

Outside, the storm raged on as rain pounded the streets of Ohmen City, lightning continued to strike the spire with intense flashes of purple light bouncing off the floor of Tulak's hord. He sat in the corner, glancing around at his new house-mates, wandering if any of them knew his history or the story of his return from the Outer Rim after the fall of the Independent House Revan.

He glanced again at the box he had received that very morning after his induction to the Clan with Augur Elinicia Rei. An ornate crimson box, inlaid with onyx studs around the outside and a heavy lid covering the deep felt lined centre. Lifting the lid slowly once more, he shook his head and whispered to himself, "Who could have sent this?"

He stroked the fabric of the weathered standard, torn from the chains that once held it aloft beside the doors of Epsilon Oros so long ago whilst he was training on Salas V. He wandered if anyone remembered his time in House Caliburnus, before he left his Battleteam for the outer rim and begrudged his time in Revan after that.

He looked over the table at his drinking companion, "I wonder if someone thinks me a traitor, and has taken offence at my return to Scholae Palatinae after all this time?"

Lexiconus Qor, the Aedile of House Imperium which Elad had chosen to join smiled grimly, "It would seem someone is aware of your past outside the Imperial Leadership, and has taken it upon themselves to send you a message. The only question now is, what are you going to do about it? Do you let them intimidate you or do you seek them out to confront them?"

He looked over at the box one more time, "I responded to the call of the Emperor, feeling that tug on my allegiance, I decided I could no longer sit in the Outer Rim, trading weapons with questionable companions, it was time to return to the Brotherhood and play my part. I never thought the Emperor himself would Knight me upon my return, but I will not apologise for or regret my past, it made me who I am today."

The Aedile nodded once, "Then you have to find who sent this and why."

Elad stood up briskly, his lightsabre hilt flashing from his right side under his cloak, he flushed back the hood and took a corner of the banner in each hand, raising it high in front of him. "This is the banner of my last House, Revan. It symbolises the victors of the Rite of Supremacy 7 years ago. I joined this House to lead Aurek Cell against the Killiks on Salas V, bypassing the Clan which brought me into the Brotherhood, Scholae Palatinae. But, my brothers and sisters under the Emperor Palpatine, I return to fight for our Empire, our Emperor and House Imperium. If anyone has an issue with this, they should speak now or forever hold their peace!" He threw the banner across the table.

He searched the room, eyes narrowed as he glanced at the faces of his house-mates, at least the ones he recognised. The silence was deafening, the usual bar noise had died down as the occupants glared at the strange human who had so recently joined their ranks. Qor rose from his seat, "I think you have an answer from those present Elad." The pair shook hands briefly, with the new Knight nodding his head in thanks to the Quarren as the Aedile made his way to the door.

Elad sat back in his seat, took a long swig from his glass of Whiskey and closed his eyes for the briefest of moments. Finally, he struck his fist down on the table, shaking his empty glass close to the edge before he stood up, rolled the weathered banner up and shoved it back into the box. He decided to return to the Rollmaster, to ask her for the files of Rasilvenaira Kaeth StormRaven and Nightshade Squadron, he took the box under his arm and smiled, "Time to seek out some old comrades."