

TR-8R -

Ashia Kagan Keibatsu 6353 -

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/6353/snapshots/4582/7780>

Muz Ashen Keibatsu 3714 -

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/3714/snapshots/4566/7748>

GoogleDocs link -

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1PnXsqmFV6y5TvDHuVoLnJknq7I38yDI9At1FBcC1OGg/edit?usp=sharing>

She looked amused and horrified at the same time. Leaning over the desk, she watched the holo again, unblinking. "This is why you called me here?"

Bentre stood on the other side of the desk, watching her expression through the ethereal blue of the projector. The feed showed him walking through the temple, dragging a lightsaber along the side of the wall almost casually, ruining months of work as the blade tore through conduit and stone alike. The consul didn't want to believe it, but when DarkHawk showed them the feed, it was unmistakable.

"When did you say you saw him last?" Bentre breathed slowly, measuring his words. It had been a while since she was his proconsul, but he had hoped the friendship remained.

"Not since the asteroids hit." She blinked, thought crossing her face. That in itself wasn't entirely unusual, given the situation. But this was another matter.

"He hasn't responded to our comms." DarkHawk offered. "We were..." He let the phrase hang in the air, unsure what to say next.

The thought bothered them in ways that they were not prepared for. He was one of their own, one of their best. While his goals were obscure, and his methods utterly foreign to most of them, the idea of the man turning on them like this was more than frightening, it was demoralizing.

The holo feed shifted to the next camera, then cut out, freezing on the last frame as the saber cut through the data conduit. Ashia repressed a wince as she stared into the black eyes of her husband.

The Nightsister's mind raced as she tried to make sense of what she was seeing. *He wouldn't do this to the temple. He helped rebuild it. This is not his way.*

She brought her thoughts around and then looked up at Bentre. "I need to get back to the *Dragon*. I'll find him and get to the bottom of this."

She turned on her heel and started to move towards the door.

"I'm coming with you." A voice behind her stopped her dead in her tracks.

She turned around and was about to object, only to find DarkHawk standing there. His eyes were set...determined. She knew arguing with him would be pointless. She nodded her head.

"Sully, get on the com and raise Blackwind."

"Ah, bloody hell! Now what, love?" The Lasat stood up and started moving towards the cockpit. As he moved he glanced in DarkHawk's direction; his eyes looking a bit apprehensive.

"We need to locate Muz."

"No, M'Lady. He is not on board. We are in orbit over Sepros. I haven't heard from him yet. Is there something wrong?"

Ashia's face went white. "Did he say what he was doing on Sepros?" She asked the question knowing full well what the answer would be.

"Now, Lady Keibatsu. You know very well, he doesn't explain his plans." Blackwind paused for a moment before adding, "He did take Leena with him, however."

She thanked him and turned the comm off. The Nightsister turned to DarkHawk and gave him a blank expression.

"You don't think...? The Shaevlian's words trailed off.

The two of them moved through the temple silently. Their steps carefully measured; reaching out with their senses...searching.

The two Sadowians rounded a corner and saw him. Well, saw an ignited saber in the dim light. Its hum, permeating the stone around them.

He's masked. Her mind whispered to DarkHawk's. He nodded towards her.

They moved closer and she reached out to his mind. *What are you doing?* Her mind sought his but met a wall. There was nothing, just emptiness.

As they got closer he came into view. Dark hair hung down from broad shoulders. His coat swung around his legs as he walked.

Suddenly he turned and regarded her with dark eyes.

Ashia stood confused at what she was seeing. Muz Keibatsu stood before her, saber in hand. A dark smile crossed his visage and a sneer graced his lips for a moment before lunging at her.

The Nightsister's sabers ignited as they leapt to her hands Silver and amethyst clashed with crimson. She slid out of the way before he could attack again.

DarkHawk leapt to action, His duel blades hissing as they came alive. He stepped forward, visibly shaken at what was happening and mentally not prepared to fight a mentor and former Grand Master.

"Master, stop this!" He screamed in frustration.

I can't reach him. I don't know what's wrong! Ashia's thoughts exploded inside DarkHawk's mind. The Keibatsu lunged at him, blocking his saber attack on DarkHawk.

Go! I'll hold him back and try to reach him. He'll kill you if you stay! DarkHawk hesitated but Ashia's eyes were burning. She was preparing to take them both out.

The two Keibatsu had fought each other but never like this.

That's not me. A familiar voice erupted inside her mind as she swung her saber around, connecting with his. She understood in that instant and stepped back away from the abomination before her.

Intact, please. She laughed at his thought as she ducked beneath a strike. The images came unbidden, her husband's plan wafting through her brain like remembering a dream. This was a remarkable bit of tech, one that they certainly would find use for.

That explains Leena. Ashia chuckled aloud as she thought at him, watching the simulacrum's face contort, showing teeth that seemed too white, now that she knew. *Get her down here fast, or I'll have to break your new toy.* The Twi was amazing with tech, ever since she was small. If anyone could reprogram this thing, it would be her. If they were lucky, she might even be able to reverse engineer more of them.

The droid sliced at her, and she bounded out of reach easily, annoyed with herself that she couldn't see it earlier. Words were always inadequate, a filter through which communication got clogged all too often. Ashia shifted her weight, letting a riposte sail past her harmlessly. Outsiders wondered why their family were often so very quiet. Friendlies understood that ideas and thoughts flowed like a river between them. Family knew that actions were purer still.

And this droid didn't speak that language.

Its attacks were artless, the form lacked nuance. It lunged, blade humming violently as it reached for her heart. She batted it away, muscle memory carrying her own blade through a counter as a thousand times before, carving into the droid's head. The pale flesh tones

evaporated, giving way to dull steel as Leena and Muz turned the corner a moment too late. The Twi sighed, moving toward it, no doubt trying to see if there was something salvageable. Muz moved to Ashia's side, wrapping an arm around her as he looked at her face, thumb caressing her cheek.

Ashia smiled. This man was fluent.