

## Impositions

*The Dark Council of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood had many enemies as of late, as pockets of Resistance formed and several outright Clans declared the body their enemy openly. Formal structures within the Army and Navy of the Iron Throne were shaken as traitors broke among their ranks and no one was trusted as the Grand Master declared outright war on anyone he labeled as an undesirable. It fell heavily on his most trusted inner circles to carry out his orders in the face of so many new and old enemy threats. The Regent and his team had banded together in the face of this mutiny to ensure trust remained among them. Yet unwelcome demands still fell to them, impositions that they must attend to.*

### Unknown Regions

EF76 Nebulon-B Frigate *Edenhall*

“It looks like dried, crystallized, berry, with teeth,” said a heavy bearded man with a bit of a scowl on his face, studying the picture in his hand. “Are you sure it isn’t already dead?”

Another man snatched the picture from his hand, “who cares what it looks like Yacks. It’s a threat.”

“Look Evant, I’m all for killing stuff. In fact, some might say I enjoy it. I just don’t see why I need to travel all the way to the outer rim myself to do it. Don’t you have people for that sort of thing?” Yacks responded with a shrug. Picking up his datapad with his now free hands and swiping to unlock it.

“Yeah, there are people for this sort of thing. Traitorous, worthless people. You know I can’t trust half the people I walk past on the way to my official Dark Council offices,” Evant responded, glancing again at the picture, “It does look like some sort of dried fruit though.”

Yacks gestured with a slight bow, as if to accept acknowledgement of his opinion with his entire attention now on his datapad.

“Maybe it’s edible,” another voice said from over Evant’s shoulder.

“Probably tastes like wet bantha Halc,” Yacks interjected.

“It has no hair,” Halcyon responded, “probably more like a sweet berry.”

“We aren’t eating it,” Evant stated, slightly exhausted..

“Good call, I normally don’t like to pick teeth out of my fruit,” Yacks replied matter of factly, still swiping away and clicking at his datapad.

“Where is this thing anyways,” Halc inquired, pointing at the picture in Evant’s hands.

“It’s a Draethos, and it’s presumably in the Outer Rim Territories, planet I’ve never heard of, in some cave. Joined the Brotherhood sometime during the Dark Crusades, and took off after getting pinned with the undesirable label under Darth Pravus,” Evant informed.

“Why doesn’t Pravus go kill it,” Yacks asked, obviously still paying attention as he multi-tasked.

“Traitors Yacks. The whole Brotherhood is full of people looking over their shoulders not sure who they can trust. This ship is the only place I feel comfortable talking about much of anything anymore and we’re in the middle of unknown space where who knows the closest fraking unknown system is,” Evant stated, a bit of stress in his tone as he spoke, clearly letting a bit of his frustration of disloyalties bare out in his tone.

Yacks set down his datapad and shook his head almost as if regretting his next words before he said them, “fine, what’s so bad about this kriffing pruneface that demands three elders descend upon what I can only assume is a garbage hole in a mountain to end its pathetic life?”

After a moment of no response, Halc stepped in, “It’s a pruneface. That’s its crime.”

Evant shrugged his shoulders, “I mean yeah. It’s a take no risks approach. There are so many defectors and traitors running around you have to start somewhere and this one has been alive for like five-hundred years.”

They all kind of stood in silence for a bit, contemplating the task at hand. None of them liked the side missions as bestowed upon them by the Grand Master, but by his decree it must be done. For them it had become much more like weekly chores than anything. Always the same, a target, and enough intel to eliminate it. This package had arrived all the same.

“What if it’s a trap this time Evant?” Halc asked in a serious tone.

“You think there’s a trap out there strong enough to catch us?” Evant stated, a confidence in his tone betrayed by his body language that was immediately picked up on.

“I’m serious. They get us in a rhythm and then one day,” Halc responded.

“Boom,” Yacks interjected.

“I mean, we get unlimited use of Dark Council resources to carry out the Grand Master’s will. I could request a resource drop and pick it up at the usual place,” Evant noted informatively, almost as a question.

“Lightbows,” Yacks said with a smile.

“Lightbows”, Evant asked inquisitively, emphasis on the plural.

“Frak yes, bows,” Yacks responded, clarifying his statement.

“Well now I want to go just to see Yacks dual wield lightbows,” Halc stated, a half concerned look mixed with amusement.

*Business as usual, carrying out duties. Like chores on a list being checked off. All the necessarily information and pieces were lined up, it stood only to the Regent and his team to knock them down and report success. The entertainment had along the way, the sense of camaraderie, paled in comparison the larger threat that looked as a Grand Master carved out his own place in the galaxy at their expense. They remained steadfast in an unstable sea of uncertain loyalties, allegiant to the Dark Council among its many enemies. Yet unseen and unheard in their unknown space among the stars.*