

# Closure

THIS IS A CONTINUATION OF THE STORYLINE INTRODUCED IN RED SKIES. PLEASE SEE THE FOLLOWING LINK FOR THE INTRODUCTORY FICTION:

[WUNTILA ARCONAE INTRODUCTORY FICTION: RED SKIES](#)

---

Wuntila sat in the shuttle transport, his head buried in his scarred and callused hands. He sighed, leaned back and stared out of the shuttle's windows. The narrow, winding streets of Estle City were a tangle of grooves bisecting tall buildings that clung to the mountainside. The rings which divided the city into its various districts were distinct, with humble dwellings forming the lowest, called the Capac Ring, with increasingly larger buildings crawling up the sheer face of the mountain forming the Sinchi and Huascar rings. Upon the plateau at the top of the mountain was perched was the city's crowning jewel — the Citadel.

The city grew smaller as the shuttle craft crept around the mountain, preparing for its descent into the tunnels beneath Doto Peak. Wuntila had been escorted by Rayze to the armoury. His *Aegis* armour and lightsaber had been reluctantly returned, and they were now on their way to Rayze's YT-2000 Light Freighter to begin their mission — to gain intelligence on Grand Master Pravus' weapon and to free the scientists he had taken prisoner. The battle squadron they were meeting had already rendezvoused at Rayze's ship, meaning that this would be one of the last opportunities the Dragon would have for reflection.

He couldn't help but question his motives over the past year. It had only been when Timeros had explained that things had begun to make sense. Killing Telona Murrage was a weak attempt at sparing the Shadow Clan from Pravus' wrath. But in doing so, he had undermined the very standards to which he held his peers when he acted as Consul. "*Act not in your name, but in the name of Arcona and its Consul,*" he had once said.

Many said that he had lost his way following his trial before the Justicar, and had acted for himself. Wuntila was beginning to see that they were right. There was no selflessness in his actions. To him, the Jedi served no place in the Brotherhood, and for Arcona's Consul to follow the Jedi teachings was not acceptable. At least, not then. Now, though? Timeros had been convincing: the clan was still supported by its members and the Arconae. It was foolish to think otherwise. Atyiru was a strong leader. It was true that she shared none of the philosophies that Wuntila had during his Consulship, but it was becoming clear that Atyiru's actions were and policies were with the clan in mind. How had he been so short-sighted over this past year gone?

"We're coming in to land, Wun." Rayze's voice shook him from his reverie. Wuntila ran his hand over his face and stood to collect his helmet and the array of weaponry he had procured from the armoury.

"Thank you, Rayze." He nodded, and the young Erinos smiled in response. Zandro's smile...

Whatever the coming year would hold, the Dragon was hopeful. Hopeful that he might again feel at home in the clan, and hopeful that he might once again find himself in service of the Serpentine Throne. Whatever the coming year was to bring, one thing was certain: he would not again be a captive. Not physically. Not mentally. Not emotionally. He was free to choose his home.

And he chose Arcona.