<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/competitions/10785> character story.

It was a semi quiet day for most of the Syndicate operatives. Some were out on certain top secret missions for the Supreme Commander and the Inner Circle. Others were doing other duties, such as maintenance on shuttles and other equipment. Though it was almost always the communications room that had the most action and was always on their toes.

It was a young lieutenant, being his first day at this post after being upgraded from message runner, who was on the inner comms system when the call came through. “This is Hunter Drakon, have a shuttle ready and Red Squad assembled immediately.”

“Yes Hunter, but I will need confirmation of what your orders are,” replied the lieutenant, trying to properly remember all of his training. There was a rather lengthy pause and the Hunter came back on, replying with a sigh, “You are new to this place, correct?”

“Yes ma’am,” he replied, slightly confused. “Then, let me make this as simple for you to understand, as possible,” she said slowly and deliberately. “This order has come from me, an Acolyte of the Syndicate. Where do you think my orders come from? My orders come from the Supreme Commander himself,” she went darkly.

“Oh, yes ma’am. Of course ma’am,” he stuttered in his speech as he realized the grave mistake he had just made. “I didn’t realize who you were ma’am. Of course, I should have recognized you from your title, of course… Forgive me ma’am,” he found himself rambling. His mind screamed at him to shut up, while his stomach twisted in several knots. *Oh hell, what did I just do?! I may have just insulted an Acolyte. What are you thinking man? Though why does her name seem so familiar? Drakon?* His mind was frantically trying to think of some way he could smooth this over with the Hunter. He had heard rumors that many personal have been replaced or not seen again, because they had either insulted or simply delivered bad news. That is the hazard of working for Sith, they are easily angered and take well to failure.

“I will be leaving in the next twenty minutes. Be sure to that my shuttle and squad are ready, and I may not to mention this to my Master,” she ordered very darkly. “Pray though, if this happens again. You will not get off so easy, with anyone else. Be sure it does not happen again.”

“Yes Hunter Drakon. I will help have them both ready in bay four, for you in ten minutes,” he said quickly. “This will not happen again ma’am. I promise.”

“Good. See to you don’t,” she replied. “Hunter Drakon out.” He could not tell if she was pleased or not. But it didn’t matter, he just needed to get her transport ready. Quickly, he put through the orders, and had the squad ready by the time she needed. He found it quite interesting that everyone he relayed her orders to, did not question the order.

An hour later his shift being nearly over and he was trying to decide, possibly to the mess or his quarters to freshen up, he hadn’t decided yet. As the next inner comms operative came in for the next shift, he decided to ask the older officer who she exactly was within the Syndicate, and why she was so influential. “How do you not know, who she is?” the officer replied with amazement. “Wait, you’re new here, aren’t you?”

“Yes. I am new this position, but not the Syndicate,” he replied confused.

“Ah. That explains your ignorance,” the officer shook his and then continued with an explanation. “Hunter Tahiri Drakon is our Supreme Commanders apprentice. That is why she is held to such a high regard, and demands higher respect than most. She is just as tough as the Supreme Commander himself. You are very lucky that you were dealing with Drakon rather than the Commander himself. She is a little kinder when it comes to a first timer, and she will give you a second chance to redeem yourself after the fact.”

The lieutenant was completely horrified as he clocked out, and headed to his quarters. He could not believe that on his first day, he met one the more influential members of Syndicate. He resolved that he would be more careful in future, or else he felt that he may become one of the rumors.