

SIDIOUS: BEAUTY SECRETS OF AN URCHIN

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/25641691) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/25641691>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Rape/Non-Con
Categories:	Multi , M/M
Fandom:	Star Wars - All Media Types
Characters:	Sheev Palpatine Darth Sidious , Clone Troopers (Star Wars) - Character, Imperial Guards
Additional Tags:	Horny , Rape , Explicit Sexual Content , Explicit Language , Violence , Murder , Gore , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Graphic Description , Non-Consensual , predation , Control / Losing Control , Alternate Universe , Post-Star Wars: The Clone Wars , Clones , Clone Sex , Bukkake , Facials , Public Masturbation , Mutual Masturbation , Kidnapping , Body Horror , Zombification , Paralytic , Non-Consensual Drug Use , Paralysis , Non-Consensual Voyeurism , Voyeurism , Aberrant Sexual Behavior , Post-Star Wars: Revenge of the Sith
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Depravity
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-02 Completed: 2020-08-12 Words: 5,386 Chapters: 4/4

SIDIOUS: BEAUTY SECRETS OF AN URCHIN

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Summary

The Sith can be quite depraved. Here we find out about what arouses Darth Sidious. Part of a series called Depravity.

SIDIOUS: BEAUTY SECRETS OF AN URCHIN

Chapter Summary

Time: Two years post-Order 66

A huge, almost empty, circular chamber. Walls, floor, and the seemingly unending ceiling are made of shiny, ebon marble. Cold. Dimly lit. What light there is shines down upon the singular piece of furniture, a throne. In the shadows, along the walls, are unnoticeable red-robed guards. Statuesque if you could really see them.

Stillness.

A small, darkly cloaked figure sits in repose on this solitary throne.

Time passes. Not a sound is heard from anyone or anywhere.

“FOREGUARDS!”

Two of the masked crimson-figures come to life, taking six steps toward their Emperor in unison further crushing the silence with a military-parade *fwoomp, fwoomp, fwoomp, fwoomp, fwoomp, fwoomp*. They come to an abrupt halt exactly three meters from the Emperor and drop to their left knees, right fists on their chests. Energy pikes are in their left hands laid horizontally on the floor before them.

Quietness again.

Several moments pass as the Emperor contemplates and is satisfied by their abject servitude.

Softly, “You may rise.”

With painfully mastered synchronicity, both guards rise with one last *fwoomp as their left feet stomp to attention. Emperor Palpatine admired their rigidity with a greedy eye.*

“My loyal servants. Always my protectors with little given in return other than the honor of standing watch over my humble person. I am at a loss, my faithful companions.”

No head is turned. No foot is shifted. Not a word is uttered. Ever stoic and steadfast are these Imperial Red Guards for they know the Emperor only speaks, perhaps, in soliloquy.

“Arduous is the life of such an elite soldier. Always in service and never praised, never rewarded. We, all of us, each of you and even myself, sit in what has come to feel as a void. A vacuum, lifeless. A tomb of the galaxy’s finest marble. But there is no corpse in here. No mummy for this sarcophagus, and even if there were one, we are left yet with...deadness. It’s

so pervasive that I feel it settling deeply within my skin. I feel...old.” Minutes pass. The Emperor was lost in some thought, but the clones obediently awaited his soon to come musings. “I am not a mummy awaiting death. I am the most powerful being alive, but I have yet to learn how to stop time. And I sit here. Decaying. Always forced to hide my face. Yes. It is that time once again, my friends. It is time to rectify this situation and also reward you stalwart war heroes.”

No movement. No sound. The Emperor never expected any. Not a single trooper had a thought of any kind. They were inured to having any lest they miss the tiniest alarm or softest spoken utterance of their master. Do not speak unless directly asked a question, which rarely, if ever, happened.

"You two, we need a mummy to liven our mood. Go find one. The rest of you!"

The other guards stomped immediately into attention as the foreguards double timed it out of the chamber.

“We have festivities to prepare for while your brothers are away.”

The men earnestly began the preparations, and eagerness quickened the air.

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Deep within the bowels of the galaxy’s capital city, the two Imperial Guards, now wearing old-looking civilian clothing and hidden under hoods, search dark nooks and crannies for the right one. This one did not need to be perfect because there was little time. Their base desires were coming to life and beginning to claw their way out of the clones’ pants, demanding satiation. The clones knew they had little time before they lost their hold on any shred of moral sanity they had left.

