Competition: The war is over!

By SBL Archangel

#7589

SBL Archangel (Sith) / PROF / [Clan Scholae Palatinae](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/scholae-palatinae) [GMRG: IX] [SA: V] [ACC: Q]

AK / SBx2 / GCx3 / SCx4 / ACx7 / DCx12 / GNx7 / SNx11 / BNx11 / Cr:9R-24A-18S-23E-13T-11Q / PoBx14 / CFx2122 / CIx35 / DSSx8 / SI / SoFx34 / SotM / LSx16 / SoLx4 / S:2D-1Dk-7Rm-9P-14U-7B-15De-28Dec-16Aff-18Rn-31Cr-11Rv / LoR

{SA: MVC - MVF - MVL - MVS - DPE - DPV - SGG - SGW - SVLC - SVS - SVTC}

**Aftermath**

The office was barely used, Spartan in décor, and as homely as a morgue. Its walls were grey marble slabs, polished to a brilliant sheen, such that the moonlight filtering in through the wall-sized window would reflect beautifully. The desk was huge, much larger than a typical humanoid species would need. But the occupant of the office was not a typical humanoid.

He stood before the window, his huge frame casting an even larger shadow across the room. His battle armor lay discarded on the marble to the right, the helmet propped on his desk at an almost jaunty angle. His only remaining clothing was the carbon grey body sock he’d worn below the armor. It protected his skin from chafing under the movement of the armor, and kept his temperature stable with internal heating and cooling elements.

His eyes stared down at the forests and jungles of Judecca, which seemed to float in space like a blue-green marble on a midnight black blanket. He’d spent so much time fighting for this system, for his government, for his friends, that coming home was almost alien to him. Most of the past year had been spent on one deployment or another, or in his quarters aboard the ISD-II Warspite.

He crossed his arms across his chest, his muscles tensing as he did. They were taut with strain, both from hours of training and fitness exercises, and the constant fighting he’d had to endure. Numerous bruises peppered his body, with more than a few serious scrapes and gashes for his troubles. A thousand charges, a dozen assaults, even an aerial drop from high atmosphere, and he was still here, still alive, still surviving.

His hand rose from his chest, and pressed against the window, the only barrier between the gentle warmth of his office, and frigid vacuum of space. He knew, on an intellectual level, that a certain amount of apprehension and fear should correspond with the movement, a natural reaction to putting himself nearer to danger than he was before. But that reaction, that fight or flight response, had been eaten away, pushed aside in the face of the enemy advances, and the deaths of his friends and comrades.

He slammed his fist against the window, which shook violently, but did not budge. He sighed, the bones in his hand aching with the impact. He turned from the window, grabbing his chair and hurling it across the length of the office. His impressive strength lent to the throw an amazing trajectory, sending the chair hurtling into the far wall. He let out a roar, both of anger and frustration.

The terminal on his desk blinked with a crimson flash. He stared down at it for a moment, before slapping the actuator.

“Yes?” he growled. He hadn’t tried to sound so feral or angry, but he was in no mood for a chat.

“Archangel,” said the Emperor, “Your services are requested”

His eyes burned bright for a long moment, his head turning back towards the window. He exampled the horizon of the planet Judecca, as if committing it to memory.

“Right away, my lord,” he replied, before moving to the compartment’s bathroom. He had to at least attempt to be presentable for the Emperor.