

Bentre Kairn'tel Sadow - Dossier #14185

Snapshot:

https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/86/snapshots/1871/3539

Tasha'vel Versea- Dossier #14192

Snapshot:

https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/135/snapshots/1872/3540

This was the kind of thing she hated. Here, the Overlord was off spending time with his shiny new apprentice and his little Clan posse. Once again, Lav'anre found herself away from the rest of the Clan. While the bulk of the Sadowans got to play around in the dusty artifacts to find more gifts for the spoiled Consul, she was getting the real work done. She brushed a lekku behind her head as she eyeballed the datapad in her left hand.

“So what did you do to get stuck here?” She did not turn her head, but she imagined she could feel the glare of her Ryn companion boring into the back of her head. “I would assume if you were good at your job you wouldn't be stuck here with the least loved disciple, right?”

Seydal did not speak for several moments, which made the Twi'lek smile, believing that she had scored a point. The Shadow cleared her throat with a sound between a cough and a chuckle. “I guess you could say that I am getting punished. After all, I am babysitting a child who was in diapers when I was learning the finer points of slicing. You know, before I was engaging in corporate espionage.”

Her smug tone drew a stare from the younger Marauder. Reyara had effected a predatory smile, her tail swishing sharply behind her, unseen but easily heard.

“Excuse you?” There was disbelief in the Knight's voice as her eyes searched the Equite's features.

“Corporate espionage.” Reyara shrugged with the words. “You know, breaking into computer systems, occasional destruction of competitor's equipment or facilities. Nothing very exciting compared to what I am sure that *you* have dealt with, though.” The sarcastic lilt in the Ryn's voice was growing thicker with each word.

“Now, onto important matters, we are currently inside this installation and we are probably going to be running into the Principate and the Collective. Our primary job is to retrieve a crystal and get out, however, neither are probably going to be friendly, however, there is a chance that we can convince the Principate to let us through. It will not be easy. I am curious as to your convincing abilities, so I will give you a shot at it.” The Ryn replied as she moved down the hall to a set of doors. “So here goes.”

As she opened the doors, there were two Principate researchers that looked up at the pair.

“What are YOU doing here?” came a sharp tone from one of the Principate researchers. “You shouldn’t be here.”

Lav’anre gave a slightly seductive smile as she sauntered up to one of the researchers, waving her hips slightly as she placed a hand gently on one of the researchers. “I was sent here to get some information about one of the projects on this facility.” She batted her eyes, “And I was wondering if you could help me.”

Seyara had to bite her lip to keep from facepalming. “What was Lav’anre doing?”

Sure enough the researcher grabbed her hand and pushed away from her. “You aren’t supposed to be here. I suggest you leave before I call security.”

“Uh oh” The Ryn sighed inwardly, “Guess I better show her how it’s really done, but I hope this works.”

“I am sorry gentlemen, I think my friend here is a little bit lost as to where the cantina is, but I am here to get something from all of you.” She smiled slightly raising her hand a bit in a slight wave. “I need a particular crystal that was brought here and I need you to show me where it is located.” She then focused more intently on the pair. “And you will show me.”

Almost in a trance-like state, the researchers nodded. “Why yes we can show you if you come this way, it is located in our main research hall.” They began to walk past the Twi’lek and towards another set of doors.

Lav’anre bit her lip for a moment in consideration before she followed the male researcher. The youth kept stealing glances at the face of her companion as they followed the man through the doors and down a further corridor. The Ryn seemed unfazed by the turn of events, and had been the very image of determined calm since the moment that the pair had landed on the planet. While her own attempts to convince the researchers had ended in naught but embarrassment for the Twi’lek, the Equite had seized control of the situation and forced her will upon the weak minds of the research personnel.

“You know,” Lav’anre tried to effect a nonchalance to her words, “I really have to say, this whole facility is rather impressive. It is nothing like what our bosses had told us. When we were given this contract to protect the goods, we expected it would be a little more complicated. You and your people have been keeping things together well, especially given what has been happening since our arrival in the system.”

These words seemed to confuse the researcher, who stopped and turned to face the young Marauder. The corner of his mouth was twisted up slightly as he seemed to chew over the

words. "Your bosses?" His eyes glazed over slightly. "They did not tell you what to expect here? I thought they had been the ones who inspected our facility just last week. Was I mistaken? Did they not tell you about the security measures before they dispatched you?" The edges of the man's mouth twisted in a grimace as the Twi'lek before him froze in a moment of surprise.

"Oh, yeah, yeah. I took a look over our orders before we left the, u-uh, office." Lav'anre looked away, with concern flashing across her features. Her tone was less confident.

The researcher stepped forward, with anger in his eyes. "Perhaps, young lady we should have a talk with our security officers. If necessary, we will get into touch with Lyra security. After all-

Seydal seemed to draw herself up in height with a deep breath, as she put a hand between the researcher and the Marauder. "That will be enough, miss 'Vanre." Her tone was clipped, and impatient. "If you cannot keep your notes and contracts in order, perhaps we should reconsider your contract."

The Ryn gave a smile of forced confidence as she locked eyes with the researcher. "You have to forgive the young ones. I had hoped she would be cut out as my assistant. She is young, and excitable. Sometimes they forget that they have to keep their wits about them. After all," she motioned with her hand, keeping eye contact with the researcher, "I am sure you remember when we spoke. You promised," her tone grew more firm, "that you would help us secure the artifact against theft by foreigners."

