

**Taldryan**  
***New Pursuits***  
(Prompt 1 – New Visitors)



Rian Taldrya  
#10701

*Dramatis Personae*

Rian Taldrya; Force-Sensitive, former Consul of Clan Taldryan (mirialan male)

Vrayth Arastair Xylar; Force-Sensitive (mirialan male)

Niesza; Force-Sensitive (dathomirian female)

Seraine "Erinyes" Ténama; Force-Sensitive, Consul of Clan Taldryan (zeltron female)

Zxyl Venzos; Weapon Specialist, Proconsul of Clan Taldryan (zabrak male)

Drayen Ky'Lian; Force-Sensitive (human male)

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away...

**New Spanky's Tavern**  
**Taldryan Sector**  
**Chyron**

"Ah there he comes," Vrayth said, raising his glass to the former Consul approaching their table at Spanky's. "Nice tat you got there brother."

"True, he didn't even waste a single day this time to get it." Niesza chimed in, raising her own glass to her lips. "I remember how long it took for him to decide on it the last time he retired from leading Taldryan."

Rian greeted them with his own glass before taking a sip from the amber liquor. "It's not like this day wasn't foreseeable so I had time to prepare for it already."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever." Niesza cut him, taking another sip herself. "Now let's talk business, how does it feel to have retired... AGAIN."

Looking around the bar before focussing on his brother with a smile on his face.

"Vrayth, how did this kid get a drink in this bar, I thought this was prohibited for underages," Rian said, knowing exactly what was going to happen next.

"Underage? You know I am not, in fact, I could be your mother or even grandmother." Niesza took the bait, fully knowing that Rian wanted to tease her.

"Oh you know we both love you, granny." Vrayth pushed for it.

"Sure you do, that guy though," Niesza pointed at Rian, who was still standing in front of them, with his glass in hand.

"I wouldn't bet any money on that. Anyways, this place has become too manly for me." Niesza continued while making out a certain female standing at the bar. She rose elegantly from her place, leaving the table with her glass. "Maybe I can find someone in this bar who knows how to treat a woman properly."

"You know we are only joking Nies," Rian said as she went past him.

"I know." She briefly stopped to give him a soft kiss on the cheek before leaving.

Taking a sip from his glass the former Consul let himself fall onto the place Niesza had been sitting just moments before. "So, what's it about you two? Are you together again?"

"How am I supposed to know? Even after all the years and me being her mentor, she's still a mystery to me at times." Vrayth replied with a shrug.

"I see. Well, I wish you luck, she has become a fine woman since we have picked her up."

"Indeed she has." Vrayth acknowledged looking past his brother to the bar where Niesza was still talking to Erinyes. "If only her character had matured as quickly as the rest of her."

"Well, she's like she had been before we gave up Karufr. You can't blame her that she wants to make herself a name again."

"I know," Vrayth sighed, "but what makes it good for her to jump straight into a gundark's nest only because it's in her way."

Rian chuckled on the mental image. "Say, have we been that much different?"

"Speak for yourself, I have always been the calculating of us. Enough about that. I know you have resigned from your position, but was there anything interesting going on recently on the Summit?" Vrayth steered away from the topic.

"As you mention it, based on recent revelations there is a fourth planet in the Caelus system that by modern star maps isn't listed in but in fact is part of the Caelus-system. Its so far from Caelus that it even doesn't have an actual orbit but remains in a stationary position at the farthest reaches of the system." Rian explained.

"Sounds interesting. Are there any more information on that planet?" Vrayth asked, taking a sip from his glass.

"Not much." Rian continued. "A first scouting operation showed multiple outposts located on the side of the planet facing Caelus. For this reason I will leave the moon and make contact with the locals."

"Sounds fair enough that Erinyes and Zxyl are sending you onto this mission. You think you need any help with it?" Vrayth offered.

"Nah I'm good. Erinyes said she would send the Revenant as a backup for our diplomatic interventions." Rian declined. "But I took the liberty to bring up your name for different mission."

"Huh?"

"Recent intelligence reports have shown an increased amount of traffic to and from Ostara."

"Ostara, isn't that the location Drayen travelled multiple times to according to the nav-comps of his shuttle?"

"Exactly." Rian said. "Now we know the moon is strong in the Force, it is also the site of an ancient temple, yet the recent events in the system have put any investigations on hold."

"And since you know about my knowledge about artifacts and the ancient sith language... But you know there are more than just me who have a similar knowledge."

"That may be true, but Nies and you have proven in the past that you have particular skills that others lack that set you apart from others."

"There we go," Vrayth concluded. "you want Nies and me to do this together."

