

***Odanite Camp, Myrkr***  
**39 ABY**

Cassiopeia Werd'la was seated near the fire pit they had built, occasionally checking on a large lizard she had hunted down nearby that was cooking on a spit when she wasn't using her helmet as a makeshift stool. The Sephi was listening to the others sharing both truthful and wild tales of previous battles with the Ascendent Clan, though only distractedly.

In truth, her mind was focused on the fact that her brother of spirit was in shackles within the prison platform for his near-fatal assault on the Clan's Rollmaster. Whether consciously or not, her vivid emerald gaze flicked up, observing the man in question through the fringe of her red locks.

Gui Sol seemed in good spirits, despite everything. If anything, the Kiffar seemed happier to be closer to his beloved droids, occasionally fiddling with his cybernetic replacements.

Cassiopeia sighed, pushing herself to her feet and went to check on the lizard roasting in the fire. While Celevon had managed to stop himself from outright killing the Kiffar, then ordered the medical evacuation with Artemis herself building the cybernetics as soon as the connection points were there, the damage had already been done. The fact that the only things around him were Gui's lightsaber, still clutched within the grasp of his severed arm, and two legs (Cut off above the knee) had been especially damning... including the fact that the Umbaran had refused to share the location.

All of that had been piled atop of the lingering suspicion that Celevon himself was behind the ascension of Commodore Arcturus as a Sith.

The Sephi's head shot up as she felt the Umbaran's presence for a mere heartbeat, a sigh across the wind and a comforting stroke of her cheek right over the tattoo. However, this also brought about the realization that the others had grown quiet and were all staring at her expectantly.

"What?" she asked in a defensive manner, mouth having gone dry between the fire pit and humidity of their surroundings. Cassiopeia took the opportunity to take a swig of water. Was it possible that the others had sensed that, despite it existing through a bond between the two of them?

"Issa being your turn to tell a story, Cassie," Kah Manet explained gently, smiling at the Disciple amongst the Jedi. The slightly annoyed twitch of her ears at the nickname only made the Gungan smile all the brighter. Or... at least, what she assumed was a smile. It wasn't as though she had encountered many Gungans.

"I have never personally encountered a member of Plagueis, so any story I could tell would be secondhand." It was a half-truth at best. Her eyes flicked down and to the left to the lightsaber hanging from her belt, a relic of a bygone era; even she didn't know where Celevon had

recovered the lightsaber and armor of a Jedi Temple Guard that she had come to view as a second skin.

“That’s perfectly fine,” Gui Sol agreed, his own green eyes contemplative. He was perfectly aware of Celevon’s tendency to tell stories of his own past or anecdotes to impart a lesson to anyone he taught, having seen it numerous times due to both of them teaching at the Jedi Praxeum on Kiast.

Cassiopeia gave a slow nod, pondering which story to tell before it came to her. “Then come closer and I shall tell you the truth of how Plagueis as it is currently known came to exist...”

Whilst she had heard the story before, Artemis Edraven Okami drew closer and crouched, resting her bow across her legs. Her familiar Orion and HK-72 were patrolling the perimeter and would alert them if anyone were to skirt nearby.

Not for the first time, the male Jedi amongst the group looked between the two Sephi and could not help but notice the similarities to the two. Though the exact relation between the two had never been spelled out, the fact that the Umbaran referred to Cassiopeia as a ‘sister in spirit’ and his daughter calling her ‘Auntie’ led them to the conclusion that the Seeker’s late wife had been her sibling.

The Defender took breath after clearing her throat. “This story takes place almost ten years ago, shortly after the outbreak of the Horizons virus... the members of Plagueis barely escaped annihilation at the hands of Grand Master Muz Ashen, my brother amongst them. For a short time, they were nomads... but the mass collection of ancient artifacts began to corrupt them. Their search for a new home was halted in favor of cruelties and dominion over conquered worlds.

“This period in Brotherhood history would later become known as the Dark Crusade, where every Clan fought for ownership of planets in territories once known to be part of Sith Empires of the past,” Cassiopeia paused, spotting both the hurt and growing rage in the eyes of the Gungan. She sighed, then continued. “Those enemies who weren’t killed were enslaved, forced to become a part of their war machine... Celevon is deeply ashamed of that point in his life, as he personally tortured Jedi and other Force Sensitives they captured, brainwashing them into believing in this ‘Great Crusade’.”

Kah Manet growled under his breath, pushed himself to his feet and began to pace. It was emphasized by aggressive clicking noises with his tongue.

“Continue the story, please,” Gui quietly urged Cassiopeia after a concerned glance toward their comrade. This was part of the information he had found on Celevon’s history which had led him toward attempting the arrest. The stories had been varied, but the general consensus had been that the Umbaran had died until his return *against* Plagueis during the conquest of Korriban.

The Gungan, despite continuing the clicking and growls under his breath, waved a hand in a 'get on with it' gesture.

The Sephi looked up, visibly collecting her thoughts before she continued. "At some point, as often happens in the annals of Sith history, they turned on another. Plagueis was in a state of civil war, with Ceevlon personally leading one of the factions. During one of their last campaigns prior to the Invasion of Korriban, my brother broke through the corrupted influence of one of those artifacts and handed over control of the fleet to another. While Ceevlon was destroying the artifact in question, the flagship came under assault; he escaped during the chaos and the vessel was destroyed due to a combination of the assault and the disrupted power of that artifact, which had begun to destabilize the systems onboard."

"And he was presumed dead until he returned alongside Councilor Sorenn during the Battle of Korriban," Gui finished, staring into the burning embers of the pit as Cassiopeia retrieved the roasted lizard and began to dish it up for the others.

It explained the brief flashes of guilt he had both felt and seen whenever they taught Younglings and Padawans together.

The camp site was quiet for some time after this story ended, the silence only broken by them adding logs to the fire.