

Link: <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/competitions/14548>

Snapshot: <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/15036/snapshots/1328/2622>

Date: 37 ABY

A sapphire-skinned Twi'lek known as Tasha'Vel Versea stood in the center of a dimly-lit room, surrounded by her compatriots. She had summoned each of them individually earlier in the week with a plan to "liven up the mood" in an attempt to increase moral. Their attacks on the Collective have now become a distant memory, with their focus shifted more towards a new threat, known as the "Three Shades of Black" gang. This had drained more of their time and resources than what was expected.

She looked to her audience with a stifled snickers that seems to bewilder the group. She took a deep breath and within moments, had taken on a more serious feeling.

"A call was made to those that have been of great use to our Clan. I thank you all for answering on such short notice. I know that the many trails have been undertaken by all of you against the Collective have you worn down. But we must now face a more urgent threat. To combat this threat we must change. We must -- "

As she spoke, one the two doors to the room had hissed open and Xuner Holst walked in. While this wouldn't have alerted anyone, it was Xuner's helmet slamming into the roof of the door's frame that did. The large human always had trouble with doors and the sound was more thunderous than he wanted. This led to the audience, as well as the speaker, turning their attention to the Sith male. He froze as he stared in a fearful stun. Despite having a helmet to cover his face, it couldn't hide his fear. This was something that some would have thought to be a complete contradiction concerning the large human. But this was Xuner as he preferred to not be the center of attention as such caused a near crippling anxiety to come over him. His metallic footwear which had stomped on the floor with each step made the situation far more worse for the human. His set of Mandalorian Armour wasn't designed to silence his near thunderous steps.

"My apologizes, Lady Versea. Please continue." His voice hinted at a slight submissive tone. This, coupled with a deep bow, gave the impression that the hulking beast of a man was more of a mouse. His voice nonetheless reverberated through the room with the Rollmaster nodded slightly as she looked at her comrade walk towards the darkest corner of the room, seemingly content with brooding in his solace as the attention now shifted back towards here.

"Yes. Well. As I was saying. To combat this new threat we must change. But we've also had a slight drop in unit morale. In order to tackle this, I've designed a small challenge. Both of these are connected, believe me. We are going to first recognize and celebrate Syntari's and Calenhad's service as Blackguards to the Consul and Proconsul."

She rose her arm towards the pair whom were standing near the second door, nearest to the table that was centered in the room.

“But their time is up and we are in need of a new pair of Blackguards. This fun little challenge is going to determine that.”

Xuner perked his head up in interest. Moments later, a feeling that dulled his senses began to overwhelm him. The people around him started to talk amongst themselves as their voices began to drone out into nothingness. He stood as if frozen in place as he began to commune inwardly with Vesh. She had also been listening to Tasha’Vel speak.

“An interesting prospect. This will most likely get us closer to the tombs of hidden knowledge harbored by the Clan. We need to do this. Give me a moment”

While within this trance, Xuner couldn’t feel anything. This made Vesh’s intentions much easier to accomplish. She took control of her cybernetic prison and motioned it to the integrated commlink in Holst’s helmet. It’s ability to function as a two-way communications set was optimal for more covert engagements. She contacted Sanguinius, and when he responded, she simply told him to listen.

“Vesh? Are you there?” Xuner asked after waiting a few moments without getting a response from his Master.

“Hmm? Yes. I’m here. Agreed.”

Returning back, Xuner noticed that everyone in the room had now engaged in their own series of small discussions with one another. It appears that within the span of time that Xuner and Vesh had talked, some within the group has asked the Rollmaster for reasons as to why they would need a new rotation of Blackguards instead of extending the incumbents’ service all the while others discussed how they were going to accomplish this task.

Tasha’s answer was a flimsy one at best. But before she spoke, Xuner’s flesh-and-blood arm rose into the air.

“Yes, Xuner?” The Twi’lek asked.

“What are the requirements as to the task?” His question was meet with little to no reactions.

“She just to go over the challenge. Were you not paying attention?” Syntari’s tone clearly expressed annoyance to Xuner’s lack of concentration.

“My attention was elsewhere. I apologize.” Xuner replied.

The rollmaster cleared her throat in an attempt to draw the attention off of Xuner.

“It won’t be a problem. This mission is connected to our revenge against the Collective. It requires stealth, and trust. This must as well mission. Should you choose to accept it ...”

