

# Rite or Supremacy: Meridian

[Phase I] Fiction: Prompt 2: Investigation



Augur Rian Taldrya  
#10701

## **Dramatis Personae**

- Rian Taldrya; Consul of Clan Taldryan (Human-mirialan male) [\[Character Sheet\]](#)
- K8-S3Y "Kasey" (E-XD Infiltrator Droid)
- BB-S0 "Esso" (BB Unit Astromech Droid)
- Ghafa Ordam; Capital Enterprises Field Commander (Nautolan female) [\[Character Sheet\]](#)
- Siceeni Viz; Capital Enterprises Field Agent (Aleena male) [\[Character Sheet\]](#)
- Kendra Icasta; Technocratic Guild Hunt Master (Chiss female) [\[Character Sheet\]](#)
- Salas Thar; Blackmarket Dealer (Ikotchi male)
- Vance Kordall; Shadow Academy Society Agent (Human male)
- Grot; Privateer Battleteam Leader Spectre Cell of Clan Arcona (Trandoshan male)
- Ness'arin Ohnaka; Inquisitorius Director of Operations (Weequay male)

## **Important Locations**

- Ulmatra: An Outer Rim planet under the control of the Hutt Cartel that is connected with the Kessel Sector via hyperspace route.
- Formos: An Outer Rim planet under the control of the Hutt Cartel that is connected with the Kessel Sector via hyperspace route.
- Meridian: A forgotten world discovered by the Collective within the Akkadese Maelstrom in 35 ABY
- Akkadese Maelstrom: A cluster matter located in the Kessel Sector made from interstellar gas, carbonbergs, ice chunks and other large Debris surrounding the planets Kessel and Meridian ([Map](#))

*A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away. ...*

**Ulmatra**  
**Outer Rim Territories**

The moment the Stormcloud touched ground in one of the hangar bays of the spaceport on Ulmatra, Consul Rian Taldrya was on his way to the boarding ramp of his shuttle, passing the command of the ship to his droid.

"Kasey, keep the engines warm and tell Esso to make sure the Stormcloud doesn't appear in the spaceport's databanks."

"Yes Master," the droid acknowledged. "Do you want Esso to scan for Collective activities while he clears the databanks?"

"No, there might still be Collective Agents on Ulmatra, the lower our profile the less likely we draw their attention."

Rian left the droid behind and walked to the Starcourier's cargo ramp to pick up his own speeder, a personalized Cantonica Zephyr. Jumping onto the pilot's seat he fired up the nimble speeder's engines and sped toward the coordinates submitted over the Advance Inquisitorius Network.

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The ride took barely twenty minutes and five more minutes until he had found the entrance to the tunnels that would lead to the cavern with the underground lake. Igniting his lightsaber to illuminate the path before him, Rian wound himself away until he arrived on the underground lake. Several days had passed since the attack on Kordall and the Arconan and just as the Consul had expected the scene hadn't been cleared since Grot had left the cavern to follow Icasta and her remaining Huntresses. In fact, the distinct smell of rotting flesh and excreta filled the air.

Examining the scene, Rian walked over to the altar, where the artifact Kordall and Grot had been looking for had been located, before turning for the headless corpse of the Huntress, painting an image of the attack in his mind. Kneeling next to the dismembered body, Rian let the Force take over as his eyes flew past her, looking for any personal belongings of the Technocrat.

It was only then when something at the edges of his vision caught him. A small four-limbed droid jumped at him. Or at least, tried to jump as his red photoreceptor flickered once and then turned black and the droid fell to the ground motionless.

"Seems like it had been some time since your batteries have been charged buddy." The Consul chuckled as he knelt down next to where the droid lay on the ground.

Musing that the droid probably belonged to the dead Technocrat and for some odd reason decided to remain with its former master instead of following Icasta and the Huntresses, Rian examined the droid for a moment before touching it. "Now let's see where you came from."

Images flashed before his inner eye: A backwater world, a half-lit seedy spaceport, a flourishing black market and a female Nautolan. Ghafa Ordam. At some point before her death, the Huntress and her droid had been in contact with the face of Capital Enterprises.

Rian severed the connection to the droid, although he hadn't been able to identify the planet in question, he had seen enough to leave the rest to Esso and proceed to the next phase of his mission once he was back aboard the StormCloud.

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### ***Formos Outer Rim***

Once the Consul had returned to his ship it was an easy task for his astromech to slice the Technocrat Seeker Droid using the ships advanced warfare suit and reveal that Formos was the backwater planet Rian had seen when he had touched the droid. Yet during the transit to Formos, the Consul's mind churned. While the initial briefing report indicated that the Artifact that had been located by Kordall and Grot had fallen into the hands of the Capital Enterprises Field Commander, what he had seen at least confirmed Ordam's involvement.

Now the question was what reason would Ordam and Capital Enterprises have to bring an artifact to a world such as Formos. From all he knew, the Collective had amassed tons of money over the past few years before they finally made themselves visible to the Brotherhood, so selling it to some seedy black market dealer was not an option. Yet black market dealers, especially those who had been in the business for some time, not only knew their way around Force sensitive artifacts, but are also found on the legends revolving around it.

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The spaceport was just like what he had seen in the images when he had touched the droid. It had gone a long way since the fall of the Empire with rust and decay clearly visible. Turning his gaze around the area, the sign of a cantina was painted on the wall on the opposite side of the street along an arrow pointing at an open door next to the sign.

Rushing over the street, the Consul entered the cantina, as this place would be as good to start asking questions as any other. Making his way through the assembled crowd to the bar, he took a seat at random winking at the barkeeper and ordering a drink for himself.

The barkeeper left and returned after a brief moment with a glass in his hand which he placed in front of the Consul.

"Thank you. Any chance you know whom I have to talk to for some business."

