



A CALL TO DARKNESS

General Zentru'la

Prologue

Broken Creed

39 ABY - Dandoran - Ana Subak

Ana Subak's back slammed hard against the wall, launched through the air by an invisible force. Her crimson Beskar armour took the bulk of the impact, but the breath was knocked out of her lungs. "Haar'chak," the Mandalorian cursed as she dropped to her knees, dropping her rifle.

In her peripheral vision she saw one of the large, angular glowing red crystals that protruded from the wall. A foot to the right and she would have been impaled on its point. She coughed a little and looked up at her assailant. The Seer's red lightsaber bathed her antlered headdress in a crimson glow and as she got closer, Ana got her first close-up look at the witch's face, a face whose old scars contradicted her youthful look.

The witch induced a sense of foreboding and unease of the kind Ana had never felt before. The slender woman invoked more fear than she had any right to invoke. She looked into her face - the face of the one who created the crystallised abominations that had killed her Foundling with Sith magic - and reminded herself that she had to die. The Mandalorian mantra echoed in her mind, calming her nerves. *This is the way.*

Abandoning her rifle, she charged at the witch, battering her lightsaber aside with a forearm of Beskar plate, striking at the Seer with the other. Just as her

armoured fist was about to make contact with The Seer's pronounced cheekbone, she vanished into nothing.

Ana was sent sprawling to the ground, thrown forwards by an invisible force from behind. She rolled to her back and sprawled backwards as The Seer stood over her, the crimson lightsaber so close to her face that she could feel the heat radiate from the blade. Ana could see the smirk on the witch's face. "Which part shall I remove first, Manadlorian?" She was toying with her.

There was a barrage of blaster fire. The Seer spun on her heel, battering away the assault with her lightsaber. And there he was. The other one at the top of her hit list. General Zentru'la. An impossibly large man encased in pure white armour: hallowed Beskar defiled into an Imperial shell. Her own Beskar'gam was still incomplete and this Imperial waltz around like he belonged in it. Both must die by creed. If she was any Mandalorian worth her Beskar, she'd be the only one leaving this ship alive.

"Another plaything," the Seer sneered at Zentru'la then looked back towards Ana. "A friend of yours, Mandalorian?"

This was her moment. Ana ignored her. Her hand trembled as she aimed past The Seer, targeting a small gap in the General's Beskar plate, but her shots cannoned harmlessly off the chestplate, merely forcing him to take half a step back from the percussive force.

"We don't exactly get along," the General's strong percussive voice boomed around the ship, expressive of pure fearlessness.

"It seems so."

Now they were both mocking her. Maybe if she would just run away, they would solve one of her problems for her. One would kill the other, or they would kill each other. But this was not the way. A Mandalorian never runs. She got to her feet and charged at The Seer once more, letting out a battle cry, abandoning her ranged weapon for classic hand-to-hand combat. She threw a running, lunging punch at The Seer. Every ounce of force her body could muster went in to propelling her armoured fist into The Seer's head. And it went straight through. As

if punching air. An illusion.

Before Ana could even move, the witch's crimson blade protruded from her stomach. Her legs gave way and she stumbled to the floor, her hand covering the burning hole that now appeared in her midriff. It was at that moment, she knew she had failed. She had failed her foundling by not killing the Witch to avenge him, and she had failed The Mandalorian Way by not taking the Beskar from the Imperial's dead body.

"This has been most amusing. But I have more important matters to deal with." With that, the Seer's visage vanished into the ether.

Ana looked down at her stomach and again saw the gaping hole. "So this is how I go. Killed by a witch and a *damn* Imperial."

"It was an honour to face you in battle, Ana Subak, of Clan Wren." The General saluted. *Saluted*. Mocking her in her dying moments or genuinely sincere? Ana didn't care as she coughed up blood into the inside of her helmet.

"I hope that witch sends you to hell."

Chapter 1

The Voice

40 ABY - The Harbinger - General Zentru'la

The hologram of a youthful man appeared in the *Harbinger's* communications room, his skin tone was obscured by the holographic cerulean hue. He had short, messy hair, a chin strapped beard and a beaming smile, looking more like he belonged starring in major holovids than dealing with real-life military matters. Idris Adenn was someone Zentru'la had only heard about, the head of the secret *Inquisitorius* society. Zentru'la was not known for plotting and scheming - whoever his daughter inherited that from, it wasn't him - so contact from the Voice of the Brotherhood was an unexpected one.

