire fleet was attacking Grand Master Pravus’ starship. It was a huge war. We cloaked and left before we watched anything get worse.”

“Oh frak. Glad you two are safe. Meet me in the Clan Summit’s meeting room. We have to talk to the others and see what this means for Scholae Palatinae.”

“Understood. We are just outside the space station and will be ready to dock shortly.” The Mystic responded in official tone.

“I’ll send a word to the shuttle bay of your arrival. Looks like you two will be working together a little bit more. Braecen, out.”

“Ooohh boy. This is going to be interesting.” Brandon laughed half-heartedly. “Better tell Shadow we won’t be there for dinner.”

“I’m pretty sure she will be forgiving when we say we escaped being Pravus’ dinner.” The half-Sephi tried to joke. A hearty laugh from the Mandalorian’s diaphragm indicated she was successful.

“You’ve got a wit about ya, Alara. I’ll give you that.”

“Docking permitted. Alara Deathbane and Brandon Tarsus, welcome back to your temporary home.” A voice from the shuttle’s intercom echoed through the cockpit.

*Oh boy... Seems like the drama never ends.*

