

# Homecoming

**Battlelord Ric Hunter (Sith) / House Acclivis Draco of Clan Scholae Palatinae [SA: VI]  
[GMRG: IV] [SYN: V] [ACC: Q] [INQ: VII]  
3160**

Sitting alone in the dark, Ric Hunter gazed out of the small window in his cabin, his mind was lost to memories. Ric had been in seclusion for almost eighteen months while he tried to rid himself of the destructive programming that the Sith cult had left in his mind. The torment was sometimes almost too much for him to bear as he recalled the things he had done.

The fall of Imperium had been a brutal event that he had not only planned, but had carried out. His clan had understood what had happened to him but he could feel the lack of trust towards him now. They had made the choice to spare him and try to bring him back to who he once was, something he never thought he could do. Yet here he sat on his ship on the way back towards home.

Ric reached over and turned on the holonet to try and catch up on the news. He fast forwarded through the slow months until he was a bit shocked by the news of a vendetta on Dandoran. Last he had heard, years ago as a matter of fact, that it had been a minor Imperial outpost during the days of Empire. Ric had never even been near the place in his sixty-plus years and wasn't sure where it was even located.

As he looked around for information about the events leading to and during the Rite, he really couldn't find many details. With a shrug of his shoulders, he figured that it hadn't been that big of a deal. He scrolled on.

As he surfed through some personal messages, the small glass of whiskey he had been sipping slid from his hands and shattered on the deck. He had finally been made a Palpatine. It was a total shock and an honor to be sure, but he had given up on it years ago.

"You ok?" said a voice. Ric looked up at the hatchway as Malodin poked his head inside.

"Yeah, just something totally unexpected happened. I guess I'm going to need my good robes when we get home," Ric chuckled at the confused expression on his friend's face. "And yes, we are headed home. Looks like we are going back to House Acclivis Draco of all places. Might want to call ahead and find out where it is..." So many things have changed in the time he had been away.

**ISN Palpatine - Hanger Bay**

Ric began to feel dread since Flight Control had issued the clearance to land. He mentally prepared himself just in case he had to fight for his life. He had done some terrible things the last time he had been home, although they were not his fault. He still had done them.

As the Holdout touched down, he rose from the co-pilots seat and headed for the landing ramp. Ric slapped the controls and with a hiss of escaping air, the ramp began to lower.

Ric walked down the ramp alone, Malodin was finishing up the shut down of the ship and would follow later. Besides, Ric didn't want him to get caught in the crossfire if things went badly.

Lined up at the bottom of the ramp, there was a platoon of Imperial Guardsmen dressed in their red armor. Ric had not seen so many of them together in a long time and marvelled at the sight. They split into facing ranks without a word and parted for the Empress.

Ric knelt down. This would be the moment he would live or die.

"Rise, you have nothing more than normal to fear from here. We are glad you are home," Shadow said.

"My Empress, it is so good to see you. Its been a while," Ric rose.

"We have much to do, I hope you are ready," Shadow turned and bade Ric to follow.

"It is good to be home," Ric said as they left the hanger.