Xen’Mordin Vismorsus (3783)

Assassination Fun: The Usurper

Xen’Mordin Vismorsus leaned back in his office chair, feet up on his desk. It had been another long day of meetings, both as Emperor and as Quaestor. The dual-life required of Scholae Palatinae leaders was not an easy one. Several had spent years trying to obtain the top only to crack under the pressure. Luckily Xen was not so weak willed. He absentmindedly ran his hands over the engraving on his mask, which he held in his hands. He smiled and closed his eyes, enjoying a rare moment of peaceful relaxation.

Then his comm beeped.

Xen swore and swung his feet off his desk back to the ground. He reached forward and slammed a hand on the blinking button.

“Sorry to disturb you sir. We have an incoming shuttle, no prior notification. They uh… are demanding a full colors welcoming party.” The voice on the comm came through clear although apparently a bit confused why an unscheduled shuttle would demand such a welcome.

“I’ll be on my way in a minute,” Xen managed to sigh out before hitting the button again severing the communication.

*Thran. He is the only one with enough ego to show up unexpected like this,* Xen thought to himself. Thran, the Usurper, came and went like the wind. Much of the former Emperor’s time was spent being a glorified holovid star. Xen snorted at the idea.

*Talk about weak willed.*

Xen slipped his mask on and quickly made his way down to the shuttle bay. It was larger than the one on the public records for the palace, but then again the public records didn’t even cover half of what was really located at the palace. He stood to the side between his guards and waited for the shuttle to land. It wasn’t a full colors welcome, but if someone wasn’t there to welcome Thran home, he would throw a big enough hissy fit to bring down the entire palace.

The shuttle came into the bay. Xen’s adrenaline spiked up. There were few things he liked less than seeing a predecessor Emperor, and none less than seeing Thran. He was skilled as a warrior and a pilot yes. But he was temperamental and still seemed to think the throne was his. Xen wasn’t sure how much longer his will power would last out against the man. Xen rolled his neck around, trying to relive some of the tension there and stepped up toward the shuttle.

There was a loud hiss and a great deal of smoke as the doors to the shuttle finally opened. Loud music filled the bay. As the steps from the shuttle finally hit the ground of the bay, out ran several slightly terrified and disheveled looking women.

*Guess the famous Derc Kast was a bit more than they expected.*

Then came several chickens and a goat. Xen stepped back and made a quick gesture to some of his guards. One quickly moved to secure the wild animals. Another tactfully escorted the women out of the bay. Several more moments of smoke and loud music followed. Xen folded his arms impatient. Then came a booming voice from inside the shuttle.

“Behold-old-old-d! The great-ate-ate! The magnificent-ent-ent! Thrano-no-no-o!”

Thran stepped on to the shuttle steps as he finished echoing his own name. He slid down the handrails and fells to the ground. Even if he had been sober, Xen would have been surprised if he had managed to land on his feet. Thran picked himself up and stumbled closer to Xen.

“This isn’t a full welcoming party! Scholae’s infamous son is home! Why aren’t you bowing by the way?” He asked. He glared at Xen who remained motionless.

“Welcome home Thran,” Xen said flatly before he turned around and began marching out of the room.

“Don’t turn your back on me! Don’t you know who I am!?” Thran yelled. Xen paused and looked back over his shoulder. While his face was masked, everyone in the room could feel the seething come from the man.

“Oh I know better than most Thran. But I’m busy. Ruling an Empire and all.” Xen said, and walked out the door. His mind was already made up.

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Xen, his summit and the rest of the supporting leaders of Scholae Palatinae sat around the circular table in a meeting room deep beneath the Palace. The usual rituals and sayins invoking the name of Palpatine had been finished, and now they turned to a meal together, as brothers and sisters. It was more than a meal though. It was a time of bonding, and of planning for the house and system. Xen didn’t wear his mask while eating and drinking, here he was among the few people in the galaxy he knew wouldn’t betray his identity. He could trust everyone here, everyone but Thran at least.

