

Aftermath: Transcendence

General Zxyl Bes'uliik (#9056)

Dark Ascent Medical Facility
Arx, Arx System
42 ABY

The Regent of the Brotherhood stood over his motionless comrade, his unique set of Mandalorian armor still stained with blood. Idris Adenn lay there in the medical bay, his fractured armor stripped from his body and cast aside as all manner of tubes and machines kept the Voice in the land of the living as the Elder rest inside a new-age bacta tank and accompanying suit. The Mandalorian Scoundrel had thrown himself into an ascendant crystal spear's line of fire to protect who all assumed would now assert himself as Grand Master with Nehalem locked alongside Bes'uliik's fellow Taldrya, Telaris Cantor, inside the Ethereal Realm. It was a foolhardy move. The spear hit with such force that its crystalline tip easily pierced the beskar alloy skin that protected the Dathomirian-Mandalorian's long time friend from harm throughout the conflict - until those final moments - and embedded itself in his chest.

Although Zxyl had managed to bring Adenn to safety in the universe both men knew and had fought, bled, and killed for the Lord remained in critical condition just over a week later. The General suspirated deeply from behind his helmet. The damage was severe, and there was little anyone could do to accelerate the process beyond what was already being done.

Come on, old friend. I cannot suffer this Council without you.

Just as predicted Nehalem's *Shadow Hand*, known as Dacien Victae or to many as the *Butcher of Lyspair*, had ascended to the Iron Throne in the wake of the Dark Lord of the Sith's absence - securing it for himself and himself alone. In a way the Regent was almost thankful, for he has been ridden of *one* of his predecessors. One remained. Stokos, of course, who now sat as Victae's deputy on The Council.

Immediately, the Brotherhood's new Grand Master had set out demands for after-action reports and status updates from his Councilors. While Cindertail provided a full recounting of the souls lost in the Ethereal Realm, he left the tally of the Brotherhood's assets that had been lost to Bes'uliik.

The Mandalorian General recounted the numbers, almost all mostly small arms and protection. Starships had been spared the brunt of the war, though minor losses were incurred on some smaller vessels when one of the Children's *Ascension*-class Star Destroyers had engaged, decimating them.

Overall, many Brotherhood assets and those of the clans had made the trip back. While there was work to be done, Thran could handle it, and ably, while Bes'uliik's focus remained fixated on his friend. After all, the two had met years before either of them joined the Brotherhood on Batuu, and it was Adenn himself who recruited the wayward Dathomirian-Mandalorian into the Brotherhood.

Zxyl's heterochromatic irises shifted from the Voice of the Brotherhood to his armor, which resided in a box for a time being. With his fully armored hand he reached into it and pulled the bloodied chest plate free, studying the puncture with his eyes and gloved fingers from his other hand.

When Idris awakes, his armor must be ready.

The *Iron Beast of Mandalore* replaced the chestplate back into the box, grabbing both sides and heaving it upwards. He carried that box of the Lord's ruined beskar armor to the *Ascent's* general use hangar bay, where a shuttle was ready to transfer him to **Mattock Station**. Upon reaching the donut-shaped station, Bes'uliik traversed his way to the forge that sat secured within his official offices. He kept one here at The Exchange's head of operations, and one aboard its flagship the **Eternal**.

"HAL, queue the music," ordered the Regent to his armor's artificial intelligence, cleverly named *Helpful Artificial Lacky*. His BD-unit Backpack Droid, A.R.C - or *Advanced Robit Companion* - hopped off his shoulder, knowing full well what the Dathomirian-Mandalorian was about to do.

Let's get to work, mused Bes'uliik as a catchy instrumental tune began playing and he set about forging Idris' armor anew into a fresh design, just like the Voice was to be reborn.