



Clan Taldryan & Clan Scholae Palatinae
Entry for Collective Danger entitled

Pravus Strikes Again

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Executor's Quarters onboard *Excidium II*
20:00 Hours, orbiting Ulress

Alara couldn't believe her eyes. Pravus was furthering the attack on Taldryan? But why now? He had already lost his hold on the throne, why on Ulress would he want to keep his hold on them?

"Is Mav aware of this?" the Sephi looked to her Aedile and sister, Shadow Nighthunter. The Battlemaster shook her head.

"We need to get ahold of the Empress. And we need to get a hold of her quickly." Alara sat up from her desk, snatched the incriminating datapad and its files, and left the room in a huff of frustration, her cloak trailing quickly behind her. Shadow followed the pensive Quaestor from her command chambers on *Excidium II* and headed to the bridge of the ship.

"Loki, send for my ship. Get Jae'lle and bring her to us." Shadow beckoned her pet anooba who was trotting close by her side. The creature nodded, dumbfoundedly understanding every single word from his master's lips. Alara was already summoning her tusked cat Artemis by whistling a special tune the feline was trained to. The tusked cat bounded from the hall with Jorm, Alara's boyfriend, quickly following.

"What's going on? Why the sudden rush?" Jorm yawned as if just waking up from a snooze.

"Pravus is on the move. I have a direct message I need to deliver to the Empress, stat. Get Derek, we might need him."

"On it." Jorm quickly ran down a separate hall to obtain the other Battle Team Leader of House Excidium.

The group met up at the Bridge just as comms were bringing the Empress' crimson and beige face to the screen.

"It's not often that I see each and every one of you in one camera. What's going on, Alara?" the Empress pursed her curved lips with an intrigued smile on her face.

"Unfortunately I have some rather troubling news, Empress," Alara bowed slightly, not losing the seriousness in her eyes. "Pravus is on the hunt. He's going after Taldryan, again."

The Empress rose from her throne and dropped her smile quickly, "How have you been made aware of this before I?"

Alara pulled up her datapad and began sending data to the Empress electronically. "As you can see from these security files we have come across during our siege of Ulr Uvi, Pravus somehow gained intel from Dupront, as in, the late Crime Lord Dupront, as to the whereabouts of local clan trade ships. Since Taldryan is currently living on their haul *the Paragon*, that's considered a trade vessel. And this security camera records footage of Pravus saying he was going to 'finish what he started'."

“So it is him then.” Elincia looked away for a moment.

“What are your orders, Empress?” Alara stood at the ready, keeping her datapad by her side.

The Augur looked back at the screen and sighed. “Well, it would definitely be of the clan’s benefit to *help* them. Even if we are in the middle of our own mess, we need as many allies we can get. Start heading towards their coordinates. I’ll hail them and let them know you’re coming. This might get messier than we expect. Stay on guard, Excidium. I’ll be in touch with you soon.” With the wave of her hand, Elincia Rei’s pixelated communications disappeared from the screen.

“Well, that’s that then. Let’s get going.” Alara turned from the screen and ordered her House. “You know what to do.”

The rest of her leaders nodded and immediately left to their battlestations.

Captain’s Quarters, aboard Taldryan’s *Paragon*
23:00 Hours, amongst Space

“So you say that Pravus is on his way here. When do you expect him to arrive?” Consul Rian Taldrya looked over his clenched fists which were both raised to meet his chin. His piercing sapphire eyes watched the Quaestor carefully, as if skeptical at what she was declaring.

“Aye, Consul. It seems as though he had been planning with Crime Lords, long now extinct, that were once controlling our base in Ulr Uvi on the moon Ulress. According to security cameras, he admitted to be planning an attack within this very week. It could happen at any time.”

“Would he not appear on our sensors? Especially if he has half the ship he once had at the helm of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood?” Rian questioned further.

“It is rumored his ship somehow overrides sensors. It is never a good idea to be the victim of what that ship can bestow,” Elincia responded, looking at the Taldryan member carefully.

“How do we know that he has the same rig as he did when he was a Grand Master?” the ebony-haired woman growled in frustration.

“We don’t. At this point we don’t know anything except for the fact that he is coming,” Alara replied and bit her lip.

“So what do you suggest we do? Run? Sit here and take it? Watch our men die?!” Justinios’ beady eyes practically popped out of their sockets with anger as his voice raised with each word.

“No. We want your vessel to stay put,” Elincia suggested, “and you and your men will come with us. Pravus will come to destroy your vessel, and we will shelter you on Seraph with what we have. It’s not much, but it’s what we can offer you.”

A thick hesitation filled the air as Taldryan leaders looked back and forth from each other. Despite the quietness, Empress Elincia’s gaze stayed firm on the Taldryan leader.

“What choice do we have? There is no way we could stay back and try to fight him off. And with a vessel like he used to have, we cannot fight him together. But here’s my final question for now . . .” Rian stood up from his seat and glared towards the opposite Consul. “Why are you helping us? Now?”

