Drip Drip Drip. Drip Drip Drip.

The water of the fresher dripped slowly from its head. Droplets dripped and crept, slowly crawling down the skin of a nude figure. The being’s sulfuric yellow eyes gazed dazedly at its own reflection.

How did it come to this?

He could still feel the echoes of whispers in his mind.

Murderer. Hypocrite. Traitor.

Hate. Hate. Hate.

The Ethereal realm was unpleasant. The Brotherhood was forced to face the, quite literal, ghosts of their past. Reminders of failures, of costs paid, made manifest in front of them. It wasn’t just the vanquished enemies that haunted Hector Von Ricmore. The sting of failure, of loss, was all to prevalent. So many apprentices lost or left. Venturing to the depths of space to chase their own fortune. Vex’rauh. Dakor. Wesker. Kasmar. Some losses hurt more than others. He still recalled the pride he felt when Dakor achieved Knighthood. When they sought to build a Sith empire among the stars. Before it all fell apart. Before his exodus to Vizsla.

Now that pride burnt bittersweet. Even the finest of his apprentices were gone.

His friends were not safe from tragedy. Appius Wight. Once he would have called him blood brother. Through adversity and pain they grew together. Sometimes allies. Sometimes enemies. Always rivals. Rivals with a healthy respect for one another. Hector did not know what became of his once friend. And truthfully, he was terrified to ask. Did death claim him? Or did he stumble upon one of the myriad of fates worse than death? Something truly terrible to behold.

The Force was as great as it was terrible. And the sentients of the Unknown Regions seemed determined to misuse it.

Pain. Rage. Hate. Suffering.

It ran like an electrical current under his skin. Undulating, twisting, driving the knife deeper and deeper still.

His vision blurred. He felt too large for his skin. The space was too small. He needed to get out. He needed to get out. HE NEEDED TO GET OUT.

With a mighty shriek the Force pulsed outward, shattering glass and blowing the fresher door off its hinges.

A muted pain flowed through the Kiffar. Blood dripped down his face, the casualty of shattered glass moving at high speed. Tears gathered, then began to drip, drip, drip.

It was never enough. His best was never enough. He thought of the victory he had won over Lord Scimitar, the townspeople saved. But such a thing was only temporary. Scimitar was still out there. The body count would keep increasing; going up with every encounter. And deep down Hector knew. No matter his diplomatic ability. His honed healing. His skill with a lightsaber. It would not be enough. When the stakes were highest and those he cared for counted on him, it wouldn’t be enough. He didn’t want to bury another friend. To lose someone, to see them one last time, without even saying goodbye.

His gaze caught sight of a mirror. Burning yellow eyes stared back. His visage morphed, Scimitar’s ghoulish face stared back at him.

“Only a matter of time. Until you fail once again.” It uttered smugly.

Hector drove his fist into the mirror, shattering it. His hand ached but at last the voices stopped their whispering. He slid to his knees as the tears continued to fall. It had to be enough. It had to be enough.