

Title: **Blood Brothers**

Joint Fiction by

Battlemaster Wrathus (PLA)

&

Battlelord Takagari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu (CNS)

Prologue

Consuls Warlord Karn di Plagia of Clan Plagueis and Warlord Sadow of Clan Naga Sadow have garnered a joint endeavor between their respected Clans. A plan has been formulated and teams have been dispatched to specific regions of the planet, code named "Reliquary" to investigate. Two such members have been paired together, tasked to explore what has been identified from orbital scans to be a ancient temple of unknown origins. Staged outside of the planet's atmosphere, the command ships for both Clan Plagueis and Clan Naga Sadow orbited. A hailing message has been sent to each member to rendezvous at the command ships coordinates.

Approximately at 1330 hours a DT-3c "Fury" shuttle appeared from the darkness of space. The shuttle melted into the darkness of space with its black facade. The exterior lights being the vessel's only seperation of invisibility. The female piloting the Fury, hailed the Perdition and sent the transponder codes that were given to her, "And just like that, green light for landing..." she said sarcastically. After a few inputs to the NAV computer and a couple of toggle switches, the shuttle began it's landing sequence. Within moments a secondary vessel made the jump out of hyperspace, a blacked out VT-49 Decimator hailed the CNS Perdition for permission to land.

Both the Fury and the Decimator followed their designated landing instructions, landing in the Perdition's massive hanger. Almost simultaneously the ships doors opened and their crew's disembarked. Wrathus the confident behemoth he was, casually looked around, then proceeded down his ship's ramp flanked by his droid and personal pilot. Six Rangers exited the CNS warship followed by a hulking wraith. DarkHawk, Quaestor of House Shar Dakhan, immediately sense the presence of another Dark Force practitioner. The two Sith's eyed one another, almost sizing each other up before taking a further step.

Takagari gave a subtle nod and proceeded down his ship's ramp. DarkHawk couldn't help but stare a little. Wrathus was a sight to behold, from the terrifying black armor, to the uniform his pilot wore, he looked as if he'd just stepped off an old Sith Imperial shuttle. The Rangers split off, as they are very familiar with the layout of the command ship. DarkHawk made his way down to the Fury, where Wrathus stood waiting. Wrathus had heard of a hulking Shaevalian that had racked up a impressive dossier for being a stealthy assassin. Both men were not used to seeing others that mimic each other's size and stature. DarkHawk paid homage to his Sith brethren and extended a bow of respect. Wrathus, pleased to see that he'd be paired with someone who understood tradition, followed suit and extended the same courtesy.

"Wrathus, your reputation precedes you, I studied your dossier on the way here. An honor to meet you" DarkHawk said with a reverence tone.

"Vi shol setup. (As it should.)" DarkHawk was caught slightly off-guard by the man speaking in ancient Sith. But based on his appearance, it wasn't that big of a surprise.

Tik tave viekis survive, because tik tave viekis deserve kian... (Only the strong survive, because only the strong deserve too...) DarkHawk replied in the ancient tongue. He could sense the other Equite was studying him, "*I believe a fine line separates the fact that this man wants to either shake my hand or separate my head from my body...*" DarkHawk said to himself. DarkHawk could sense the hardened Battlemaster was studying him, the Battlelord could feel the other Equite's hesitation, but the tall Epicanthix acknowledged DarkHawk with a slight nod. The Quaestor extended his right hand, Wrathus paused studying the gesture for a moment, then locking onto the Shaevalian's arm just below the elbow. DarkHawk looked down at the cybernetic arm of the Battlemaster, "I see you have updated cybernetics, very nice!"

"It has its advantages..." Wrathus said in a low tone. "How did you know it would be me here and not another for Plagueis?" asked the Battlemaster.

"Probably the same way you knew it was going to be myself meeting you here..."

The Epicanthix almost scoffed at the remark. DarkHawk gestured over towards the hanger's main turbolift, "I believe the Summit's are waiting us in the main briefing room Sir" DarkHawk said.

"After you..."

The two dark Jedi entered the turbolift, and DarkHawk tapped the button for level five. The two remained silent as the lift made an abrupt stop, the doors whisking open exiting the lift and heading left down the corridor. The two imposing Sith's footsteps echoed with each step, halting in front of a very ornate set of double doors. Hitting the call button, a slight pause and a boisterous "Enter" barked thru the intercom at them. The doors slid open, Wrathus entered first having to duck under the doorsill, then DarkHawk followed. Inside the main briefing room stood both Clan Summit's, Wrathus removed his helm and gave a low bow to pay respects to the Clan leadership, DarkHawk followed suit.

First to speak was Consul Karn di Plagia, of Clan Plagueis, "Ahh Wrathus and DarkHawk" he said as the Warlord made his way over to the two oddly large men. The two Equite's stood at attention.

"Your Consul speaks highly of you DarkHawk..." the Warlord stated.

"As does your Wrathus..." Warlord Sadow said abruptly.

