

Preparation

The Bar Dentavvi Entertainment Complex Orion System

"I am leaving you in charge until I return," Malisane said calmly, "you know all the systems and the droids will ensure the accounts and stock are correct. Just make sure the place keeps running, stays clean and tidy and there is no trouble"

He was sitting in the back office opposite the glamorously dressed but uncharacteristically nervous gamorrean.

Nova nodded and grunted something in a tone that was half unsure and half grateful.

Malisane glanced at the datapad on the desk while it translated her response.

"I doubt any of the customers will cause you issues," he replied, "you are well known. And the other employees and security will support you."

She nodded and grunted again.

He studied her face. "I am nearly done here, the Overlord assigned me to design this place and get it setup and running. He and the Pro Consul will be looking for a permanent General Manager. Your actions in the next few weeks and my recommendation will carry a great deal of weight."

She grunted again and nodded more enthusiastically.

"Good. Then we will say no more."

A short while later the Sith walked across the hangar. He was satisfied by the conversation with the gamorrean. The restoration and setup of the entertainment facility had been a worthwhile project, but his work here was done. He did not enjoy the crowds and the noise and desired a return to his cave or more simple duties. He politely nodded in response to the technicians who saluted as he walked past. He turned at the sound of a booming noise and saw the dark figure of Zero chasing him. The assassin astromech caught him up after a few seconds and emitted the loud tone at him again.

"I thought you were already on the ship. What have you been doing?"

Zero's head revolved around to look behind it, and then it backed off slightly. A few lights flashed across its surface."

The Sith pointed to the open ramp of the Lancer Patrol Craft. "Just get on board."

As the droid wheeled past him he gave a final glance at the hangar. Then he followed the droid into the ship.

Malisane made his way down the corridor to the Deathhead's small galley area. He opened a fridge and took out one of several dozen pre packaged containers. He opened one end slightly and then waited until steam began to emerge from it as the contents heated. He picked up a plastic glass and pushed it under the water nozzle until it was full, and then sat at the small metal table and began to eat his simple meal. The other Sadowans would arrive soon and he would need to greet them before the Clan Summit briefed them on the mission they were to depart on. After remaining at Dentavvi during the recent incursion it would be good to be amongst the action. He no longer felt affection or companionship for his fellow members, but he acknowledged the value of cooperation and a shared loyalty to the Clan and its domain.

When he had finished he dropped the container into the recycling system and pressed a button on his communicator. After a few seconds the door slid open and the silver pilot droid entered. "You called, Master?"

Malisane nodded. "I will be departing on Sadow business with others. You will return the ship to Mount Dakhan and await my return. Order a full service while you are there."

Sidrat nodded. "As you wish, Master." The droid bowed and left.

Malisane stood and walked down through the cargo bay to the armoury. He pressed a button and a compartment opened. Inside was the new armour he had ordered. He studied it in satisfaction. A simple suit of white beskar armour, plain and lacking the obvious styling of stormtrooper or mandalorian equipment and less ornate than the older Sith equipment. He studied the emblem of Clan Naga Sadow on the chest plate, and the smaller emblems of Houses Shar Dakhan and Ludo Kressh on the shoulder pauldrons, representing his past and future loyalties. He removed his grey and black robes and dressed himself in the armour, before taking the jetpack down from the wall and securing it. Finally he clipped his weapons on to the armour and walked across the hangar and entered a small dimly lit room. Slowly he sank to one knee, closed his eyes and spoke the familiar words of the personal oath he lived by.

"My will and my life belongs to Clan Naga Sadow."

"Wherever it says to go, I will go."

"Whatever it says to defend, I will defend."

"Whoever it says to kill, I will kill."

"When it says I must die, I will die."