The black hilt in my hand is still in my trained grip, the dark material slightly reflecting the surrounding light, maintaining its void in color, a blue blade protruding from the end. The Iron Throne had betrayed me, cast me out despite my service, for little more than this color, what it represents, how it reflects who I am. Though I call myself Obelisk, I am still Sith so I don’t take such transgressions lightly. This blue blade, this Obelisk blade will not stop until it burns through the flesh of Darth Pravus’ neck.

Furios

11513