

Locke Sonjie - #10311 - https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/character_sheets/12445

Sanguinius Tsucyra Entar - #10407 -

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The GR75 medium transport *Skyforge* silently lumbered through the depths of space. The bridge was silent, occupied only by a skeleton crew of pilot droids. Down in a secure cargo pod in the depths of the ship, Locke Sonjie watched sensor readouts, anticipating the sudden alarm klaxons that would indicate they had reached the gravity well of Inos 13 and the anomaly there.

"I hate this part," he muttered.

"What was that?" Sanguinius Tsucyra sat across from him, already strapped into a crash couch.

Locke realized he should probably do the same, but instead he gripped a durasteel hand rail above his head a little more tightly. "The waiting. I know any second now-"

The alarm blared, drowning out his words, indicating that the ship had reached the gravity well. Another followed up, reminding them that the ship's engines couldn't keep up with the gravity.

"Well, no going back now. Are you going to sit down?"

Locke cursed and threw himself into his seat, pulling the straps twice. "Remind me why we signed up for this again," he shouted, barely audible over the alarms.

Sang's only reply was a big, poodoo-eating grin, but Locke knew why. He silently answered his own question. *Because if this whole mess is caused by some Sith artifact, we don't want to let any other Sadow get their hands on it.* Of course, that was an unfounded hypothesis. It could be anything. But there was a good chance that *strange mystical gravity well and deadly beasts* translated to *ancient Sith artifact with a side of Krath Alchemy.*

And if that were even a small chance, it wasn't one they wanted to let go.

Then there was a new alarm. This one indicated they were in the moon's atmosphere. The lights dimmed, slowly blinking in and out in strange contrast to the constant cacophony of alarms. Locke wondered if *this* time he would die. He had been in situations like this many times, but more and more lately he found that it wasn't as easy to turn his brain off and focus on the moment. He let the dark side wash over him and consume his emotions; that small knot of anger that was always there flare into a rage that he channeled into determination.

He didn't know what was happening on this moon, but he *would* overcome it.

Shocked from his internal storm for a moment, Locke blinked as shapes seemed to flash in the cargo pod. Were they beasts, or just his imagination? It happened again, again, and then one

more time and - and this time Locke saw a claw, felt something scrape his face before it was gone.

Then there was a roar and the wind was knocked out of him as the transport smashed into the moon's surface. The custom, specially-built cargo pod cushioned most of the blow, but Locke blacked out momentarily anyway.

He came to to see Sang standing over him, looking at the cut on his face. "You were injured in the landing?"

Locke touched his face, sighed, and made as if to heal it, but the tempest of the dark side had not fully subsided and he could not summon the energy. Instead, he held his voice to an emotionless void. "I don't think that was from the crash."

Sanguinius merely grunted in response, trusting Locke's judgement. The two Sadowans had been through thick and thin together and each one knew that the other wouldn't give voice to a lie. "Those creatures then." the Augur stated. "We should get out of here before they come back."

Locke nodded and extracted himself from the harness. The cut on his face slowly closed as the calm beacon of his compatriot centred the Krath and allowed him to concentrate on dealing with the wound.

The GR75 transport was ruined, pieces of the craft strewn across the surface of Inos 13. The pair had survived thanks to the custom, specially-built cargo pod, whose door opened slowly and revealed the landscape to the two Force Disciples.

Sanguinius moved out first, his eyes darting around to pick out any threats. The Entar was always ready for the worst to happen, and would constantly plan for multiple methods of dealing with the situation. These creatures seemed to be some expression of the Force, or so it seemed. Whether they were some leftover experiment of some long forgotten Sith Lord or some crazed Alchemist, the Professor would ensure that they were neutralised as soon as possible and his Quaestor found and brought back to the fold.

Locke followed close behind, the two had fought alongside one another on countless battlefields and their experience and mutual trust would enable them to defend one another against any threats.

The dusty wasteland of Inos 13 stretched out before them, the rock strewn landscape was covered in the debris of the GR75 transport, but the portal site lay ahead of them. The pair had barely gotten down from the cargo pod before the creatures coalesced into being around them.

A long limb, ending in claws swiped at Locke, who ducked beneath the blow. Small strands of blond hair scattered around him, as the claws trimmed the top of his head. Fierce gnashing jaws tried to close in on Sanguinius' arm as the Entar sidestepped the attack.

"The question arises if they're attracted to our presence." Sanguinius chuckled as he ignited his lightsaber and sliced through the hound like creature.

Locke pursed his lips and then tutted in response. "I think it's fairly obvious that they're attracted to us." The Krath unleashed a torrent of lightning, the whitish blue streams flashing through the air and colliding with the creatures assailing them. The stench of ozone mixed with burned flesh as the creatures wailed and recoiled from the Sadowans.

The assault lessened momentarily, allowing the pair to start to move towards the portal site. Their twin blades continued to carve through flesh as claws and teeth tried to end their lifethreads.

The creatures began to fade, disappearing from sight as the pair reached the threshold of the portal site, with the last hulking form vanishing mid-jump. Sanguinius grinned in relief, the last one had threatened to flatten the Entar if it had landed. There was no way he would have survived such a weight landing on him with that much force.

Locke deactivated his saber and crossed the threshold. "It's time to find Malisane."