

Last time around I was going for a word count, this time though I'm just having fun and writing.

All rights reserved, don't steal my shit feds I can prove in that this is mine go fuck yourselves. I'm gonna turn off the lights (including my nightlight) and fuck you bio luminescent fucks so hard you'll finally apologize for Ruby Ridge

STAR

# THE OLD REPUBLIC

REVISIONED

CRUCIBLE OF CHROMOSOMES EDITION

WARS

## Prologue

Not even thunder dared speak in the pitch black chamber. The flicker of lightning from the raging but dutifully silent storm outside whispered quick streaks of light into the room but not even the pristine obsidian walls were brave enough to show even a hint of their forms.

A seamless crack in the structure served as the sanctum's sole entrance, if you don't count the gaping hole in the ceiling that is, and from its inky black strode in one of the most dangerous beings in the Galaxy.

A towering humanoid form with an outline distorted and warped by the sharp angles of his pauldrons and the stiff screen of ebony that served as his cape, an immaterial and uncountable horde of dead men rode in his striding wake (most of them his own people) clinging onto his plated boots as his path took him deeper and deeper into the chamber.

Lord Scourge was the pinnacle of what it was to be Sith, Hell his species was kind enough to lend the philosophy its name. In the dark it was hard to tell but lying beneath the reinforced chassis he called armor and on the chrome-dome bald head he wore a banner of crimson skin that signified his heritage and heralded his elite genetic status to all those around him.

But it wasn't his bloodstained epidermis that bought him his position no, it was the bloodshine blade dangling at his right hip. Tucked away inside of the red crystal embedded in the cylindrical weapon's core, the blade rested until it was needed again to keep Scourge's body count rising. The sheer amount of souls it has tasted and the bloodlines it had ended was staggering, the amount of dead men behind him was equal parts awe and horror inspiring.

And the amount of ghosts swirling around the man in front of him? Unfathomable.

After reaching what muscle memory had taught him to be a mere meter before the sanctum's center, his knee reflexively dropped to the hard stone floor.

It was he that finally broke the practically religious silence. "You summoned me, Master?" It took nearly three hundred years worth of practice and effort to neutralize the acid in his tone. He kept his head bowed as respectfully as he could, but what he couldn't quite manage to bow or break were the flickering embers of fury building inside of him. Being in this monster's presence, sharing the same air, Feth sharing the same planet, with his Master made his blood boil and his heart shudder as his entire body turned volcanic. An avalanche of willpower fell upon the stirring dragon of crackling rage and drowned his mounting choler under a frozen lake, Scourge refused to let even a hint of his inner turmoil leak out into the senses of the man seated before him.

Scourge returned to his usual state, as cold-blooded as the reptilian Sleens that prowled the surrounding jungle of shadow, his breath as still and silent as a Vine Cat, he maintained all this while grappling with the gundark inside of him threatening to make him tear his Master's head from its atrophied roost on his shoulders.

Well, not *his* shoulders.

"Would you ever betray me, Wrath?"

Scourge heard both voices speak from the man's mouth but only listened to one, only to his Master, the Emperor.

He didn't need to wrestle his temper anymore. The question quenched any and all remaining sparks of rage, replacing him with a true and pure cold he hadn't felt in eons.

His mind felt like it was trying to strangle water as it searched for the word that so fully encapsulated the primal emotion the Emperor's words had evoked, the raw terror-  
*Fear.*

Scourge wasn't sure if it was the shock of the cold he was now feeling or the shock of the resurgent feeling, he felt as the frozen lake he'd summoned to combat his anger now flowed from his bones, feeding into the veins and freezing them solid.

After all these years, decades that transforming into centuries, hatred and fury was all he'd felt, he was convinced it was all he *could* feel.

And yet there his Master was, proving this pitiful notion wrong with a single sentence.

And speaking of the Emperor's sentences, "not going to dignify my words, not going to dignify *me*, with an answer?" In his hunt for the identity of the returning emotion Scourge had forgotten to answer his master.

His mind spat curses in a tongue forgotten to the Galaxy as he responded. "In all of my years as your servant, I have never heard you utter a joke or jest."

Scourge lifted his head to face the Emperor with his yellow-glowing eyes, straining them for any details in the dark. All he saw were the twin globes of radiating amber stare back at him, their gaze stabbing into him like a pair of knives. "I must ask that you forgive my surprise, Master."

The corpse-like figure on the glossy black throne continued to peer at him, as still and empty as a recently cleaved cadaver.

And then finally, Scourge saw it. There was a twitch of movement in the dark as the body robotically cocked its head in something Scourge could only guess was curiosity or contempt.

"I believe I can permit that." A heartbeat went by before he ended the pause, "I simply had a thought, Wrath."

"And what was that, Master?"

"How ironic it would be for my own Wrath to betray me. An extension of myself, my own fist, turning on me. Could you imagine that?"

Scourge allowed his tone to shed its skin and adopt a softer edge, "You really are in a humorous mood aren't you?"

The Emperor didn't seem to appreciate it. "Oh? Am I humoring you now, Wrath?" Had Scourge's nerves still existed they would've been shot by now. He could tell that the Emperor was simply toying with him now, jerking him left and right in hopes of stirring a reaction.

Scourge decided he would have to live without one.

"I hope I have quieted your worries, Master. What reason have you summoned me back to this world?"

The Emperor savored making his Wrath kneel in silence. "You have served me dutifully for centuries Wrath, I have never had any worries for your efforts have removed them." (Quite literally)

"I sense you will once again serve me well, very soon in fact."

Scourge allowed himself to breathe once the Emperor was finished. "What is your will, my Master?"

The atrophied being on his throne twitched once more, this time contorting his face into a sickly and twisted grin that defied human anatomy as it stretched from ear to ear.

"What you have always done and will do, Wrath. Shatter those that dare enter my path."