

TROLL IN THE DUNGEON!

ALISO CITY THE PINNACLE BANQUET HALL

The loud cheering and yelling rang loudly throughout the corridors leading up to the seventeenth floor of the pride of Clan Plagueis' occupation of Aliso. The seemingly bland, dull building was full of life this day, celebrating a joyous occasion at the demand of the Dread Lord and her Wings. Only a few short days prior, word spread of their highly regarded Proconsul being summoned to Arx under the pretense that he was to be punished for submitting his letter of resignation from his post as Praetor to the Headmaster. Much to his surprise, the Chiss was instead awarded one of the most esteemed awards in the Dark Brotherhood. And now, the mercenary stood at the head table among the rest of the esteemed di Plagia, grinning from ear to ear as his Clanmates celebrated loudly.

The Dread Lord, Adept Selika Roh di Plagia was leading the festivities. *"Brothers. Sisters. Today we welcome back to Aliso our revered friend, Corsair Uscot. Above all of his services to the Clan, the Headmaster has recognized our favorite mercenary with one of the most highly regarded, sought after rewards that we have. Now, we all revel in your glory!"* The fiery woman's words aroused the crowd as the sound grew louder and louder. *"And to the victors, go the spoils!"*

Within the instant, the doors to the banquet hall slammed open and the slave-servants flooded into the room, each carrying a covered platter in each hand. They quickly descended to the dozens of tables that filled the room, finding their positions next to their assigned clan member, all of whom have taken their seat. Commander Gaius Julius Caesar paid special attention to the slaves turned butlers, secretly hoping that one, or multiple, would screw up and drop their plates. It had been a whole day since the old man tortured someone, and he was biting at the heels of the opportunity to unleash a full day's worth of rage onto a failed slave. Unfortunately, the grey haired man would have to wait, none of the servants slipped up.

The Commander continued to gaze around the room, noticing the joy that the meal gave to his fellow Clanmates. Many of the Journeymen hadn't experienced a proper meal, save the extravagant roasted Porg that Quaestor Furios had provided for the Clan's vacation to Dagobah. The old man lifted his utensils softly, weary about the outcome this meal would have on his digestive system. Nonetheless, he quickly gobbled up all of the food on the plate, not even leaving a single crumb. As the remainder of Plagueis finished up with their meal, they quickly found their way to the bar, to ensure the night was properly celebrated.

The party continued, with many of the Clan imbibing in copious amounts of alcohol, seemingly in an attempt to impress Ronovi. The main door to the hall crashed open, and a stumbling Kel Dor came rushing in, grabbing at his infamous hat and gasping to catch his breath through his mask. He managed to grab enough air to yell. **"TROLL IN THE DUNGEON!!!"** The Aedile collapsed on the ground, seemingly from the alcohol.



Gaius hobbled his way towards the head table, where a few of the other sober Clanmates gathered. Quite a few of them seemed alarmed at the most recent happenings. As he approached, the old man noticed the flashing blue figured hologram of one of the security staff. *"My Lord, he is gone. Abu has been taken!"* Abu, as he was affectionately known, was really Abumatra, the Clan's pride and joy. Abu was a [Dragonsnake](#) that was removed from its swamp on Dagobah and brought back to the Pinnacle to serve as the Clan's mascot. Despite their attempts to keep him hidden from other members of the Brotherhood, it appeared that someone had failed in their duties. *"Abu's cage is empty and the thieves were from Taldryan."* The guard stepped to the side, revealing the symbol of Taldryan painted on the wall.

The Dread Lord looked down on those in front of her. An old man with a fake arm, a yellow-eyed Zabrak, and a ginger-haired man seem to be the only three Plagueins capable of walking a straight line at the moment. *"You three will have to do."* The Consul seemed slightly disappointed. *"Bring back Abu!"* she yelled.

The trio, lead by Battlemaster [Fortea](#), raced down the corridors towards the upper floors, where the hangers are located. Following closely behind him was the most recently Knighted Sith of the Clan, [Lo-Kain Vamielaga](#). As the most recent Knight, he was forbidden from drinking alcohol at Clan gatherings, a seemingly moronic rule that may have finally made sense. The old man did his best to keep up, but was physically inferior to his Force user counterparts. *"My Lords, I will meet you up in the hanger bay, inside [The Bad Idea](#). Those Taldryanites could not have gotten too far!"* The two younger Plagueins ran ahead, beckoning their colleague to hurry up.

ALISO

ABOARD THE BAD IDEA

After what had seemed like an eternity, the Commander had finally made his way aboard the Battlemaster's light freighter. Despite its rugged appearance, the rumors surrounded the piece of metal as being one of the most reliable and highly capable pieces of equipment outside of the Ascendant Fleet. Of course, no vehicle was really better than its operator, in this case, the pilot was also known to be very competent. Dralin sat in the pilot's seat, immediately initiating the take off sequence as soon as Gaius stepped foot inside the creaky freighter.

"Commander, while we were waiting for you, security staff identified that the Taldryan thieves have not been able to make the jump yet. The staff was able to attach a tracking beacon to their ship, we should catch up to them in just a few minutes. Take the final gunner spot and strap in."

The trio gripped their seats as the chase began. In a matter of a few short minutes, the freighter had caught up to the infiltrators. They were in a small freighter themselves, surely some old inferior piece of a equipment from the Taldryan Navy. Obviously it couldn't outrun *The Bad Idea*, but the Taldryan pilot tried a series of maneuvers nonetheless. The two gunners, Knight Vamielaga and Commander Caesar both vehemently pulled their triggers, unable to land a single shot on their enemy ship. The two were both capable Plagueins, however their strengths were not in the gunner seat of a YT-2400.

A crackled voice suddenly filled the trio's headsets. "*Fools!*"

"*Identify yourself, now!*" yelled Dralin, who continued to pilot marvelously, never losing sight of the enemy.

The voice crackled with a rather hideous sounding laugh. "*You know who we are.*" Despite their efforts, the trio still only knew that the thieves were from Taldryan, but were unaware of their individual identities.

"*Land your ship, and give us our Dragonsnake and your lives will be spared.*" Lo-Kain spoke surprisingly calmly for someone of his species.

"*We're afraid we cannot do that, silly Plagueins.*" the voice retorted, maintaining the same disgusting laugh.

"*And why is that?*" Gaius played along.

"*Because you've already eaten your dinner!*"

Almost instantaneously, Commander Caesar and Knight Vamielaga squeezed their tiggers, igniting the space in front of them and obliterating the Taldryan ship.