

Welcome Home

Sky Breach Base

Daleem

Kiast System

The time since returning from Nancora was far from restive for Mauro Wynter. Indeed, House Satele Shan had no down time at all. A new squadron was formed to protect the Kiast System, and it had a terrible baptism of fire. Wynter had led that unit through the gates of hell and it emerged bloody, battered, and barely holding together. Many skilled pilots had been injured, and one important one had died.

Burying Major Silvia Tanos, the ace pilot and tactician behind Tython Squadron had been too much to bear for the Human. So when Executor Maximus Alvinus provided him with a week off, he reluctantly took the hint and did as he was ordered. Yet, he did not go to a tropical locale or return to Raxus Prime to see the graveyard of a past life.

No, Wynter stayed on Daleem and used the cover to launch his idea of atonement. And so he walked in the darkened catacombs, carrying a lantern, followed by two familiar faces. The two women had served under Wynter in Tython, and were life-long companions of the deceased Silvia Tanos. And on they walked.

No one had truly mapped these tunnels, at least not officially. Armed with classified information obtained by virtue of his position, Wynter had found a location secluded enough to hide his work. Secretly, he had moved dozens of storage containers and various equipment down these tunnels to form a hidden base of operations. Now that Lyra Narix and Mair Sal were ready to begin their training, it was time to begin.

Throughout his life on Raxus Prime and in his journeys across the galaxy Wynter had always collected Sith artifacts and relics of Force cults. He had feared their power and refused to learn their teachings. Those days were over. "Halt" came a metallic, modulated voice. Wynter gave the clearance code, and a pair of IG-RM droids slowly came forward to look the trio over.

"I call them Seraph Greys. There are a squad of these droids here to protect the artifacts and other cargo" stated Wynter. They were now upon the hidden base, what was completed that is. Four Z-95 Headhunters sat idly behind earthwork berms with a pair of IG-RM droids standing at the ready in front of each. Beyond, a small pyramidal stone building sat defiantly nestled against a corner of the tunnel.

The trio entered the temple, and Wynter put down his lantern and used Force lightning to ignite several caldrons placed about the room. An eery purple light began to radiate, illuminating the cavernous single room of the temple. Soon, all could see the contents of the

temple. A single surgical droid was readying an operating table as a Magna Guard droid was being disassembled at the joints by another.

“Lyra, Mair, this is your last chance to back out. There is no turning back from this. We have taken an oath to atone for the loss of Silvia. We have dedicated ourselves to learning the secrets of the Mechu-Deru arts. This is not the end, but a beginning” solemnly stated Wynter. Both women looked at each other, and slowly nodded.

Later that Week
Tunnels of Daleem
Daleem
Kiast System

It took days for the Mechu-Deru heretics to get used to their new cybernetics. The surgery had gone well enough, thanks to Bones, the 2-1B droid. All had agreed to stay awake during the procedure, using the Force to sustain their self control and remain conscious, allowing the pain to wash over them. Mair found it hard at first to control her prosthetic arms, while Lyra walked awkwardly for a time. Yet, having robotic components indeed allowed them to better practice their hexing and Mechu-Deru techniques.

In fits and starts, the trio gained some affinity for the ancient Force technique. The droids amongst them made for ready practice fodder. Taking over the droids, implanting ideas and commands was easy enough. Yet, all three found a perverse pleasure in the failed attempts to transfer sentience to the droids. Something about it was so heretical and forbidden by the Jedi at large it brought them a feeling of death and fatality. Soon, they yearned for it more and more.

“What will the others do, or think, when they find out what we have been playing at?” asked Lyra sheepishly. Mair looked at her sadly, indeed feeling the same confusion. Mauro eyed them both carefully. “They will fear us, and they will not understand our commitment and dedication to true knowledge.”

Wynter had instructed him from the beginning on his new doctrine. Weapons, and physical violence, were an abomination. To take a life with ones’ own hands imbued malice and hatred at the point of death. From the destruction of New Tython and the death of Silvia Tanos they had learned all life was priceless and killing was an abomination. However, droids are created without malice and without hatred, as such using droids to dispatch a foe or kill an enemy implied no such stain or horror.

And so they continued to practice controlling droids and effecting machines with their hexing abilities. Further truths were exposed to the new acolytes, such as the purity of using mind tricks, terror, and illusions to make foes harm themselves and each other. Subverting an enemies mind was the highest form of combat and the most rewarding to this sect.

“When we emerge from this temple, we will go back to the Odanites and walk amongst them. We will not disclose our beliefs or our new abilities until the time is right. Until the Jedi see us using our skills to save lives and protect our own will they understand. Until that time, we will remain hidden” stated Wynter as they finally walked back out of the caverns.

Wynter sent a transmission to Maximus Alvinus, professing that he had returned and was ready to take on the mantle of Aedile. Further, he remarked how he was rejuvenated in the Force and was looking forward to learning from him to walk in the light.