

Legorii knelt at the foot of the Serpentine Throne. It was vacant, as it had been for some time. The Arconan still remembered when the claims to it had been singular, legitimate, unquestioned. Theirs was a Brotherhood that thrived on chaos, albeit controlled chaos, and what they had now was...nothing.

“Come away from there, brother,” a voice called softly. Solemnly, the Anzat rose. He was still in excellent shape, though he bore a few more scars, and suppressed a few more wounds. His face was yet unlined, and his hair had lost none of its luster. For his people, he was far from old. He’d seen the rise and fall of the Empire. He’d fought beside Commander Durge. He’d taken part in a dozen Great Jedi Wars.

He had seen Arcona achieve its sovereignty over all the Clans and all the Houses, the domination that they had long craved. He had seen it crumble.

“We should leave this place. The Citadel is not safe for us,” the feminine voice pleaded. There were others from those days, the golden era, who still remembered. But they were old now. They were not fit for war.

“Nowhere is safe for us,” Legorii replied bitterly. “The Star Chamber made sure of that.”

The woman did not respond. How could she? She knew nothing. Legorii had lost his brothers, each of them, to a man. He’d lost his Clan. The Brotherhood was no more. They had been hunted to the brink of total extinction.

*KE Legorii (8893)*

*Proconsul of Clan Arcona*