Rian smiled deviously while Vrayth scanned the bar for Niesza. "By the way where is she?"

"I don't know." Rian said joining the bar but only found Erinyes toasting in their direction. "Maybe Erinyes told her to go for her own."

"As I think about it. I think I should be going." Vrayth's mind concluded the same as his brother just said.

"But first I have a gift for you." Vrayth said, unhooking the lightsaber hanging from his belt. "I know yours was so heavily damaged by Drayen that it's easier to replace the hilt than to repair it.

Rian carefully took it from his brother's hand, inspecting the gracefully crafted hilt of silver, black and gold. "It follows the same specifications as your previous one but also has some improvements that you will surely find beneficial. All you need to do is install your crystals into the chambers and

you are good to go."

"Thank you Vrayth. Your skills have become incredible." Rian patted his brother's shoulder. "But now you should better get moving or Nies will be gone without you."

"You are right." Vrayth smiled. "And good luck with your mission."

"You too."



Personal Hangar 481  
Taldryan Sector, Chyron

Vrayth arrived at his private hangar just when Niesza gave the order to the port droid to remove the fueling hose.

"You have a knack for appearing just in time do you?" Niesza asked with a sigh. "Just a few more minutes and I would have been gone. Just don't tell me Rian sent you to keep an eye on me."

"Do I or did you intentionally waste time by fueling the ship up for a much longer trip than what we were up to?" Vrayth countered. "And no, Rian didn't ask me to keep an eye on you. I am here because we both are the leading experts within Taldryan for the mission profile."

"Fine, but Erinyes tasked me with the mission, so I am the one in charge, got that?" Niesza said.

"Sure boss." Vrayth gave into as he knew for sure that further discussion would lead to nothing.

"Alright then let's get going." Niesza said strolling up the Enkindler's boarding ramp.

Once in the cockpit, Vrayth settled into the pilot's seat. At least Niesza had ordered the ship's computer to run the Enkindler through the necessary flight-checks. A few flipped switches and seconds later the Upsilon-class shuttle smoothly lifted off the hangar – shooting through the sky and taking into the atmosphere.

Once they were clear, Vrayth opened up the navi-comp setting the fastest route to Ostara. The trip however was only a short one. "Estimated time to Ostara forty-three minutes and twelve seconds

"Coming up on Ostara now. Sensors picking up various life forms in a settlement near a small lake." Vrayth said from his seat.

"There is also a large structure situated on the lake and beneath. This is probably the temple Drayen had visited."

"At least its a starting point." Vrayth followed up. "I will take us down on the opposite side of the lake, that should keep us out of their sight."

"Wait, I am picking up multiple contacts on the scanners." Niesza said from the seat next to his. "They are sending us coordinates near the location for the temple."

"Following them could be a trap." Vrayth argued.

"True but ignoring them will surely mark us as enemies."

"Alright, then it's following them." Vrayth replied, falling in line with the two shuttles and six starfighters that closed in on Ostara. Less than five minutes later, the convoy set down amid the trees near the lake.

"You know I would have preferred us setting the ship down on a vantage point from where we could have sneaked up on them. Now we dove right into their hive." Vrayth said, preparing the shuttle for a quick escape, just in case things would get messy.

"Well at least we haven't been surrounded." Niesza countered. "Now come on, I don't want to give them a reason to doubt us."

The air outside was damp and the little sunlight that broke through the heavy foliage only barely illuminated the makeshift encampment that has been built around the few improvised landing pads. Though no one questioned the presence of the two Taldryanites, Vrayth and Niesza painstakingly avoided to draw any attention to them while they surveyed the camp. Not that it took them much effort, neither the gray armored soldiers nor dark clad figures with their black cloaks paid them more than a sideways glance. After a few minutes they had inspected the entire lakeside camp except the bridge leading to the temple and the temple itself.

Turning to her former master Niesza whispered: "What'cha think?"

"Whoever is running this operation must have money." Vrayth's bright red eyes turned from left to right. "That's some high-grade military equipment they brought here."

"Yeah, maybe we can learn more about who is in charge inside that temple."

"You are right, but not now." Vrayth continued. "Let's wait for nightfall."

"Or we could go now. It doesn't look as if the temple was prohibited from these guys." Niesza was about to turn around towards the bridge but was stopped by Vrayth grabbing her shoulder.

"Yes, but none of them is going into the temple either at the moment. The fact that they haven't arrested us just now doesn't mean they wouldn't do it if we behave suspicious."

Realizing the point behind his words she sighed. "You are right, let's wait for tonight."