Long ago, the Emperor had forced his way into the minds of all his Imperial Guards and conditioned them to respond to the words *liven our mood*. He embedded desires of the most depraved deeply within their subconscious, willing away any semblance of common decency. Whenever he used those words, it triggered an awakening of primal urges, placing these clones into a desperate state of need, which, if unmet, would drive them mad. They were desperate men looking for a quick release, but this desperation was reined solely by their fear of and by their unswerving loyalty to the Emperor. Little did they know that Sidious used their desires to feed his own, but little would they have cared.

These two clones were predators loosed upon the forgotten souls found far, far below the Imperial Palace. No one would miss them if they disappeared. No one would even care.

The troopers’ neck veins were bulging in reaction to their search for prey. So, too, were their pants. There was now a constant gnawing low-down inside themselves, and their cocks were fully and painfully aware. The clones knew their brothers back at the palace were suffering the same. It was necessary to hurry for their brothers’ sake as much as it was for their own.

“There,” one guard discreetly nodded in the direction of a young and gaunt human man standing on a corner asking any passerby if they wanted to have a party.

“He’s gotta be endowed,” replied the other. Neither bothered to continue speaking and made their way over to the street urchin.

“Hey, hey man. You two need some company? I’m down to party.”

The first clone looked like he wanted to eat the boy and spoke in a low, raspy voice, “You like to go down, do you?”

“Buddy, I’ll go down, around, and all over the galaxy if you want to for the right price.”

“I bet you would, baby face. You look so young. You don’t have anyone waiting at home for you?”

“Nah, man. I’m nineteen, so don’t worry, and I got nobody and no home. I can go anywhere you want me to for as long as you want if you pay up front.”

“Why do you need the money now,” asked Clone Two, but as he asked he noticed track marks on their urchin’s arms. “Ah, I see. I think we can help with that.” As he began opening a pouch he had kept in his inside jacket pocket, the other clone held out a handful of credits, which seemed to mesmerize the youth. Clone Two showed their target the contents of the pouch, powered glitterstim. Lots and lots of it. The boy unknowingly placed his hand over his needle marks and pressed against them. Clone Two leaned in more closely, grazing his lips over the boy’s ear, and whispered, “We showed you ours. Be a good boy and show us yours.” Without hesitation, the boy reached into his pants and pulled out a limp cock worthy of a bantha.

“Oh, gods, yeah. How long can you go, boy,” asked Clone One.

“I can fuck all night, man, especially with that ‘stim.”

“You want this ‘stim, do you? I have this and more back at our place. We’re having a party and would love to have you join us.”

“There's more of you?”

Both clones were now standing even closer to the boy, wanting to press their bodies against his in hopes of finding immediate release, but they knew better and maintained at least a few centimeters of distance. They were close enough to speak in hushed tones and to feel the heat of the young man’s body, and they ached to know it. “Yeah, does that bother you?”

“The more the merrier, but it’ll cost extra, and we’ll need to get some lube.”

“Baby face, we’ll give you all the credits you want, but you won’t need any lube.”

Hesitantly, “This sounds too good to be legit. I don’t know man. I think I gotta pass.” He tried to walk away, but he couldn't break through the wall the two guards now formed around him, pinning him against an alley fence.

Clone Two asked, “Don’t you want a bump,” while opening the pouch again.

“You have this and more, you say?”

“And all these credits. We just want to party and have a good time. We promise we won’t hurt you. We really only want to have fun.” No reply. “C’mon. We’ll have a party and even get you a good meal on the way back to our place.” The Imperial Guard wanted to shove his cock down this urchin’s throat, balls deep, and fuck his pretty little face till it was blue and he was gagging. He wanted to grab this little cherub by his hair and force his head onto his dick and fuck his mouth relentlessly until the kid puked all over his big cock. He found greater satisfaction when he knew he had rendered his prey fully helpless. He briefly pictured his brother nutting on the boy’s face as he emptied his load deep in the boy’s belly. Agh! His cock was ready to explode, but he couldn’t allow himself to even think about this. He knew he had to fight his ravenous urge and get back to the palace with this street trash untouched. His brother knew the look on his face all too well and gently placed his arm around the boy’s shoulder.

