

Muz Ashen Keibatsu (3714)

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/3714/snapshots/348/691>

Ashia Kagan Keibatsu (6353)

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/6353/snapshots/1722/3549>

Google doc link:

[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1e8iwRUslQJdxkKDsDI\\_-Z-Jmu4VDq3pP0XL6jmteDR8/edit?usp=sharing](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1e8iwRUslQJdxkKDsDI_-Z-Jmu4VDq3pP0XL6jmteDR8/edit?usp=sharing)

A single torch lit the chamber, tapestries hung from the ancient stone years ago reaching to the dusty floor. He walked past them, the symbols stitched now as worn as the pavers in his path. The wolf, the krayt, crests and memories all. He paused before stepping up on the dais, his hand grazing the silver and wood before finding his place. He sat there, silence and darkness only interrupted by the crackle of torchlight, black eyes locked on the smaller seat beside his. There was dust there, starting to slowly obscure the long silver hairs that remained over the past few years, but he couldn't imagine sweeping it clean.

Black eyes opened to the sound of rushing water. She stood there in the artificial waterfall, letting the water rush across her face, her hair. He lay there watching her, her voice reaching out in a melody he had heard a thousand times but still warmed him. She turned, the water plastering her hair to the sides of her face, down her neck and back. Flashing eyes the color of sapphires at him, she smiled, the notes of her song changing in pitch and tone before she recognized what she saw.

*You had the dream again, didn't you?*

He slowly sat up, shifting sheets and blankets out of the way. His eyes just took her in for a moment longer before shifting to purpose. He moved his hands together, pressing the release on the side of his arm to open the prosthetic and expose the datapad within. They were only ten minutes from the planet, and the ship accounted for drift well enough, but he still felt like he had to check. He closed the arm, then pivoted to put his feet on the floor as she moved toward her arming cabinet.

The rest of the clan had been preoccupied, fighting their way through the mining colony, deep into the crust of Thillon. Bentre had rather specific orders, well requests, rather, for them. To stay in reserve, keep low and out of sight, the Kintan Strider up their sleeve. It was easy enough to do, but terribly boring.

His arm chirped at about the same time as the room comm did. He acknowledged it, Blackwind's lilting accent filtering through the dull throb of ship engines and the rush from the waterfall. "Research facility comm relay towers just went down on the far side. We've got some intercepted transmissions on old Brotherhood channels that suggest Collective. Leena's working on it, she'll tell you more." He looked up at his queen, a spark fluttering behind her

smile. He watched her pull on her warcoat, stretching her arms and back to let the treated leathers settle properly for good range of motion.

“Leena here.” The slicer’s raspy voice came across the comms as he stood up, taking the few steps to his own arming cabinet and opening the doors. “They’re definitely Collective, and a pretty terrible encryption. Some of their ciphers are just flak, but they brought up something about a Meridian Shard, and I thought you should know.”

“Meridian shard?” Ashia slipped her sabers into the holsters at her side, canting one more than the other. Muz nodded, then reached for his own.

“Land us.” Muz turned, letting his own warcoat fall across his shoulders. If it was another one of the fragments, there was no time to waste. They would need to get down there and retrieve it before the collective huntresses would.

The building loomed in front of them as they approached; a dark mass against and even darker sky. A protocol droid mechanically greeted them asking their business. Muz silently handed over a chip which it instantly scanned. Handing it back to him, the protocol droid beckoned them to follow it inside.

A large atrium greeted them with high ceilings. A few chairs and side tables stood to one side. The large desk up front stood empty. It was a rather sterile and uninteresting environment.

The droid asked that they wait a moment and disappeared through a side door.

The silence that permeated the air was deafening. Ashia’s gaze graced that of her husband’s. She raised an eyebrow. With a slight tilt of his head one word entered her thoughts, ‘Wait.’

A moment later and a large pudgy man appeared. The smile on his lips as he greeted them didn’t make its way to his eyes and he looked upon the two with obvious trepidation despite his veiled attempts to be cordial.

“Lord Keibatsu, M’lady. Welcome. I apologize for keeping you waiting. Please, follow me.” The man’s voice shook as he addressed them. “What can I do for you?”