"Ah, yes the crystal. Right this way." The researcher guided the Twi'lek and Rynn to the main research hall where the crystal was placed. "This crystal has a lot of potential and is important to the Principate. I would hate for it to get into the wrong hands."

Suddenly the researcher's comlink came on. "Hey, I am going to be bringing in the Collective. They have something they need to do with the crystal." The researcher's face grew puzzled. "Wait, I thought these people I have now are here to look at the crystal. What is going on?"

"Well we are here to take it for further testing." Seydal replied.

Just then the doors opened as several shikari huntresses began to file in with the second Severian researcher leading them.

"Well looks like we are out of time. Lav'anre let's go!"

"Got it!" Lav'anre answered snatching up the crystal as several shikari Huntress ran towards them

Seydal concentrated a bit as her hands crackled with bluish white lightning dancing about her fingertips. Swiftly, she threw out her hands as the lightning left her hands and crashed into one of the nearby huntresses and chained into two others. They screamed in pain as Lav'anre took the opportunity to dash past them and out the door. Seydal continue to chain her lightning against her opponents, before stopping and dashing out the door while they were still recovering the lightning strike. As she ran, her body began to disappear.

"Being invisible is much better right now. I just hope I gave her enough time to make it to the ship."

Seydal continue to run towards the dock where the ship was parked. Meanwhile the knight had not stopped as she carried on with the crystal. As she neared the dock with the crystal in hand, she could see more of the Collective coming with a few Severian principate security officers.

"Well Frak!"

"Twi'lek, stop!" Yelled one of the officers as a Shikari huntress came towards her with a blade in hand. The Marauder ignited her lightsaber with a crackling snap-hiss as she slashed at the huntress and swung her blade around catching the huntresses's arm and slicing through it. She then whirled around and cut her down. Unfortunately, the guards began to shoot blaster bolts towards the Knight. She felt two of them hit her in the left shoulder causing stinging pain. Another one struck her side. "I can't go down." She then clutched the crystal with her left hand as she deactivated her lightsaber and tried to run towards the ship.

"Almost there.." Another bolt hit her right shoulder and she began to slow.

"Please." The single word escaped the Force Disciple's lips as she faltered.

This single word, mingled with pain caused Seydal to turn on her heel. Her gaze, fleeting and calculating brushed over the Twi'lek. She nodded once, motioning with one hand.. "You are not hurt that badly, girl. Pick up your feet, already. We are nearly free of this place!"

"Free." Lav'anre smiled at the word. There was a deep melancholy to the utterance, however. "If only that were something that were t-"

"Stop with the melodrama," The Ryn snapped, "all you have to do is make that last few feet and then we are home free!"

"Alas," the Marauder moaned, "here I will perish. Make sure they remember me, please! Let my old master know I served truly in my last moments!"

"You know what, fine! I will leave you to your fate, in a minute. But until then," the Ryn reached down, shifting the Twi'lek's weight until she was draping over the taller woman's shoulder, "you are coming with me. That is absolutely final."

"Ahhhhhh," the word came out as almost a moan of sorrow while the taller woman shuffled quickly across the floor towards the waiting freight, "save yourself!"

"I have about had it with you, you know that?" Seydal growled. "You have been nothing but a pain in my arse since we got here. I have been trying to be patient with you, but between your age and your daddy issues with the Overlord-" With a grunt of frustration, the Ryn shifted her weight, bringing the Twi'lek youth down to the surface below with an audible and painful clang of flesh slapping against metal. "You are becoming dead weight."

Without another word, leaving Lav'anre quite speechless, Reyara disappeared into the depths of the freighter.

She had no time to deal with a young, inexperienced Twi'lek. Maybe this would give her motivation to make her way inside. As for the Ryn, she had a job to finish. She made her way to the cockpit, throwing herself into the pilot's seat and punching the ignition switch on the old Corellian freighter's console. The ship sprang to life with a dull roar, which shook the frame of the salvaged light freighter. She imagined the young Twi'lek jumping in surprise. This made her smile.

"Frak!" The single word echoed up from the ship's ramp. The sound of blaster fire assured the Ryn that her companion was still alive and well. "Are you crazy!? What is your problem?"

"I thought you said you did not want to hold me back?" Seydal shouted back, punctuating the question with a laugh. 'Change your mind about dying?" She punched a button on the console, which caused a creaking to emit from elsewhere in the ship. As soon as the ramp locked into place, the girl would be safe enough. She would be able to sweat it out until then.

Painful groans and muttered curses sounded from the direction of the landing ramp. Occasional bursts of blaster fire broke up these series of complaining sounds.

"They really wanted this crystal, huh." The Ryn muttered to herself as she pulled on the control yoke of the freighter, lifting it up jerkily. "This will do well for the Clan." She heard the ramp close and lock with a loud noise.

:"I wasn't going to leave you. I am not that cruel." She called back before punching the acceleration and delivering the pair from danger.

"You don't inspire confidence." Lav'anre yelled. "You know, I think I am really starting to hate you."

Seydal laughed in response to the angry words from the younger girl. The laugh brought on a fresh spur of abusive language in response.