A few hours later

Luckily the two didn't have to wait too long until the final rays of sunlight faded and the encampment became surrounded by perpetual darkness. Stealing themselves from the group they raced over the bridge and to the temple sitting atop the lake.

"This temple is strange." Niesza said after they had been wandering the halls of the temple with no straight direction. "It is imprinted with the Force, but it's neither dark or light. It reminds me of..."

"...of Dathomir." Vrayth concluded.

For a fleeting moment the memories flashed back to the one time during their early relationship where they travelled to Dathomir like Niesza's mother did with her adoptive father shortly after she had been freed from carbonite by him. While a disastrous experience for her mother, to Niesza who had never been to the planet of her origin, it felt familiar and strange at the same time. Up to that point she had been taught to accept the Force as something just at the edge of her conscious awareness yet all around her, but on Dathomir the air was thick with it, and at least to her it felt almost touchable. The fact that it felt the same to both within the confines of the temple made them worrying.



They continued their path through the temple and eventually ended up on the balcony of a large hall with an ancient device taking up the majority of the cavernous room. A quick nod to each other confirmed them both wanting to give the device a closer look.

The hall at the bottom of the large stoned staircase was lined with high-powered lamps and thick cables connecting generators and power converters with the unknown device.

"What the hell is this?" Niesza exclaimed walking around the scene."

"I don't know." Vrayth replied, running his fingers over some carvings in a nearby wall. "I maschine mother."

"Huh, what did you say?"

"Nothing. I just tried to transcript these runes but I am not sure. They are Sith but not, they look older, more crude.

"What do you mean, older than the ancient Sith? Like Rakata?"

"I am not sure –" Vrayth tried to explain when his consciousness forced him to look at another much more modern device plugged connected with the strange maschine that was neither a converter nor a power generator.

"A Cryo-cycle pod. I didn't even think these were still a thing. I wonder –" Vrayth said, removing his glove to touch the pod but nothing triggered.

"Did you see something?"

"No nothing."

"Maybe if you touch the device itself."

"I don't know, who knows what we may trigger with it."

"There is only one way to find out other than activating the device." Niesza said, hovering her fingers provokingly over the control panel "You know I would do that if I got your special talents."

"Alright, you won, I will do it." Vrayth said walking over to her.

Touching the ancient machine, Vrayth braced for his psychometric powers to trigger, but again nothing happened. Well that wasn't entirely true. Instead of the device showing images from the past, the holographic image of a gigantic face appeared in front of them.

"Hush. Which of my children art thy? What have you come here for?" The face's voice loomed from everywhere in the tongue of the language of the ancient Sith.

"We are here to learn about you. What are you?" Niesza replied.

"I am what is called the mother machine." The face explained. "I was built to rebuild what is lost."

"Rebuilt what is lost. Like cloning someone or something?" Vrayth queried.

"It is more than just mere replication of a shell. I can rebuild the entirety. Do you want me to rebuild one of you, my children?"

"No, no thanks." Niesza declined. "But may I ask if there were others here before us asking you to rebuild another child of yours?"

"There was indeed." The mother machine said. "A fallen comrade of them, his mind was twisted and broken. I repaired it just as I rebuilt his body."

"Who was it?" Vrayth asked.

"A human but I don't know his name. He was strong in what you call the Force."

"Niesza, I don't like what this machine is saying, we should go and inform Erinyes about this." Vrayth turned to her, his voice barely louder than a whisper.

"I agree with you, this thing runs a shiver down my spine. I mean cloning itself isn't a good thing but recreating a force-sensitive..." the dathomirian woman replied turning back to the ghostly face. "Please excuse our interference. We are sorry to have disturbed you and if you don't mind we would like to leave you without bothering you any further."

"Don't worry my child. Like any good mother, I am here to help out all my children wherever I can. Good luck on your journey." With that the face faded and vanished leaving the two Taldryanites with little less questions than what they had before meeting the mother machine.

"We should get back to the Enkindler as fast as possible." Vrayth said as they backed to the stairs.

"Yeah let's hope those soldiers and dark robed figures let us leave as easily as they let us join them."

Reaching the outside, their path over the bridge was blocked by the six dark robed figures. "There goes our hope. Nies, I'll handle them, you go and ready the ship."

"You sure?"

"Yeah, yeah." Looking from her to the figures on the bridge and back Vrayth said with confidence. "Six against one, should be a fair fight."

"Ok, but don't die." She said, pulling him close for a quick kiss.

They parted and Vrayth nodded at her, unsheathing his lightsaber. A pillar of brilliant indigo light burst to action as the pair rushed at cultists.