“Let’s go have us a party. It’s okay, baby face. We’re gonna have a good time, and we’ll stop by anyplace you want and pick up some food to go. You can eat it on the way. First, you can start with this,” and he presented the waif with some 'stim. No more cajoling was needed. The young man willingly walked back to a speeder with the two men, never looking back.

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SIDIOUS: BEAUTY SECRETS OF AN URCHIN

The two guards returned with their street urchin in tow and sneaked him into the Imperial Guard quarters within the palace undetected. The young man was impressed when he realized where he was, but it took him a while to put it all together because by now, he was high as an off-world freighter. He felt so happy. So safe. He knew that if he was within the palace and with the Emperor's personal bodyguards then he had nothing to worry about and could let loose with abandon. He was the center of attention once the off duty men got a look at him. They all gathered around the boy and fawned all over him.

"You have the most azure eyes I've ever seen."

"I'm going to love seeing so much cum all over your dark skin."

One said the kid needed to be cleaned up and would be happy to bathe the lad himself and lead him into the fresher. The boy began to undress himself, but the guard stopped him and offered to help. He stood behind the smaller man and reached his massively muscled arms around to the boy's chest. He pressed his body against Urchin's. He was so much larger and taller than this waif, and it looked like his body was going to gobble up the young man's. His hands ran up and down Urchin's body, one began to unbutton the shirt while the other went down and grabbed his cock.

"What's this we have here?" The clone's cock became so fucking hard he thought it would burst his pants open, and he pressed it against the lad's ass. Eyes closed, forehead rested on the back of Urchin's, the clone knew he could not push matters further. As he thought this, Urchin turned around and undid the clone's pants and knelt down before this exceptionally large dick with veins so engorged that they looked as though they were going to rise out of the skin. This cock was begging for release. With a guttural, growling "No, we can't. Get you ass up now," the guard grabbed the boy's elbow and jerked him up and threw him against the hard, tiled wall of the shower. "Strip!"

Urchin began to get scared. He still clung to the wall with his body as he began removing his clothing. His eyes remained glued to the clone, "Yeah, no problem. Look, I'm doing as told. You have no problem from me." Another guard entered the room and said that the Emperor was becoming impatient and to hurry things along. He looked over at Urchin and saw he was not yet completely undressed. With a huff of exasperation, he marched over to the boy, and together with his brother, they practically tore the clothing from the young man. They quickly stripped themselves and began lathering up this filthy body. Other guards came in to watch. They all removed their clothing and quietly began cleaning themselves as well. All the men were breathing heavily and trying to remain focused on bathing before going back into the Emperor's presence. They knew better than to jack off. They needed all they had for later.

Once showered, everyone moved back into their communal room. They each put on their red helmets that covered their faces and then their boots. The boy remained undressed and was nervous, not sure what was going to happen, except he began to accept the idea that he was going to see the Emperor. He mused that he had no clue the old man was even possibly gay

and then noticed that the guards were not putting on any clothes. They only were wearing their helmets and boots and their red robes, which they wrapped around themselves. You would never have known that underneath their cloaks, the guards were completely nude.

One of the clones came back over to the young man. “Baby face, did you think I’d forgotten about our deal? I’ve got more party favors for you,” and he pulled what he said was more ‘stim, but this was a liquid. He leaned in close to the boy and brushed his lips across Urchin’s ear, barely kissing it as he said, “I know you like this better, and I made sure I got some really pure stuff for you. I told you I’d take good care of you.” Urchin didn’t refuse him and began to reach for the syringe, but another clone walked up behind him.

“We’re gonna help you with that. We’re here to serve you,” and he gently caressed the inside of the boy’s mahogany arm with his fingertips. He deeply breathed in Urchin’s scent as he reached around him with his other arm. He then took the smaller arm in his hands and held it out for his brother to insert the needle. Urchin took in a quick breath as the ‘stim entered his bloodstream. He fell a bit back and into the strong, thickly muscled chest of the other clone. “Yeah, you like that don’t you,” he whispered close to his ear.

