

End of a Relationship

The arrival of a silver protocol droid meant it was finally time. Or at least he knew that's what it meant before the droid had a chance to speak. Evio Nezsa had spent the past several days tying up loose ends on Arx in preparation for his departure.

He hadn't kept much in his small room on the Dark Ascent. Which made sense considering how little time he spent on the planet during his time employed there but he had come to appreciate a place to call home when needed. Since the Mandalorian had moved on from his Clan as many others had to find employment among the ranks of the Brotherhood.

"Your ship is loaded and ready my Lord," the protocol droid spoke. Its mechanical tone announcing what he already knew.

"Thank you," the human responded.

Grabbing his helmet and putting it on as he headed for the door. The familiar comfort of his helmet brought him a moment of peace as he walked into the hallways of the Dark Ascent where a new Grand Master's reign was taking hold.

Evio Nezsa had been in the employ of the former Grand Master Darth Nehalem for years now. From his time as Voice of the Brotherhood and forming of the Inquisitorious alongside Grand Master Pravus to bring new levels of intelligence and security. Then helping form the Arx Corporate Exchange finding scuttled ships and seeing to it that massive shipyards found their way to the system to support the Brotherhoods growing fleet. Then as he joined Grand Master Telaris as his right hand to fight the Collective that threatened them all. Most recently standing by his side as Grand Master himself and fighting new enemies.

Every step of the way you somehow managed to make more and more enemies and surround yourself with more and more threats. Not even reclusive. You would flaunt your power as if to dare someone to try and kill you at party after party after party.

The small-framed human moved silently through the halls in his Mandalorian armor. For the first time in forever the mercenary found himself deciding on his own what his next move might be.

I have spent so long carrying out your agenda in exchange for credits, never once wondering what I might do if you were gone. If you're even gone.

Evio reached the turbolift at the end of the floor as he considered his plans.

You're out there somewhere but it's not my job to find you. I've come to respect you over these years for the hard work and dedication. All the skills I've perfected in your service. Yet I find myself unwilling to follow you on this final relentless obsession with destroying Telaris.

He reached down and gripped the golden lightsaber now attached to his hip. A final gift from Grand Master Nehalem before he disappeared in the latest Brotherhood conflict. A reminder of all he accomplished in his service. A complicated relationship to say the least more as master and apprentice than anything.

Perhaps I have finally grown beyond what you can teach me. Perhaps you have grown beyond the capacity to serve as a mentor to others. At my core, I am still a Mandalorian.

As the turbolift reached the docking bay floors Evio Nezsa stepped out into a crowded hallway. Hundreds of different people walked the lower levels conducting Brotherhood business. He headed towards the docking bay where his Mandalorian assault ship awaited.

There is one last question on my mind however and something I must know. What is so special about Clan Scholae Palatinae. I've run into members on occasion as I go about my business but why was your plan always to return? As our relationship comes to an end Evant Taelyan, it's time I forged new ones.

A Mandalorian warrior walking the Dark Ascent was just another sight. So many from different walks were all around him. It made Evio realize why the Brotherhood was worth protecting. Why at some level deep down it was worth being in service of the Brotherhood in whatever his next steps were.

Clan Vizsla is a ready-made opportunity for me. A Clan where my cousin Idris Adenn once served. Many Mandalorian are there walking the way. I can't help but feel like my relationship with the former Grand Master has left me curious about the appeal of an Empire.

As Evio reached his Kom'rk class ship he climbed the ramp and quickly made for the cockpit. Settling into the pilot's chair and doing a quick preflight check.

"Being plotting a course for the Caperion System."