

"Again, Mateus."

The Mandalorian warrior picked himself up off the floor, having handily been put there by fellow Mandalorian and House-mate, Sashar Arconae. It was single training. In preparation for the upcoming war against the Iron Throne, all of the members of Arcona had to work together in order to put their best foot forward. No matter how 'joint' this training was, many within the Shadow Clan realised that they had to represent the idea that they were still first among equals. To that end, Mateus had asked a Mandalorian, who knew what he did and had seen its like, to give him the aid he needed to fight.

Blades flashed momentarily, Sashar's light-hued blade effortlessly whirling through the air as they both traded blows for a moment - right as the shoto saber stopped next to Mateus' jugular for the third time.

"You're going to have to work harder, brother," said the patriarch of the Erinos clan sternly. "You may not be an Erinos, but you are Mandalorian. Represent us well."

"As you wish, clan father."

The two exchanged a long stare for a moment. One, the paragon of the Erinos Clan, wise in the ways of war and of the Brotherhood. The other, a new member of the Clan and of the Brethren but no less versed in the way the Galaxy spun. Their heritage clans, rivals though they might have been, were now a defining link; the sort of link that made Arcona the *true* First Clan.