Obsidians Night out.

“I really do not want so this.” Obsidian says as he walks toward the ship that is taking them to Coruscant.

Coruscant is a planet that is one huge city. Every bit of the surface is covered with a city. Amazing planet Obsidian lived there for many years while with adopted parents. Obsidian’s adopted parents eventually bought a new place on commenor having something to do with helping the government rebuild after the attempted destruction. Only about 5 years ago did they succeed in rebuilding and become a part of the New Republic. That was years ago now and Obsidian hasn’t seen them for two years now.

Memories of Obsidians time after his family’s death had been a very turbulent time for him but even now those moments have a sting to them. It is a good thing Obsidian found a place within himself that keeps those pings away. Now he has a new mission in life and that is to become a fierce Sith, one of the best there is at what he will do.

“Prepare for landing.” Says a voice on the intercom.

Obsidian is brought back to reality and from his safe meditative state by the voice on the intercom. The vessel begins its landing procedures on a high platform within the main area of Coruscant. Thinking from his days spent here he remembers that, once years before his birth on the space ways of Cadinth Run, there once used to be a great order of Jedi that had an academy and great library with a huge depository of information and knowledge.

The vessel lands and all the clan members are up and grabbing any gear and preparing to get out. The ramp lowers and you can smell the infinitely different odors and scents that waft across the city. So many things that burn and produce smoke with the city covering the entire planet. The sounds of many different vessels, horns the sound of so much machinery packed into every space the planet can hold. It can be an overwhelming sight and sound to someone who isn’t used to such a compact civilization. Many of our members come from small communities and planets with populations that don’t ever exceed the millions on the entire planet.

“Obsidian lets go buddy!” hollers another Clan member walking down the ramp.

Obsidian catches himself once again thinking back to a time long ago when he was much younger and remembering his first time coming to Coruscant. The sounds and smells just come over him and waves of emotion and memories wash over him. He didn’t bring anything with him. Most these nubs don’t know this place very well and on the street you have to be careful with what you have on you. He walks down the ramp and follows the other Clan members to the elevator. The elevator ride takes only moments with the technology here being the top of the line with all the galaxy at Coruscant door wanting to peddle and sell their wares.

The door opens and all of them are accosted by the smells of the lower city. They are not filtered and swept away as easily as above. Here you catch the smells of the gutters and many places selling food and believe it or not waste, human waste. A couple of the new recruits are taken aback and almost toss their cookies. Obsidian laughs to himself. He can’t wait to see them open the body of some of the species that live here it is even worse than anything they smell now. They all now look around orienting themselves to the streets here and then one of the students takes out the data pad and looks to see if they were oriented right and points south and immediately steps out. Most the Clan members follow pretty close but Obsidian lags back a bit too kind of keep some distance from such a group in case something should happen.

The group moves along looking at all the sights and people here. Here in the under common area the species that live here literally sleep where ever they can and this can be good and bad but nothing unusual for Obsidian. Once…Obsidian snaps out of his memory because the force picked up on something on the outer edge of his Senses. Someone is paying attention to the group and is following at a distance. The group is too wrapped up in the moment to even notice. Obsidian pulls in the force and to provide concealment of his connection to the force. Just in case. The group seems to be getting close to their intended location because it seems like their chatter is picking up. Obsidian again draws on the force and now is attempting to hide his presence to devices. They all come to a stop in front of a business by the name of Corbino’s.

This place is a sporting club that caters to high tech gaming. Obsidian has been to one or two in his days here because his adopted parents worked quite a bit and so when not in school or training he would find himself a place like this close to where they were to spend some time. Of course they were generally more secure and safe then this particular place in the under commons.

“This isn’t a good place and someone is watching.” Obsidian very quietly says as he inters the establishment.

The group immediately breaks up into smaller groups and heads in different directions around the place. The place has all kinds of different games even some games that you feed coins and play alone or take turns in different types of scenarios. There is alcohol and if you look to the right people you might even be able to get some illegal things as well. The lights and sounds are numerous and flashy. The largest of the group finds themselves at one of the fun games Obsidian ever played. It was a fighting game that made a visual image of the combatants. Then each combatant inters a cubicle about five feet in diameter where they will really act out their combat with the other player/s. Yes you can have multiple people up to ten people participate in the game. Most of the time it comes down to teams but Obsidian has seen it where they have a battle royal. It is the hardest of all to play in the game when you’re attempting to combat not just one foe but multiple ones at once.

The problem Obsidian has seen is that the game draws a lot of people who take this thing way too serious but it is a way to simulate actual combat. Normal combat. No force abilities. Now I have heard that there is one device that even will simulate a lightsaber within the game. Obsidian gets a tingling feeling as the force reaches out and tells him someone is focusing on the Clan members getting ready to participate in the game. Obsidian continues to monitor the force concealing his image and presence to the monitors here. The Clan members all scan in and take up pods around the arena. Their images all appear within the arena and they all come together. The opposition are a motley group of beings that are wanting to have some fun as well, but wait a minute. One of the images is a bit vague.

That means they are possibly Force sensitive because the machine had a hard time getting an image lock on them. Obsidian slowly moves around the arena and keeps looking at the occupants and the images. There on the far side Obsidian sees someone. Something isn’t right. The person in the pod isn’t the image in the arena. Obsidian calls on the force again and lowers his own affects and pushes the force out attempting to disrupt any connections to the forces near him.

BINGO!! There is a being that just as Obsidian disrupted the force its image flickered. Unfortunately the being also felt the waver and looks right toward Obsidian.

