**“The End of the Line”
by Dante
#2407**

**Cocytus system
Judecca**

Slowly moving down the road, the procession of soldiers were dressed in their finest dress uniforms as they moved through the city on the way to the Dante estate, Petitor Umbrarum, in the lowlands between the capitol city of Ohmen and the seaport of Teyr.

Having been killed on a mission for the Grand Master as well as his stature within the Brotherhood, the former Tribune’s funeral was being attended by a number of high ranking Brotherhood0 members from outside of Scholae Palatinae.

The gates were open as the procession entered the estate and headed for the crypt that had been designed long ago by the now deceased Field Marshal. His time as a trooper for the Empire had prepared him for the inevitability of his death in combat. Few soldiers lived into retirement age, and Dante had never really thought he would last as long as he did.

Angelo’s widow and four of his children took their seats as the grav sled that carried his flagged casket moved into position at the door of the black obelisk that formed the entrance way to his tomb.

The Emperor came to the podium and began his speech. “I have known Angelo Dante for years, and his death is a great loss for the Empire. He was both a great leader and a great friend… Let us remember him in the future as a great warrior. Troopers… prepare the salute…” then he walked off and headed towards the palace with his Royal Guards in tow.

The honor guard took out their rifles and fired three volleys as an age old song for soldiers who have passed on was played. The Imperial flag that draped Angelo’s coffin began to be slowly folded by two members of the team while the others presented hand salutes.

When the flag was fully folded, the troopers of the Imperial Scholae Guard turned and presented the flag to Angelo’s widow and four small children.

With that, the ceremony was ended, and the crowd began to disperse.

In the shadows of the mansion, a lone figure stood watching the proceedings as the family made their way towards the main house.

“Leah… I am sorry for your loss…” said the lean figure dressed in a very garish set of robes.

She nodded in acknowledgement and responded with “Thank you, Thran… I’m sure he would have been glad that you were here.”

“He was my… “ the former Emperor continued, but he was at a loss for words. He turned away for a moment, and then said “I need to speak with your step-son for a moment.”

“Which one?” the widow said with almost a hint of a smile as the joke about the black sheep of the Dante clan passed her lips.

“You know damn well which… never mind, I see him” Thran said as he shook his head and followed with “I’ll be around if you need me” as he headed off to find the Imperial officer whom Thran had great plans for in the future.

Leah Celeste-Dante looked as her deceased husband’s most trusted ally and “friend” went in search of her step-son, Kell, who had actually stayed with the family instead of heading back to find his fortunes in the territory of the Emperor’s Hammer like his twin, Kyle. That may have had more to do with Kyle’s unfortunate experience with one of the Arconans, but that wasn’t something that she wanted to think about. Gathering her three young children to her, the former Imperial officer headed into the mansion to continue with her life without her husband and companion of almost two decades.

The sky opened up and the rains poured forth as the last visitor left the grounds of Petitor Umbrarum. Darkness enveloped the blackened crypt, and the final resting place of Angelo Palpatine Dante blended into the night just as its new occupant had for years.