

Sang-Kalinor Province
Transport shuttle
En route to Sang-Kalinor offices

Uji Tameike didn't smile, didn't speak, and didn't make any attempt at socializing with the Mystic of House Galeres. Rins'zler settled into his seat, feeling uncomfortable; his elation at finding out that his uncle had been rescued by his former Quaestor had begun to fade. His uncle had promised to resume relations with the First Clan of the Brotherhood in exchange for their actions. Rins'zler had expected a member of his House, perhaps Larrik or Xenna, to be the one to call. Instead, the invitation had been accepted by the Shadow Scion of Arcona, and the trip so far had been less than pleasant.

Surrounding him, an entire squad of soldiers seemed far more comfortable with the Proconsul than he was. The well armed troops of the Arcona Defense Force seemed unnecessary but he hoped they were simply a result of the Proconsul's paranoia. "Lord Scion, I—" The look Rins'zler received let him know he should remain silent.

The shuttle landed gently without notice, the ramp descending to reveal the familiar form of his uncle awaiting them within the courtyard his family's factory. Rins'zler felt a small measure of pride as his uncle didn't show a moment's hesitation as the Proconsul's soldiers filed out. The Scion and Rins'zler exited last as the Defense Force soldiers secured the perimeter of the building.

"Welcome. I had not realized you would have such a large company — I will of course ensure refreshments are made available to them." Jakata maintained his smile though the brief twitch at the end of his lips belied his concern as he glanced towards his nephew. Rins'zler shrugged slightly as his own concern bled through.

"That won't be necessary, Jakata. Let us conclude our business. Rins'zler, stay with the shuttle. Should I need you I will have you brought to us."

"Sir. I mus—" the Mystic trailed off as the Proconsul began walking ignoring his words.

Time passed quickly, an hour come and gone as the sun began to set over the offices of his uncle's factory. He hadn't received word or been called on and had begun to question why he had been brought at all. The dirt beside the shuttle's ramp held the evidence of his concern, his feet having tread the distance time and time again.

"The Scion wishes for you to attend them. They're in your Uncle's office," the soldier assigned to him spoke without warning. Rins'zler looked around and realized his escort was the only soldier remaining in sight. His concern continued to grow as he entered the factory and found the

workers within had stopped and were being lined up by the rest of the Defense Force soldiers. Quickening his step, it didn't take long for him to reach his uncle's office and throw the doorway open.

Inside he found his uncle and the Scion within, the usually proud eyes of his uncle downcast, shame and fear evident on his pale features as he shook. Uji Tameike stood by the window, watching the sun descend over the horizon. The Mystic felt a surge of anger, though he bit back his immediate response.

"What, what is this?" Rins'zler felt himself growl out.

"Your uncle and I have come to an agreement, Rins'zler. With the coming war and need to replenish Arcona's armaments, in exchange for the life of his favorite nephew, his nephew's wife and all those who remain affiliated with him, Jakata will begin the process of turning over all Sang-Kalinor industries to the Arconan Summit." Uji nodded towards Jakata. The Mandalorian looked away, refusing to meet his nephew's eyes.

"Are you insane!? He approached us as a gesture of respect!" The Mystic reached for his lightsaber, his hand stopping as he saw the very first smile he'd ever seen from his Proconsul.

"I wouldn't do that. Despite my patience for your uncle's protests, should you choose to do something foolish and fail this test of loyalty, I have already left orders for your wife to be disposed of. Remember, the needs of the Clan outweigh those of the individual."

Rins'zler lowered his hand, defeated, looking to his uncle who cast him a look of betrayal and anger. In that moment, Rins'zler knew it was his fault that this had come to pass.