

Assassination Attempt

The Ascendant Legion wargames were underway on Aliso as more and more of the rank and file of the Clan made its way to the terrestrial surface. The green grasslands and the gentle shores made for an inspiring and tranquil scene that would soon be scarred beyond recognition.

The command deck and observation tower had been erected atop elevated scaffolding above an ancient Clone Wars era Juggernaut that was repurposed for the occasion. Apparently, Aliso had once housed a small Separatist base that had been eradicated and the clones and their equipment left and forgotten decades past.

High ranking members of Clan Plagueis watched with feigned admiration and interest as the site setup and preliminary order of battle was read out and explained by seasoned officers of the Ascendant Legion. To be honest, the ground forces were of a lesser known commodity within Plagueis military structure. The Ascendant Fleet was of a far higher priority – tasked with keeping the space lanes of the Aliso System empty of threats and ensuring lines of communication remained open for commerce and security.

It was that lack of attention which gave Warlord Mauro Wynter a grave premonition as he flew his Tie Defender down to the command deck and slowly disembarked the fighter craft's cockpit. He was a new addition to the Plagueian fold to be true, but he had spent a career serving different organizations for the Iron Throne that was the Dark Brotherhood. He still had contacts within the Inquisitorious and the Shroud Syndicate – and all evidence pointed to something was afoot.

While he was not yet trusted, his rank afforded him a seat within the command deck near the reigning Consul, Dread Lord Selika Roh di Plagia. The customary honor guard of black armored troopers accompanied her along with other Clan notables – but overall the attendance was light. Wynter had the impression the Dread Lord was here in part to bolster internal political support for the Ascendant Legion and not entirely as a means to ensure the battle readiness of the Clan forces.

He received some nods as he made his way to a corner of the command deck, not wanting to raise attention to his arrival or alert the Dread Lord. He took up position and shrouded himself in blackness bringing the edges of the light to within a meter of his presence and settling all of his concentration to prepare a heightened sense of battle mind to block out all the chaos occurring during the war games. He was ready.

The Warlord did not have to wait long as a speeder came careening closer to the command deck than was prudent. Guards took their positions and the lasers of the Juggernaut trained themselves on the oncoming speeder. Without hesitation Wynter sprang out of the blackness and erected a barrier around the Dread Lord as shocked onlookers turned to face him with raised blasters and sabers from feet away from the Dread Lord two protocol droids pulled concealed weapons and fired.

The bolts glanced off the barrier as guards immediately sprang into action and dispatched them. Wynter had recognized droids like this operating in his time as a mercenary. Wynter guessed the Dread Lord had ran afoul of a Hutt Cartel, or the Aliso System was too close to the Hutt Space and one of the crime princes wanted to send a message.