There are few places in the known galaxy that the very sight of them can send a chill down the spine of a Dark Jedi Master. Perhaps the Echani, whom himself had been mastermind behind many of the projects here, was just too well learned in the torments this place could offer. Yet, there had always been something unnaturally dark about the institution known as the Mystics Asylum.

Once started as a holding pit for failed Tarenti initiatives, wannabe Dark Jedi who didn't have the mental strength to stand up to the tests that the Tarenti face and were driven insane, the former starport was later renovated and developed into a madhouse where the very darkest of Tarenti could perform their unspeakable experiments away from the prying eyes of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood and unsupportive Tarentum leaders. Sinister actions were taken by many of Tarentum's best and brightest, and over the years alliances with other clans had brought their tastes and knowledge to the place due to the discretion held by the Asylum's staff.

In many ways, Tarentum's usage of Necromancy was born here.

Yet, that was also why it had fallen into a poor state of affairs. Ever since the decree that Necromancy was forbidden by the Tarentum Summit, many Tarenti refused to defy the Summit so openly. Of course, the Echani was not one of them.

Sith Bloodfyre, the Ghost Dragon, held little concern for what the Summit thought of his endeavours, a Master of the Sith Order had little to fear from an upstart Battlelord and his collection of Equite servants. Korras, or rather Aeternus as he demanded to be known, was a different story but for the time being was content with turning a blind eye to the Grand Chamberlain's affairs. It was still too early for either to be positioning themselves openly and defiantly against one another; so the Dark Jedi Master continued his way into the Asylum - past the wreckage of the ground level.

His entrance to the lower levels, however, didn't go as usually expected. The turbolift refused his initial prompt, and while it wasn't uncharacteristic that it would fail from time to time - the lack of response from the Asylum staff was concerning. A third buzz on the comlink finally produced a response but rather than a voice, the turbolift chimed that it had arrived. Cautiously, Bloodfyre entered the lift.

Functionally, the lift was fine and proceed to sail downwards towards the labs and experiment housing. However, there was new damage to the walls. It wasn't unknown to have an experiment wake from sedation during transportation, and indeed that was where the majority of the lifts dents and scratches had came from. A feeling in the Dark Jedi Master told him different though.

When the lift finally opened, anger swelled up in the man. Not a section of the labs had been left undisturbed. Vails and test tubes had been cast from their places on the stations, supplies appeared to be rummaged through, even the lights above the Dark Jedi Master blinked and flickered like they had been disturbed.

The place had been pillaged.

The asylum never bothered with security. It was easy to simply walk in through the front door and make one's way through the complex. Only the experiments were kept under lock and key, and the reasoning was simple. Who would dare defy Tarentum? You were more likely to disappear with your family never hearing from you again then you were to make it out again, even from standing in the front entrance. And perhaps this was why a meek voice choked from the back of the labs in disbelief.

"Master Bloodfyre?" A visibly shaken Duros had peeked his head over one of the back counters before identifying the newcomer. Launching himself upright, Amoth Ghatura came bounding up to the facility's patron.

"What in hell has happened here, Ghatura?" Bloodfyre growled, still taking in the spectacle around him.

"We were attacked - "

"You don't say?!" Bloodfyre roared, his fist hammered one of the steel counters so hard it left a dent. "Attacked by who?"

"I-I-I don't know." Amoth said, shuttering and waving his hands. "It happened so quickly, these men came in with masks of skulls covering their faces. Two men clearly gave the orders and stood back while the rest raided the place. We tried to stop them, but it was no use."

The weapons specialist turned his face to the side and showed large bruising already taking form from the alien's brow to collar. Upon his shoulder, a laser burn just barely scorched his flesh and it was clear he had been beaten and shot. A trigger happy assailant likely thought he left the Duros dead.

"And the others?" Bloodfyre snarled, a sigh escaped the man before the Duros could respond; Bloodfyre knew the answer already.

"Dead, sir." Tears began to stream down the sides of the Duros' face, before he pointed a shaky hand to the back of the lab where a pool of blood darkened the floor. "Hran, Ferral….even Dr. Steiner."