**Main Hangar**

**Bothan Assault Cruiser *Darkest Night***

Several soldiers gathered around the recently landed TIE Advanced, blasters ready. The last few days had been total chaos, with Arcona erupting into total civil war. Hundreds had died, both on the ground and in space, as hostilities broke out from almost nowhere, catching the masses that served the Shadow Clan completely unaware. The *Darkest Night* had been typically unprepared, but there had been little fighting. The majority of the crew were loyal to the Quaestors, particularly Cethgus, for he was the Cruiser’s regular commander.

Andrelious J. Inahj had managed to fight his way through the *Darkest Night’s* fighters, thanks to assistance from forces loyal to the Arconae. Many starfighters from both sides had been destroyed, along with a few Dark Jedi, but Inahj had managed to escape with both himself and his starfighter relatively unscathed. The Warlord peered out into the hangar. He did not often see it so empty- every single one of its fighters were involved in the melee. He noticed the armed soldiers, but did not panic.

Smiling coldly, the Rollmaster summoned the Force, manipulating a nearby control panel with careful precision. He watched as the various entrances to the large room were sealed, and heard as a large klaxon sounded.

“The bastard’s tripped the magcon control! We’ll suffocate!” one of the soldiers cried out, noticing the eerie blue light that surrounded the launch bay had vanished. Air rapidly began to drain from the hangar. The man nearest to the control that Andrelious had operated made a despairing dive, desperate to reactivate the system, but was caught in the massive suction generated as the hangar depressurised.

The hangar’s bay doors began to slide shut, indicating that the bridge had noticed Inahj’s action. The soldiers continued to be sucked out into space, but, as the doors closed, the final enemy found them closing on his leg. A sickening crunch filled what little amount of air remained in the room. Even a seasoned killer like Andrelious found it painful to watch.

After waiting a few moments for the atmosphere in the hangar to be returned to breathable levels, Andrelious opened the hatch on his TIE, and exited into the now deserted area. The man who had become trapped in the bay doors was still thrashing around, in a great deal of pain. Inahj ignored him, knowing that he would soon perish thanks to the blood loss. He actually felt a little sorry for the wounded soldier, even though he had pledged for the Quaestors. The Warlord’s own brutality levels were decreasing of late, although his hatred for Cethgus had remained strong. That was why he had been chosen by the Arconae team for the difficult mission of neutralising the *Darkest Night*. The Cruiser was the Galerean Quaestor’s personal command, and it was known that the Iridonian had hand-picked many of those that operated on board it, meaning their loyalty to the Quaestors and their Rebellion was close to fanatical.

Nonetheless, Inahj had managed to install his own operative. He had his personal ‘Fade’, Swil Phift Erinos, murder an incoming recruit and pose as that recruit himself. Swil’s reports indicated that the *Darkest Night* had been running on permanent red alert since hostilities broke out, and that a number of the Dark Forge team that operated from the Galerean cruiser had declared their loyalty to the Arconae side, despite the dangers of doing so on a ship that was so intricately aligned with the Quaestors. According to Phift, these members had managed to flee, hijacking one of the *Darkest Night’s* troop transports. Inahj had hoped to rendezvous with them, but discovered that they were all performing other individual missions for the Arconae forces. With regret, he had set off on the mission on his own, wishing his new wife Kooki good luck in her mission.

Andrelious heard a loud hissing noise. One of the doors at the far end of the hangar opened, and in walked a group of seven troopers, all fully armed. On seeing Inahj, they immediately ducked for cover behind various cargo crates, appearing at seemingly random intervals to trouble the Warlord with blaster fire. Andrelious activated his silver-hilted lightsaber, and started batting the blaster bolts away, reflecting a few back at their point of origin. Slowly, the Rollmaster advanced on the nearest trooper, continually forced to parry away the never ending hail of blaster fire.

Rounding the crate that concealed his closest adversary, Inahj plunged his lightsaber deep into the trooper’s chest, killing her instantly. With a twirl of his lightsaber, the ex-Imperial deflected another bolt directly towards the soldier who had fired it. The soldier, a Rodian, was unable to evade the deflected shot and fell to the ground, wounded.

