**Adoniram Tower**

**Caelestis City, Ragnath**

**Caperion System**

“This thing is broken” he said, tossing the pyramidal prism back into the desk drawer.

“It’s not broken, Thran. That device compels the user to remove their clothing and you don’t need any convincing” Rayne said, rifling through a stack of data pads.

“Come on, let’s go. This is boring. There isn’t even anything good in here.” The Warlord said, whiningly.

“There are lots of things here. Like this, see this? This is good.” The Firrereo said holding up a dagger with a strange glowing stone in its’ pommel.

“Yawn” he said aloud. “Generic sacrificial blade. I’ve been inside way more virgins than that thing has. It’s just old and kind of ugly looking. I guess that explains why Kam wanted it, reminds him of himself. Pass.”

“Well, what about this?” She lifted a fist sized crystal from the drawers.

“Just a shiny rock. Next” he said, dismissingly.

“Fine. I’m sure there is something her worth stealing.” She said, still rifling through the Consul’s workspace. “What about this? What even is this?”

“Old dead robot-man part. Put that down and wash your hands” He replied, indiscriminately pushing various items off the desk onto the floor one by one.

“Gross! Ok, fine. Maybe you’re right. He has to have hidden the good stuff in here somewhere” Rayne said.

“Nope. The good stuff was taken by the Dark Council weeks ago for cataloguing” Thran replied casually.

“Wait...You knew the artifacts weren’t here?” she said as her golden skin began to flush silver with anger.

“Uh, duh...You just said you wanted to break into Kamjin’s office. I just tagged along looking for an opportunity to ruin his day” the Bakuran replied.

“You didn’t think to mention that the artifacts had been taken by the DC? I know you knew the plan, I felt you poking around in my head. You didn’t think to bring that up? How do you even know they took them?” she said, placing her hands on her hips.

“Why would I bring it up? You’re so cute when you’re mad. But did you forget, I’m the Praetor to the Regent. Who do you think told them we had a stack of uncatalogued artifacts? Ciara sent her army of nerds immediately once she heard. I signed the vessel requisition order personally. They’re being studied by some dork at the Shadow Academy right now. Everything left behind was deemed mostly harmless on sight.” He said, smirking.

“GAH! You are the absolute worst sometimes. We could have messed with him some other way! Listen, we don’t have time for this, Thran. Kamjin will be back soon and he’s going to know we were here. We need to find something worthwhile. Is there anything else you’re not telling me?” she said, baring her teeth slightly.

“I mean...There are lots of things I’m not telling you.” The smarmy Sith said.

“Thran...” She said in a tone that revealed her patience had all but left the room.

“Gah, fiiiiiine. They catalogued seven items that were not taken.” He said.

“But there are only six here” Rayne replied.

The Warlord ran his finger under the lip of the desk. An electromechanical click broke the silence. Inside the top desk drawer, the lid of a hidden compartment sprung open. Rayne looked down inside and to her surprise there was a second holocron which had been hidden away.

“The Academy poindexters said it was ‘suspicious but harmless’. Look at the markings. They are old. Very old. I’ve only seen markings like that one other place” he said.

Rayne lifted the Holocron and examined it. It was old, the metal framing was pocked with patina and the decay of time. The script etched into the piece was indecipherable.

“What? Where?” Rayne asked.

“That is among the things I am not telling you, my dear.” Thran said, snatching the holocron from her. “Let’s just take everything, that will piss him off enough that we can have some fun with this before he sends the Praetorians to take it back. Here, take this.” he deposited a flare into the open hand where the holocron had been.

“You know what to do with it” he said.

She nodded and began tossing the relics into a small satchel. They had the desk cleared of the artifacts in seconds and had also included several datapads containing various access codes and passwords to Clan holdings. While the woman gathered up their plunder, Thran stared at the holocron for a moment. His senses of the outside world dulled, as if he were being drawn in by a silent siren’s song. Whatever was contained within this holocron was surely not harmless.

“Don’t forget the Dreaded Holocron of Pantlessness.” He said, tucking the other unnamed device into his cloak.

He could see, from the corner of his eye, the security camera mounted to the office wall. The tiny lens refocused, slightly narrowing the aperture within. They had been watched the whole time. He had been expecting that. What was the fun creating chaos if no one knew it was you? They lingered in the room until the flames from the flare had sufficiently ignited the lacquered desk. They left, leaving a room full of smoke behind them

**Kast-Coral Penhouse**

**Tokare, Seraph**

**Caperion System**

Voices, ancient and from before time itself, filled his head. They filled his darkened mind echoing and speaking in discordant harmony. There was a venomous warm to the words. They spoke of wrath and ruin. There was no disguising it. It was pure evil.

After having been locked away for days with the device, he was finally able to wrestle free from the grasp of the spiritual entities contained within it. Leaving their grasp felt as if he had been below the surface of water to the end of his breath, but he had just breached the surface and he was breathing again. The panic and fear lingered in the moments after his release, until the calm of his own voice filled the recesses of his mind once again.

He sat in the calm silence of his own inner monologue for a moment, when the silence was broken.

“Papa...” her sweet youthful voice warmed away the last bits of the lingering malevolence and all was clear again.

“Yes, my love. I will see him. Have Czarnian show the Emperor in...Send word to Auntie Rayne, she is to return the stolen relics immediately. Prepare a shuttle, I must go to Arx immediately.” He said, not yet able to muster the courage to open his eyes, worried that the beauty of life and the galaxy had been consumed by the evil contained within the Holocron.

“Yes, Papa.” Jasmin replied curtly, before turning to depart the room. The doors shut behind her.