The being immediately turns away and with amazing speed sprints away into the crowd. Obsidian attempts to follow. The being is quick but not as quick as they thought. Obsidian catches a glimpse of them slipping around a corner. Obsidian just happens to catch a glimpse of another member and grabs him by the arm.

“Follow me quickly.” Obsidian says over the sound of the room.

Obsidian and Ryan, is the members name, move across the room and around the corner to find stairs going up. Without warning that same being steps around the corner at the top of the stairs with a rifle shouldered and aimed toward them. Then with a very loud sound Obsidian and Ryan sees the rifle he is aiming at them fire. No time to pause. Pulling the force in the net fired from the rifle slams into a barrier that lies between them and the shooter. The being immediately ducks back around the corner. Obsidian still moving up the stairs pushes the force to the top of the landing and all goes black there. He then reaches to his lower back and pulls the silver tube holstered there and jumps to the top of the landing sliding across the floor as he reaches out and ignites his lightsaber.

Silently the blade comes into existence and dark and the blackness Obsidian is holding the area in. He sees the being squatting down only about six feet from him attempting to switch visual channels on his visor. Obsidian drops the blackness and use the force to push the pommel of the lightsaber forward to span the distance between him and the being. The blade slips cleanly into the beings vest right above the sternum. It is as thought the being didn’t realize that he was even dead until he begins to rise and then like a doll falls back down again limp. Obsidian then looks to Ryan.

“Go check on the others quickly!” he says very loudly over the sounds of the room below.

Apparently the game had begun and the excitement as immense. People cheering and yelling to the combatants. Ryan is now moving down the stairs with urgency. Obsidian moves over to the being and begins to check over the person. There is nothing of real interest there but the equipment. This being was carrying a lot of gear but nothing meant for lethality. He was intending to capture someone but who and why. Obsidian then decides to check up on the others. He moves down the stairs where the noise is still at a high tempo. He turns the corner to see the combat tournament is in full swing and the Clan brothers are seemingly winning. The crowd isn’t just overjoyed at the event. Obsidian can see some are beating on the arena wall yelling in different languages. Apparently the opposing group is a fan favorite here at Corbino’s.

The event ends and the Clan team has won a decisive victory. Now the cheers are very few but he boo’s and anger is much higher. The Clan team start coming out of their pods and the crowd seems to close in on them. Not good. Ryan was able to make to them before the event ended and now Obsidian is attempting to let them know about the situation but they are too hyped to hear. The crowd is now getting out of control and someone, most likely them are going to get hurt if we don’t get out of here. Obsidian ensures his saber is back in place and heads down to where the Clan is to attempt to push them out the door and get away from this quickly. This is the things that Obsidian was hoping didn’t happen but knowing the under commons a bit suspected this might happen.

Obsidian is about 30 feet from the nearest Clan member when from within the Clan a familiar sound of the traditional Lightsaber comes to Obsidians ears along with the brilliant red glow. Someone has gone too far with a Clan member and now it is on. Obsidian reaches to his back to feel that his lightsaber was where it is and keeps his hand there to be ready at a thoughts notice. The Clan member who has drawn the lightsaber is waving it around and the crowd is responding by moving out of the range of the sword. Obsidian is aware of the fact that many smaller weapons are now coming out among the crowd. Obsidian reaches the Clan members and urges them to move to the doors.

“We need more room!” He yells over the sounds.

The Clan responds and begins to carefully move toward the door. It was working but as well as the Clan members there are also some of the crowd that has been disturbed by the game. This will not end well on either side should a fight ensue outside the establishment. With all the movement Obsidian is bumped a couple of times but one of those times he feels the hand of someone touch his not aware that he was holding the weapon. Obsidian calls on the forces and places his hand on the shoulder of the individual and with a sudden burst the person is thrown away from him crashing into the people behind him. Fortunately he was in the rear of the Clan members. This cleared the area near the door.

Obsidian turns back to the group to see now that there outside the club was the Clan members and about a half dozen people who has decided to stay and challenge themselves to see if the clan was as good as they were in the game. Those individuals also had a couple of blasters swinging them at different Clan members in a threatening manner. Obsidian focuses on the ones with the guns and pulls the force in and throws a blanket of darkness over the ones with guns.

“Move, move back to the lift, everyone!” Obsidian yells.

“Move, Move get moving!!” Now a couple of the other Clam members yell out.

The Clan one by one begin to move out quickly toward the lift we came down in. A few members along with Obsidian ensure that the beings don’t’ follow and if they do assist in covering their retreat. The Clan members all reach the lift and climb in. The doors close and everyone takes a deep breath. A few of the members now with their minds relaxing speak out.

“We should have kicked their asses!” One of the older members express’s.

“Ya! Ya! We should have! We still can.” Another younger member express’s now that his nerve has returned.

Obsidian turns to them and with a scowl responds.

“No there was more to the situation than any of you dumb asses were aware of and if we stayed, yes we would have caused a lot of damage as well as brought a lot of notice to the Clan’s and the Brotherhood.”

“We may be Sith but we need to keep our abilities and identities hidden until the Clan feels we can come out and take our rightful places in the Galaxy.” He says with one breath and then turns back to the doors.

The trip back to the Clan base was quit. Occasionally a member would look at Obsidian and he wasn’t sure if his statement did anything but piss some of them off. He really was sure and deep in his heart didn’t care. “Come for me.” He says in his mind “It will be your last day with the Clan.” He ends the thought as the vessel lands and the ramp lowers. There stands a few of the senior Clan Members looking like something was up.