"General Zentru'la. Fancy the honour of doing a job for me? I've heard you're pretty good." Zentru'la couldn't help but admire his self-confidence, the premise that Idris was doing him a favour while he clearly needed something done.

"For the *Inquisitorius*?" asked Zentru'la, slightly skeptical. His skills were in battlefield command and combat, he had little to offer. What Idris really needed was one of his Vornskr Agents "We can subcontract Vornskr Seven," said the General. "His skills will be of most use to you."

"I know what I'm doing," replied The Voice with a slight chuckle that made his words sound more arrogant than authoritarian. "I want you on this job. We need

a small elite team to go on a dangerous mission. I'd do it myself, but you know, other matters to deal with."

"Acknowledged," said Zentru'la, as the situation started to make a bit more sense. "What's the situation?"

"You're familiar with The Seer, I understand?"

"I fought her on Dandoran. Barely got out alive."

Idris nodded, clearly well aware of the situation on Dandoran due to the vast intelligence network of the Inquisitorius. "You did better than most. Latest intelligence suggests she's part of the Children of Mortis, a Sith Cult. We tracked The Seer back to Korriban."

"Korriban?" Zentru'la was fairly sure he had heard the name before, but knew nothing about it.

"Homeworld of the Sith, loads of Sith Lords buried there and we think it's where the Children of Mortis are based. We need someone to investigate."

"We're a Mercenary company. We have no experience investigating Sith cults." said Zentru'la, much preferring a straight fight than going off investigating some strange religious group.

"Partly why we want you. The Sith and Jedi are unpredictable, they'll get too distracted or turned by promises of power or something. Your motivations are simple, they begin and end with credits and we won't be outbid."

Idris' perception of Zentru'la's motivations were rather simplified, but credits would certainly help him achieve them, and to expand the Vornskr Battalion. "What is the payment?"

"Credits and resources. Upon completion of this mission, we will grant you the title of Praetor, and you will have access to Entire Database of the Inquisitorius for use as you see fit. My people will sort out the details. Adenn out." His hologram flashed out of existence.

Masakado growled derisively, the cybernetic Shistavenan's voice somewhere between a snarling wolf and comms static. "We're not considering that?"

"He's offering us a lot of credits and resources. We could use a big contract to

improve our training facilities.”

“He’s a *Mandalorian*,” snarled Masakado. “We can’t trust them.”

“I sense no deceit from Idris,” said Lilina, the Miraluka Jedi’s voice smooth like the ripples of a pond in a gentle breeze.

“You didn’t sense any from Ana Subak either,” Masakado snapped. “You’re too trusting.”

“That isn’t true, Masakado. She warned us of a disturbance in the Force.”

“Only after we boarded the ship.”

“And before we lost our chance to flee.” The level of Zentru’la’s voice began to rise. “Had we listened to Lilina’s premonitions, we would have aborted the mission in the hangar bay.”

“The mistake was already made when we trusted her.”

“Appius Wight is a Mandalorian and is a man of honour and integrity,” Zentru’la interjected. “Not all of them are Ana Subak.”

“Ankira’s a Mando too and she’s nice!” Rohla chimed in from the cockpit.

Masakado shook his head in despair. “I don’t trust any of them. They’d all kill you for your Beskar armour, General, and you for being a Jedi, Lilina. The only difference is Ana had the guts to try it and the rest are scared of you.”

“And that Ana is dead and the others are not.” It was unlike Zentru’la to boast about his victories, especially when the fatal blow on Ana Subak was struck by The Seer, but it was worth reminding Masakado that the incident that has thrown him into so much doubt was one they eventually emerged victorious from.

“The Mandalorians are warriors, not manipulative schemers,” said Lilina serenely, softly breaking the silence. “The Jedi have had many wars with them throughout our history. Ana Subak was an exception. Most of them prefer a straight fight.”

“And this one leads the *Inquisitorius*.”

“I’m familiar with that organisation,” said Zentru’la. “My daughter was a Chief Inquisitor.”

“Yeah. I’ve heard. Elinicia the Illusionist. History’s Ghostwriter. Not even you know half the stuff she pulled in her life. You don’t even want to, that’s why you

keep that holocron of hers so tightly guarded. You're not convincing me to trust Adenn."

"So let's say we don't trust him," said Zentru'la, exasperated. "Or the Inquisitorius. Or anyone else? Then what? Where do we take our next job? We've barely seen any action since the war. Appius Wight's contracts can't sustain any further growth."