He sat in silent reflection, drawing breath in through his nose. The chill of the air sent spikes of sensation down every last neuron and dendrite in his body. He had not been this shaken in years.

The Warlord could hear the chatter between the Consul and his promising young apprentice as they approached. Even the fine walls of the penthouse construction could not shelter their minds from him. Czarnian, eager to show his prowess, was full of pride as he shared his progress report with the Emperor. The retinue of guard from the Praetorian were focused, as always. Kamjin’s mind was filled with they type of uncertainty which bordered fear, but did not quite meet the latter’s qualifying criteria.

The door opened.

Six bodies entered.

“Leave us.” Thran commanded.

Five bodies left the room, all full of hesitation. They came to halt outside the room, as the door shut isolating the two men.

“Pleasure to see you again, Thran.” The Consul said, lifting his arms to cross them across his chest.

“Your pleasure is certain, but your judgement, *Emperor*, appears to be lacking.” The Warlord said, remaining in his meditative stance.

“I needed a strong test subject...It would have killed a journeyman.” The Imperial officer began.

“Did you know what was within that holocron or was it cowardice that pushed your sudden affinity for the scientific method?” Thran said, cutting him off.

“I had some indication.” Kamjin replied.

“Then, surely you have some indication that I cannot allow this to remain with the Clan.” The Bakuran said.

“This device is property of Clan Scholae Palatinae.” The older man replied.

“No. What is contained within this holocron knows only of ruin and death, it has no capacity for obedience. It cannot be tamed. It cannot be harnessed. If you try, it will only bring destruction to this Empire. I am taking this to Arx, by order of the Grandmaster.” Thran replied.

“The Grandmaster has issued no such order.” Kamjin said.

“I will not site legal verse and line to you, Kamjin. This evil cannot stay here. I have seen what is contained within and I can only pray that my enemies would see a ten-thousandth of that horror when they dream. If you value your life, the well-being of this Clan, or have an ounce of wisdom in your head, you will not take measure to prevent me.” He replied, still keeping his eyes squeezed closed.

“Are you threatening me, Occasus?” the Emperor replied.

“Tragically for my sense of self, Lord Emperor, it is not me that should be filling you with worry. Shall I make one last appeal to your reason or would you prefer that my lightsaber does the talking?” Thran said, rising to his feet.

His angled lightsaber hilt manifested in his hand, its’ blade not yet singing its’ crackling dirge. The handsome Bakuran finally summoned the willpower to open his eyes. Kamjin caught his gaze instantly. His trademark emerald eyes were leeched of color, yellowed and full of broken blood vessels. What had normally been a vibrant green appeared as sickly verdant jungle plant, growing in soil with far too few nutrients. It was unhealthy, unappealing, and felt out of place.

The Adept’s eyes widened. Vanity had been included as a descriptor in every report of the Warlord’s personality, with special attention given to his eyes. They were his trademark. He would not surrender their intoxicating color tones of his own volition. The realization that a man so incapable of telling the truth could stand before him and speak honestly of the evil he had seen within the holocron hit Kamjin immediately. He would stand aside when the moment came.

“It seems you have passed another of my tests, Thran. I am impressed. I see now why you were so readily picked to occupy a seat in the office of the Regent.” The Emperor replied.

“It is wise to use flattery to calm the situation, Kamjin. However, it was not your tests which merited my appointment.” Thran replied. “Rayne will return the other artifacts. I must go to Arx, immediately. But I need not share more of my business with you than is necessary. I trust you are finding the new fleet to be capable, as this would be the only other matter of shared business that would be available for us to discuss openly.”

“The fleet revisions are impressive, Thran. The joy I have at sight of a strong Imperial fleet outweighs my disdain for the administrative work you left for me to make it so.” Kamjin replied.

“Well, it seems you have passed one of my tests. I am impressed. Now, if you will excuse me, Kamjin.” Thran said, tucking the Holocron into his cloak.

He walked directly at Kamjin, still uncertain if he would truly back down. As he came within a pace, Kamjin rotated away, watching as Thran departed the room. He stood there in silence, contemplating what Thran had seen within the holocron. Curiosity nagged at him, but years of dealing with Sith and their likes reminded him that some things were perhaps better left unknown. That same depth of experience taught him that of things left unknown, most contributed to one’s undoing. He would need to keep his eyes on Thran.

Czarnian, the fresh new face around the Clan stepped into the room. He looked to the Emperor. “Was there anything else mi’lord?” he asked.

Kamjin smirked and placed his hand on the journeyman’s shoulder. “Come to think of it, my boy, there is something else you could do for me...”

Warlord Thran Occasus-Palpatine (Sith) / P:RGT / [House Caliburnus](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/caliburnus-878d2ed5-e2e7-42cc-9a9f-089ab075a004) of [Clan Scholae Palatinae](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/scholae-palatinae) [SA: VII] [SYN: III] [GMRG: VIII] [INQ: X]

SBx2 / GCx4 / SCx5 / ACx4 / DCx7 / GNx6 / SNx5 / BNx5 / Cr:8D-7R-10A-15S-23E-10T-10Q / PoBx6 / CFx692 / CIx161 / CEx582 / CGx23 / SI / LSx10 / SoLx4 / S:5Al-3D-1Do-4Dk-7Rm-8P-17U-5B-18Dec-17Aff-3Cr-14En

{SA: MVF - MVH - MVHL - MVL - MVLD - MVLO - MVPH - DPCM - DPCP - DPE - SVHL}

[Legacy of Palpatine](https://wiki.darkjedibrotherhood.com/view/Legacy_of_Palpatine)