

Option 3: WREAK CHAOS

Write from the perspective of your main or alternative character as they capitalize on the chaos of the Collective attack. The Dark Council and the Clans' military forces are now engaged in full-on warfare. With the enemy on all sides, the so-called "allies" of the Brotherhood are distracted. Use this time to your advantage by sowing chaos against the other clans or diverting Brotherhood resources for personal use.

"Understood, ma'am," Aleister responded into his comm.

He was positively ecstatic. The Dread Lord had just informed him that the Brotherhood's forces had the Collective on the run. This meant that, with Plagueis now on the front foot, Opress Squadron was free to operate as they desired. Licking his lips, the Dreadbringer quickly keyed into his comm the secure channel for his subordinates.

"Savages! Actions free! Go wild!"

The Savages cackled with glee as whoops and howls echoed across the battlefield. Aleister turned to the squad of troopers scattered around him in their black and yellow phase two armor. "All right, you lot stay here and keep pounding them. I'm going to go see if I can't find someone more entertaining."

"Sir, yes, sir!" the slaves curtly responded before resuming fire on the enemy.

Aleister pulled out his Syndicate datapad and quickly checked the last known position of the clans nearest his position. He couldn't be more pleased when he saw the winged insignia of Clan Odan-Urr pop up less than a click away.

"Moving to grid square Ozone-Two-Three."

He began bounding between buildings and alleyways. Eventually, he found himself standing in the lobby of a devastated apartment building as a squad of Odan-Urr troopers descended the stairs, carrying a large military crate.

"Gentlemen, I'm going to need you to drop that crate and surrender. You have no chance of winning this fight." the Sith said with a cocky attitude as he stood in front of the dozen troopers.

The squad's corporal gave two quick hand gestures. The two troopers holding the crate retreated up the stairs and took up overwatch positions. The rest of the squad spread out around him and took aim at him.

"You're insane if you think you can take us all on at the same time. And even if you could, our Jedi commander will be here before long to wipe you Collective traitors off the map!" the Corporal shouted by with a hiss.

Aleister let out a dry chuckle and flicked his cloak back with a flourish, making a point of drawing attention to the large Plagueis emblem on the back of the cloak.

"Oh, you could not be more wrong," the Sith sneered, as his lightsaber entered his hand and sprung to life. "Now come meet your doom."

He settled into his basic stance as the troopers howled and opened fire.

Fifteen minutes later, a Jedi in light brown robes stood in the remains of the lobby. If it had been devastated before, it was utterly destroyed now. Bodies were strewn all over the place. He knelt by the corporal and checked him over. To his concern, there was no evidence of blaster shots. Just one big charred crevasse through his chest. He'd been cut down by a lightsaber.

Climbing the stairs, he found the crate they'd been sent to recover, - dehydrated food packs the wounded could use, chopped into pieces and set aflame. Whoever had done this had done so purely out of spite. This wasn't a tactical strike or an attempt to capture resources for themselves - this was just to deprive Odan-Urr of something.

The Jedi's superiors would be unhappy that there was someone, or some group, purposely undermining their actions. And if they used a lightsaber, odds were that they were members of the Brotherhood.