Andrelious made quick work of the remaining enemies, making sure to finish off the injured Rodian before he headed towards the door that they had entered through. The door had re-locked itself, but Inahj simply input his Rollmaster’s access code into a nearby control panel.

As the door slid open, Andrelious quickly moved into the corridor it exposed. The layout of the Cruiser was well known to him, but with him being considered hostile, getting to the more sensitive areas of the ship would prove much more difficult than usual. Due to his ongoing difficulties with Cethgus, Inahj was rarely welcomed on the bridge with open arms, but the reception he would get this time would still make the usual coldness seem like a family reunion.

Walking briskly to a nearby turbolift, Inahj checked every doorway and side corridor carefully, expecting enemies to pop out of each and every possible location. Pushing the lift’s call button, again finding he had to enter his Rollmaster codes, the ex-Imperial waited impatiently, pacing up and down a little. As soon as the turbolift arrived, he hopped in, selecting the deck that led to the bridge access. He had no intention of fooling around: he was simply going to ensure that the *Darkest Night* was at least disabled for the rest of the conflict, but he had not ruled out totally destroying the ship, despite threats of charges of treason.

As the turbolift doors slid open with a quiet hiss, Andrelious advanced onto the deck before him. A pair of unarmed crew members noticed him, but went back to their own private conversation.

*Interesting. They either don’t recognise me or don’t care to raise the alarm. Perhaps Cethgus’ influence isn’t as strong as I had estimated.* Inahj thought, noticing more crew members idling wandering about despite the red alert status. The fact that attacking the Warlord would prove suicide to an unarmed, Force blind individual had also made it significantly less likely that Andrelious would face much resistance on less secure areas of the ship.

Andrelious passed by the ship’s cantina. It was here that he was often found if he had been forced to deal with Cethgus, such was his relationship with the current Galeres Quaestor. Inside, he noticed Kordath d’Tana enjoying what was probably his twentieth beverage of the night. Unusually, the Ryn was on his own. Despite the downward spiral he had entered since leaving the Dark Forge leadership role, he still possessed a fair few allies in the clan.

*Perfect.*

Inahj sauntered into the cantina, lightsaber armed. The bartender, an old protocol droid, saw the weapon and tried to utter some sort of panicked threat. The Rollmaster threw his weapon directly at the droid, easily destroying it before calling his lightsaber back to his hand. Kordath turned around, rather drunkenly.

“Oh! Inahj! Had another row with the Quaestor? You really should…” the Knight began. He was cut short as Andrelious picked him up by the front of his shirt.

“You’ve been useless since the day you came here. The one time you DID do anything, you nearly got Kooki and the rest of your team killed. Edraven should have got rid of you MONTHS ago.” Inahj hissed, throwing the alien across the room. Kordath, despite the large amount of alcohol he had imbibed, activating his own lightsaber.

“No Voth to protect you now, Ryn. Consider yourself guilty of treason!” Andrelious growled, charging at the former Dark Forge leader. Kordath raised his lightsaber, stumbling around a little thanks to his drunken state.

“Treason? On what authority?” the Ryn asked.

“I come on behalf of the Arconae. They led us to glory before, and they’ll lead us again. I’ve been instructed that any Arconan Jedi I see onboard this vessel has chosen to side with the Quaestors and their rebellion. Even those that choose to prop the bar up,” Inahj sneered.

“I don’t need to listen to you! I’m a Knight now! Your authority over me stopped on the day I got my saber!” Kordath shouted, waving his weapon around as if to make a point.

“Now it is time for you to die, traitor.” Andrelious stated coldly as he moved in towards his enemy. The blue-skinned alien stepped forward, too, apparently eager to engage the Rollmaster. It soon became clear that he had not practiced for quite a while: Inahj easily evaded a few badly aimed swings, before delivering an aggressive hit of his own into the Knight’s hip. Wounded by the attack, Kordath attempted to move away, but the fuming Warlord wasn’t about to give up any quarter. Lifting the Ryn with the Force, Andrelious hurled him into a nearby glass table. The furniture shattered with the force of the impact, leaving Kordath with many bleeding wounds in addition to the large lightsaber burn.

