A nightmare From Within

Lucyeth laid back into his bed and put his head on the pillow. It was time to go to sleep after another long day and rest his mind. He dozed off as his mind went blank into the thoughts of his own conscience. The sith warrior suddenly delved into the depths of his mind that felt realistic that it was almost like it was happening at that moment.

Faces appeared in front of the eyes of the sith warrior in his mind. It was like a biography in a museum of art or a documentary but only the palatinaean was not watching first person. His conscience was the one rolling with it and wasn’t watching it but was causing it. The portraits rolled through the peripheral of his own mind one after another. The triumvirate had appeared in his mind at first with Okemi, Ferran, and Tiamat. Okemi came to the front and began to speak. The sith warrior knew he had to be dreaming but all of this seemed too real. He spoke to him as if his breath hit the face of the young palatinaean.

*“The order is in turmoil and there needs to be balance,”* Stated Okemi to Lucyeth in his dream. Although it was only a portrait, his figure came out and moved and spoke to the conscience of Lucyeth like it was a typical conversation. He had no idea what Okemi was talking about but assumed it had something to do with the brotherhood. He was the founder of the sith order within the brotherhood but the only concern that made no sense is the phrase itself. The sith order is balanced and there was no turmoil. Maybe the issue was about to happen and Lucyeth was taking a glance into the future. This was a dangerous territory for the sith warrior because the future is always changing and in motion but at the same instance, he could not just ignore the plea from the founder of the sith order and a member of the triumvirate. It was risky but he had to give thought and contemplate. The portraits kept rolling to other past greats but once again stopped at a more familiar figure that Lucyeth recognized as a former Grandmaster. The portrait of Muz Ashen appeared in the mind of the sith warrior like the previous people although he didn’t say anything. The face hung there as if it was going to speak like Okemi came out of the portrait previously did. The sith warrior thought in his own mind what this meant but couldn’t possibly think of anything until it hit him. Okemi could be sending a warning of a plot to overthrow the iron throne from a past Grandmaster being Muz Ashen. It could be something that Muz Ashen did in his tenure to ruin the future generations. He was in no place to be making accusations without any proof. It was simply his own thoughts rolling when suddenly he was up in his bed sweating with the voice of Okemi in his head. He was confused at what he thought of it all but after all it was only a dream. Right?