

Selen

Sinchi Ring - Blood & Trinkets

37 ABY

After a rather surprisingly pleasant reconciliation with Karran Val'teo, the black clad woman took off her mask and rested her heeled boots on top of her reception desk. No trace was left of the blood that stained the obsidian stone floor less than a week ago.

She thought it fitting to call her brand-new boutique 'Blood & Trinkets', what with all the edgy Selonian teens raving about her last concert performance.

"P.H.I.L, what do you think of our new establishment?" Alaisy questioned the chip bound to a simplistic audio in-and-output processing case.

"Assessment: It's excellent mistress, the name has a wonderful ring to it. Request: Could you please find me a chassis, mistress?"

"Please be patient Phil, I'll need you at my side by the time the war starts. I think you will soon forget that rotten mechanical carcass I found you in."

"Amusement: Oh thank you mistress! Concern: I do hope Selen will be unscathed by the time this dreadful instability is over."

The question from her former droid was not misplaced. Perhaps it was time for the Qel-Droman to run through the list of threats that kept her mind occupied with all these rumors about an upcoming war.

With a datapad in hand she began scrolling through the notes made of the varying adversaries and factions she had learned about in her short stay within the Brotherhood.

*"**The Severian Principate:** Interesting, three women leading a vast Imperial remnant. Part of the New Republic now. I doubt they will be enemies nor friends with us. I just hope the diplomats sent by the Brotherhood keep their act together and don't do something we will all regret. Personally, I'd stay clear of them. Just secure our borders and bring the fight to the Collective instead.*

*Next, **The Collective:** A disgusting organization that seeks to rid the Galaxy of Force sensitives, just like The Empire tried once before and a similar mentality to my own family's view of our kind. So far they have been a disappointing opponent however, my guess is that they will be back for more. If I were them, I'd put a wrench between any diplomatic attempts among The Brotherhood and The Severian Principate. I wonder what our Clan leadership has in store for*

them, hopefully we won't be exposing ourselves. No. That would be unlikely. Arcona would probably send someone they could miss on a strategic mission.

The Dawn Conclave: *The oil that gets added to the bonfire called Port Ol'val. Details escape me. Another enemy that will keep us on our toes.*

The Dark Council: *I have yet to meet any, and hope to keep it that way. They run the Brotherhood, but it seems they keep their attention limited to the highest tier of Clan leadership."*

Alaisy ran her gloved finger over her notes. "Ahh, the Clans, the competition:

Clan Arcona: *The Shadow Clan, the ones who give me my orders. Home of noble hearted, depraved and terrifying individuals. A bit of everything, out of sight, in the darkness. Slowly considering this my new home away from home. Selen is pleasant, however I worry about its safety.*

Clan Naga Sadow: *Safeguarding a legacy that no one remembers, brilliant!*

Clan Odan-Urr: *Founded on principles of a flawed philosophy, it seems mind-boggling to me how they were left to continue their existence.*

Clan Plagueis: *Truly seems like they strive to become an Imperialistic dark side power in the Galaxy. However, to name the Clan after one who was rumored to have been so easily dispatched by their own apprentice does not spell out an amiable destiny.*

Clan Scholae Palatinae: *Fancy, an Empire. How antiquated. They are the Clan with the most lavish names and titles, but at-least they have an Empress.*

Clan Taldryan: *They call themselves excellent, that's just excellent.*

Clan Vizsla: *Mandalorians and Bounty Hunters, desperate folk that act professionally. Bribe them with credits and purchase their loyalties. One of the more obvious reasons to ensure Clan Arcona stays ahead of the pack."*

A grin formed on her face as she realized none of this mattered, the newly promoted Equite was still a mere grunt ready to be thrown into an unknown conflict.

"What color fits your preference Phil?"

"Predilection: Blood-red, mistress." the confined droid-chip answered cordially.

"Excellent choice. I fear that the Collective is going to make things difficult for us." Alaisy smirked as she steepled her hands while leaning back in her desk chair.