

End of the Akk Days

The sudden rush of comfortable, temperature controlled air that greeted Khryso Mallus as he stepped into his penthouse instantly helped the Chiss to relax. Letting out a sigh of relief as he paused for a moment to take everything in, only a moment or two had passed before Seibas, his slave and butler, appeared to greet him. "Lord Mallus," the silver-haired human quickly addressed his master, offering a bow as he entered the living area that connected to the entryway.

Khryso reached up and unfastened his cape, offering only a nod in response as he handed off the garment to Seibas. "It appears you managed to keep everything in order while I was gone," the Chiss said after moving forward and looking about the room for a few moments.

"Of course, m'lord." Seibas retreated back towards the kitchen before turning to face the Sith. "Should I start preparing dinner?"

Khryso glanced at the chrono on the wall, more as a formality so that he wouldn't appear overly-zealous to Seibas. It was still a bit early for a normal dinner, but Khryso hadn't eaten since early this morning, just before he had departed the *Silent Scream* and the Ascendant Fleet. The Ascendant Fleet employed fine chefs, but their ingredient stocks weren't as refined as the Chiss would have preferred. "Go ahead. Serve it in forty minutes."

Seibas nodded the affirmative and disappeared into the kitchen. Khryso moved through the penthouse, towards his office. The door slid open with a wave of his hand. As the Sith stepped into the neat and well-decorated room, he removed his lightsaber from where it hung on his belt and set it on its stand that sat on his desk. Stepping around the furniture, the Chiss settled into his chair, leaning back slightly and crossing his arms.

Now that the conflict with the Severian Principate and Collective was over, Clan Plagueis would likely be returning to some semblance of business as usual. As an extension of that, he would likely be doing the same. Khryso found himself pondering what exactly "business as usual" meant for him. Ever since he'd discovered and joined the Brotherhood almost a year ago, he'd been working hard to learn about being a Sith and his new role while also to rise up in the ranks of the Clan and find his place in this new life. Striving ever upward in pursuit of his goal.

That goal, however, was something he had nearly achieved already. He was in the upper echelon of society here on Aliso, a proper Sith, and had carved out a life of something resembling sophistication. He still hadn't quite reached the lofty goals he wanted, but he couldn't help but wonder if the sudden change in his life had thrown him off-track a bit. It had certainly helped, but it was also something he had never anticipated or planned for. Perhaps now would be a good time to do a proper audit of his life, goals, and purpose. He hadn't done something like that in years.

Khryso activated the computer that was embedded into the desk of his office and a holographic display rose up. Rising into a more proper seating posture, he got to work, sorting through the system's files and programs to begin a thorough investigation of himself.