"The money doesn't matter to me," said Lilina. "But the Seer is a corruption in The Force. I joined you for your fight against The Collective, to protect The Force. The Children of Mortis pose an even bigger threat to the sanctity of The Force than The Collective do. By the Jedi Code, I have to stop them. It doesn't matter if Adenn is trying to betray us or not. I must learn more about the Children of Mortis by my own code. I'd want to do this for free."

"Then I guess I don't have much of a choice. I joined your quest for vengeance against the Collective in return for you finding me a healer." Masakado looked towards Lilina, and seemed to relax slightly, as much as a man made mostly of metal could look relaxed. "And you did. Without Lilina, I would probably already be dead. But I don't trust Adenn and nor should either of you."

"We will learn from the mistakes of the previous mission," said Zentru'la with a tone of finality. "If Lilina senses that anything is not quite as it seems, we will abort the mission immediately. Rohla, chart a course to Korriban."

Chapter 2

The Lone Wolf

40 ABY - Korriban - Masakado

The setting sun cast long shadows across the sands of Korriban.

The planet felt threatening and foreboding before the *Harbinger* even touched down on the sands. The sky shone a deep blood red. Betwixt towering sharp cliff faces were ominous Sith ruins, obelisks and tombs. The low sun bathed the sandstone structures in hues of black and crimson.

Masakado, Zentru'la and Lilina disembarked from the *Harbinger*. The planet smelled of death and violence.. Masakado's sword hand gravitated towards the hilt of the curved blade at his hip, a blade that similarly thirsted for blood. Masakado shielded his eyes as a fierce wind whipped sand from the ground into his face,

Zentru'la was unaffected by the harsh weather, his face covered by his helmet. "Remember, Masakado, this is a reconnaissance mission. We have little intelligence on the enemy. Take no risks, and avoid combat at all costs. Call for support if you need it."

Masakado moved his hand away from his sword, suppressing the murderous urges that seemed to swell inside him since setting foot on the planet. "Acknowledged, General."

Zentru'la and Lilina stayed behind with the *Harbinger* as Masakado continued

towards Idris' designated coordinates on foot. This mission was a fool's errand set by a snake behind a hologram that could bite at any moment. He stayed to the comfort of the shadows that elongated with each passing minute as the sun crept towards the horizon. The one solace he had was that this mission and the environment played straight into his skillset. The shadows were his home, and as long as the enemy was unaware of his presence, they could not be luring him into a trap.

Masakado checked his datapad, containing a map of the area's every cliff face as well as the target area. In his mind, he saw all the shadowy areas cast by the rocky terrain. Almost invisible under the cover of darkness, he approached a cliff face, seeking higher ground. The wolf's vision was sharp even in the shadowy twilight. He took a swift running step towards the cliff, one step up it, jumping so his powerful mechanical fingers could wrap around a outcropping rock. One arm was all he needed to propel his body weight vertically upwards to the next handhold.

With surgical precision, Masakado's cybernetic limbs carried him to the top of the cliff. He immediately crouched low to the ground, lowering his silhouette to anyone who may be looking in his vicinity. The datapad suggested the next cliff face should give him an aerial view of the target area. As he walked across the desolate waste his canine senses picked up the scent of blood on the wind. Next was the sound of fighting, screaming, death. The smell became stronger, the sounds of fighting louder as he approached a cliff face overlooking the target area.

Peering over a ledge was a surefire way to stand out against the crimson background of the sky. He strafed the cliff edge, listening to the combat below without daring to show his head until he found a large rock to mask his silhouette. Satisfied with his location, he peered into the valley below.

At least fifty figures brawled in the valley below. Masakado drew his electrobinoculars to take a closer look and flipped the record switch. Deformed crystal growths protruded from broken bodies that moved with impossible speed and

power. A mix of species and genders. Masakado had fought their kind before. Crystal Ascendants. But they seemed bigger, stronger, more rugged than before, like the brittleness of their crystallised forms had been overcome.

Masakado panned across with the electro-binoculars, to a large staircase leading up to the entrance to a tomb of some Sith Lord that Lilina probably knew the name of. At the top stood a woman in a black robe. Masakado zoomed in on her. It was not The Seer. She looked far older, her skin was grey and dead, her wispy hair a ghostly white. Two men knelt either side of her, wearing shock collars, their heads dejectedly hung.

There was a shuddering thud as one of the human crystal ascendants hit the ground, a large blade sticking out of his neck. Its assailant withdrew the blade and sheathed it, releasing a flow of black blood onto the Korriban sands. The ascendant was dead.

