

**Phase 1 Fiction**  
**Objective 1**

***Criss Crossed: An Aiden Lee Deshra Story***  
***By: Rhylance.***

***Voice's Office***  
***The Dark Ascent, Arx***  
***36 ABY***

The office of the Voice was silent. The room, darkened by the night sky, seemed frozen. The four men inside remained stationary, even their breaths were made not a sound as the review took place. Marick Tyrell sat at his desk, with the accused in front. Ness'arin Ohnaka stood to the side of the desk and behind the applicant two fully garbed Inquisitor agents stood apart, creating a perimeter around their quarry. The icy air broke as the Ness'arin read aloud from his datapad.

“The charges against the reviewed: committing espionage against this office, committing treason against this office, dereliction of duty, desertion, murder of fellow Inquisitors, attempted murder of our Voice, cooperation with the enemy.”

Three sets of hard eyes centered themselves on the Seeker in question. Aiden Lee Deshra stood quietly. He had allowed himself to be brought back into the fold. Back into the arms of the ones who betrayed his trust. Back into the maw of the Inquisitorius. Marick Tyrell stood from his desk, his gaze never breaking from his former Inquisitor.

“Why would you request readmission into our ranks?” Aiden remained quiet as he met the Voice's eyes. Their blue eyes clashed in a warring of wills. “The crimes you've committed should see you killed immediately. You know this, yet you allowed yourself to be brought before us today. So I ask again, why?”

Aiden knew his situation. A fight with these three would be fatal for him. He may take someone with his, but his story would end. There was no clear route of escape. No way to turn back from the decisions he made. His only way out was to move forward, and not die.

“The choices I made were out of loyalty. Loyalty to a Clan I saw as my family. My loyalty was misplaced with Taldryan, as it had been here as well.”

“Your loyalty to the Inquisitorius was misplaced?” one of the agents asked aloud much to the disdain of their superiors.

“Yes. The attack of Karufr was an unwarranted act of aggression ordered by an unstable megalomaniac. His hold on this brotherhood was unmanageable and his authority over us was misdirected. His actions allowed for us to be blindsided by this “Collective”.” Aiden spoke with a voice full of passion. His directness and infallible honesty could be felt by all in the room.

“Whether or not I agree with your assessment is irrelevant. The Inquisitorius is loyal to the Grandmaster, first and foremost. You didn't follow that belief. And you lost an arm because of it. You should have lost more.” Marick sat back down as the final words rolled off his tongue. “So what's changed? Why do you wish to come back now? You were a respected member of our organization. A Grand Inquisitor who rose through the ranks like a weed choking out his competition.”

“You have slain a good number of your Inquisitor brothers and sisters. All in a misguided conquest of your perceived revenge. What is different now?” Ness'arin demanded answers from the traitor.

“The Collective will tear this brotherhood apart. The Dark Brotherhood needs to reassemble, and under the guidance of our new Grandmaster I believe this is a possibility. The Inquisitorius will once again fulfill its mandate of protection, and this time not as an assassination force against our own people. That is an organization I want to be a part of. A faction where I can protect my friends, my allies, my clan, and this Dark Brotherhood.”

Marick kept a calm demeanor as he weighed the options in his mind. While a part of him wanted to see this man brought to ruin for his attack not only against himself, but against the other Inquisitors, he was balanced out by the document he currently held in his clutch. Reading over Atra's assessment on Aiden's skills, the costs vs benefits analysis, and his personal recommendation, the Voice was torn on his final decision. Another document stuck out to him though. The incident report from Grot and Vance Kordall's assignment. An idea popped into his head.

“I have decided not to kill you yet, Deshra. Instead a test will be assigned to you. A new assignment has opened up that I'm not comfortable sending my agents on currently. He have little information, and the odds are not in our favor on this one. Therefore, as a sign of your loyalty to this organization, you will complete the task, or die trying.” Marick tossed the document to the Seeker. “Good luck Aiden, you'll need it.”

Aiden looked through the files as he was led from the room. Ness'arin followed closely behind, ready to strike if the need arose.

“The honorable Voice may seem to have hopes for you, but I know you for what you are, Deshra. Once a traitor always a traitor. You will go against us again, I can tell that about you. No true knowledge of what true loyalty is. What it requires. For your sake, fail. Die among the

Collective. Otherwise you might as well watch your back at all times, because one mistake: one slip up and I will end you.”

