

Derek sat in his quarters, swiping through his data pad. He finally fell backwards on his bed. He had been training and studying all day and he was exhausted. There were times he forgot his aspirations and wondered why he was even doing what he was doing but as he lay his head down to sleep, he thought of the future. The power he could achieve and the control he could have. This drove him to the brink everyday, this desire kept the fire inside him burning.

Every night as he went to sleep he imagined being the overlord, emperor, a god. Unmeasurable power at his fingertips. He imagined his fleet, the most elite and disciplined force in the galaxy. The first thing he would do would be to assert dominance over the systems around him. Infiltrate and take control of the territory around them from within.

Clan Scholae Palatinae would rise and grow until the rest of the clans can nothing but submit. Though with this much power, He would probably strive for more. Expand until the Clan is an unmistakable player in Galactic politics. The Clan would become a true Empire that spans over vast expanses of space and controls multiple systems with an iron fist.

Obviously, His own selfish desires is also something Derek had thought about in his spare time. The thought of untold riches available to him through his god like influence and power. He could live like a king. He could do what he wanted. He could smuggle wookies to his private island and hunt them for sport. Much like his father he would have the popularity to attend any program he wanted. Holo drama premieres, Dinners, and parties.

But while the thoughts of grandeur were the first thoughts he has about the power he could obtain, the personal, more secret gains were still there. He would drift his thoughts to them occasionally. Those benefits of power were in a way, much more appealing to Derek the the military and political power he could have. The ability to protect the one he cared for. To prevent the one he loved. He had already lost too much and he wasn't able to stop it, but with more power he would be able to prevent the misery he had felt twice before in his young life.

What elated him even more was that maybe with such power, he would be able to reveal his feelings for the person.

*Would his love be more acceptable if he had more power? He thought to himself would my riches and might be sufficient enough to woo?*

He would think these thought and wouldn't be able to help himself. He would feel giddy and excited for the future. A blush would form more often than not but would disappear whenever his leader would snap at him for not paying attention.

Lying in bed now, thinking the same thoughts for the millionth time. He grew excited and nervous. He knew he was getting stronger everyday, more lethal. HE would eventually see it through. His desires and yearning for things he could only dream of would one day be in his grasp. Derek could sense the pride he would feel when that day came, It was pure joy. These

visions of pure emotion drove him on. He knew to become a god would provide the path to his deepest most secret desires aside from power, wealth, and influence. He desired companionship closer than what he already had in his house and battle team. What he longed for seemed to be impossible, but maybe, just maybe. With the power he could have, he would be able to have anything he wanted.