The old Sith raised her arm and the valley fell into silence. "Come." One of the hostages followed her down the stairs towards the fallen ascendant. "Kneel." The thrall did as she bade, kneeling in front of the ascendant's body. The Sith outstretched both of her arms, each hand now holding a glowing red crystal, her eyes closed. After a few seconds, the man dropped to the ground, dead. A further few seconds and the crystal ascendant got back to his feet, raised from the dead. *Impossible*. The ascendant somehow looked stronger than he was before. The Sith swayed a little bit before walking into the tomb at the top of the staircase and the fighting resumed.

This was probably enough information for Zentru'la. He had a measure of the size of the Children of Mortis' crystal ascendant army and identified a new Sith in their ranks that had the power to resurrect the dead. Any they killed would come back stronger and he had video evidence of the whole thing on his electronoculars. But Masakado's curiosity was piqued. He needed to know more about this woman's powers.

Masakado fancied his chances against any of the crystal ascendants in a straight fight, but engaging in combat against such a large force was pure suicide. He

stayed low, out of sight, moving around the valley to get as close as possible to the tomb entrance before abandoning his high ground.

The tomb was dimly lit with torches of flame that cast strong shadows across the walls. The Sith was waiting for him. She turned to face him and Masakado saw the discoloured, decrepit skin and yellow, corrupted eyes up close. “What brings you to the Valley of the Dark Lords, beast?” Masakado had not prepared for this eventuality, he had planned to follow the Sith, observe at a distance, kill her if necessary, but not to hold a conversation. “A Brotherhood spy? Or, perhaps, an assassin?”

“Murderer.” Masakado drew his sword and immediately struck at the Sith in one smooth motion. She snapped a crimson lightsaber into action, deflecting the sword strike. As soon as the blades connected, Masakado could feel he was far stronger, far quicker, but the elderly Sith yielded to his power, redirecting his blade safely above her head. He recognised the form. Lilina used it too.

The Sith deflected two more attacks from Masakado and took a step out of measure. She taunted him as she parried another flurry of attacks. Her voice seemed to echo inside his head, through something more than normal hearing.

I sense a great weakness in you, beast.

Strip the mechanics and I sense but a dying wolf.

You're weak.

But I can make you strong again.

“Enough words,” Masakado growled. “I already have the healer I need.”

“Ah yes, Lilina Mirin. So much potential, wasted, shackled by chains.”

“You don't know her at all.”

“Oh you're quite mistaken. I taught her everything she knows.” Aline chuckled teasingly. “But not everything I know. Not that she'd have used it. Foolish child, afraid to break her chains for the greater good.”

“Stop talking in riddles and tell me what you want!”

Chapter 3

From the Shadows

40 ABY - Korriban - Lilina Mirin

Lilina's lack of sight made the The Korriban atmosphere even more oppressive and stifling. The Dark Side was everywhere, tugging at her spirit from all angles. She centred herself in the light, resisting the allure of the darkness.

Even Zentru'la was feeling uneasy. Lilina felt him pace back and forth past the *Harbinger*. There was always a feeling of helplessness whenever Masakado went off alone. She understood why it was necessary, the last time she joined Masakado on a sneaking mission they were both almost killed, but understanding didn't make her feel comfortable about it, not knowing where he was, whether he was safe, when he will be back.

As the sands of Korriban began to cool in the last embers of the dying sun, Lilina sat cross-legged on the ground. There was nothing else she could do but meditate on the Force. She had never been to a planet like Korriban before. Every planet had its own aura if one knew how to listen to it, but the aura around Korriban felt inherently evil in nature. She had heard of the dangers of the home of the Sith in her studies on Jedi history, but ancient texts did nothing to prepare her for feeling the Dark Side energies first hand. Was such corruption the work of the Sith? Or was it the corruption that brought the Sith here?

She tried to focus on the distant in space and time, trying to sense where Masakado was, how he was. But the harder she focused, the more she felt like she was simply staring into the dark abyss of Korriban. She stared into the abyss and the abyss stared back. Then a vision suddenly appeared of formless shapes, abstract images that undoubtedly forewarned of death and destruction.

Lilina snapped out of her meditative trance to find Zentru'la crouched next to her. "What happened?"

She took a deep breath. It took a moment before she was truly back in the here and now. "I sense a disturbance in the Force. The planet's aura makes everything hazy. But I sense danger approaches."