Aiden said nothing as the Director of the Inquisitorius walked away, his feet echoing against the metallic floor. The Seeker knew that this mission would not be an easy one. Following Grot’s tracer would be easy enough, but with little knowledge of what will be faced, he felt very unprepared. It didn't matter though. He had a mission, and he would complete it.

Entering the coordinates into his personal datapad, Aiden found himself intrigued. He Collective was quite bold to be so close to Arcona’s homeworld. He would need assistance on this mission, and he knew just the Sephi for the job. Hopefully Zujenia’s recommendations were gonna turn out to be as good as he was led to believe.

“Eevie, time to put up or shut up. Let’s see if you’re as good as you claim to be.”

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***Kessel Sector***  
***The Outer Rim***  
***36 ABY***

“Hey boss, where we off too?”

Aiden was already regretting his decision to have this girl be his escort pilot. While he tried to meditate and center himself in the Force, her chippy voice carried over their commlinks. Not being much of a pilot the newly reinstated Inquisitor sat aboard his vessel as it’s auto piloting systems handled the flying.

“What are we even looking for?”

“Eevie, please be quiet for a moment. I’m following a tracer, and my auto pilot is leading us right to our location. It shouldn’t take much longer.”

Aiden peered outside his shielding viewport into the blackness of space. He always felt so alone out here. It was a terrifying feeling, but oddly enough it was also calming. There was something tranquil about the thousands upon thousands of little lights all around him. It reminded him of his place in this galaxy. One small blip of existence in this whole wide expanse to help bring balance to life and to the universe itself.

A beeping from his tracking systems caught his attention. Ahead of them, growing larger by the second as they sped towards it was the planet Aduba IV. but the signal came not from the planetary mass but from one of the two satellites that surrounded it. One of its moons.

“Hey boss man, I’m picking up some company heading our way. It looks like it’s just a small scouting party, but where there’s a few there are bound to be more.”

Aiden looked at his own radar and picked them up as well. This mission was going to be challenging. He had no information to go off of, and few resources at his disposal.

“Ok Eevie, time to see what you’re made of. I need you to clear the way for me. Take the heat off of me, so that I can get passed them. There is something on one of the moons, and Vance could be there.”

“Aye aye cap-ie-tan,” the Sephi pilot responded in a sing-song voice before her V-19 Torrent Starfighter rushed forward with a burst of speed. Aiden watched for a moment as her vessel engaged with the others. There were five of them, all headhunter class starfighters, and they followed the seemingly weaker ship in a predetermined flight pattern. As they began to target their prey, Eevie kicked it up a gear, quickly turning her ship on a dime and blazing the middle ship with her missile launchers.

It was a direct hit and the headhunter class ship burst into fire and debris. As Aiden watched the pilot at work he had to admit to himself that he was impressed. His vessel blended in well with the darkness of space around him as his auto-pilot brought him closer to his destination. Scanning the second moon of Adub IV, Aiden discovered a small installation built onto the top side. There was a small set of landing platforms, several of which were empty so the Inquisitor picked one and the ship landed itself.

Checking all of his gear, Aiden secured his helmet and left the ship. He was quickly approached by a security guard, who’s blaster was trained on him.

“Hold it up right there. State your name and your business.” the guard said with flair.

Aiden channeled the Force into his voice and moved his hand with a slight motion.

“You will allow me to pass, I am parked here legally. The ship will not be touched.” Aiden spoke with fully authority. His words rang within the security guard’s head as the Force bent the man’s will to their own.

“Ah yes, I see your papers are checking out. Here you are sir, your permissions to land here are authorized. Enjoy your day now.” the guard spoke with a smile on his pleasant face.

Aiden quickly made his way into the installation. Sticking to the shadows, and reaching with the Force, Aiden quickly moves through the hallways, deftly keeping himself between the clutches of death and discovery. As he moved into another room quietly, he saw a tech worker at a computer. Sneaking up behind the female worker, Aiden placed his hand upon her shoulder and spoke clearly pushing tendrils of dark Force memories into her mind.

“Where is Vance Kordall being held, and how do I shut down the camera?”

This question became staple as Aiden made his way through several rooms before getting a good answer.

“Vance isn't here, this is a trap! Any moment now the Collective fleet will b arriving and this place will be pacified.”

Aiden's eyes grew wide. Round 2 went to the Collective. The brotherhood had been played.