

“Announcing the arrival of Lady Luchtwork and The Democratic Republic of Elaya,” Viceroy Raleien announced clearly as the doors opened to the audience chamber within Adoniram Tower. The usually full chamber parted to allow Lady Luchtwork and her entourage to enter. As they processed towards the throne, Kamjin clenched his teeth to suppress a yawn. So much had changed since he was last the Consul of Scholae Palatinae and he was finding the pageantry tedious. Before the Exodus they were simply a part of a larger Brotherhood, contributing to the overall Emperor’s Hammer Strike Fleet.

Now, they had grown to possess a rival fleet and a seat of power over the Caperion System. The title of Emperor fell heavy upon him and he couldn’t help but reflect upon what happened to the last Sith to openly declare himself Emperor. Raleien had taken to his new appointment with vigor and though he may be loath to admit it, Kamjin felt the old Pantoran was enjoying the new found responsibilities.

Looking down from the seat of Imperial power in this region, Kamjin saw the Lady kneel gracefully in submission. With the due diligence that the position required, he raised his palm beckoning her to rise.

“Your Imperial Majesty,” she began, in a voice haughty with perceived power. “It is such a blessing to see you upon the throne...” Kamjin had already begun to tune her out. Reaching out he already got a sense of what she was seeking and it was of no concern to him her petty concerns with who held what position nor how the impending elevation of the new Quaestors would impact production requirements within her realm.

Kamjin cocked his head towards Raleien and the Viceroy, ever vigilant to the subtleties of Master, silently crept up next to him on the throne. Kamjin leaned into his ear, “How many more of these do I have to see today?”

Raleien whispered in return, “There are seven waiting and then you need to review the findings from the researchers.”

Kamjin groaned. What happened to the days of just hopping into a cockpit and blowing up the problems in front of him.

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By the time he was able to shuffle off the last petitioner the sun had set and Ragnath was high and bright in the night sky. Walking into his office he bypassed the lights and went to sit at his desk before stopping short. *That’s right, Thran and Rayne stole my desk.* What had remained wasn’t worth keeping. Changing directions he went to the grouping of chairs and the low table near the window where he had been making do.

The short beverage table was overloaded with the piles of datapads, sheets of parchment, and other objects for his inspection. He made a note to press Raleien in the morning to have a new desk brought up immediately. Rubbing his eyes, he reached for the nearest bundle and gently unwrapped it. A blue pulsing opal was revealed and a note.

Kamjin began to read the note. “...appears to have no effect on non-Force sensitive individuals. However, studies with those with elevated midichlorians counts have a portional response to the effects outlined...” Kamjin mumbled to himself. Peering at the opal he wondered just what sort of portional response could occur as he reached with his ungloved hands to pick up the opal.

As soon as his skin made contact his eyes went blue, pulsing and shifting in time with the opal. While he distinctly felt his body freeze in time and space his mind was untethered. It was as if he was connected to hyperspace itself as he leapt from the Caperion System and traversed space/time.

Images, like memories, flashed past him. His parents. Alderaan's destruction by the Rebellion. The fall of the Empire. The Emperor's Hammer Strike Fleet. The founding of Scholae Palatinae. The Exodus. His elevation to Executive Officer. His wife. His family. His wife's betrayal. His children.

Tears streamed from the storm of memories that raged within his blue locked eyes. Then, the images were new to him. The elevation of the new Quaestors. An array of new artifacts collected by the clan. An unseen enemy with pulsing red crystals. With each new vision they accelerated, blurring together. Then, after what felt like an eternity, he saw it. His demise and what laid beyond.

He could nearly see it, touch it, the mystery of what was beyond the veil of life and then he found himself on the floor. He could move again, rubbing his eyes to bring focus back to the world. He saw Raleien scrambling on the floor with the cloth to cover the opal.

"What happened?" He asked the old trooper.

"Master, what were you doing?" He replied, standing up with the opal again covered in the cloth. "Didn't you read the report? Force sensitive individuals who touch the Opal can see their whole lives. Depending upon the midichlorian count seems to determine how far into the future they can see. Some of the Novices could only see a couple days into the future, which caused Xantros no end of frustration as they had seen the answers to their exams."

Raleien carefully replaced the wrapped opal back on the table. Kamjin steadied himself with the armrest of the chair as he pulled himself up. "Sir, how far into the future did you see?"

Kamjin looked at his Viceroy and pondered if he should be honest or not. Trust did not come easily to the Sith Elder but in this case he decided to chance it. "I saw the end, my Apprentice. I saw the end of me and I nearly saw what was beyond."

The Pantoran's eyes went wide as he stared down at the opal and then back to the new Emperor now resting in the chair.