

A Tragic Outcome

General Zxyl Bes'uliik of The Council

The Dark Ascent

Arx, Arx System

Following Great Jedi War XVI: Transcendence

As the doctors worked on his ally and friend Idris Adenn, the Regent of the Brotherhood paced back and forth in the hallway outside the operating room. Some of the Brotherhood's most adept medical personnel were stationed on Arx, including the Dathomirian-Mandalorian's mad doctor love interest Aisha Solon. The damage had been severe; an ascendant crystal tipped spear had pierced the Voice of the Brotherhood's chest, shredding through his *beskar* with an unimaginable force behind it. The strike had instantly brought the Elder to his knees. Were it not for the General's quick thinking in immediately evacuating his friend, the Scoundrel would not have made it out of the Ethereal Realm alive at all; his soul trapped there, forever.

Tirelessly they worked, trying to isolate and stop the bleeding and repair the damage they could. Seconds turned into minutes. Minutes into hours. Eventually Aisha emerged from the operating room, eyes swollen and watery. She had failed Bes'uliik. The damage, too severe, was unable to be repaired. Lord Idris Adenn, Voice of the Brotherhood and by far the Regent's closest friend on The Council - perhaps in the entirety of the Brotherhood - had not made it out of the surgery alive. He died on the operating table. She had no words. There were none.

The Regent at this moment did not make a sound. Sorrow filled his psyche, an uncommon emotion for the *Iron Beast of Mandalore*. The heavily armored man proceeded into the room, pushing past the medical personnel that attempted to stop him to say goodbye to his friend. He stood over the lifeless husk, head hung low as a single tear dripped from one of his eyes behind the *bu'yce* that covered his head. The Mandalorian General placed a hand over Adenn's heart.

"*Ret'urcye mhi*," were the only words that left the Regent's lips, solemnly.

Zxyl gathered the Adenn family *beskar'gam*, in ruins, from the corner where it had been forcibly stripped from the Voice of the Brotherhood's body and strewn off to the side to make way for the operation. As a *Naur'lor*, he could not leave behind the armor. Especially his friend's. The Regent packaged it in a container, and left the medical ward without a word - leaving Aisha standing there in her blood covered medical attire. The Councilor returned to his office, placing the container by the door as it slid closed behind him.

Inconceivable rage welled up inside him. Rage the Mandalorian could not contain, no matter how hard he tried. Try he did, proceeding over to his desk and resting both palms on the smooth surface of the large, expertly carved obsidian glass slate.

"**No. No, no, NO!**" he bellowed, Magick empowering his body as the Regent grabbed one end of the obsidian slate and wrenched it to the side. The desk crashed into the wall, tipping and falling on its side in the process. The heavily armored man continued the dismantling of his office with prejudice for several minutes,

destroying everything he could get his hands on no matter its value. At the conclusion of the chaos Zxyl sat perched against a wall with his legs outstretched and head hung low, suspirating heavily. Several - including Aisha - had come by the office of the Regent of the Brotherhood to pay their condolences in the hours that he remained un-moving against the cold wall, but none could gain access to the locked office.

After what seemed like forever, the Dathomirian-Mandalorian's head returned to an upright position. He pushed himself to his feet, pulling from his person his *Dark Ascent* and Arx Capital Exchange code cylinders. The credentials that denoted his status as a member of The Council, and Regent of the Brotherhood. His gaze moved to his hand where he stared at them momentarily, before tipping his hand to the side and allowing them to crash into the floor. Without another word, the General left his office and the *Dark Ascent* as a whole. Zxyl Bes'uliik was Regent no more.

In the weeks and months that followed the death of Idris Adenn, Zxyl Bes'uliik had completely disappeared from the workings of the Brotherhood and its territories. The Dathomirian-Mandalorian had gone from Councilor to bounty hunter, a fitting conclusion to his membership in the Brotherhood considering it was Idris Adenn who had plucked him from the life of a hunter to join the organization in the first place. Dr. Solon had eventually tracked him down, forcing herself back into his life as they navigated the galaxy to find their new place in it.