"Depends on the sort of business." The barkeeper grunted.

Rian looked around to see if he had raised the attention of any of the other customers. When he was sure no one had put more interest into his words than some sideways glances, he leaned over the bar and whispered. "I got something I want to sell, something only a small group of persons will be interested in."

Leaning to the Consul, the barkeeper spoke in the same loud tone as he had before. "Salas Thar is known to be interested in all sorts of rare things, if I was you, he would be the one I'd be talking to. You can find his business on the end of the street, on the left hand side."

Leaving the Consul to attend another customer he added. "If you can make him talk to you. A couple days ago some off worlders came around and since then no one has seen or heard of him."

"Thank you." Rian downing his drink and placed several credits on the bar before leaving unaware of the eyes of a pale faced Aleena flashing from his Sabacc hand to the Consul.

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"Too bad this hand was quite a good one."

Siceeni Viz tossed his hand the moment the Mirialan had left the cantina. It really was a good hand, but this man had triggered his attention when the barkeeper had mentioned the name of Salas Thar. Back when he had arrived on Formos with Ordam, Thar had been her first choice to transcribe the inscriptions on the artifact that had been secured by Icasta and her Huntresses on Ulmatra. Unfortunately, Thar revealed himself to be one of those stubborn persons refusing to work for the Collective voluntarily. The Ikotchi and his underlings had given them a good fight with Sici's team being reduced to only three men including himself.

Ordam was forced to take Thar from his store to her ship located in the Tominaka Spaceport, before ordering Viz, and what remained of his team, to stay on Formos in case people start asking the wrong questions just as it had happened.

Following the man outside, Viz saw the man had reached the end of the street and turned left just as the barkeeper had told him. Sending his droid to inform his team on his whereabouts, the Aleena followed the man to Thar's business.

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Rian Taldrya stood in front of the building that housed Salas Thar's business though it was more a fortress than a store with heavily fortified blast doors though oddly the doors . Heading straight for the entrance, the Consul immediately recognized the scorch marks dotting the walls inside. The image he saw within was even worse. Dead guards littered the ground. Whoever was responsible for this had done their homework. More so her homework. This screamed to be the work of Ghafa Ordam, though by the sheer bodycount and the uniforms on the corpses, there were several casualties on both sides.

A clanking sound from behind him made him turn, only to then realize the foolishness behind his act as a brilliant flash of light turned his view all white. Though blinded, Rian felt a tingle on his neck, someone was rushing him from behind. Rolling to his side, he avoided the first attack but was hit by a bulbous object that scattered and broke upon contact leaving some sort of liquid around his hand finding the hilt of his lightsaber on his back.

Although his vision slowly returned, he didn't need it to understand that the sizzle accompanying the quickly decreasing mobility of his right hand meant he had been hit by an adhesive grenade. Turning around he found his assailant.

"You shouldn't have come here." The Aleena stood his ground when Rian rose to his full height. "Now I gotta kill you, for you have seen too much. Though your lightsaber already qualified you for receiving a deathmark."

"So you are with the Collective."

"Yes and this just confirmed your death sentence," Sici said, aiming at the Consul with his rocket launcher.

"Well, somehow I doubt that," Rian countered, pointing with his free left hand at the Aleena then pistoned it against the opposite wall, hurling the much smaller alien through the air in a wide arc.

Viz crashed into it and fell on the ground motionless, giving the Consul the opportunity to free his hand and ignite his lightsaber. A brilliant lava-colored pillar split the air casting sizzling shadows as he walked over to the alien.

"Instead you will answer me some questions." The Consul said pointing the tip of his blade in front of the Aleena's face. "And don't try anything."

"You can try your stupid jedi tricks but they won't work on me, I will never bow before will of a Force-user.

"Apparently I am not the one preferably relying on tricking someone's mind if I just as easily put my mark on his skin. Tell me, have you ever experienced what a lightsaber burn feels like?"

With the words hanging between them, Rian moved the tip of his blade closer to the Aleena's skin making him feel the heat as it brushed over the scales of his skin.

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The pain was agonizing. "I know that the members of the Dark Brotherhood would use various forms of torture to get what they want but I only heard about those torturing the mind of those they deem weaker minded. That one did actually harm him on purpose."

"Yes, and I am going to hurt you even more if you don't start talking. What does Ordam want with the artifact taken from Ulmatra?"

"Why should I tell him that Ordam is taking the artifact to Meridian, my team will arrive soon and then they will kill him."

"Thanks but I am not planning to stay any longer than necessary. Now what is Meridian and how does it relate to the artifact?" Rian said, reminding the alien on the deadliness of his weapon and what it meant to not follow the Consul's orders by brushing his skin another time.

The Aleena winced in pain. "How could he know about Meridian, Capital Enterprises located it hidden in the Maelstrom only a year ago."

"The Akkadese Mealstrom?"

"What other Maelstrom could I be talking about?"

"I got it." Rian said. "And the purpose of the artifact?"

"Ordam didn't tell me." Sici snarled. "But I bet it is related to the temple they found on Meridian. Where's my team, they should have arrived by now. All Idiots."

"I will greet them from you should I meet them. But for now, sleep well."

Rian became a blur in the vision of the Aleena and the next thing he saw was the end piece of his lightsaber connecting violently with his skull turning his world black.

Turning from the small creature, Rian felt sorry for what he had to do to him, still the Collective had declared an all-in war to the Brotherhood, even threatening his Clan with the

latest attacks on Ektrosis not so secret anymore headquarter within the Caelus System.  
Leaving the business he rushed back to the spaceport and aboard his ship to report back to  
Ness'arin Ohnaka and the rest of the Dark Brotherhood.

The end

~Rian Taldrya  
Son of Taldrya  
Consul of Clan Taldryan  
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