

Kah'ri looked at the old outfit laying on his bed. The wear on the elbows of the shirt, the apparent age of the belt; this outfit has history. It had been with him since before it fit him; a memento from his past life. A life filled with sadness and tragedy, but not without good memories as well. A shallow scratch on the aged durite shoulder plate stood out to the newly-promoted Hunter as he remembered where it came from. He was a stripling back then...

Kah'ri shook his head free of the distraction. He didn't have time for this right now. The ceremony would start in 15 minutes and he hasn't even finished getting changed, yet. Kah'ri slid a leg into his new trousers. The merchant described his new wardrobe as "prestigious." It sounded fitting enough for him, since he was climbing the Brotherhood's hierarchical ladder at tremendous speed. *Might as well look the part*, the Hunter thought to himself, buttoning up his shirt.

The material fit perfectly, as tailored outfits should. Compared to Kah'ri's previous attire, it seemed much more delicate. He could feel that moderate strain on the fabric would surely cause a tear. It felt different, but incited a surge of confidence in the young man that he'd only felt after pulling off that con in on Canto Bight. Kah'ri looked himself over in the mirror. It's amazing how a clean shave and a decent outfit can turn a rough spacer into a social elite. "*The only thing needed to sell an image is acting the part,*" he recited to himself. "*And that was never a problem.*"

Not tonight, though. Tonight was different. Tonight was about celebrating other people's achievements, not getting to them with charm. In any case, Kah'ri's newly-acquired watch showed he had 10 minutes before the event. He set out, locking his door behind him with a physical key. Kah'ri likes analog pieces like his watch and key. It makes him feel less dependent on things and more on himself. The art of lockpicking was a fairly rare skill set nowadays and nothing says "regal" like antique accessories.

Kah'ri strutted down the hallways of the Judecca Station. He wished there were more art in places like this. Sure, there were windows and the view of space was always a comforting thing for him, but it doesn't have that *flair* here. "*You could put an open corridor right in the middle of the station with water flowing over a tall centerpiece sculpture,*" he said to himself, looking at a map at one of the hallway intersections. "*It'd be perfect.*" After seeing the architecture in Teyr, everything else seemed a little.... dull, by comparison.

At least it was clean. He'd seen too many spaceports with the same sort of aesthetic as this station and they were usually kept less diligently. He admired how the structure of the Brotherhood showed all the way to the sanitation of its complexes. Even though Scholae Palatinae was somewhat self-governed, there were still standards to be held to; appearances to keep up. He liked that. And like he said: all that's necessary to sell an image is to act the part.

Kah'ri walked up to the throne room doors. It was probably the most decorative area of the station. And it held a distinct "shadowy" feel to it. Just enough to make one paranoid. Kah'ri felt the urge to check behind him, but resisted. He knew what this was. Or more accurately, *who*

this was. It was *her*. *She* was definitely in here. And as much terror as that thought brought, it was also comforting.

Kah'ri checked his watch. 23:58. With two minutes to spare, he walked up to the doors. With the all too familiar sound of automatic doors, they slid open, letting out the unhindered darkness he felt moments before. He entered.