The men got into a two column formation and placed Urchin in the middle. Without any prompting, the column moved forward and out the door. One pushed Urchin, who had a problem keeping pace with them. They walked for a couple minutes guiding the boy along before coming to a brusque halt in front of two very tall, black doors, which quietly slid open. As he entered the throne room, Urchin’s eyes were wide with awe at how large and pristine this shiny black room was. It was so unbelievably quiet other than the *fwoomp* of the guards boots. Combined with the ‘stim, the room made him feel as though he might actually no longer be on planet but instead floating out in space. It was so peaceful and beautiful. He was sure he was floating. Free. He was no longer in the streets begging for a high.

Then he noticed an empty throne at the other end of the room...room? But we’re in space, right? Ahh...over there are a couple other Imperial Guards kneeling and working on...something. There seemed to be some type of white cloth they were working with. Something was going on, he wasn’t sure, but he didn’t care. He felt so good. He’d never had a high like this. He noticed movement. Was he now moving? Yes, he was, and he approached the guards who were kneeling. Their crimson robes parted as they worked, and Urchin noticed they, too, were nude underneath. This is so fun. We’re going to have a party naked. He loved happy parties in the nude. The two rock-hard bodied men stood to greet him with arms wide open.

Urchin was feeling a bit special. He was getting a lot of money. He was getting a lot of attention. He had the best high he’d ever had before, and he was going to meet the Emperor. Other than being pushed in the fresher, he was being treated better than he’d ever been treated before. He willingly went into those open arms with a goofy grin.

“How’re you, feeling, baby face,” asked the familiar clone. We’ve got something more for you, and it’ll help you be at ease, help you rest.” The closest of the two guards who had been kneeling pulled out another syringe. The second guard walked forward and took Urchin by his elbow and gently led him over to a very large and ornately carved, ebon-marble table. “Look what my brothers prepared especially for you. Isn’t it beautiful?”

“Yeah, this is my table? It's so big!”

“Yeah, hop on up here, pretty boy. We’ve got more party favors for you,” and the guard easily lifted the waif and placed him upon the tabletop. “Lay back and relax. Let us take care of you.” The boy was now so at ease and allowed himself to be handled by these chisel-bodied men. He was gently laid back, and as the other guard began to inject him, Urchin realized no one else was using party favors with him. He was the only one, but just as he had that thought, the guard injected him with more drugs. The awaited rush didn’t come. He began to say something, but he couldn’t speak. His mouth wouldn’t open. He tried to get off the table, but his body would not move.

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A guard leaned in closely to the street urchin's face to get a look at his eyes. "His irises. He's panicking. Give him some more 'stim.'"

"I've given him too much already. Any more, and he may not give us his best performance."

"Alright then. Let's get started. Corporal, begin."

"Sir, yes, sir," and looking to a fellow Imperial Guard, "Grab the gauze."

The young man had no idea what was happening, and his high ecstasy turned into high anxiety. His heart felt as though it would pound out of his chest. It felt huge and like it was choking him. He didn't think he could get a full breath, which made him panic more. He was screaming for help, but the guards never heard his pleas. They never saw how the boy was desperately trying to get up and run out of the room. Outwardly, this back-alley drug addict they had picked up was laying atop the black table completely calm. Only his eyes gave away the faintest hint of terror, but no one bothered to look.

Two guards stood at his feet. One guard stood by each shoulder. Another walked over to the table with a metal rod, which was about half a centimeter in diameter. The two guards at the street urchin's feet each took a knee and bent it and then pushed each knee against the boy's stomach. The other guard spit on one end of the rod and then began to insert it in his asshole. He spit on the index finger of his other hand and wiped it around the anus and pushed into the boy again. The clone's cock began to harden in anticipation.

After the rod was fully inserted beyond the prostate, the guard attached a long, insulated wire to the end of it that ran along the floor to the throne. On one of the throne's arm was a pad that had a small metal rod sticking straight out. The wire from the boy attached to this smaller rod.

