

Untold Stories

By Battlelord Vincent Brujah

It had only been a few short months, but already Vincent Brujah could feel his connection to the Dark Side growing more intense. His power, his anger, his will to overcome the obstacles in his way, they grew every day. Clan Scholae Palatinae had taken notice.

A few days earlier, the Sith had been promoted from Battlemaster to Battlelord. It was a promotion that was over a decade in the making, and while the title was mostly a formality, Brujah knew that he was being recognized for his efforts and for the tremendous amount of power that he had gained since the Brotherhood last knew of him. But did anyone truly sense the extent of how powerful Brujah was becoming or how powerful he aimed to become?

The Battlelord was in his private quarters on Seraph. Sitting at a workbench in his black robes he tinkered with the hilt of a lightsaber. Many in the Clan had become accustomed to seeing Brujah with Hellfire, his blazing red lightsaber. To the untrained eye, it may even appear that Brujah was working on Hellfire now. The hilt was the exact same shape and size as Brujah's primary saber, but this one didn't adorn the red flames on the side of the hilt. Instead, they were replaced with what appeared to be flowing magma.

With a click the Christophsis crystal was in place. A smirk crossed Brujah's face as he closed the hilt and looked upon his work. Before he could ignite the saber, the door to his quarters whooshed open and his partner, Jaz Holden, walked in wearing his full Beskar armor.

"Hellfire giving you troubles?" Jaz asked.

Brujah lifted his left hand and Hellfire sprung from its holster on his belt into his hand igniting red with a screech. The Mandalorian tilted his head slightly. In his right hand, Brujah ignited the magma hilt releasing a blinding orange blade.

"Say hello to Brimstone." The Sith said with a smirk.

"So you fancy yourself a two lightsaber man, now?" Jaz returned.

"Not quite yet..." Brujah said as both of the lightsabers deactivated.

The Sith placed the hilt of Brimstone on a holding shelf on the wall, next to yet another saber hilt, this one appearing to be a double bladed lightsaber hilt.

"But, we always have to have a plan B, now don't we?" Too stubborn to admit that he hadn't fully trained on how to wield both lightsabers at once. The message was still clear, Brujah was making himself more dangerous.

Jaz walked over to a nearby chair and took a seat. As Brujah turned around to face him again, he spoke.

“Plan B is great and all, but... I gotta know... what exactly is plan A? We’ve shared the news with the proper authorities. We’ve refueled and all repairs are complete on the ship. Shouldn’t we hightail it out of here before the Bantha fodder hits the proverbial fan?”

Brujah gave Jaz a curious look.

“In all the time we’ve spent together, I’ve never taken you as a coward.”

Brujah leaned in close to the Beskar helmet of the Mandalorian.

“Do you take me for one?” the Sith asked.

Jaz could feel a shiver run up his spine from the tone of the Sith.

“Never.” He quickly responded. “I just thought that we had done our part here, and that we’d be off before we brought too much attention to ourselves. You know, we’re still wanted on 5 systems.”

“And who would dare try to extradite us from the Brotherhood?” Brujah laughed. “We are in the safest place that we can be for now. Besides, if my battles in the Combat Center have taught me anything, it’s that I still have work to do. I like that feeling, Jaz...”

His voice echoed off as he appeared to be deep in thought for a moment.

“Do you remember our previous plan A, Jaz? Before all this madness about the Chiss?”

The Mandalorian nodded.

“Hunt down and kill the Jedi responsible for your mother’s death...”

Brujah began to pace as the memories rushed through his brain. He gritted his teeth and spoke in anger.

“A decade, Jaz. A decade spent hunting down the trash that killed my mother, and what did we find?”

“We found the Jedi.”

“Yes, we found him. And when we found him, he was scared... Weak... Pathetic. He knew who I was the moment I walked into the room, though he hadn’t seen me since I was a young boy. He knew what was upon him and he didn’t even put up a fight!”

Brujah slammed his closed fist down on the workbench.

“I waited my whole life for that moment, and do you have any idea how underwhelming it was? Yes, I avenged my mother, but where was the challenge? Where was the fight?!”

The Sith took in a deep breath and turned back to the Mandalorian.

“It was here. It was here all along.”

“So, we’re staying here and putting our necks on the line because you want to be challenged?” The Mandalorian asked.

“In a way... yes. Ultimately, I never wish to be challenged again. Only obeyed.”

The thought turned Brujah’s anger into a smile instead.

“My destiny is here, Jaz. First, we will fight with Clan Scholae Palatinae in what is to come with the Chiss. We will make names for ourselves here. We will bring such brutality and ferocity to this war that even the Council will have to remember our names.”

“And then?”

“And then I fight, and claw, and scratch, and learn until I have fulfilled my destiny and become the most powerful Sith Lord that this galaxy has ever known. We fight until the whole galaxy trembles at the mention of the name ‘Lord Vincent Brujah’.”

Jaz stood, eyeing the door.

“Then it sounds like we should both be preparing for all that is to come. Vincent, it’s just like I told you on the day that you saved my life and helped me escape with the beskar that I wear today; I am in your service.”

The Mandalorian stepped towards the door until it whooshed open. Turning back, he spoke once more.

“Don’t forget about the ones that we lost to get here.”

“It is their untold stories that drive me.” Brujah said as Jaz walked out the door.