"Very much so, that is why we have chosen the two of you for this...special mission. As you may already know, there are several parties amongst the two Clans that are already at work. We need you two to investigate more thoroughly, and bring back any intel or antiquities" the Warlord said almost relishly.

"The structure we believe is an ancient temple of unknown origin. The problem is, according to the orbital scans, there is reoccurring patrols all around the structure. Without assuming, patrols only means one thing, something of value resides within...that is where you two come in" Warlord Stahoes said in diplomatic fashion.

"You two, need to breach the sanctuary and find out what is inside, cataloging whatever it is you uncover and bring it back to us...personally" Warlord Karn di Plagia said.

"Opposition?" asked Wrathus.

Both Consuls eyed one another and then returned their gaze to their Equite's, "Most definitely" they both replied. "You leave immediately" stated Consul Karn di Plagia.

Both Equite's paid their respect to their Summit's prior to leaving. The two Sith's walked with even more of a purpose as they made their way back to the turbolift. As they entered the turbolift Wrathus sensed the uneasiness of the Battlelord, though not connected by any means as of yet, the Epicanthix could hear DarkHawk's thoughts formulating a plan.

"Your thoughts give you away..." Wrathus said.

"I know Sir, I hate going in blind, it leads to mistakes and miscalculation. All we know is that what we are heading into has random roaming patrols of what...that is my concern."

"Seems simple to me, go in kill whatever stands in our way, find out what is in there and we exit stage left..." Wrathus said almost laughing.

"Yes indeed good Sir, I would rather us not walk into something we are ill equipped to properly dispatch" replied DarkHawk.

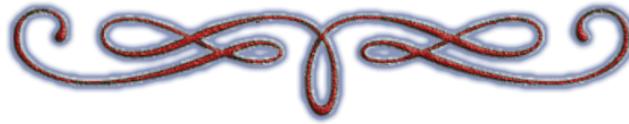
The Battlemaster brushed off the statement, quite flagrantly, with a laugh. "Ill equipped? You definitely live by a militant code, however, a true warrior of the Dark Side needs not worry about what lies ahead. Have you not been taught this?" asked Warthus.

"It is not a matter of paying homage to our teachings...I was engineered for this life...it is what has kept me alive thus far" DarkHawk said.

Wrathus paused for a moment, "You must embrace your bloodlust, embrace who you are, do not suppress it..."

The doors whisked open and ship's personnel had already begun preparing each shuttle for take off. The Ranger's had returned and were packing equipment to load on to the shuttles. DarkHawk turned to his new partner and simply asked "Rangers or no Rangers...?"

Wrathus pulled his helm over his head. Two bursts of vapor were expelled from either side of the mouthpiece. Tapping the side of the helmet, Wrathus chuckled. When he spoke his voice came in a low, unnatural, rasp. "Leave them on your ship, we do this alone."



Planet Reliquary

Soon two ships descended through the atmosphere and banked towards the supposed sanctuary. Setting down, both ships ramps descended and the two sith disembarked. Wrathus gave a flick of his hand and both ships took off, taking up position in the upper atmosphere.

Wrathus approached DarkHawk and despite being the junior rank, Wrathus took command of the operation and speaking in the same unnatural rasp spoke curtly.

“Let’s proceed quickly, we show no mercy, we offer no quarter. We will take that sanctuary with force and a river of blood.”

DarkHawk nodded to his new partner. “Any idea what we’re walking into?”

“Scans show a sizeable number of lifeforms between us and the target.” Wrathus said with an amused tone. “They should meet us some distance from the structure. Let’s go.” The pair took off at a brisk jog and soon crested a hill. Below them, they could see several scores of humanoids charging up the hill at them. Wrathus let out a laugh, it was the most human sound that Wrathus had made in DarkHawk’s presence.

“By kraujas ir saud, nu sekleti doz'van j'us kia tave aeuso iv seniai.” (By blood and fire, I shall offer you to the Empire of old.) Wrathus howled in the ancient tongue and ignited his lightsaber. It’s two distinct blade sprung to life and illuminated him in a deep red glow. DarkHawk ignited his own cobalt blade as he watched Wrathus bound down the hill and leap into the swarm of men, punctuating his landing with a blast of Force power that flung bodies aside like dry leaves. Whirling a circle, his blade cut down three men. He dodged to the side avoiding one of the crude weapons. Bringing his blade down he sliced a man in half at the shoulder. Swinging his blade left and right, cleaving through man, armor, and weapon alike.

DarkHawk watched as his ally carved a vicious path through the ranks of the enemy. He was almost in awe. While DarkHawk was a staunch believer in the Sith religion, and had spent countless hours reading the ancient texts and accumulating knowledge. Wrathus seemed to be a pure incarnation of the ancient ways. He let nothing resist him, nothing stop his advance. DarkHawk had to shake his head to break himself free of watching. He started down the hill as a group of enemies broke away from the pack and continued the charge up the hill.