Thran took a deep drink before speaking up.

“We need to expand the Empire. I am thinking it is time those Arcona bastards got theirs,” He said. Xen let out a slight sigh, knowing what was coming.

“Thran, we are still hurting from the Horizons plague and the Crusade. We can’t mount a full scale invasion of anyone, let alone Arcona,” Xen said before taking another bite of his meal.

“Bullshit. We can always strike. My Empire needs growth!” Thran replied. Xen arched an eyebrow.

“Your Empire? Last I checked it was our Empire and you were far from heading it,” Archangel said before Xen could say anything. The Shaevalian shot a sideways glance to Xen, hoping to defuse the situation before Xen could say anything.

“Oh we all know Xennie here is just keeping the seat warm. I am the Usurper and one day I will reclaim it for myself.” Thran made direct eye contact with Xen. “I will not tolerate you miss treating my legacy,” Thran finished. Xen lowered his fork and put his hands together in front of him.

“Your *legacy…*” Xen began, “You legacy was a broken clan made a house. A proud Empire made weak by your inability to lead. You will *never* sit on the throne again.”

The room went silent. The tension between Xen and Thran had been something they all knew for a long time. Xen usually deflected it however, and instead now he was facing it head on. Xen smiled a cruel smile at the look on Thran’s face.

“I will have your head for such a statement Xen. I will reclaim what is mine. And then I will lead this Empire into a new age, the Second Great Galactic Empire!” Thran said. His face was turning red, both from drink and rage. Xen continued to smile.

“Oh I’m sure you have all kinds of fantasies Thran. One where women love you for more than your money. One where you are still loved by the people here in Cocytus. One where you fancy yourself a great Sith, powerful and mighty. But I’m afraid they are just fantasies Thran. Delusions of a weak minded fool.” Xen said still smiling.

“You only rule because I’ve allowed it!” Thran bellowed. Xen shook his head.

“You thinking that you still held and pulled the strings has always been apart of my game Thran. A way to placate you to do what was needed, bring money to the Brotherhood. But now I’m done with the game Thran. I’m done coaxing your ego and your belief that you still hold all the cards. You were never in the game to begin with.” Xen said, grinning bigger than ever. Thran came to his feet, fist slamming to the table. His other hand went to his lightsaber, clipped on to his belt. The others at the table also stood, wanting to get out of the way of whatever came next. Xen remained smiling and sitting.

“What? Did you think I would antagonize you and then have a duel to prove which of us is the better? I don’t need such action to know that I am one hundred times your superior,” Xen said. Thran’s orange lightsaber snapped to life. Yet Thran didn’t move any closer to Xen. His face was still red, and growing redder. Xen let out a laugh.

“You don’t even realize you are already dead. Which is even more hilarious,” Xen chuckled. He picked up his fork and went back to eating. Thran tried to step closer but fell to his knees. He was making some strange noises, as his face continued to grow even more red. Blood started to drip out of his nose and eyes. Xen absentmindedly raised a hand and used the force to pull Thran’s dropped lightsaber to it. He placed it on the table next to his plate and resumed eating.

Thran made several new gurgling noises as blood began to ooze out of his mouth as well. The others stared as the former Consul continued to writhe in pain on the floor. Xantros turned to Xen with a quizzical look on his face.

“Poison. *Tears of Vorrix*,” Xen answered to the look he was given. He glanced down at Thran still clinging to life.

“Sithspawn Xen. That is one of the most expensive poisons out there!” Dante said backing up from the table looking at everything, fearful he might have been dosed as well.

“Don’t worry. The food is all fine. It was coated on the inside of Thran’s glass,” Xen said after swallowing another bite of food. “You all can sit. Thran isn’t going to hurt anyone at this point. There is no cure, and even if there was, it is too late for him.”

Thran let out one last massive spasm on the floor and was still. Xen smiled.

*The Usurper can usurp no more. This has been quite a nice day.*