Imagine, if you will, walking through a city-scape of crystalline buildings, with a passing scent of burning ozone in the air. The lights of the various merchants and vendors blinding, competing to steal customer mindshare to peddle their varying wares. You perform the expected promenade down this garish blight of a modern nation within the Arketchi empire, only to carelessly step around a blind corner to find yourself face-to-face with a crackling raiche-blade to your throat, and a (D’vrkaln energy rifle) to your back?

The first reaction of any sane individual is to put their hands in the air and surrender while muttering some archaic prayer to a long-forgotten deity while hoping their assailant doesn’t notice the warm stream of urine flowing down their legs. Who said I was sane? Now dear reader, why do I have the exotic pleasure of such weaponry coming to bear against my person, for that answer, we need to step back in time a few hours.

“I got the arch-cast you sent Corrupter. I was deep into a pleasure dive, and your ‘cast ended up as a tattoo on my partner’s ass checks.” I said with an irritated but still professional tone. “What do the Evocators need this time?” I was so close to a long-deserved retirement, I could smell the post-translation stench of returning to my home planet Varsh.

“Take up your complaints with the Evocators, you have been given a promotion to trichal, void knows why.” Corrupter Sh’arc said with contempt.

“The Evocators can eat those promotion orders, for all I care about them. I’m about to be through with this shady shitshow of an organization and moving on with my life. Tell them to write, and go vigorously fuck themselves with a dull rusty spoon.” I said with broiling anger, understanding that my dreams of retirement from the Overarch were to be put on hold indefinitely.

Promotion in the Overarch forces, especially in the mid-ranks of enlisted was rarely time for celebration.