Zentru'la immediately got to his feet and tapped a commlink on his armour. "Masakado. Come in, Masakado. Return to the *Harbinger*. Mission abort."

Lilina regained her strength and got back to her feet, drawing her lightsaber but keeping the blade inactive. She could hear Masakado's voice sound back in Zentru'la's commlink. "Everything is under control, General."

"Under control?" questioned Lilina. What does he mean by that?

"I don't know," said Zentru'la. But we have more immediate issues. "We're being watched. There's an old woman standing on the cliff face." Zentru'la knelt down into a stable stance, his rifle aimed at the cliff. "Who are you?" his booming voice echoed across the wastes. Lilina heard a soft landing on the sands and felt an oddly familiar aura. "Don't come any closer!"

"Cover me, General," said Lilina serenely. "I have a bad feeling about this."

Lilina approached the old woman, feeling her presence in the Force, and the closer she came the more she recognised the corrupted traces in the Force of the woman she once knew. "Master Sarva? What happened to you?"

"I have foresaken my chains, apprentice," said Sarva, her voice sounding much older than Lilina had last heard it, yet somehow more energised.

"I can sense the darkness in you Master. This isn't you."

"The light and the dark sides are just lies of the Jedi, Lilina. *There is only The Force*. The Children of Mortis have taught me how to break free of the shackles

placed on my by Jedi teachings. I have become stronger than ever. You can do the same. With chains unbound.”

“I will never join the Dark Side. I use the Force to heal and protect. The way you taught me, Master. To save the good.”

“Oh, you don’t understand, child. Through foresaking our chains, we can accomplish more! We can do better! We always dreamed of a Galaxy of a world where good people don’t have to suffer. A Galaxy where true justice was done. We can build a better Galaxy.”

“I don’t understand,” said Lilina. “How can you build a better Galaxy using the Dark Side.”

“I have taken healing to the next level. We can sacrifice the evil to save the lives of the good.” It was at that moment Lilina realised just how far her master had fallen.

“Sac- sacrifice?” Lilina stammered in disbelief. “You’re killing people to save others?! We are not executioners!”

“Innocent people suffer across the Galaxy, Lilina!” Sarva snapped as her patience began to run thin. “Children with Shilmer’s syndrome. Mothers dying on backwater worlds while thieves and murderers run free. Is that the Galaxy you want, Lilina? We can make things better!”

Lilina took a deep breath. “In the Galaxy we dreamed, the Jedi protected the innocent from the Sith.” Lilina activated her lightsaber, both blades shone a brilliant white.

“Oh, you want to stop me yourself, Lilina?”

And then a single blaster shot broke the conversation.

Chapter 4

Her Darkest Side

40 ABY - Korriban - General Zentru'la

Zentru'la crouched beside the *Harbinger*, staring intently through the electroscope on his colossal repeater cannon as he watched Lilina talk with the unknown Sith. His finger hovered over the trigger, the cross-hairs on his scope trained on the head of the Sith.

Without being able to hear their conversation, he had worked with enough Jedi and Sith to have a pretty good guess at what was happening. She was trying to turn Lilina to the Dark Side, and she was trying to turn the Sith back to the light. It was always the same when the Jedi met the Sith.

Lilina activated her double bladed lightsaber. It was the sign he needed. Zentru'la powered up a charged shot from his cannon and fired at the Sith's head. She stepped backwards just as he pressed the trigger and the shot thundered into a cliff, sending rock falling to the ground. He didn't expect the shot to find its target, more of a distraction at best.

Before he could fire another shot, he noticed a slowly moving dot in his heads up display. Someone was circling him, moving behind him. Moving rapidly towards him. He turned on the spot, instinctively throwing his arm up in defence and dropping his blaster.

A black sword crashed against his bracer. The face of a wolf with a black mane of hair growled in his face.

“Masakado?”

Zentru’la had no time to think as Masakado struck again, striking towards the weak points in Zentru’la’s armour. He stepped backwards, giving himself as much time as possible to deflect the attacks which almost moved quicker than the eye could see. Masakado fought like a man possessed, showing no sign of slowing down, until a pure white blade of light came between them.

Masakado’s eyes burned with righteous anger, the tip of his sword pointed at Lilina’s heart. She held her double bladed lightsaber facing forwards, maintaining contact on Masakado’s sword.

“Why, Masakado?”