“We understand that you have found something. Something powerful and of great interest to us.” The lilt in Ashia’s voice was calming.

“Hmm...I don’t know what that could be.” The man’s eyes widen slightly as he spoke. He held his hands close to his body, ensconced in the folds of fabric of the robes of his station.

The Nightsister's mind gently reached into his caressing it as she picked up a few thoughts. She stepped closer, her war coat swirling about her ankles as she looked hard at the little man. Beads of sweat stood out on his brow now and he took a step back.

"Are you sure?" Her eyes bore holes into his as she moved past him slightly to stand behind him.

"I...I..." He swallowed hard as he tried to glance over his shoulder at her. He did not want to take his eyes off of the imposing form of the Grandmaster though.

Ashia grabbed him by the shoulder spinning him around to face her. She leaned in, her hot breath on his face.

"We know you have it so cut the charade. Where is it?"

The man dropped to his knees and began to sob, "Alright! It's in the back. It's being guarded by the Shikari. Even I can't get near it."

-----  
They left the man sobbing in the lobby as they moved towards the back. Ashia took the lead, slinking to the shadows and all but disappearing. She moved quickly and quietly, maneuvering herself to the back rooms of the facility.

She came to a corner and peered around it. The Shikari stood guard outside a door. The Keibatsu moved in. Her clandestine movements went unnoticed until she was almost upon them. A faint shimmer in the air caused one of them to turn and look, just as Ashia's saber ignited right into the Huntress' torso before extinguishing just as quickly.

The rest sprang into action, bounding quickly toward cover, bows leveling toward their fallen sister. Ashia let the world fold around her, slow and measured footsteps as silent as the grave she would soon send them to. Three remained before her blade ignited at the base of another's skull, the silver beam severing the Shikari's skull from her lower jaw and neck. Ashia fell with the woman's body, watching as the violet plasma bolts tore the air where both her and her prey had stood a heartbeat prior. Two now, and they knew they were being hunted by a shadow.

The Nightsister, pulled the shadows around her as she peered out from behind her cover, gauging the last two and the best way to strike. The last two Shikari looked all around, staring blindly in all directions searching for that which had taken out their sisters.

She regulated her movements carefully, soundlessly. Each step slow and deliberate as the Force wove around her facade.

Ashia got as close as she could, both sabers where in her hands as she aimed them up, then ignited both as she slashed across, slicing the Huntress asunder.

She turned towards the other one in time to see her drop her energy bow, her hands reaching for her throat as she sputtered and coughed. Suddenly, she was thrown backwards, slamming into the wall and collapsing in a heap, her body lay motionless.

Muz stepped into view, his finger twitching as he lowered his hand, looking at his wife.

*Don't you give me that, I saw her...* She gave him a half amused, half offended look.

Muz let half a smile creep up his face as he kept moving forward. Ashia straightened her jacket, stepping toward where the last one lay, peering cautiously over her corpse, nudging her with her boot. There it was. The small metallic cylinder, not much larger than the palm of her hand. Ashia smiled, bending at the knee to pick it up. *Shall we?*

It wasn't but a few dozen steps before they were at the front gates of the facility once again, the protocol droid turning in mild confusion at them before they stepped outside.

"Hold!" several security guards moved to engage them. "You stay right there..."

The Keibatsu looked at each other then back at the guards incredulously. Ashia shrugged as she lit her sabers and lowered her center of gravity. They started firing as they neared the two.

Bolts glanced off her sabers as she nimbly bounced back. Out of the corner of her eye saw a golden saber soar past as it deflected more bolts joined momentarily by another. She moved back by her husband as two more sabers spun fluidly in his grasp deflecting more fire.

They had moved near the end of the landing platform. The guards advanced thinking they had them as they had nowhere to go.

A roar of engines could be heard out of nowhere and a moment later, the Fallen Spear emerged at the end of the platform, it's loading bay doors open.

Blackwind's voice emerged over the loudspeaker, "Every man there go back inside or we will blow a new crater in this little moon."

Ashia leapt up onto the open bay door platform. Muz joined her. He stood looking down hard at the guards. A slight smile creased Ashia's visage as she raised her hand and saluted the guards before the ship rose up out of sight.

