**Personal Log 02-06-2022**

*Our intel said the artifact on display would be a fake, so while Sang bid on it in the main auction, I snuck into the facility to find the real thing. We didn't want something potentially destructive to fall into the hands of our half-mad Consul, Bentre Sadow. My assassin, Anya Aldine, is standing guard to make good my escape, and I don't expect to encounter any resistance.*

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Locke Sonjie slipped into the chamber, silent except for his own footsteps. It was a wide room with blank durasteel walls and a small pedestal in the center, and on that pedestal sat what he came to find: a tiny red pyramid that somehow seemed to absorb the light of the room and glow. Immediately, he felt something from it. There was a darkness that permeated the entire room. It was a darkness that would have made him sick, except he had grown used to being in the Orian System. It felt like the ancient Sith sites of Urian Orian, but wrong…and different.

Quietly, Locke approached it. As he got within a foot, he froze, hearing one of the side doors opening. Locke turned his head to see who he would have to deal with, eyes widening a bit as two humanoids with long, curved horns entered the room. They seemed surprised by him as well. *Iktotchi…* Locke wondered. And two of them.

He wondered if his suspicions would prove correct, or if this was just a coincidence. The hairs on his neck stood on end and Locke started to have a bad feeling. One of the Iktotchi whispered to the other, their voice echoing across the otherwise silent chamber. "It's *him.*"

That was all the confirmation needed. Locke turned to the two and ignited his lightsabers, holding one in either hand. "Dominion," he growled.

"It is him," the other answered, in a deeper voice. He had only one horn. The other wore tattoos on their face and had long hair - Locke assumed now they were female. They both ignited their own lightsabers at the same moment, twin, violet-hued blades joining the bright sunfire of Locke's blades to illuminate the room.

For several seconds, no one moved or spoke. Locke knew he did not have time for a protracted fight. The guards could find him any moment, and he didn't want to have to explain this incursion to Refuge's government. Still, he could not be too brazen, the Iktotchi caste of the Dominion were typically comparable to an Equite in the Brotherhood. He had to be careful, especially facing two of them like this.

Carefully, Locke moved forward, bringing one 'saber and then another down in overhand arcs, shifting to parry his opponents' reprisals. He did it again, watching their movements. He never committed to a full strike and was always already setting up his fading strikes before their weapons even clashed. He just wanted to know-ah!

The Iktotchi split, the one horned male stepping to the side while the female stood in front of Locke. He knew he was being flanked, but this gave him a moment to fight just one of them. He pushed the assault in a quick flurry of blows, battering against the female's lightsaber. Her defenses were impressive, and her weapon stayed close to her body. He grinned, just as he felt a warning through the Force and quickly threw one lightsaber blindly toward where he assumed the male to be, while shifting the other to his dominant hand to defend. The male sidestepped out of the way of the flying weapon and brought his weapon to bear in quick, shallow strikes. Locke deflected them, and then unleashed a flurry of lightning with his now free hand.

As the Iktotchi deftly deflected it with his blade, Locke analyzed his opponents. The male had come had him with something like Makashi, and the female was using a defensive form, Soresu, perhaps? The two together would make an effective team that complimented each other well.

He decided he would have to disable the male first, so he could focus on breaking through the female's defenses. Right now, with him in front of her, he had what was probably his best opportunity for a quick, decisive victory. Locke summoned the Force to him, filling his body with it, greatly amplifying his strength and speed. He called his other lightsaber back and unleashed a flurry of blows on the one-horned male, battering him with strike after strike with such fury that the average Jedi would wear themselves out in minutes, if not seconds. He assumed the Iktotchi knew this, and was banking on it, but Locke wasn't about to slow down. He continued, slowed, and at last, relaxed his muscles, trying to look like he had tired himself out.

Then, as his opponent attempted to capitalize on his perceived weakness, Locke dropped his sabers and *heaved* the Force into his palm and slammed it into the floor, sending the Iktotchi reeling. Locke stood, inhaled deeply - more of the Force than the air - and unleashed Force lightning on the Iktotchi, causing him to tremor violently and fall flat on the floor. Locke retrieved his sabers and held them ready, he was about to strike when the female's voice rang through the room.

"Wait, *please,"* her voice all but pleaded. "We didn't come here looking to fight you."

"What treachery is this?" Locke replied coldly. He glanced at the male Iktotchi. If this was a ploy to allow him to get back up, but no, he looked like he was out of the fight. The female was trying to pull him to his feet with one hand, while holding her lightsaber in a weak defense with the other. There was no harm in hearing them out. "We have ever only been enemies."

"I know," she said, "but things have changed."

The man spoke now in a hoarse voice. "We have a new enemy. They have subjugated us, as your ancestor Sith Empire did."

Locke spun one lightsaber thoughtfully. He didn't want to get into that debate right now. "So?"

"We need your help," the man continued. "Our new enemy is powerful. They are ancient. They want us to collect resources and…people for them, but there is only so much we can do. They are hungry, and they will spread…" He trailed off, but the implication was plain.

"So you want my help? I no longer lead Sadow's empire."

"But," he insisted, "you wield great authority. And we mean you no harm."

"I will consider this," Locke mused, "but only if you leave immediately." He would rather deal with the artifact than these two. And if their portent was true…his clan did not need more enemies.

"Fatewalker," the male whispered in a reverent voice.

"Huh?" Locke asked.

The female rolled her eyes a bit and explained as if by rote. "It is an ancient prophecy of our people. One who we will encounter first as an enemy, then as neutral, and finally, as an ally. They will come, it is supposed, in our greatest time of need."

"I'm flattered," Locke said, giving them a slight grin, "but lots of cultures have a prophecy like that."

"Not like this," the male said. He fished something out of his robes and threw it on the floor. A datapad. "This datapad has a time and a place to meet if you so choose. I sense much conflict in you. I can see…" he closes his eyes "so many points of decision, so many branching paths in your future, but one of them shines, and that one leads you back to us."

"We need to get going," the other said. She dragged him back toward the door which they had entered from. "Until next time," she said, turning her lightsaber off and pulling him through. Locke was alone.

He used the Force to float the datapad over to himself. "Fatewalker," he muttered. "Whatever." But still, he could use this meeting of theirs to learn more about them, to further study an enemy he thought likely to return someday. It could also be a trap. He picked it up, intending just to check the location, but then his eyes widened as he saw all the *other* information contained on it.

Locke quickly tucked the datapad into his belt pouch, grabbed the holocron, and ran like mad.