The Twi'lek chuckled at the slight joke that wasn't known to the others in the room

“ ... is to simply steal one of the many personal cloaks of Lord Sanguinius. While he does have many that are personally marked, I will only be accepting a certain cloak. One that I will most disclose until every time is ready to strike. Oh. And one last thing. Syn and Calenhad will maintain their positions in the event that nobody succeeded in their mission.

Prepare your assault and ready your teams. We begin soon. And by that, I mean today.”

The raise in emotion followed by the sudden drop in feeling caught most in the room by surprise. Almost immediately, everyone darted out the room. Holst simply stood there and waited until the pandemonium had subsided. Syntari and Calenhad received a slight nod from Tash'Vel and exited through the second door.

A FEW HOURS LATER ...

Everyone had finished their planning and hid in every hiding place they could think of. Xuner stood in the middle of a junction, peering down the long and narrow hallway that lead to Sang's personal chambers. He noticed a slight tinge of alertness. Wanting to figure out why, the Human reached out with the Force and soon discovered that some of the people from the room had shuffled into the ventilation shafts that ran above his room peering down through slits in the maintenance grates. He quickly turned his head to the left corridor and noticed another group having dressed up as simple cleaners.

Xuner moved to the right and hid around the corner. His commlink buzzed with a message from Lady Versea herself.

“Xuner. The cloak I want you to grab is something he has held close to him. It is a large cloak that has rarely been worn, rarer still seen outside upon his person.

It is as simple as a cloak can be. Nothing is shown saved for a gold trimmed shoulder pad surrounded by a vast ocean of lapis blue. A symbol of unknown origins is found in its center. Its bone white colour curves much like an animal’s horns but bears no point, but instead extends out in a flat direction.

Sanguinius has deemed it fitting to keep it as a memento to a fantasy game he's been interested in for quite some time. It bears a faded signature from a someone or something

named M. Ward that has long since been burned out. Data files have turned up nothing on this being. What we do know is that Sang really hates him for reasons yet to be known to any of us.

But from what I can summarize from his inability to discard it is simply because of an event connecting the two. That's all I have. Now go and get it."

Xuner deactivated his commlink just a lone hiss echoed down the hall. The door to Sanguinius' room opened and the Human male appeared. The Aedile stepped out with his head slumped low. He vigorously pressed his hands against his forehead and eyes to rid himself of whatever fatigue seemed to cover him. He then reached out to stretch his arm, pulling them behind his head, holding the position for a few seconds.

As Xuner watched as the Aedile rid himself of his fatigue, he began to think about his methods of securing the cloak. With Sang, anything that wasn't really going to phase him. The Jedi's time as a leader made him very suspicious of everything. Well aware of this, Xuner came to the conclusion that nothing short of either very stupid or incredibly brash would work. The Human Sith also took notice about everyone's place around him. Overwhelming him would be a suitable idea, but the Augur was known to have no openings for his enemies to exploit. Realizing the futility of a sneak attack, Xuner decided on another, albeit more direct, approach. He took a deep breath and simply walked out from cover. The Augur looked up to greet the Darkhoni with a warm smile, trying to mask his current disposition. As Xuner walked up, the pair that were disguised as cleaners began to walk away from the pair, shocked at the sight. The other pairs hidden in the ventilation shafts looked on as their fellow Sadowan walked towards the Augur.

The hulking man said nothing as he continued his approach.

"Hello Lord Sanguinius." He gave a slight bow as he spoke to the Elder.

"I'm in need of your help." He continued. "I'm trying to become a member of the blackguards."

"Okay. How can I help?" Sanguinius asked with a bit of intrigue.

"I'm going to need your cloak. The plan was to steal it. It's supposed to be a test against the Collective, more specifically the Three Shades of Black gang."

"Ah, yes. I heard over someone's commlink. Why are you not trying to steal it like the other teams?"

"Knowing that it is you we are going up against, there is no point in trying to be quiet about it. But I am nonetheless still going to try. The enemy we face will stop at nothing in their quest to destroy us. We must be willing to go the same distance as they are. At least, that's my understanding of the situation."

Sanguinius smiled at Xuner's dedication to the Clan. It reminded him of his days when he was a simple Journeyman like the kinsman that stood before him. He re-entered his room for a brief minute before coming back out with the cloak in hand.

"Alright. The cloak is yours." Sang said as he gave the cloak to Xuner

"Thank you. Oh, and what are going to do with the other teams now that you know what they are planning to do?"

The Jedi simply smiled and walked back into his room.