DarkHawk traversed his way down the hill with little to no haste. His mind raced around the words his newly acquired partner had spoke before leaving the Perdition. *“Embrace you’re bloodlust...embrace who you are...have I held myself back all this time?”* he said to himself.

He continued to watch Wrathus cut through these humanoids with both skill and pleasure. Blood soaked the Battlemaster’s helm as he continued to cut down his aggressors, DarkHawk

could feel Wrathus completely embracing his rage and bloodlust, not succumbing to it, being one with it.

"Embrace who you are..." the words pierced through DarkHawk's consciousness.

Things moved in slow motion for the next few seconds, the first to lead the charge towards the Battlelord was met with a complete disregard, as if one was swatting an annoying insect. DarkHawk seemed almost in a trance, still fixated on spoken words, he gave no regard to the ensuing battle bearing down on the two dark Jedi. DarkHawk snatched the man by the throat, lifting him off the ground and squeezed. The man's feet dangled and flailed as he gasped for breath. DarkHawk studied the man for a mere second, he watched his assailant's expression transition from anger and disdain, to fear...a fear that fed the Equite, it washed over him like a baptism. There was just one missing element of this ablution, DarkHawk would oblige his bloodlust and feed the beast within.

The man's eyes widened as he felt the pressure grow around his throat. DarkHawk held the humanoid in such a manner which almost presented him as an offering to his charging nemesis. As reinforcements closed in, the Equite without prejudice ripped the throat out of his would be attacker. DarkHawk felt the humanoid's esophagus collapse as he removed it from its resting place. Blood did not simply drip from the wound, it erupted, painting both the battlefield and DarkHawk with its crimson essence. The man gurgled on the remnants of his escaping life force, the black and red helm of the Battlelord was his last vision of his pathetic life.

DarkHawk tossed the man at the feet of the oncoming men, the pungent aroma of iron and death began to drape heavy over the scene. Without hesitation, DarkHawk gripped his long hilted saber with both hands, drinking from the Force he left in the air towards the advancing combatants. The rage he felt at that moment had never been so heightened, as if chains had been broken. DarkHawk had his strike coiled from well behind his head and came down with a massive overhead blow to the first forsaken victim. The blow cleaved the man in two from his left shoulder, down to his groin. Blood and visceral exploded from the blow as the man fell in separate appendages.

Wrathus continued on his onslaught, his strikes landing with violent precision to his targets. Each humanoid that came in for an attack was met with extreme bias. Large arching strikes made little work of the opposing forces. One of the humanoids armed with a massive spear, made a critical mistake of coming in with a frontal attack at the Epicanthix. Wrathus easily thwarted the blow by deflecting it with a hefty left forearm. In a blink of an eye Wrathus planted a devastating front kick to the man's solar plexus buckling him over. Wrathus moved with rhythmic fluidity, side stepping to his right and severed the man in two at the waist. His body fell to the bloodstained hill, convulsing from the blow, his nervous system still displaying synopsis of life.

DarkHawk sustained his attacks in more of a berserker fashion. Giving his aggressors little warning or reaction time, Wrathus watched as DarkHawk buried his saber to the hilt within the skull of the last attacker. The Battlelord spun around violently launching the man off his saber and onto a pile of his deceased brethren. DarkHawk moved himself to the ready expecting another attack, nothing was but the two dark Jedi were left erect on the hillside. The once lush green ambiance of this landscape, now stained in blood and riddled with dismembered bodies.

The ground felt spongy as Wrathus moved towards his partner, the blood soaked soil softened the rigid surface as the Battlemaster walked. A simple nod of acknowledgement between the two dark Jedi, recognizing each other accolades. DarkHawk pointed in the direction of the Citadel, "Shall we..." he asked.

"Tegu mus introduce tave cezura iv sis vermin kia tave tsis...(Let us introduce the rest of this vermin to the Sith)" Wrathus said in a low rasp.

The two moved in unison as they sprinted towards the Citadel's massive doors. Stopping just shy of the doors, Wrathus reached out to the dark side and began to feel the ornate doors in his grasp. Cinching his hand into a fist the one side of the door exploded inwards, sending a wave of deadly debris towards anyone within the vicinity. DarkHawk entered first following up his partner's attack with one of his own. A few humanoids had luckily made it past the initial explosion, the Battlelord unleashed a deadly surge of Force chain lightning. Tendrils of lightning bounced from one victim to another, burning them against the marble floor.

Wrathus moved cautiously along the white marble flooring. Large pillars on both sides of the hall led the dark Jedi down to a podium displaying a very unique, rather large ruby colored crystal under a curved glass case. Wrathus smashed the glass and beckoned the crystal to him. He floated the gem around in front of both himself and his comrade. Its radiance echoed heavily off their helmets, "Our Consuls valia buti visai pleased su our discovery...(Our Consuls will be pleased with our discovery...) Wrathus said in a sinister tone...