In the light of the lamps arranged on the bridge railings six crimson blades awoke in unison. Reaching the first pair, Vrayth stopped to meet them while Niesza pushed herself over them using the railing as leverage. He fainted to the left letting the first red blade cut through empty space then shot his blade up to stop the follow-up of ruby. Forcing the dark clad figure to back away a step from the force behind the block. The mirialan spun his blade around, meeting the next blade while forcefully connecting his right foot in the gut of the second cultist, folding him in the middle. Ducking under the blade of the following figure, he came up and sliced him across the chest before kneecapping the one he had driven back with a kick before. Spinning around the felled cultist in one smooth move, he burst his left forward like a punch only to release a volley of superheated plasma from his wrist mounted blaster into the chest of the fourth cultist from point blank range. Using the dazed cultists's thigh as a ledge, he spun through the air while spearing the indigo blade forward, pile-driving it through the throat of the last standing of the cultists before he could even bring up his own blade to block it.

Glancing sideways past him to make sure neither of them was still standing he raced after Niesza. He found her next to some crates about twelve meters from their ship. A group of soldiers had pinned her against some crates under volleys of blasterfire. He joined her, taking some of the shots and redirecting them. One after another they took them out together. When the last finally sank to the ground, a smoldering and smoking hole in his chest they rushed aboard and got the ship's

engines fired up.

Once they were airborne Vrayth's mind realized something he hadn't taken into account: "Wait, where were those fighters?"

He didn't have to wait for an answer when the first volley of blaster-fire lit up the canopy in front of them.

Banking the shuttle from left to right, they cleared the atmosphere and set course back for Chyron.

"What? You want to run from them?" Niesza shouted when another salvo rocked the shuttle.

"For just one time, trust me." Vrayth said, working the pilot controls. "Open a public channel:"

"You want me to do what?" Nies shook her head in disbelief.

"Just do it."

"Alright, alright." Niesza did as she was ordered. "Channel open."

"Enemy fighters, this is Vrayth Arastair Xyler aboard the shuttle Enkindler. You are attacking an official delegate of Clan Taldryan, cease any hostile action and retreat immediately. I repeat cease any hostile action retreat immediately." Vrayth said, giving more power to the sublight engines.

"Vrayth we got a missile lock." Niesza shouted over the droid brain's acoustic warning.

"I see." Vrayth replied, pushing the lever for the hyperdrive forward and immediately pushing it back, making their jump last just a second.

Eventually their pursuers followed suit, reappearing in normal space just a blink after the shuttle, immediately re-opening fire. Unfortunately all seven ships emerged from hyperspace in front of the Bastion.

"Is the comm still open?"

"Yes it is."

"Perfect." Vrayth's lips curled into a devious smile while spinning the shuttle around to come back up on the Bastion. "Enemy fighters, this is Vrayth Arastair Xyler aboard the shuttle Enkindler. You are attacking an official delegate of Clan Taldryan."

He didn't have to continue as he could see the point defense turrets of the Bastion swivel to take aim and turn one fighter after another into dust and rubble.

"Thank you Bastion." Vrayth said over the comm. "Now let's get back to Chyron and report to Erinyes."

### *Epilogue*

#### **Planet Theniskir**

#### **Caelus System**

Rian's shuttle came up only seconds before the Revenant. Even from close the frozen planet at the outermost fringes of the Caelus-system wasn't very impressive. Whoever made themselves a home here must have balls of steel. Steering the shuttle down into the planet's atmosphere he set course for the only settlement the scanners were able to pick up.

It was a large dome, with docking areas large enough to house capital ships even the size of a star destroyer. In fact during his approach he saw at least one star destroyer docked after an automated tractor beam guided him onto his landing pad.

After shutting down the engines Rian, K8-S3Y, and the squadron of soldiers walked down the boarding ramp and towards the delegation of locals awaiting him. Though not looking hostile, the adept felt a strange urge in his gut.

Passing four lines of lined up soldiers in gray-colored armor they came up on three robed figures that had deep hoods covering their faces entirely.

Stepping in front of the mirialan K8-S3Y said: "INTRODUCTION: This is Rian Taldrya, former Consul of Clan Taldryan."

"Oh, I know who he is." The leading person said, removing his hood from his face.

Though differing from what the person looked during the last time they met, Rian immediately

recognized the man in front of him, making the Taldrya instinctively reaching for his lightsaber:  
"Drayen Ky'Lian."

"Hello Rian, nice to meet you again." Drayen said with a devilish smile. "Take them into custody."

Before any of the taldryanite soldiers could reach for their blasters the lined up soldiers had their blasters trained on them.

Knowing this victory to be his, Drayen and the two other robed figures turned and left the scene.

**END**

Rian Taldrya

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