



Taking the Spotlight

Adept Rian Taldrya (#10701)

A Star Wars Story

NOTES

Spectre Squadron covers a story arc focussed on Vrayth Arastair Xyler, a skilled mirialan armstech and operative of Clan Taldryan who is accompanied by his former apprentice, the Nightsister Niesza. However the story arc will kick off when the team is joined by a new member, the young Sith Amari Vhen.

This story arc will eventually span various competitions throughout the Dark Jedi Brotherhood as well as private work for character development. I would like to thank everyone in advance who is involved in this project either through their characters or as proofreaders.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Vrayth Arastair Xyler; Force Disciple (mirialan male)

Niesza; Force Disciple (dathomirian female)

Amari Vhen; Force Disciple (human female)

Furlan; Supervisor Dorvalla Mining (Human male)

Planet Dorvalla, Dorvalla System

"Seriously Rax, the face of Furlan's guard when you used to Force to sway him into accepting a much lower amount of Clouzon for the Lommite." Amari chuckled, leading the trio as they passed through the outskirts around the castle back to where they left their ships outside the settlement.

The elder leading the group smiled. "Yeah, it was only a matter of observance to see that Furlan was going to push the price during the negotiations."

"At least if you can keep your focus," Niesza joined the conversation.

"Hey, I was focused all the time," Amari took the bait. "my task was to keep an eye on the guards and not Furlan."

Rayth chuckled. Ever since Amari joined their squadron, she and Niesza behaved like teenage girls. Though in Amari's case this wasn't too far off with her just having turned nineteen.

"Ladies, stay nice, this isn't the time to fight, everyone did a good job. Maybe we should celebrate it with a jug of Spotchka." The elder said, pointing at a nearby cantina. "The first one's on me."

"Woohoo," Amari turned and immediately hooked her arm under Rayth's, dragging him to the cantina. "that's the way."

Amari's action made Niesza roll her eyes. "Don't be too optimistic we don't know what the age restrictions are in this system."

Still hugged under Rayth's arm, Amari winked off with her free hand. "I'm sure Rax will find a way to get me a jug too."



They enjoyed their drinks and chattered over missions long past. Soon the first round of the blue-colored beverage was emptied and they ordered a second. By the time they were half done with the second, the cantina began to fill significantly with more and more people pouring in and taking glances on the three dark-clad persons sitting on a table in the far end of the room.

When the time had come and the jugs were emptied, Rayth rose from his chair and collected their jugs. Walking over to the bar to return the jugs, the elder Taldryanite became surrounded by a group of customers eyeing each other nervously.

Fully aware of the situation, Rayth returned the jugs and added a handful of credits. "For the Inconveniences." He said to the waitress before turning his attention to the men around him. "Last call, if anyone prefers to leave, now is the time."

Before anyone could react to the offer, an indigo blade burst from the Taldryanites hand to underscore the message he had given with the two women following his action only a blink later.

Within seconds the cantina turned into chaos, people formerly full of determination toppled over each other after changing their minds for the better of their lives. Only about a dozen remained, drawing blasters or other weapons.

Though outnumbered, neither of them posed a real threat to the three Dark Jedi. It took them mere minutes to win the fight.

"Not what I expected from a celebration." Amari joked.

"I don't think we are done yet," Rayth said, glancing through one of the sparse windows before turning to the waitress still kneeling behind her counter. "Is there a backdoor?"

"Ye...yes," she whimpered and pointed at the far side of the room. "Through the storeroom."

"Thank you. You are safe now." Rayth replied softly. "Amari, you go and get us some air support. Give us a call when you are ready."

The young woman nodded and took off in the described direction.

"And what are we going to do in the meantime?" Niesza asked, her lightsaber still lit in her hand, casting emerald light at her form.



"Wait... for the moment," Rayth replied, lifting a chair from the counter back up before taking a seat on it.

A few minutes later their comlinks buzzed, indicating that Amari had made it to their ships and was now underway back. Together they stepped outside where Furlan and his guards had made a semi-circle around the entrance of the cantina, with each of their blasters trained at the two Dark Jedi.

"I believe it's time to negotiate our deal again," Furlan said, fury glowing in his eyes. "And this time you won't use your tricks on me."

"You are right," Rayth agreed. "we should re-negotiate the deal again."

Furlan grinned, he wouldn't have imagined it to go so easily that he almost overheard the Dark Jedi continuing.

"I will make you a one time offer. Order your men to lower their weapons and let us leave and I will accept a deal in which for each cantono of refined Chlouzon we will receive five instead of two cantonos of Lommite."

Furlan's grin vanished and got replaced with a look of amusement. "Have you realized your position? My men surrounded you and yet you are offering me a deal that would leave us with even less payment than on the previous deal you offered? Maybe I should kill you here and now."

"Maybe, or maybe you can see your men being shot down by one of my starfighters who has already marked your men as target," Rayth said the typical whine left by the sublight engines of all Tie-series starfighters filling the air. "And I can assure you her aim is flawless."

Furlan grit his teeth, nodding at his men to lower their weapons and let the two Dark Jedi pass.

"I am glad you accepted the deal," Rayth said to Furlan as he passed him. "The first shipment will be sent once I have informed my superiors on Chyron on how well our negotiations went."