The cold rush of wind charged through the young disciples silver locks of hair as he sat at the window of his home on Shumari. He recalled the drunken tale of the older gentleman the night before, in his favorite bar on his entire homeworld. “It’s true I tell you!” the drunkard yelled at his equally drunken listeners. “I’ve seen it with my own two eyes! A great God of fire on Korriban, I’ve seen him I really have!” He continued to try and pass his story to the crowd. “He spoke to me he did and he is the only God I answer too now. Hagathor! Hagathor!” He screamed before he violently collided with the ground beneath him. Those who consumed as much as the very fool telling the story laughed in amusement and disbelief, but one listener knew better. As he sat in the back of the bar and smirked at every moment of the drunk’s story he quickly realized that the man was under the influence of his wicked liquid mistress, but was not out of his simple mind. Why would a man make up this tale the Dark Jedi wondered? He quickly had his loyal family servants fly him to Korriban to investigate himself.

As Rhaegon’s transport next to a long abandoned fortress on the western half of the desolate planet, something strange occurred. Rhaegon did not know who or what he was looking for, or even so much as where to begin. As soon as he stepped foot out of the ship however, he felt am ominous presence lift his spirit by the hand and begin to lead it. “The Dark Side is strong indeed.” He whispered to himself as he lowly walked along. “Shall we follow you Prince Rhaegon?” His servants asked of the young heir. “No, if you follow me on this journey…you shall not return.” He stated while stepping into a light incoming sandstorm. Little know this of the Targaryen heir, other than his master Maelous Ascarend, to whom he indeed owed his life, but Rhaegon always had an interest in the ancient ways of the Sith. As but a child, his father unwittingly introduced Rhaegon to the greatest ally he would ever meet, knowledge. He began to read the ancient tales of his family, which led him to spend most of his time in the libraries of Shumari and read the histories of many other families. The members of these families were warriors and scholars of old, and so instilled into the young boys mind were the teachings of the Krath and Sith orders.

Now, the Acolyte of Clan Naga Sadow, still realizing he had much to learn from those around him, was walking on a path through Korriban to discover the truth of a possible myth he heard from some poor old bastard in a Shumari bar. The irony, of how smart men will go on the most idiotic of journeys for only a bit of adventure. But could this turn out to be more than that? It was time for Rhaegon to find out. That ominous aura that touched him back at his ship had suddenly vanished into the increasingly humid air of Korriban. A moment of silence flew upon the young man and his surroundings and all that could be heard was his breath until suddenly the loudest of screams could be heard coming from the distance. Rhaegon stood tall as he could not see past the sandstorm that was visibly worse in the distance. He could still hear the screams and he began to feel the once humid air of Korriban grow increasingly fierce and unrelenting upon his skin. Band of sweat took their first breaths as they rolled down Rhaegon’s forehead and cheek and almost instantly it appeared.

A giant figure of a man stood about nine feet tall a few yards in front of Rhaegon. His eyes were of an orangish-red texture and his body was charcoal blackened. The most fascinating thing about the creature in front of Rhaegon was that his body was engulfed in the hellish flames Rhaegon imagined when being told the story of this marvelous specimen by the drunk in the bar. “So you are the God that the old man spoke of. Well you are a beautiful piece of work aren’t you?” Rhaegon toyed with the beast. “Hagathor.” the beast replied. “What are you?” Rhaegon questioned. “Hagathor.” the beast repeated. “Hagathor?” Rhaegon replied back to the beast. “HAGATHOR!” the beast screamed as he rushed Rhaegon. Rhaegon panicked, but his panic was shortly stopped and faded into blackness. Rhaegon awoke in an interesting room, surrounded by beakers and books all with different color auras shining around them. Rhaegon sat up from his forced slumber and heard the slow creaking of a large door. He stared at the only open space in the room he could see and out through the darkness of the next room stepped a boy. He couldn’t have been more than nine or ten years old but immediately impressed the Dark Jedi with his sharp and articulate tongue. “I am sorry for what you saw out there Rhaegon. Forgive my not so delicate manner of bringing you into my home.” The boy said to his visitor. “What happened son?” Rhaegon questioned immediately. “You startled me while I was walking and so I brought you here, like I do all my visitors.” The boy informed Rhaegon. “You? You’re the God that old fool spoke of?” Rhaegon realized quickly. “My name is Hagathor Meren. I was born on Shumari like you, but you would not know me, your status in society is much higher than mine I’m afraid.” Hagathor expressed. “You explained how you know me, you explained why I’m here, now explain everything else for me.” Rhaegon angrily demanded. “Relax Rhaegon, your safe. That old fool you speak of was my father. I do not know his name, he left me here when I was 5.” Hagathor sadly told. “Because of what you are?” Rahegon concluded. “No, because he wasn’t ready to be a father unfortunately. You would be surprised what a young boy can discover on this planet Rhaegon, all the ancient practices of Alchemy hidden away in these crypts and tombs.” Hagathor explained.

As the boy began to tell the story of his sad life to Rhaegon, Rhaegon began to stop inferring and listen to the obviously knowledgeable young man. “There is a tomb out here almost no one knows about, and you’re in it Rhaegon. An ancient Sith Lord these walls tell the story of. He was mad, he was only obsessed with two thing his entire life; his Sith teachings and fire. He worked endlessly to find out how to keep the two connected for as long as he could until one day when he was thousands of years old he discovered it; the Sith are the very embodiment of fire itself.” Hagathor told. Rhaegon have the boy his most perplexed face and wondered the direction this conversation was going. “Think about it Rhaegon, what does a fire need to survive? The air itself. What is a fires purpose? To engulf and destroy everything it deems unfit to survive around it and it does so by completely taking these things over. Finally, what does fire mean? What does it embody? What is fire? Fire…is power.” The boy concluded. “Fire is everything to a Sith and yet why is it that the greatest alchemist of old did not use it? Because the Sith Lord who rest within this tomb hid it away out here in these wastes.” Hagathor explained to the Dark Jedi. “I see. How does one harvest such a strength Hagathor?” Rhaegon asked. “It’s simple Rhaegon Targaryen. It took me 5 years to learn how to harvest this strength.” The young lad stated as he walked towards an ancient Sith book on the table. Rhaegon looked on at his young host as he lay his hand across the book. As the boy turned to face Rhaegon yet again, he lifted his open palm and tightly clinched his little fist. His eyes turned back into that orangish-red tint that Rhaegon remembered as he walked into the desert of Korriban and the boy’s fist suddenly was set ablaze. “It’s time for you to begin.“