

Ronovi is in **Green**

Muz is in **Purple**

Snapshots:

Ronovi: <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/9676/snapshots/2646/5378>

Muz: <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/3714/snapshots/2779/4901>

NPCs Snapshots:

Leena: https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/71/snapshots/2738/5345

Doc: https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/non_player_characters/377/snapshots/2266/5344

Docking Bay

ADS *Fallen Spear*

Redacted Location

“And you’re *not* expecting a warm welcome?” She almost spat the word in emphasis, turning to Doc her lip curling. “You see, this is why...this is exactly why I don’t...”

“Do the hand wavy thing?” Doc chuckled, rubbing an oilcloth over his pistol. “You may have mentioned it before.”

“Leastways, not in front of them.” She snorted, a lekku wagging with the emotion. She turned back to the Krath, letting out a breath slowly in a way that might be confused for a sigh. “So, what’s the story?”

Muz looked at her for a moment before turning back and watching the antique of a space station grow larger through the airlock field. “I fired her.”

Leena brought a hand up to the bridge of her nose, pinching it. “Okay, that had to be like five years ago. Maybe ten.” She paused for a moment, doing the math. “At any rate, it was a long time ago, surely you’ve talked since then, what with her being a Consul and all that...”

Muz lowered his head a degree as he looked at her.

Doc laughed, sliding his pistol into its home at his thigh before retrieving its partner from his other side. She sneered at him. “Yeah, I should know better by now.”

“Yeah, you really should. Besides, it’s not like we have time to go palling around the clans anyway.” Doc turned the blaster over in his hand, the cloth wrapped around his finger seeking out every bit of dust.

“Desire, really.” Muz turned from the view, moving back towards the crates of cargo, sealed containers with native Kyataran symbols over them. He paced through them before returning to his original spot.

Leena watched him, carefully. Motion was more than words for him, and she knew it. She stepped to the crate, the hum of droid movement following her as Hekate stayed with her, as usual. She stopped, letting the tips of her fingers trace the branded glyphs. “I need to learn to read this stuff...”

“Don’t look at me, I’m no good at it either.” Hekate responded, stepping off to the side as if a different angle would help.

Doc stepped closer, slipping the blaster back into its holster. “Imagine that.” He chuckled. “Not programmed for six million forms of communication, are we?”

Hekate looked up at him. “What are you going on about again?” Doc opened his mouth, eyes smiling before he saw Leena’s expression.

He cleared his throat. “Looks like this is from Kuroshin, the old distillery.” He leaned forward, picking out symbols with his eyes, before recognition bloomed behind them. “This is the good...wait, is this an R & R visit?”

Leena looked back at Muz, eyes wide. “Is this a bribe or are we all just here to get blackout drunk?” She straightened her back, one of her lekku slipping up over her shoulder. “Because I am not dressed for...”

Muz just stood, watching the station grow closer.

Anchorage
Aliso System
38 ABY

Normally, the Dread Lord would not be on the bustling station within Tonus, where the Ascendant Fleet and Ascendant Legion would hover over consoles, assessing intelligence and reconnaissance data. Not today. Today, she had a former Wrath to track, as well as a particularly pesky Zabrak who just wouldn’t get out of her hair.

Ronovi Tavisaeen could feel cold sweat bead around the nape of her neck. Though the station was appropriately chilled, the noise and movement of soldiers around her heated her up. Back at the Pinnacle, Liandry, her newest Wrath, was poring over records of Laren Uscot with Reg. Shimura Keibatsu, the freshly transferred Hand of Dread, was at Fort Dooku, discussing

prisoner plans with Marcus Armani with the Saraas'kar. And Aleister, bless his little sycophantic heart, was on the *Instigator* with his team, rooting out any Collective sects that still dared to brandish their sticks at Plagueis.

It felt rather sudden, consequently, that Shimura had reached out to Ronovi, requesting access for a familiar ship to enter Aliso space. Not that the *Fallen Spear* needed permission: members of the Star Chamber, especially former Grand Masters, were free to traverse clan domains as they wished, though they rarely had the time and energy for that sort of travel. The Dread Lord had assumed that the Lion of Tarthos wished to speak with Shimura, perhaps to reprimand him for shaming his family name by leaving Naga Sadow. The Quaestor, however, was not the person Muz Ashen wanted to see.

The hiss of the station's bridge doors signaled the arrival of an officer, who quickly hurried over to Ronovi.

"My Lord. It's the Grand Master. He wishes to see you."

"I'd rather not speak with Cantor right now, thank you," grumbled Ronovi, still not catching on.

"No, my lord. His predecessor."

"...Pravus?"

Blasters clicked in rapid succession as a sudden shadow seized the room, somehow reaching through Ronovi's ribcage and grabbing her palpitating heart. As she spun around, she discovered members of the Willing pointing their firearms at the tall man in purple robes, his dark black hair flowing as if it had a mind of its own. Muz Ashen traipsed casually into the space, a mere glance sending grunts skittering, as he peered at Ronovi with endless black eyes.

"Tavisaen," he uttered, quite simply.

Ronovi had not seen Muz since he had removed her from the stewardship of the Shadow Academy several years ago. Even when she had been caught working with the One Sith, she had not received the "honor" of speaking with the Keibatsu face to face. Still, her grudge against him had...dissipated, to say the least. He was no longer her Grand Master. She was back in a comfortable position of power. And now, she found the fact that her non-Force sensitive soldiers were daring to challenge the man absolutely amusing.

