**Rollmaster’s Private Quarters**

**Arcona Citadel**

“Darling. You need to stop tossing if you want to go to sleep.” Kookimarissia Mimosa sighed. Her fiancé had not slept more than a couple of hours for over a week. Things had got to the point where the Knight was threatening to move back to her own quarters among those of Dark Forge, despite the larger and more luxurious bunking afforded to the Arconan Rollmaster.

“Maybe I don’t want to go to sleep. When I do I see him. Every time I close my eyes I’m back there, running away as he screams for me to help him. And what do I do? I leave him to die,” Andrelious responded, clearly despondent.

Kooki smiled gently. “Who? Why don’t you tell me about it? I can even see if my Mast- Atyiru can help you. I’m pretty sure she has ways to put people to sleep.”

Andrelious didn’t look too pleased. “Oh no. I’m not reading another one of her lectures. Who needs weapons when we have the most verbose speaker in the galaxy?”

“Then tell me, you silly Imperial bastard.”

“I’ve told you. I’m not an Imperial anymore. And my parents were married. Anyway, it was back during the Invasion of New Tython…”

**New Tython**

**35 ABY**

The fighting had been going on for some time. Battlelord Andrelious J. Inahj had been fighting non-stop for what had seemed days. The invasion of the planet was supposed to have gone smoothly, but a legion of Mandalorians had arrived, which in turn was enough to cause the Dark Jedi to fight against each other once again. Now the home of House Odan-Urr was the scene of a massacre.

For the battle, Andrelious had been assigned with a few of the newer arrivals, lower ranking journeymen. Inahj blamed this on the fact that he too had recently returned. The assignment had annoyed him slightly; the more skilled journeymen, including the incredibly talented Protector Socorra, had been given ‘proper’ assignments. The ones Andrelious had, he felt, were runts, beings of little or no use to Arcona.

The most promising of the small group of Journeymen was a young man going by the name Braxgud. He held the rank of Acolyte, but was of a military background: his skill with a blaster was beyond what one would expect. Inahj suspected that even if Braxgud failed to make the grade as a Dark Jedi, he’d find work in the Arconan Military or even the Army of the Iron Throne. Certainly he had proven himself in a fight, having accounted for the deaths of no less than six enemies, including a single Mandalorian who had slain another of the collective under Andrelious’ care.

“Keep it up, Braxgud. I’ll see you promoted to Protector for this. You’re no Socorra, but you’re proving useful,” Andrelious said during a brief lull in the combat. Inahj himself was trying to lead from the front, using his lightsaber and command of the Force to dispatch Jedi, Dark Jedi and Mandalorian alike, showing particular pleasure in executing the armoured warriors. The Battlelord was not a fan of Mandalorians, believing them to be little more than showoffs, an attitude which had not endeared him to those Mandalorians that served alongside him in Clan Arcona.

Inahj frowned. “Looks like another wave of Urrites is approaching. Be ready.”

Braxgud noticed the group of Jedi, flanked by several of their Mandalorian allies. They were currently pre-occupied by what appeared to be a couple of surviving members of House Revan, whose numbers had been hit heavily by the fighting: it would be unlikely to survive once the Invasion was concluded.

The Revanites did not last last long, although the lead member, apparently an Equite, was able to eliminate half of the Urrite group, leaving the Arconans with only three Jedi and two Mandalorians to deal with. Inahj still didn’t like those odds, but Eiko’s men had done him a favour in their deaths.

“You know what to do, Acolyte.” Andrelious ordered, pleased to see that Braxgud almost immediately obeyed, firing his blaster with dead-eye accuracy. The shots were easily deflected away, but the tactic was enough of a distraction to allow Inahj to attack. The Battlelord easily slew the Mandalorians, beheading them with swift strokes with his lightsaber. Two of the Jedi, evidently still Journeymen, lasted only seconds too, leaving the Inahj with only a solitary opponent.

“Your Brotherhood may have betrayed us, but we will live on in the Force. Those of you that abuse the Force will be-“ the Jedi began, but was quickly silenced by Inahj. The Urrite was able to resist for little more than a few slashes, before falling to a combination of the Arconan’s lightsaber and the blaster fire of Braxgud.

There was no time to rest before the voice of Marick, the Qel-Droma Quaestor, began talking over comlink. “Andrelious. There are many more enemies heading to your position. Suggest you fall back. Bring any survivors with you,”

“We’d be better off just leaving this group here, Marick.” Andrelious replied, cutting the communication off before the Hapan could argue. He could already feel the enemies he had been warned about – a large group of Equites and Elders from Taldryan. Inahj stood no chance against such a force. All he could do, was run.

“Sir, where are you going? There’s a bunch of Tald-ites approaching!” Braxgud yelled as he noticed the Battlelord tear away in the opposite direction.

*Braxgud and his ilk have one use. They’ll give me time to get away.* Inahj thought as he left the hapless Acolyte to his fate.

The Journeyman realised that the ex-Imperial was not going to be returning. “You bastard, Inahj! Dooming us to save your own pathetic arse!”

**Rollmaster’s Quarters**

**Present Day**

“And that’s all I heard. Next thing I knew I’d met up with some other Arconans and got out of there. As far as I know Braxgud was among the list of casualties. I haven’t even bothered to check. Maybe I should…”

Kooki softly stroked her lover’s hair, and pulled him in for a hug. “You did what you had to. I’ve not read the archives on New Tython but from what I’ve heard, things got a little out of hand.”

Andrelious returned the hug warmly. “We’ve got the rest of our lives to talk about it. Now, how about a drink? I’ll think the Braxgud thing over in the morning.”

*FIN*