

Warning claxons of the ODN Resurgent bellowed and screamed as the large vessel sliced through the portal into the unknown. Gui Sol's fingertips dug into the arms of the Captain's chair and as quickly as the scanners and warning bells and whistles blazed in chaos. They instantly fell as silent as a whisper in the dark.

A luminescence filled the ship and not even the engines could be heard. It was as though those on board had left their waking lives to enter a dream. There was a hush that washed over the crew as some vanished from plain sight while others shifted and contorted into different versions of themselves.

Like splinters, memories created shards of pain that burdened the Kiffar Proconsul's mind. He looked up. The viewport reflected his image. But who was this man looking back?

A portion of his skull had been replaced by machinery and his right arm in its entirety was no different than that of a droid. His vision went dark and like a clairvoyant, he meandered through a new realm, the energy assaulted his psyche.

In his mind he looked up from being on his back. He could feel the burning of pain scorching his extremities. Yet the Force empowered him. It sustained him. There was an overwhelming sense of urgency and a feeling of betrayal had been the catalyst. His eyes narrowed into focus and the silhouette standing over him was familiar. While he couldn't make out the face, he could see the horns on top of the figure's head and a lightsaber held in a tight grip. It was..

"It can't be-" Gui couldn't believe his eyes. "Re-Revak?"

An evil grin creased the lower portion of the hazy face and mangled yellow teeth were infested with larvae.

"Your words are poison, traitor" echoed from beyond and the apparition of Revak recoiled and dissipated. "Come, I can save you."

Gui fought to stay conscious and a hand pierced the veil of darkness. When he reached out to it, he snapped back to the altered form in the viewport.

Sweat was running down his face and his breathing was panicked and labored.

"What is happening?" He spoke out loud to himself.

"We're approaching the city." A voice of a crew member responded, seemingly coming out of nowhere. "It's Eos."

"Eos?"

Gui pushed himself forward in the chair and traced the features of his face with his cybernetic hand.

"What happened to me, this can't be real!" His composure began to empower him.

"Calm your mind."

It was the same voice from his vision, or was it a memory?

"Sir, we're under attack!"

Just then, other vessels from the Brotherhood streaked into existence and the Resurgent lurched under heavy fire. The Children of Mortis had engaged just over the city.

Gui shuddered in his chair and in his mind he saw himself jump up. He turned towards the entrance to the bridge and entered a full sprint. Metal from his boots cranked against the durasteel grating as he bolted towards the hangar, his left index finger pressed to his ear as he shouted into his commlink.

"Everyone scramble to your fighters, return fire!"

The Resurgent shifted and groaned into a broadside position and Tatiana Traavalya, the bridge Officer leaned onto her cane. The Bothan's long white hair fell down over one of her blue eyes as she signaled the retaliatory strike with a flick of her finger.

The vessel unleashed. Green turbolasers lanced out, striking many of the ethereal attackers. They exploded into a mixture of turbulent blue energy and what appeared to be a teal mist.

Streaking through the portal, various other ships bearing the symbols of the Clans swooped in to offer support. Guns blazing before they could even reduce speed.

The Force coursed through Gui's veins and his heart pounded with energy as a focus with an intensity he had never experienced before washed over him. He slipped into the cockpit of his Vector and like a bullet from a slugthrower he tore out of the Resurgent, followed by Banshee Squadron.

"On me." He commanded as each vessel moved into position. "Attack formation."

Gui's ship spiraled and corkscrewed as it responded to the Kiffar behind the yoke. The orange glow emanating from inside was the product of his wounded and fractured kyber crystal. Formerly a Sith perversion that he was beginning to mend. Though wounded, the healing had produced two powerful crystals loyal to their new master.

The vessel rolled into position behind an enemy ship and unleashed a volley of Ion blasts that fried the circuitry. A current of electricity rippled across the hull

"I'm picking up a signature, it's moving fast." Shouted one of the pilots of Banshee Squadron.
"It's nearly on top of u-"

Out of nowhere a behemoth of a droid. Perhaps more beast than machine tore through the disabled enemy ship. A bright flash of marvelous flame followed by a blue pulse wave casted highlights on the dancing figure.

"Haran, glad you could join us buddy." Gui grinned as his Basilisk began to sift through the enemy fighters like a Corellian hound would a basket of chew toys.

It had to have felt good after being dormant for so long on the icy moon Gui had found it on.

After performing extensive repairs and reprogramming it. The Okami had given him their blessing. They named it Haran which was their word for Hell, in service to Gui Sol, it was allowed to break loose. For it was time for war.

The Jedi's eyes closed and his organic hand hovered over the controls of Echo. It seemed to have a mind of its own as it responded to the energy being poured into it. It dived, rolled, and danced through the black. Guided by feeling, instincts, and the Force.

"Valkyrie Squadron, tighten up, run support for the Banshees." Tatiana spoke sternly into the comm. "Rapier, Ash Angels, commence your bombing runs. Archon Squadron will cover you. The Resurgent's turbo-lasers will be your shield."

"There are too many of them Commander!"

"We can't hold out much Ion-"

"Our formations are crumblin-"

One by one the Fleet of Odan-Urr was dropping from the scanners. Gui clenched his cybernetic right hand and slammed it into his console. The screams of Brotherhood forces filled his headset and the harsh gravity of the surrounding void continued to throw off the precision of his armada.

"Fall back." He shouted reluctantly. "Get back to the Resurgent."

"Sir, how are we going to get out of here. It's like flying in a nightmare. We're trapped."

Gui recognized the voice as a Padawan that he knew was killed during the invasion of Tython. Confusion tugged at his psyche.

"Regroup!" Gui shouted.

"Sir, if you make it back, perhaps we can use the Ascendant Crystal Engines to break through the portal."

Gui rotated his vessel to face the Resurgent, but as he did. It erupted into a ball of fire. The Squadrons accompanying him burst into balls of energy and screams of agony filled his headset.

"G-"

"Gui!"

"Gui!!!"

Sweat poured from his head and the heaviness of death thumped his chest. He had lost it all. He had lost everything, aga-

"Gui!!!"

He heard them calling to him.

"Master!"

He woke up. He panted heavily and sat straight up to see his Padawan Rook, shaking him. The small Togorian was a pleasant sight. He immediately looked down and saw that his body was whole. He had escaped the Ethereal Realm. But not without a warning.

The Father would get his pound of flesh.