

**\*\*Port Ol'val\*\***

**\*\*Ruby's Perch Bar\*\***

**\*\*Two hours after closing\*\***

Rogon had taken the past few days to steal himself from work and spend time with his wife. He wanted to have as much time as he could get with her as possible with the high demands of the Clan and the Inquisitorius on his shoulders. The built up stress and constant paranoia had taken its toll, and the Kaleesh relished what time he could get to himself and his family.

His wife's pregnancy was what seemed at first a blessing, but now that the cravings had set in, the hormones made some conversations unbearable. Still, the Sith stayed by her side throughout it, and to him, she only grew more beautiful every day.

Rogon was taking his time walking back to the bar, having assisted the Battleteam with a difficult mission they had been undertaking that required a more hands-on approach the other members could not do. The Kaleesh made his way to the bar and had just turned down the street when the Inquisitor could tell that something was off. Normally, the street was crowded with miners and drunks coming to and from the cantina, but tonight it was empty.

The air was still, the normally sound-filled walkway silent. This gave the Kaleesh an uneasy feeling as he continued his walk, keeping a hand on the lightsaber under his cloak. Quickly making his way to the Ruby's Perch door, he found it ajar and that the lock that he had installed to keep lowlifes out during the closed hours had been broken.

Ice crawled its way down his spine as his hand slowly pushed open the entryway. Inside, the interior of the room was still lit and most of the chairs and tables had been overturned or broken. Shifting his gaze behind him, his heat vision found no signs of life. Growling under his breath, he walked into the bar proper. Looking around, he could see blaster burns scattered around the bar. From what he had seen during his time on the port, a robbery was usually be confused and brash but this...this was just slaughter. Fear bubbled its way through his gut as he realized a simple fact that he was forgetting.

*Vera.*

She had been watching over the bar while he had been working. Gazing around, he did not see her immediately, but examination of the ground revealed a streak of blood, as if someone had been dragged across it.

Following the blood trail lead him to one of the overturned tables and, with a quick hand motion, he tossed the table aside with a flare of telekinetic power. There, underneath, laid his wife, clutching her round belly. Cold ice washed over him as he fell to his knees beside her. His movements were slow and sluggish when he reached out and rolled her onto her back. Blood covered her body and clothes, as well as several blaster wounds and cuts from what he could

guess would have been knives or broken glass. A long, thin line was drawn across her neck where most of the blood had come from, and was still slowly seeping.

The details of all he saw fuzzed out. His mind filled with rage and sadness, tears flowed freely down under his mask as his head fell back and a howl of pure anger and anguish poured forth from his mouth as he drew the lifeless body closer to his chest. He began to sob uncontrollably, his voice cracking with grief as he spoke.

“Why? Why would you leave me now when I need you most? You were my everything, Vera—without you, I’m nothing.” As he sobbed, the sound of light footsteps sounded behind him, but he didn’t care. His cries of mourning were all he cared to hear and when the stun bolt hit his back he let the darkness take him.

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When Skar finally awoke, his groggy mind was still grieving, but his eyes told him he was in some sort of jail cell. His arms were bound behind him and attached to the wall by some energy-based locks that gave off a soft glow to the room’s low light.

Fully regaining his senses, the Kaleesh’s rage spiked to levels he had never felt before in his life. Straining against his bonds with all his might, he pulled in vain, as the bindings would not give. Finally slumping back, he began to reach out with his senses to his surroundings.

He could hear voices coming from the other side of the door. Concentrating on them, he began to make out what was being said: “Are you sure the Proconsul’s orders were to capture him? I’m sure that our Lady would be against this.”

A second voice spoke up, “Orders are orders. He and his wife are traitors according to the information we were given. Standard kill and capture for interrogation.”

“I suppose you are right. Still feels...odd to me though,” said the first voice before the two fell silent.

Rage overtook him as he heard the two guards speak. Uji had betrayed him! Had taken away the only thing left that had mattered to him. He had thought they were allies. He had \*trusted\* them, he had put his life on the line for them many times over but this—

This was too far, and there was no going back and no changing the past.

