

The Corpse Fields
Outside The Fortress of the Unchained
The Ethereal Realm

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The Seer cackled with glee from the back of the crystalline rancor she rode.

She had raised it from birth.

The descendant of a dozen others she had carefully picked, trained, and bred for war.

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In its wake were dozens upon dozens of bodies.

When it roared the crystals on its
form reverberated and amplified the cry, making it a horrendous melodic piece.

Nearby, one of the Brotherhood soldiers pissed himself at the noise.

The rancor sniffed and grabbed the man, who failed at keeping his composure while he
unloaded his blaster at the rancor's face.

It chomped down on the man with glee, swallowing the upper half of the man's
body while throwing the other back towards his allies.

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“Jinkam! NOOOOOO!”

One of them screamed before firing a blaster bolt. It bounced off the rancor's body and
straight back into the soldier's face.

“Oh, good boy, J'hon!”

the Seer said giving the rancor a pat on the head.

“Uh... Thanks?”

The Harbinger said as he used his cybernetic eyes to mow down half a dozen soldiers in an
instant.

“Not you. I named the rancor J'hon,”

“I really fu—”

“Look! It begins”

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The Arbiter pointed behind them towards the fortress.

The Chain began to pulse with energy.

Lozemi fell to his knees in a reverent moment of reflection. The Seer cackled again.

The Harbinger rolled his eyes and wandered off to kill more people.

The end was nigh.

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Tali Sroka #14782 - Narrator/Purple

Archian #16054 - Brotherhood Soldier & "Musical score"/Red

Socorra #12648 - Seer/Blue

Ood #3317 - J'hon/Green

Sagitta #16854 - Rancor & The Arbiter/Orange