The leaves and the branches that littered the ground crunched and snapped as Vosiri slowly walked through the dense foliage of the forest. He pulled the map up on his datapad and compared it to his surroundings. “It should be just beyond these trees... about 1000 meters out...” he told the team of three mercenaries he hired to help him in the quest.

*“Through the wars of stars, I will bring the universe together. I will grant perfection to the one that frees me.”*

Those words etched into a small stone that had made its way into his posession. He began digging through the various volumes of lore and knowledge in the Shadow Academy, which led him to Sotov V. Its jungle landscape was both serene and frightening.

They’d landed in his Type B Escort Shuttle two days ago. About 15 kilometers from the suspected location of Puhal, the mythical being that was believed to have written the words inscribed on the stone. He hired four mercenaries to act as security.. one had already been killed by a large bipedal creature. It was large and brown almost resembling a wamps, only with a smaller head, no horms, and much larger teeth. The rest of the team dispatched it pretty quickly... but still, they were on edge since that first day. Vosiri didn’t seemed too affected by it, it was an occupational hazard.

“... probably just a wild bantha chase.” he overheard one of the mercenaries say. “Doesn’t matter, we’re still getting paid.” another replied. Vosiri had only shared part of the story with the mercenaries, and he knew they didn’t believe it... soon it wouldn’t matter.

The trees gave way to a large clearing with a small lake. The lake reflected the blue sky on its surface, the sweatness of fresh water permeated the air. As they approached the lake a large female figure appeared, floating over the lake. She seemed to be 3 meters tall, and had a translucent glow to her body. As she spoke her soprano voice sang to Vosiri.

“Vosiri Lightscrest.... Thank you for releasing me from my prison. I will allow you and only you one wish.”

Vosiri considered his options for a moment. “Money.. I want money. Lots and lots of money... I want to be rich.”

“Granted..” the woman cackled as she morphed into a glowly orb and darted into the air. Staring at the sky, Vosiri stood quiet for a moment and then angrily ordered the mercenaries back to the ship.

The two day trek back to the shuttle was uneventful. Vosiri was incredibly disappointed with the outcome of the adventure. As they grew closer to the shuttle, one of the mercenaries spotted something. “Sir, there is something behind that bush.” he announced.

Fearing it would be another creature, Vosiri ordered them to investigate. When it was apparent there was no danger, Vosiri followed. To his suprise there was a cache of credit chips, jewels, gems, gold and silver. “Gather this and load it into the ship.” he ordered.

“I don’t think so...” the lead mercenary said pointing his blaster rifle at the martial artist. “I think we’ll be taking our payment now.” Vosiri drew his two virboswords. As he dropped into the Jar’Kai ready atance he flipped the switch causing both blade to hum to life. The lead mercenary took aim and fired. Vosiri danced out of the way with the red bolt whizzing past his head. He brought the first blade down across the lead mercenaries chest and the second blade across the sedond mans throat. The lifeless bodies of the mercenaries crumbled to the ground. Vosiri advanced on the last mercenary. Catching his foot on a high root the martial artist fell with the grace of a hutt. Crashing to the ground, both vibroblades were sent flying across the forest floor. The final mercenary approached his former employer, blaster pointed at his head. “Looks like the table’av turned.” He said with a grin. He slowly began to squeeze the trigger. The mercenry felt satisfaction as he felt searing heat tear through his skull. He smelt the hair on the back os his head singe... then all went dark.

Vosiri watched as the man dropped to the leaf covered floor, a large hole in the back of the mans head. He climbed to his feet and was greeted by his KX security droid. “Master, I have dispatched the being that wanted to hurt you.” it stated.

“I see that,” Vosiri began, “I’m just glad you’re on my side.”

“Of course, Master. I would NEVER think of shooting you and taking all these riches for myself and living the life of a droid in luxury...” the security droid said with a tinge of sarcasm.

Vosiri stared at the security droid for a moment, taking in what it said. “Strip these guys of anything useful and load all this in the ship...” he finally ordered.

Soon they were back in space on their way to rendevous with the Malevolent, the headquarters of the Disciples of Darhan.