**Private Quarters**

**Fallen Spear**

**Hyperspace**

Thoughts swirled around him, around his head as he sat there, in the middle of the dias. Legs crossed, hands open, eyes closed. He let the Force paint images for him, his mind’s eye watching the canvas of his consciousness as he slowly breathed. Beneath the soil, beneath the rock, beneath the seal placed so many years ago, the entrance lay. The Clan wouldn’t have trouble with that.

Teeth. Horns. Crimson eyes, masking a feral sort of intelligence. Were the Sith beasts from Vodal, or from the later incursions, sent to seal the lab off from those who would seek the Mad Alchemist’s ways, his power. No, Muz thought. It was not just Vodal’s lab. It was his tomb.

It wouldn’t be the first tomb that the clan had explored, searching for relics, artifacts that would enhance their own empire. It wouldn’t even be the hundredth one he had chased down in his hunting. Still, this one felt somehow different. Sure, there was the glare of history, the echoes of the Golden Age that haunted the clan through their namesake, but that didn’t seem to account for it all.

He could see Macron giddy, cackling among the ancient equipment. Their own Mad Alchemist would naturally relish the opportunity, even more so because of the ties to his old house named for the ancestor. And if there was a viable sample of the original Sith DNA? Well, Macron would splice it into himself as sure as he was alive. Muz tugged on that thread a little more,seeing what he could garner from the Force, but found nothing more. Locke seemed to hold onto the other end of the thread there, serving to keep the madman in check. Someone had to do so, and Locke knew how manic Macron could get in his own element.

Cold steel, rust. The senses changed from the ancient dust and stone of the tomb to something far more modern. Yes, that was what he really had hoped for. Vodal’s original ship lay in mouldy earth, not far from the ship that annihilated it before being shot down itself. The dreadnaughts found each other at a weird point in time, and while the older of the two was utterly decimated, there was still a reasonable fragment left of the newer. It had hit the ground with such impact that most had been destroyed… except for the few rooms near the core of it. The power drained hundreds of years ago, if not thousands, the equipment there still seemed mostly intact.

Muz saw himself standing amidst the technology, fingers reaching to the consoles as his Twi’lek apprentice sought to restore power. DarkHawk was with them, working on a console in front of him as Leena fought to restore the power. There was where the treasure was. A working data core from the cold War. The data within would be ripe with information that had been previously lost. But without power…

Muz’s eyes opened slowly as he stood. Outstretched fingers summoned his warcoat, wrapping itself around him smoothly as his sabers sprang from their stands, nestling themselves into the holsters at his waist. He reached out with his mind, feeling along the edges of his ship. There were more members of the clan aboard than there had been in a long time. But they were not who he was looking for.

There. The violet-skinned twi’lek was in her quarters, trying to relax. A glare of anxiety behind her, worried about being coerced into yet another clan detail. He smiled. She’d understand soon enough. He made the connection silently, sending just a few words across into her mind as he could feel the Spear exiting hyperspace.

*Bring your Gonk.*