“You’ve been holding back, Lilina,” Masakado growled with venom in his voice. He slashed his sword towards her neck, but she parried it to one side, keeping her weapon in front of her. “There are powers you refuse to use.” He threw another flurry of attacks but Lilina was equal to it. “Ways to reverse my disease. You won’t use them, but others will.”

“How dare you talk to her like that!”

“It’s okay, General,” Lilina said in a calm, soft voice and Zentru’la was mystified as to how she wasn’t attempting to cleave Masakado’s head from his shoulders, after everything she had done to keep him alive. “He has been corrupted by the Dark Side.”

As Masakado launched another flurry of attacks at Lilina, Sarva joined the fray, igniting her red lightsaber and attacking Zentru’la. His Beskar-plated forearm blocked the first attack, and in the moment of surprise when Sarva realised her lightsaber could not penetrate his armour, he grabbed hold of her wrist. With a grip like a vice, he wrenched the weapon out of her hands and muscled her onto the ground as the sound of Masakado’s sith sword clashing against Lilina’s lightsaber reached a crescendo.

Lilina let out a guttural scream that distracted Zentru’la from finishing Sarva.

As he looked over at her, she threw a hand forward at Masakado.

The air crackled with the arcane as bright blue lightning shot from her fingertips, coursing through Masakado's mechanical limbs. His body convulsed violently as the burst of electricity coursed through his cybernetic limbs, he let out an almighty howl of pain.

Lilina swayed backwards, and collapsed on the Korriban sands.

Zentru'la punched Sarva's head into the Korriban sands. Whether she was dead or unconscious, he didn't care, the only thing that mattered was getting them both onto the *Harbinger* and getting away from this cursed planet.

Chapter 5

Truth and Reconciliation

40 ABY - The Harbinger - General Zentru'la

Masakado's cybernetic body still sparked violently as he lay unconscious in the *Harbinger* medical bay. Zentru'la's fist was clenched, his body trembling with anger as tried to maintain a logical approach to the situation. "I always knew he had it in him, but I never expected him to turn on us like that."

He looked at Lilina, who for once didn't seem her peaceful self. "It's my fault," she said through breaths torn out in rags.

Zentru'la placed a colossal hand on her shoulder reassuringly. "You performed brilliantly, Lilina." He was under no illusions over what would have happened had Lilina not intervened. Masakado regularly defeated him in sparring sessions.

"No, I made a massive mistake," said Lilina. "That planet... it brings out the worst in people. I had heard the stories about Korriban. But I was arrogant. I should have known better. I couldn't even hold back the darkness."

"You saved us both with that," said Zentru'la, understanding her to mean her conjuration of lightning.

"I didn't mean to," said Lilina mournfully. "I was trying to push him away, but I lost control."

"Could you learn to control it?" Lilina being able to throw lightning bolts around

had significant tactical appeal.

“No,” said Lilina flatly. “Lots of Jedi have tried to control the darkness and use it for good, then became consumed by it. That’s what Sarva tried to do. It’s not the Jedi way.”

It was the answer he had expected. Zentru’la gestured towards Masakado. “The bigger question is what we do about him.”

“I will take full responsibility for his actions, General.” It was so typical of Lilina. Never angry, always open to give people a second chance, to see the good in them despite all evidence to the contrary.

“Lilina, he tried to kill you. How can you be so forgiving?”

“He still feeds on his negative emotions and Sarva was able to leverage that against him. The failure is mine. He wasn’t ready for Korriban. Luckily I don’t think he’ll even remember any of this when he wakes up. I don’t think we should remind him.”

“I don’t like this,” said Zentru’la. “If it were anyone else he’d be court martialed and executed for attempting to murder their commanding officer. But I trust your judgment on Masakado. If he doesn’t remember any of this, let’s not remind him.”

“Thank you, General.”

“We need him sharp and ready for combat. That’s the second time we’ve fought this Sith Cult. We’re going to need him if we’re going to war with The Children of Mortis.” Zentru’la picked up the electro-binoculars fastened to his hip. “I’m going to review the footage.”

The video recorded on Masakado’s electro-binoculars was precisely what they needed. Zentru’la watched the video pan across the Crystal Ascendant army as they brawled, taking note of the size of the army and how they fought. It would be invaluable for training to fight against them. And then came the chilling moment when Sarva sacrificed a tribute to resurrect a dead Ascendant.

Zentru’la forwarded the video to Idris immediately, and shortly after his holographic head appeared before him once more. “Couldn’t have done it much better myself. I name you Praetor to the Voice.”