Leaning forward, the Sith reached out with his mind and began probing the two guards to find any weak points he could exploit. It didn’t take him long to find some. Closing his eyes and putting his full mental might into the act, he forced his way into the mind of one of the guards and commanded him to shoot his friend and free him.

Several second passed before he heard the other guard's voice raise in confusion. "Todd, what in the world are you doing!?" A blaster shot reverberated through the halls a second later and was soon followed by the sound of a body falling to the floor. Seconds passed before the door to his cell began to unlock and open. Light filled the room as the door opened, and once the Kaleesh could see the guard, his fears and rage were confirmed: he was wearing an Arconan military uniform.

The Human man slowly walked over to the chained Sith, his movements mechanical and forced rather than fluid, showing that the man was trying to resist the Juggernaut's power over his mind; but there was little he could do as his hand pulled out the key to the locks that bound him to the wall.

A soft click sounded as the Kaleesh's hand were freed and not a second passed before they shot up and grabbed the man's head, and twisting it to the side with a violent crack. The guard fell to the floor, dead. Painting, the Inquisitor tried to regain his thoughts and form a plan to get out of there.

If he could make it out of the jails, the spaceport wouldn't be too hard to sneak to, even with the heavy police force in the city proper. First thing was first, though — he had to get out of his prison without drawing too much more attention to himself.

Rogon stripped the man of whatever weapons and access cards he carried on him, and was soon sprinting down the hallways and corridors. Luckily, it seemed it was later in the guard shifts, and while he did come across one or two patrols, and the brief struggle with each earned him several wounds from balsters and knives, it was nothing he couldn't handle, if barely.

Just as he was reaching lower exit into the city that the service men used to leave when they didn't want prying eyes to see them, the alarms began to sound. Glancing back, his ear picked up heavy footfalls behind him, and he didn't waste any time on continuing his sprint into the city.

Several hours of running down alleys and avoiding patrols later, he had begun to sneak his way into the spaceport before he heard a voice in his mind. Its soft, silken tone was familiar even though he had not spoken to her in a long time, not since Nath's death.

Atyiru spoke to him as though she was standing right next to the Sith, and it made him jump slightly before he realized what was going on.

*\*Rogon, please come back. I know what has happened, but we can find some way of fixing this. All is not lost. Please, don't do something that you will regret. Don't turn your back on those that love and care about you. This is not your path. Look to the Force — you know this to be true.\**

Her mental voice was almost pleading with him, and for the briefest of seconds, the Sith thought about going back; but he knew it would never be the same. Even as he continued his way into the spaceport and to where he knew the shuttles were, he spoke back in his mind to where he knew the Krath could hear him upon her throne.

*\*I'm never coming back, Atyiru. Arcona has betrayed me! They have taken my wife and child from me. You all have cast me aside like some tool that is no longer useful. I'm done following blindly! Goodbye, Atyiru. Do not look for me or send anyone after me. I will kill them and send them back in pieces.\**

*\*Rogon, please... There is so much you don't know, so much that cannot be seen in grief... Your family wouldn't want you to throw your life away...\**

*\*My family is dead Nath, Zakath, Vera, they're all dead!\** He didn't hear her words anymore as he raised his mental barriers to block out her voice. Looking around the many ships that were spread around the port, his eyes landed on a familiar jet black hull that was not to far off. Growling to himself, he made his way over to the *\*Seshai's Dagger\** and keyed in his personal code to lower the ramp.

It took him some time to override the system locks they had placed on the ship so that it wouldn't fly, but once he did, the ship roared to life and sped away from the port and the planet itself. On his radar, he saw that there were fighters chasing him and gaining fast, but they would not be able to catch him before he jumped to hyperspace.

Taking one last look behind him at Selen, the Kaleesh buried the feelings of doubt and punched in the necessary commands, and seconds later, the ship lurched and entered hyperspace, speeding him towards Dark Council-controlled space.

It was truly the end for his time in Arcona, and whatever new paths he would take now, he would never allow himself to be used and betrayed in such a way again. Not by Arcona, not by Pravus or his Inquisitors, not by anyone.

Quietly growling to himself, he leaned back in his seat and began to think on planning his revenge on those that had betrayed him.

"Never again," he hissed.