She laughed and waved a hand dismissively.

"At ease, gentlemen. Unless you want to see your souls easily ripped from your own bodies."

“For someone who hoarded Sith holocrons,” uttered Muz, “you have a rather clichéd perspective on the scope of my power.”

“What brings you here, Ashen? Don’t tell me you want out of Naga Sadow, too.”

He looked at her sideways before nodding at his crew, the Twi’Lek and the clone moving forward with the quiet hum of repulsorlifted crates.

“Oh, a gift. You shouldn’t have,” Ronovi chuckled, moving forward to take a look, Doc lifting the lid carefully as she approached. Her eyes darted for a moment, from the bottles, to the datapad in Doc’s hands translating the contents, then widening as she looked back up at the Lord. “You really shouldn’t have.”

“Well, if you don’t want...” Leena smiled, her tone cloyingly sweet. Ronovi’s gaze hardened for a bit, then relaxed when she saw the look on the Twi’Lek’s face.

“I don’t believe we met.” Ronovi stepped toward her. “And I meant to say ‘on an empty stomach.’ There is a proper order to such things.” She laughed.

Muz opened his arm, the motion echoed in nervous movement from the Plagian soldiers before his eyebrow peaked. Blackwind’s voice shuffled from the speaker, metallic and clipped. “My lord?”

“Send the chef over.” He paused, eyes gliding over the bunch of them. “Tell him seven.”

Leena leaned toward Ronovi, her voice taking a conspiratorial tone. “Hope you like sashimi. Best this side of Manaan.”

Ronovi shook off the temptation for a moment, arms crossing in front of her. “What do you want, Keibatsu?” She jerked her head at the crates. “Why are you buttering me up?”

Muz roared with laughter, stepping forward. “Pretense, me?” He caught his breath slowly, letting the sound die down. He shook his head slowly. “Let us drink and plot, like the old times.”

“...and?” She watched him carefully.

“And raise a glass to Aybara.”

Ronovi chuckled again. That man had been dead for quite some time, and the fact that Muz wanted her to commemorate Taigikori after the Justicar had decided to execute her for treason was certainly meant to ruffle feathers. She dismissed his mockery, however, eager to both eat and imbibe.

A small conference room on the *Anchorage* was set up with a table and chairs, and Muz and Ronovi sat on opposite ends, watching as the chef poured the whiskey and plopped down platters of delicately sliced and prepared sashimi. The Epicanthix tried not to salivate, and she waited for the Grand Master to pick up his own glass and sip.

“From your distillery, eh?” asked Ronovi, arching an eyebrow.

Muz nodded, his upper lip curled into an odd, thin smile. “Taste it. We’ll see if you stick with Whyren’s Reserve.”

She complied, the dark liquid disappearing between her lips. Furrowing her brow, Ronovi contemplated the brew. “Not half bad.”

They both began to eagerly eat the thinly sliced fish in front of them, using chopsticks to lift and drop the pieces into their enthusiastic mouths. After a few more glasses of Kuroshin, Ronovi began to feel her cheeks heat up. Her alcohol tolerance was phenomenally high, but she felt surprisingly relaxed in the space, and her candid tongue betrayed her sense of etiquette.

“You wanted to kill me,” she pointed out to Muz, chortling as he eyed her.

He blinked, slowly, like a cat. “I believe you were the one who desired to kill me.”

“Oh, I did.” Ronovi hiccuped and sneered. “I had a plan and everything. That hair of yours...how do you keep it so wavy?”

“I never give away my secrets. Why do you ask?”

“Because it’s clearly the source of your power,” replied Ronovi. “One snip, and I’m sure you’d be as weak as the initiates I oversaw on Lyspair.”

“You honestly thought cutting my hair would vanquish me?” simpered Muz. “How creative.”

“It was a thought.” Ronovi paused, exhaling loudly. “A very sloppy, drunken thought. Years ago.”

Muz nodded and took another sip of his drink. The sashimi was beginning to settle in both their stomachs, the taste of multiple oceans still lingering in their mouths. Ronovi set down her chopsticks, belched loudly, and propped her elbows on the table, leaning toward her guest with a lopsided grin.

“I know I could never kill you.” she confessed, though it pained her to say so.

“Knowledge is, indeed, power.”

“Not because I’m not capable, mind you,” argued Ronovi. “But because it simply can’t happen.”

“A reasonable observation.”

The Dread Lord eyed Muz warily. “Because you can’t die.”

There was a tense pause in the space. Even Muz’s little entourage grew silently. His chef, who had been busying himself clearing away dishes, scurried quickly out of the room as if his feet were on fire.

Ronovi was insistent. She would not easily back down from this questioning.

“Well?” she prodded. “It’s true, isn’t it? You can no longer die. Some Krath jiggery pokery, I presume?”

“I’ve heard that.”

She waited, fingers gliding across the glass in front of her. “A useful legend, a dire warning, political machinations? I saw what happened on Antei. I saw.” Her voice trailed off, her mind recalling the images of cities being swallowed by the dust.

Muz smiled. “Krath jiggery pokery.”

She laughed, the sound echoing around the room. She watched him pour more of the spirit into her glass. “You’ll never tell anyone, will you?”

“No.”

Ronovi sneered, slugging back the remainder of the glass and loudly setting the glass down. “Have I told you how infuriating you are?”

“You have.” He chuckled a bit before taking a long sip. “More than once.”

Some things would never change. What was different now, however, was how drunk they got together that night, and how neither of them felt the urge for the other to be eradicated.