Once he double checked the connections, the guard gave a thumbs up, and the other guards got to work on the boy. They began wrapping him in the pieces of the white cloth the boy had seen when he had first walked over to the table. He could now see that the cloth was like a gauze about four centimeters in width. The guards had flipped each side of their robes to drape over their shoulders and behind their backs so they could work without the edges falling back over their arms and getting in the way. The guards used this cloth to wrap the boy's entire body with his arms at his sides. The gauze was worked around the coated wire. As the guards began wrapping the boy's head he thought he'd pass out from hyperventilating, but the guards couldn't tell. It was something only the boy noticed, but it was more in his mind than actually happening. They wrapped his eyes, his mouth, his ears, everything except for leaving a small, almost indiscernible slit under his nostrils so he could still breathe. They wrapped him and wrapped him and wrapped him some more until he looked like, perhaps, a casket or some type of encasement that was roughly in the shape of a human. Except for one thing. The boy's dark, bantha cock had been worked around, and it lay limply atop this white almost-sarcophagus. Even if the boy wasn't paralyzed, he wouldn't have been able to move

because he was so tightly cocooned. The guards stepped back to look at their work. All was ready, but no one needed to say anything. The Emperor seemed to know and entered the room. He eyed his gift-wrapped surprise and gave a slight, satisfied sigh. Smiling, he walked over to his throne and sat.

“My good men, you honor me.” He began to run his grayish-white index finger over the small metal rod on the chair’s arm. “How about let’s liven our mood?”

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SIDIOUS: BEAUTY SECRETS OF A STREET URCHIN

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Link for images used for inspiration <https://imgur.com/a/0R4GK8i>

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The Imperial Guards gathered in the room. Those who were off duty. Those who should have been on duty. All were donned solely in their crimson masked-helmets, thigh-high boots, and robes. Some were wearing their chest armor. Their bodies were huge, solid, and rough. No one knows the exact number of men in service to the Emperor as his personal protectors, but this evening, there wasn't much space to move around in the room. More than one hundred fifty, possibly as many as two hundred, of the Guard were now gathered and quietly looking at the Emperor as he entered.

While he walked to his throne, a lascivious grin formed on Palpatine's face when he saw the mummy. Without taking his eyes off it, he sat down in the throne.

"My good men, you honor me." He began to run his grayish-white index finger over the small metal rod on the chair's arm. "How about let's liven our mood?"

This is all the men needed to hear. Their cocks immediately rose to attention. Their sacks swelled. Their desire instantly became demanding. For some, the need for release was already so great that they grimaced in needful pain. They knew to be silent, but the Emperor granted this one faux pas because he could feel the needs of his men through the Force. Their lust would give him what he needed, as well, so he was more tolerant than usual. Palpatine could hear the heavy breaths of these fine men. He watched as sweat began to give a sheen to their rigid bodies, and this was the rigidity he had been eager to see earlier. A bead of perspiration began to form around one of the clone's brown, perky nipple, oh, and how the Emperor wanted to run his tongue over it and drink the droplet. He thought of repeatedly flicking his tongue on that perfect little nub, and his tiny, shriveled dick slowly began to harden underneath his cloak. "Positions."

The men removed their cloaks and turned their attention to the sarcophagus, encircling it, but they did so in rings, circular lines one behind another. However, there was a space left open that provided the Emperor a direct line of sight to the mummy.

With a maniacal laugh, he sat back in the chair, his face a mask of lechery, and with a low, gravelly but audible voice said, "Let's begin."

The boy was aware of what was happening. He heard Sidious' laughter, and wanted whatever was going to happen to hurry up and happen so he could go home. "Please let me..." was all he had been able to think to himself when he was jolted with immense pain. Pain that was then mixed with pleasure. He was having an orgasm. How? The pain was gone, but the orgasm was intense, and it continued.

As Sidious ran his fingers on the small rod that had been attached to the throne's arm, he let loose a flicker of lightning from his fingertips, which connected with the rod and then followed the wire along to the metal rod inserted into this street urchin's rectum. The bolt may have been small, but the energy in Sidious' Sith lightning was enormous. When it hit the rod, it electrocuted the boy and also stimulated his prostate, causing the boy to immediately get a huge erection and have gushing ejaculations.

The men groaned when the boy's mahogany cock stiffened and shot a huge wad of ejaculate about three meters in the air, which was followed by several more. The white cum fell on the boy, the table, and also ran down his dark dick, which made it look all the more enticing. They men in the front row were jerking off and cumming on the table. The men behind them were getting even harder waiting for their turn. The smell of cum began wafting through the air as the front line all finished, almost in unison. These men turned to their right, and the one facing the open space that had been left open for Sidious to see through marched down the space and left the room, with the others following behind him. The ring of men behind the first one stepped forward. All the rings behind them took a step forward in unison. Their bodies were fully exposed except for their legs, which were mostly covered by the thigh-high, red boots, and their faces were hidden behind the mask of their helmets.

