Needle in a Haystack

Iron Legion Command Center

Planet Arx

Arx System

Wild Space

Mav sat across the table from Rax. The Deputy Grand Master of the Brotherhood wore the armor of a Chief Inquisitor, a powerful statement about his loyalty to the Iron Throne. Rax wore his commando armor, but the helmet didn’t seem present, undoubtedly a gesture of respect. The Proconsul and the Deputy Grand Master were discussion something but in a noisy war room no one more than two steps away could hear their conversation.

The discussion between the two seemed to be fairly intense and detailed driven. The rapport that existed between the them was obvious, which made sense given that they were a microcosm of each other. Both men were very close to true power but neither wielded it.

Rax turned and briefly nodded his head Seer Adrestia and Dark Jedi Knight Xolarin, indicating that they should step forward and introduce themselves. “And this is the leadership team of Liath” Adrestia finally heard as she closed the distance between where they had been and where the current discussion was taking place.

“The leadership team of Liath?” Mav Cantor asked, tilting his head in confusion. “Isn’t Etah the Quaestor of Liath” the Deputy Grand Master asked in Rax’s general direction.

In most instances like this a mere Equite such as her would wait for someone from her Clan Summit to respond. But Adrestia was too direct and not political enough for those games. “I am Etah’s apprentice and his voice within Liath. I lead the house with his advice and authority and everyone in Liath is OK with that,” she replied a little testy. “Etah’s not much of a people person,” she added.

“That still leaves the question of why are we sending her then?,” Mav asked with a raised eyebrow, irritation evident in his tone.

“Because she’s a techweaver,” Rax replied and then paused as the significance slowly dawned on Mav.

“Get to business then” Mav said rising,

Dreadnaught-class Heavy Cruiser Braga

In Orbit Of The Planet Nancora

Nancora system

Outer Rim

Infiltration worked well, a little too well for Adrestia’s liking. Her and Xolarin piloted the B-Wing into the range of the Braga, Responded to the prompts from the collective with the security codes they had been provided and then they were on their way. They landed in a bay they had been sent to, apparently where the B-Wing actually belonged and then started making their way through the ship.

Xolarin and Adrestia were dressed as techs, but Adrestia also possessed the ability to change her appearance with her illusion force abilities. In order to reach the engineering bay which they were expecting guts of the cloaking device to be located she had made herself appear as a pilot and then as security personel.

What the pair found on the ship was worrisome. .They had spotted who they knew to be Gwendolyn Sparks, a scientist for the Collective known for her work with explosives. But Adrestia reasoned she was probably also in charge of the development of this cloaking technology. It may not sparkle but it would sure make the ships of the Iron Fleet sparkle if this thing was able to fire from a concealed position. They also spotted a Shikari hunter, which led them to the assumption that Kendra Icasta was onboard. They overheard security teams communicating about the arrival of Rath Oligard himself.

This command ship was a veritable who’s who among the Collective. They seemed to be putting a lot of effort into this one piece of technology. That’s what made this mission such a stroke of genius. Adrestia wasn’t going to blow the ship up or even destroy the cloaking device. She was going to bug the ship in such a way as the cloak would become an identify friend or foe beacon to all vessels of the Iron Fleet. The cream of the Collective crop would be walking into a trap of their own making with their eyes wide shut.

As they approached the door to engineering bay that housed the cloaking devices computer core, Adrestia produced a small keypad from her belt. She pressed some numbers, which seemed to run some kind of program and then the door to the engineering bay popped open. The pair slipped inside and the door hissed closed behind them.

There was no one inside the room. The cloaking device was already installed and operation but it wasn’t being used right now and more importantly, no one was supposed to be able to get into this room without incredibly high level authorization. So their entrance was unopposed.

Xolarin found cover and pointed his DL-44 at the door expecting legions of enemies to rush through the door and end them both at any moment. Adrestia dropped her engineering backpack on the ground, opened a few pockets and went to work. Her work seemed intensive and precise. It was clear that she just wasn’t an engineer she was an artist. The circuits spoke to her like the life force of all beings spoke to the Jedi.

Adrestia was working for an hour give or take when she finished. She began putting her tools back into her backpack as the door to the engineering bay popped open. Kendra Icasta followed by Shikari hunters stepped into the room. Adrestia began sweating but continued putting away her tools as calmly as she could.

“Who are you” Icasta demanded inquisitively, clearly a moments away from violence.

Xolarin noticed Adrestia’s nervousness and offered “Apologies Eminent, we were ordered by Gwendolyn to engage in routine maintenance before the next round of testing,” the words fell from his mouth awkwardly. Role playing wasn’t exactly his forte, but luckily his unpracticed delivery made him come off as strangely to Kendra as any other socially awkward tech.

The words hung in the air for what seemed like several full seconds but was perhaps just one. The breaths of all five people trapped, frozen within a second created a spontaneous symphony of anxiety. Finally the Technocratic Guild official broke the silence. “Well I was worried when the silent alarms went off, but you know how it is around here, the right hand doesn’t know what the left hand is doing,” Kendra proffered as she unceremoniously stepped out of the engineering bay followed by her hunters.

Adrestia slung her engineering backpack back on her shoulder and her and Xolarin calmly walked out of the bay and toward the B-Wing they had rode in on. Reaching the B-Wing they entered the security codes into the computer and exchanged pleasantries over the comlink as they fighter bay doors opened.

“It bothers me that it was this easy,” Xolarin said as he sat down in the co-pilots seat.

“Enjoy it now, it’ll never happen again,” Adrestia said as she began pressing buttons on the consul.

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~ (#8075) Battlelord Etah Kilij (Sith) / QUA / House Liath of Clan Tarentum

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/64/snapshots/426/787>