

2 months ago
New Tython
Odan-Urr Space

The Force called to him, tugging the Jedi along lines of destiny. Too long had he been away, too long had his exile gone on for. He had atoned for his past sins and now he could return...

His Master wanted him; the bond between them was strong. Their shared experiences filled his mind; the Anaxsi grimaced as scenes of his last act as Quaestor consumed him. Sanguinius had fled Arconan space; in anguish and self-hatred from the needless deaths that had been suffered by innocents under his care. The self-imposed exile was supposed to wash away his guilt, to assuage the ghosts in his waking nightmares. When he had first left, the ghosts left him without sleep. Every time he closed his eyes, they were there, waiting for him. Ghoulis figures that terrified the former Galerean, had more than once forced him to put a blaster to his forehead and want to pull the trigger, anything to make it end.

The Jedi of Odan-Urr had taken in the fallen Jedi and nursed him back to health, in both body and mind. He had always maintained that he was still an Obelisk while amongst the Lightsiders. But they all knew the truth, that he had embraced the opportunity to start afresh and renew his relationship with the Force.

That was irrelevant now, family meant more.

1 week ago
Sepros
Orian System

"You did what?!" shouted Locke, his normally calm facade gone as spittle splattered Cethgus' face. "What am I meant to do with this Jedi? He's an enemy."

Cethgus casually wiped the spittle off his face, "He's not an enemy, he was my Student and now my brother. You can trust him just as you can trust me."

"You've had opportunity to prove your loyalty to me, Cethgus, but do not presume that my good graces extend to him." The Consul gestured to the silent figure kneeling in front of the pair. Sanguinius had his eyes closed, meditating on the Force, focusing on the swirling maelstrom of emotions surrounding Locke and Cethgus. The Jedi had come to Sepros as the Force had directed him. The Entar serenely smiled as he opened his eyes and came to his feet. "The Force has demanded my presence here, Consul. I do not argue with it, nor do I seek to challenge you," He slowly moved towards Locke, his stance open and harmless. "while we may disagree on the finer points of philosophy, you need me for something. Why else would I be standing in your presence unharmed?"

Locke studied the man standing before him; the middle-aged human seemed world-weary, yet at the same time exuded an aura of calm. He knew the Sanguinius of old, having had interactions with him when he was Quaestor of Galeres. Then he had been a known quantity, now he was unknown, potentially dangerous to Locke and Naga Sadow. "You're right; I do have need of you for something. Your....brother....here, states that you're the right man for the job. I need someone to take command of House Marka Ragnos, think you're up to it?"

The Jedi grinned, "And encourage a bunch of Dark Jedi to try and kill me, what's the catch?"

"One catch, I want results Jedi. I want them under control and I'll support you in this," The Epis was professional once again; his momentary outburst had disappeared, as if it had never happened. "are you willing to serve Naga Sadow in this?"

"Aren't you going to ask why a Jedi would even be willing to consider this?" The Anaxsi ventured.

"No," came the answer. "I'm not." Locke gestured to Cethgus. "Send in Maelous."

The Primarch bowed his head slightly and strode to the door of the Consul's office. Pulling it open, the Iridonian revealed the Aedile of Marka Ragnos. The Sith Warrior bristled when he saw Sanguinius, his hand falling to the hilt hanging at his belt. The hilt was in his hand and ignited in a split second. The crimson blade hummed as it split the air, Maelous charging forward with a bellow at the Jedi, his sworn enemy in terms of philosophy, not actions.

The Entar stood still, watching the Marauder sprinting recklessly towards him. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Locke and Cethgus doing nothing, allowing him to act as he wished. A trial by fire then, the Jedi mused. A vicious swipe of the crimson blade shook him out of his reverie. Sang sidestepped the attack as Maelous followed it through with reverse swing. The move brought the Anaxsi slightly behind the Sith and his arm lashed out, striking the Aedile a blow to the head. The berserker shook it off after a momentary daze, whirling around and roaring wordlessly at his opponent. The roar reverberated around the room, echoing within Sanguinius' mind and sending shivers down his spine. He gritted his teeth and pushed back the fear, unleashing a flurry of blows designed to disarm and incapacitate Maelous.

His fists pummelled the Warrior, targeting nerve clusters and joints. The Sith was having none of it and rode out the strikes. His lightsaber darted out, seeking to impale the Jedi. The Entar issued a wild slap, diverting the attack and giving Sang the opportunity to clout Maelous in the face, breaking his nose and cutting his lip with an amplified blow. The younger man staggered backwards before launching himself forward once more, blood dripping from his nose.

Sanguinius had no wish to kill his opponent, but if this continued he would be forced to draw his lightsaber. He shot a pleading glance at Locke and Cethgus, hoping they would call off the Warrior before the fight got more serious. Seeing by their stances that they had no such

consideration, the Jedi reluctantly wrenched *Novus Orsa* from his belt. The cerulean blade erupted into existence as he assumed a defensive stance; he would let Maelous wear himself out against his defensive wall.

The Sith ran forward again, raging at his foe. At the last minute, Cethgus raced forward and cannoned into Maelous, sending him flying. The Warrior slid across the floor and smacked into the wall. He growled in displeasure as he rose back up to face Cethgus' lightsaber at his throat. "Stand down, Maelous." The Proconsul spoke quietly, his voice promising violence.

The former Jensaarai glowered at Cethgus, his eyes flashing daggers. "I'll not suffer that Jedi to live, Arconan."

"I'm Arconan no longer, Maelous. You'll do well to remember that."

"Enough," interrupted Locke, "Maelous, you have served Naga Sadow and Marka Ragnos faithfully, however, I am appointing this...Jedi...to serve us as Quaestor. You are to obey him and support him in this endeavour."

Maelous gawked at Locke incredulously. "That's a load of karking poodoo and you know it."

Sanguinius knelt down next to Maelous and laid a hand on his shoulder. The Sith visibly recoiled at his touch, still mindful of the blade at his throat. "Peace, Sith. I have no intention of fighting you. I wish only to serve the Force. It has called me here, I must discover why."

The Aedile was unconvinced, but he could work with this. The Marauder had served for a while, he deserved the opportunity to be Quaestor. That was unlikely to happen anytime soon with Locke and Cethgus backing their horse, but if something... fatal... was to happen to that horse, he would be in the running to take over. *Better to play along and go for the long game.* He nodded, controlling his anger. "I will do as you wish, Consul, despite my misgivings."

Present
MJHC Retribution
In Orbit over Tarthos
Orian System

"Ragosians..." the voice echoed out across the ship, issuing forth from strategically placed speakers. "for too long we have fought a false war. For too long have we been lied to. Our enemies laugh at us for our gullible actions. We were used and discarded by those who consider themselves your betters. For too long have we neglected our homes, for too long have we fought others' battles."

The voice paused for effect, an orator's trick. "No longer!" the voice raised in pitch.

“We return home to Tarthos, to rebuild, to rearm and to bring hope to those we protect.” Sanguinius’ continued. “Some of you have had grave misgivings about my appointment. Some of you have openly challenged me. I do not blame you for this, for it is ever the way of your creeds to challenge others.”

“Ragnosians... let us start our new beginning, let us have our homecoming...”