Eos City is burning. The Collective, and whoever decided to help them, have been indiscriminately firing into buildings for the last six hours. Civilians, if that is what you want to call people living on a military fortress world, have taken shelter. High rise apartments and luxury homes have now become urban bunkers and refuge from a war that most of the citizens of Arx never thought would come to their doors.

The chaos that typically comes with warfare in a mega city has been reduced by the militaristic nature of Arx’s inhabitants. Most cities would be awash in looting and pillaging, but the Dark Brotherhood’s leash has strangled any such thoughts from those who live in Eos City. They know that the punishment for falling apart in a war would be much steeper and painful than any death the Collective could deliver.

The quiet that comes between the Collective’s attacks is eerie. The city feels empty as everyone hides away. The stillness of it all is unsettling. The Iron Legion is holding the line, but they cannot be everywhere at once and there are several areas within Eos City that are devoid of activity. Within this stillness is an opportunity.

Clan Vizsla remained on retainer with the Dark Brotherhood and the Forces of the Clan and House Wren were doing their best to protect the city. At least they were doing the right amount of defending for the credits they were being paid.

Roark wondered if the Dark Council was suspicious at his lack of involvement in the defense or if they were too tied up in saving their own necks. Several of them were destined to be executed for this major blunder and more than likely they had more important things to worry about. This was also an opportunity.

The non-descript apartment complex on block XF22 was extremely familiar to Roark. He, Cole, and Kalan Amak had met with a contact within the building. The almost forgetful features of the exterior of the building hid something very special within. This was the site of one of the Dark Brotherhood’s most exclusive safe houses. A facility used by Grand Masters. In this particular case, a facility used by one of the Dark Brotherhood’s most despised Grand Masters.

Roark entered the access code he had previously used on the turbolift and ascended to the structure top floor. Dark and exotic wood panels lined a hallway that was the opposite of the complex’s bland exterior. The hallway alone was worth more than most beings in the galaxy would ever earn and its luxury was a tenth of what waited in the rooms beyond.

Roark moved to the door he had previously entered, Grand Master Pravus’s private suite. The door was unlocked, but the room within was not unoccupied. Three ceremonial guards stood at attention, something that Roark found both off-putting and alarming. What would cause a man to remain at attention while the city around him was burning? Roark knew the answer was the ire of Pravus, but it was still unsettling to see.

“The Dark Lord has ordered your evacuation off planet side. He has also indicated you are to trigger the Abelata Contingency. He wants those loyal to him to rendezvous. Evidently, retirement has not set well with him.”

The faceless guards moved in unison and began to active self-destruct sequences throughout the facility. Encrypted single burst transmissions were sent before lightsabers carved through the holoterminals.

Roark turned to exit the facility. The weight of what he had just initiated sitting on his shoulders. If the Dark Brotherhood thought the Collective was a difficult adversary, imagine the chaos they would truly face with a rogue Grand Master and a contingent of loyal Brotherhood followers.