"Good! Good..." cackled Sidious. "More, my strong protectors! More," and he again unleashed an arc of purplish-white lightning that connected with the rod. The boy had no idea there was more to come, and he wanted to scream and beg for mercy when he heard the Emperor's command. There was no time, however, and the jolt hit him just as hard as it had the first time, and again, he came.

The second row of men could be heard fapping as their hands quickly pounded back and forth along their thickly veined cocks. The visualization of white ejaculate on the boy's huge and dark bantha dick made them orgasm almost immediately and again in almost unison. The aroma of cum saturated the air even more. The men behind the second row became harder and more swollen as their desire grew more and more painful for them. Many felt the need to fight their way to the table and jack off over the mummy, but their stringent training kept them at bay. Barely. Each one of them had to stifle grunts expressing their neediness. The second row turned to their right and followed the leader out of the room. The next ring stepped forward to the large black table and held their cocks over the top, waiting in earnest.

Palpatine's little old man dick was not as flaccid as it had been, but it still required time before he could participate so now was as good of a time as any to let loose another arc of lightning, and, oh, he enjoyed watching the black cock spring up to its amazingly gargantuan fullest and spew huge loads of jizz into the air in pulsating bursts.

The urchin no longer cared about cumming. He was in so much pain, and his chest was aching now. He could not breathe well. The pain was no longer subsiding. He prayed this would soon be over because, if not, he feared he might actually die. The Emperor is a kind old man. He wouldn't allow him to die, would he?

The third ring of men began whacking off and ejaculated on the table. The men behind them grew harder and more swollen at the sounds of climax and the thicker smell of cum. The procedure began anew once more with the current ring of men exiting and the next stepping

forth. Ejaculate was building up on the tabletop, which spurred Sidious' tiny dick to get a little more firm. He again loosed an arc of lightning, and again the boy thought he would die. Only this time, he actually was getting closer to death. His heart was pounding hard His lungs would not take in as much air, and he began to go into shock. If he could cry, then his face would have been saturated.

This continued until the last row of men approached the table, which was now covered in white, as was the mummy and its limp, dark dick. The Emperor's penis was finally engorged, and he removed his robe, which exposed his grayish-white, saggy-skinned and bony body. He cackled with glee as he sent one last arc of lightning to the rod. The mahogany bantha cock jerked to a full erection once more, but it was animated only by the electricity because the boy had already died. There was no more ejaculate from him as his sack had been fully spent, but the guards didn't care. Their heads were so full of the scent of cum and with intense need that they didn't need the visualization. The Emperor hurried over to the table, and as he did so, he used the Force to pick up the mummy from the table and hurl it across the room. He jumped up on the tabletop and slid in the cum. He began gleefully rolling around in it. His guards gathered in closely around Palpatine's face and they all let their loads loose on it. Sidious cackled and screamed, "Yes," as he used his hands to smear their cum all over himself. He rolled around and fully bathed himself in his guards' jizz, lost in ecstasy. All the guards finished, and except for one, left the room. The one remaining jerked off the Emperor. He took great care in gathering up this old seed, of which there was little, and walked to the Emperor, who was now exhausted and breathing heavily.

"Yes, yes, come to me. My mouth, quickly!" The guard held up his cupped hand to Palpatine's mouth, and the Emperor quickly licked it from the clone's palm. "You have done well, my boy. Help me up."

The guard helped the old man to his feet and then placed the black robe on the Emperor's shoulders. The Emperor wiped his face clean and looked in a mirror.

"Ah, yes. Look! My skin has been revitalized! I feel fresh and new! How do you feel, my friend?"

"I am thankful my Emperor takes such good care of us."

"Indeed! Yes, yes. We must take care of one another." They walked to the room's secret exit that only Sidious and his personal detail were permitted to use. The Emperor stopped before leaving and turned around. "I will be able to appear in public without a mask for a few days before retreating to hide behind the cloak of my hood again, but we'll need to do this again in the near future. Get prepared, and have someone clean up this mess and," he pointed to the mummy, "dispose of the trash." He turned back around and exited the room. The door quietly closed behind them leaving the room silent and empty, like a tomb.

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END

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