War Declared

Sky Breach Base
Daleem
Kiast System

Mauro Wynter was in a foul mood. The Human paced the halls of Sky Breach Base, visibly shaking and seething with uncommon rage. The past few months had been very hard on the mercenary. He had not wanted to be here this day. Indeed, he did not want to be on Daleem. He found himself leading House Satele Shan of Clan Odan-Urr by default. He had founded Tython Squadron to help Kiast not befall the same fate as New Tython. He had joined the Inquisitorious and had served the Voice as Magistrate to help ensure the peace and keep one step ahead of any evil machinations against his people.

But everything had now changed. His loyalties were now truly being tested. While he had once seen himself as a virtual hostage, being blackmailed in his service to the Inquisitorious while walking a tightrope to keep Satele Shan out of the carnage, he now was deeply troubled. The Collective had declared war on the Inquisitorious, on the entire Dark Brotherhood, and on each and every Clan. Wynter slowly began to realize that he had not been serving two masters, but one. His loyalty belonged to those with the most power, with the most ability to keep his people safe. His loyalties lay with the Inquisitorious.

The news of the destruction of an IGV-55 Listener Ship was supposed to be classified but it leaked out. Indeed, the Collective had wanted this attack to be in the news. It was a slap in the face to all and a reminder that no one was safe from the fanatical Collective forces. Wynter was at a loss, for one of the first times ever, as what to do. Could he leave Daleem and assist his Inquisitorious and the Voice? What would befall his House without him leading them and protecting them and the precarious control of Daleem? Could he not go to Arx and coordinate a response with his Inquisitorious brethren?

Wynter eyed his pair of MagnaGuards who followed him everywhere in his current paranoia. Nearby his attendants and lieutenants Lyra Narix and Mar Sail watched him pensively. "Mauro, what shall we do? One of us can go to Arx to keep you informed or perhaps we can stay here to assist the Aedile temporarily run the House while you are gone?" offered Lyra Narix. Wynter's gaze turned to her and grew solemn.

"No matter what course is tread there will be death and destruction. If I stay here Satele Shan will be attacked, one way or another whether we place our heads in the sand or not. No, I must deal with this. Ready my ship. We are all going to Arx. Shan shall go on a war footing. Deploy all of my battle droids to Sky Breach, and have all Shan forces on high alert. We bunker down and prepare for anything. Haran will be busy keeping our men and women safe. So be it. We go to Arx, now."