

Kamjin looked out from the balcony of his new quarters on the massive Monolith citadel. The new throne of Scholae Palatinae's power had been built in half a planetary revolution and still had that new smell to it. Kamjin looked down and saw a legion of construction droids putting the finishing touches on the facade of the building. Kamjin felt the old, familiar, pain pierce through his body.

Kamjin winced as he walked back into the building. With a wave of his hand, the security shutters closed and the room was bathed in darkness; save for a pulsing red glow from one of his lightsabers. Kamjin gingerly removed it from its clasps on his armor and knelt in the seiza style. Closing his eyes, his lightsaber floated from his hand to hover in front of him. As the hilt revolved slowly in the air it began to twist. Pieces slowly rotated off to hover over their previous position. The hilt separated into several distinct pieces exposing the core of the saber.

The ethereal red glow cast pulsing shadows upon Kamjin's face as the pieces of the saber continued their lazy rotation. The inner workings of the saber whirled as they came apart exposing the pulsing crystal. This particular crystal was not a Kyber. It was warped and bubbled like someone grew a crystal from something that had melted. Its grotesque appearance bathed the room now in a fiery light.

A voice could now be heard, emitting from the crystal. "Failure..." Kamjin opened his eyes, now tainted yellow and bloodshot as the Dark Side coursed through him. Kamjin's mind reflected back decades to a battle near a cliff wall. His green blade clashes with a golden one. The opponent's face, obscured by decades of faded memories, was blank. The sabers swam through the air, being deflected and crashing into the cliff. Rocks showered Kamjin and his opponent.

"Failure..." the voice echoed from the crystal again. The battle continued to play out in Kamjin's mind as if it was being waged for the first time. Kamjin's face was bloodied. The swings of his saber were slowing as his muscles grew fatigued. Desperation began to grow within him as he reached out, hurling dust and debris from the cliff wall at his attacker. The man groaned and turned his head, blinking rapidly to clear his eyes.

"Failure..." the voice echoed, louder. "A Jedi trick to hobble their opponent," the voice taunted with growing strength. The youthful vestige of Kamjin took the initiative. The emerald blade parried and thrust at the opponent forcing them backwards. Kamjin brought his left hand to bare and lightning arced forth. As the opponent moved to block the electrical onslaught, Kamjin deftly sliced through the emitter of the golden lightsaber. A shower of sparks erupted from the damaged hilt as the lightning broke through and lifted the stranger into the air.

"Failure..." the voice was screaming now. Kamjin's eyes shone with fire as he dropped his saber in his memory. Holding out both hands he contained the explosion from the lightsaber and wrapped it around his opponent. His opponent howled in pain as he burned. Flesh melting, blood snapping, as Kamjin shrunk the explosion and man into a more compacted form. The screams melded together into a disharmonist cacophony as the man was shaped into a burning bloody mass. Kamjin poured his loathing and resentment into the Force as the fluid boiled and fought against him. Sweat dripped from Kamjin from the effort as the mass congealed. Slowly, the fire faded and the warped crystal pulsed in front of Kamjin.

He snapped back to the present, as a figure crawled forth from the suspended crystal. Like a miniature holocron projection but formed from blood. Kamjin exhaled, he was familiar with these visitations. "Zoraan," Kamjin said to the former Grand Master.

“Failure,” Zoraan’s ghostly spirit spat back. “You failed me before and look at you now. I stripped you of your powers and rank.”

“I earned my powers and I regained them from your successor,” Kamjin replied as if correcting a toddler throwing a tantrum.

“I am the rightful Grand Master. My will cannot be undone by lessors and look at you. Decades later and still not a Master. They know I was right to strip you of your false accomplishments. If you were worthy you’d be a Master now. Instead they let you parade around in the illusion of something you didn’t earn and will never earn,” Zoraan’s loathing cut into Kamjin. There was a part of him that believed Zoraan’s words. For decades he had fought against Zoraan’s spirit but now, after rejoining the Brotherhood, the creeping doubts hit stronger.

“You were the traitor and I hunted you down and slew you. I regained my power when I took yours away,” Kamjin countered. “My career after your death proves that I am the greater man and you have no power over me. Be gone, until the next time you try to escape your prison,” Kamjin said, and the intensity of his gaze forced the figure to bleed back into the crystal.

“You think you’ve won but I’ve escaped you once before and I will escape again. You can’t control me forever, failure. I will haunt you in this world and the one beyond,” Zoraan said as his voice faded away back into the crystal. The pulsing quivered and then grew steady again. Kamjin eyes returned to their usual shade of olive. The saber parts slowly reassembled themselves back into his hilt.

“That torture goes both ways, traitor,” Kamjin said, as his hand closed around the completed hilt and the blood red blade was reignited under his control.