

The workstation in the corner beeped with an incoming notification. Andan looked across the sparse room and sighed, it had been years since he'd been an active presence within Taldryan, but he could never totally disconnect from his brotherhood within a brotherhood. He fingered his ring absently, running his finger around the outside of the Taldryan crest. He'd earned the ring, and the title that went with it, many years ago by his devotion to the clan and that was something that never quite went away.

Andan's self-imposed exile was not far from Taldryan's seat of power, but it was far enough that he was able to spend some time concentrating on himself and developing his own power without the distractions of leadership within the clan. Before House Archanis was closed, Andan had built a retreat on Volcanus anticipating a need for some small amount of distance between himself and the daily grind. It was here that he chose to live his private life for the last few years while remaining relatively out of contact with the rest of the clan.

The workstation beeped again, the computer seeming to be in a hurry for its user to open the message. Andan was about to activate the message when he felt a stab of pain through the Force. Instantly aware that there was a major problem, Andan stretched out through the Force to identify its source. He was initially unable to find any problem large enough to create that sort of sensation, but as he spread his awareness out farther he began to understand.

He couldn't truly identify the problem, but he was able to sense that there was a tide of fear and hate rolling off of Karufr that could only mean some sort of massive disaster was striking the planet. Andan flew across the room to his workstation and pulled up the sensor data from the planetary defense platforms, but found them offline. Thinking quickly, he pulled up a backup copy of the data and watched in horror as Iron Legion ships decanted from hyperspace and immediately launched an attack on the platforms and the naval assets present. The feed cut out as dropships began to rain down from the destroyers in orbit.

Andan slumped in his seat, nearly unable to process what was happening. Although he hadn't kept abreast of what was going on throughout the Brotherhood he knew one thing for certain: the troops that were assaulting Taldryan's homeworld were being led by a Jac Cotelin, a Son of Taldryan. "How could he..." Andan said aloud to nobody, his voice full of disbelief and wonder.

His thoughts turned to his clan mates, Halcyon, Rian, Howlader, Kir, Vodo, Raistline, and finally Keirdagh, his old master. He reached out through the Force and tried to contact them, but to no avail. Andan couldn't tell if his failure was because of the distance between himself and them, some power that Jac was using to suppress the Force, or because his friends were dead.

Andan felt the rage that fueled his dark power rise up through him like a wave that would destroy anything in its path. The power was begging to be unleashed, to strike at the man responsible for this assault on the clan that he held dear and had spent so much time guiding.

But the rage would do him no good. He was powerful, but he could hardly begin to stand up against Jac, let alone the scores of troops backing him. He was one man against an army, a navy, and a Grandmaster. He would be torn to shreds before he was able to do any damage to Taldryan's enemy.

The realization that he was helpless to save his clan did nothing to diminish his rage. The Zabrak felt the Dark Side pulsing through him, rolling like a boiling ocean ready to demolish anything that tried to contain it. The energy had to have an outlet or it would rip Andan apart.

A primal scream escaped Andan's clenched lips as he let loose the storm brewing within him. The Dark Side flowed through him and, for a brief moment, consumed him. Andan poured all of his hatred, anger and pain into himself and let it fly loose. When the proverbial storm had passed, nothing in the room was recognizable. Andan stood in the center of pure devastation; such was the unbridled power of the Dark Side.

Andan gathered his cloak around him and quickly walked out of the room, leaving the mess for the droids to clean. The time for pity was over, he had to find a way to save what was left of his clan.