Elincia pursed her lips for a moment, and then stood up to meet the man’s eyes. “Though not all our members agree on things, one thing we can agree on is Pravus has done enough harm to the entirety of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood. Clan Scholae Palatinae is done being forced to watch as one leader and one clan after the other falls to his clutches. We lost our system, you had to escape yours, and we all lost many great people in the last war. We don’t want to lose the chance at gaining an ally by stopping him from continuing his slaughter.”

The room, though still quiet, grew much lighter in atmosphere. The Taldryan Consul’s brow was no longer furrowed, but instead rested in a peaceful set.

“Well, we better start the evacuation process then. Who knows when Pravus will strike again.”

Hangar Aboard *Excidium II*

02:00 Hours, orbiting *The Paragon*

“So we don’t even know when he is arriving?” Jae’lle huffed at her master in disapproval, crossing her arms and opening her frown to roughly blow stray charcoal hairs out of her eyes.

“No, we don’t,” Alara’s temper was tested by the youngling. “All we know is we need to get these people out of here. Fast.”

“Well I don’t see what else there is to do around here, I mean the droids got most of it covered, right? Can’t I go back to hang out with Derek now?” Jae’lle whined and kicked some stray metal parts laying on the floor of the hangar.

“Jae’lle, you may go when I say that your work is done. And right now, it isn’t. So no, there isn’t time to see your precious *boyfriend*. I need a headcount. There are 44 members in Taldryan. Surely you learned how to count while on the streets of Coruscant as an urchin, right?” Alara snapped back. Her

apprentice didn't like that. Her sapphire eyes grew darker as she peered at the Sephi and hmped away to do her Quaestor's bidding.

"Ayeyey. That child will be the death of me."

"You were that troubling when you were young, too, ya know." A familiar teddy-bear's voice echoed from behind the she-Marauder.

Alara's frustrated demeanor rapidly changed to her usual brilliant smile as she spun around and dropped down to hug her Ewok-father. "Done trying to teach the younglings bingo in the canteen area, I see," she teased.

"You can only teach a five year old so much until they start asking where babies come from," the Arcanist joked, and hugged his daughter tightly. "I'm proud of you for letting the maternal side out with your new adopted child. And the fact that you made the right decision to save Taldryan by telling the Empress about Pravus' plans."

"Well, I guess I'm learning that I can't just sit back and watch evil take over all the time. I may be dark, but I'm not horribly dark." Alara shrugged after leaving her father's embrace.

With that, a large quake shook the vessel as the Taldryan *Paragon* was completely destroyed in front of their very eyes with roars of thunder and fire. With that, *Excidium II* immediately went into red alert.

"SHADOW! What's going on up there?!" Alara quickly shouted into her comm on her wrist and tugged her adopted father away from the hangar bay doors. Screams and hollers from the two clans echoed into the hangar as people flooded towards the middle of the ship.

"Pravus arrived, sis. He's here. We are jumping this ship into hyper drive now." Shadow's voice was nearly drowned out from the setting around the ship.

"Good. That's about all we can do as well as pray to whoever-the-hell-we-want that he doesn't come after us as well. I'm on my way." Alara's brow furrowed as she quickly bounded down the halls of *Excidium II* to get to her bridge.

Aboard Pravus' Vessel Orbiting the remains of *Paragon*

The previous Grand Master smiled heavily on the mess of shrapnel and disarray that now remained of what little Clan Taldryan had left. He wasn't quite sure that the clan members were still in there, but at this point, he didn't care. He wanted to make sure that he took absolutely everything away from them, even if they did get away with their lives.

“Shall I attack Scholae Palatinae’s ship, sir?” a commanding officer approached the retired master with caution in his voice.

“No. Leave them be. I know Mav Cantor will soon be on my trail as it is since I have destroyed one of his beloved clan’s vessels. We will stay where we are. Let them escape. I am ready to meet my end.”

“Wait . . ., are you suggesting that we just sit here and allow ourselves to die with you?” the commanding officer, startled, stepped back in fear.

“I am suggesting that you PROVE YOUR LOYALTY TO ME AND DIE AT MY SIDE OR FLEE IN FEAR OF WHAT THE DARK SIDE MAY DO TO YOU FOR YOUR COWARDICE.” Pravus’ once shiny, cared for locks were now in a greased mess as the crazed look in his eye matched his outward appearance. The servants of the crazed man gulped and immediately took off to find the escape shuttles, leaving Pravus in a dimly lit bridge to overlook the final act of corruption he left on the Brotherhood.

“Good . . . Leave me in peace. Let the Force and I have this moment to share alone.” The still-feared Seeker let out a large maniacal cackle as he peered just beyond the shrapnel and spotted Mav Cantor’s army to bring him to his final demise. He closed his eyes, crying from the laughter that bellowed inside him as the bright, deathly light pierced through his eyelids and immediately brought him to the darkness he had craved for so long.

~End