“My darling wife would leave it up to the Force what would happen to you now, Kordath. But you’re dealing with ME. You’re not going to get away quite so easily,” the ex-Imperial declared, virtually emotionless.

Kordath remaining laying on the ground, badly hurt, but managed to move around enough to see Andrelious standing near him, lightsaber ready.

“I’ve regretted many kills so far this time, but you…” Inahj hissed, attacking not with his lightsaber but with a small amount of Force-generated electrical current. The pain levels that the Ryn was going through were increased tenfold, but Andrelious was not finished there. He used his lightsaber to remove Kordath’s arms. It was as if he was using Kordath as a scapegoat for all of those loyal to the Quaestors.

“NOW I shall leave you. This ship will make a lovely expanding gas cloud.” Andrelious chuckled as he left the severely wounded Ryn with little more than his thoughts. On his way out the Warlord grabbed a bottle of Norvanian grog from behind the bar. It was far from his favourite Ebla beer, but Cethgus had demanded that that particular beverage be removed in an attempt to keep Inahj off of his ship. Downing the grog in one swig, Andrelious hurled the bottle towards Kordath, before leaving.

The commotion in the cantina had drawn several onlookers, who crowded around the doorway to get a good look at what was happening. As Andrelious approached, they fanned out to both sides, allowing the Warlord to proceed unopposed. A medic among them started to head towards the mortally wounded Ryn.

“Touch him and I’ll have YOU charged with treason!” Inahj snapped, scaring the crew member into immediate inaction. The Warlord resumed cautiously proceeding along the corridor, sure that he would soon come face to face with more of the *Darkest’s Night* attached trooper divisions. Nearly three quarters had been disembarked to help the Quaestor aligned forces elsewhere, but that still left over fifty potential enemies.

A sidedoor opened, and a tall, yet young dark skinned Human approached Inahj. The ex-Imperial instinctively raised his lightsaber, before realising who it was. With a nod at the man, he deactivated his weapon, and raised his hands in surrender.

“Rollmaster Inahj, you’re under arrest for treason. Come with me!” the soldier ordered, jabbing a blaster into the Warlord’s back. Andrelious complied quietly, even as his enemy removed his lightsabers and blasters. Two of his colleagues arrived through the same door, smiling at their ally’s work.

“Excellent. He’s responsible for at least seven murders today alone. Not to mention other acts of treason against the Clan. We’ll take him to the bridge. The Quaestor will join us shortly. He’ll be particularly pleased to see we’ve captured Inahj. Good work, Private,” the senior officer, a Corporal that Andrelious identified as Fræd Gradolf, declared.

Gradolf quickly placed the ex-Imperial’s wrists in binders, and started to lead the way to the bridge. Inahj remained silent, grimacing in disgust at the apparent failure of mission. Even during the turbolift ride, no words were spoken.

As the doors hissed open, bringing the party of four Humans onto the bridge, Corporal Gradolf led the way. The bridge was frantic, with many officers running around in a panic to keep the *Darkest Night* active as the starfighter battle continued in earnest outside. Even Andrelious could not tell which side was winning, but he could see large amounts of debris that indicated that things would soon come to a conclusion.

The bridge was completely devoid of Dark Jedi. Andrelious smiled to himself. That would make things *much* easier. So to would the fact that many were paying too much attention to what was going on outside. Inahj surveyed the scene. Aside from the three who had captured him, there were another five armed soldiers, spaced out throughout the area. A number of the bridge crew also carried smaller holdout blasters.

A yellowish skinned alien with large black eyes turned to regard the arriving party. He was Dal Hodezan, the *Darkest Night*’s Executive Officer. With Cethgus busy, he was orchestrating the Bothan Assault Cruiser’s role in the battle.

“Ah, good work, Corporal. We’ll hold him here until the Quaestor is able to deal with him. He wants to deal with this one himself,” the Adevoze stated sharply, glaring at Andrelious.

“Commander. I know as well as you do that Cethgus will slay me in cold blood. Any chance I could have my last cigarillo before I die?” Inahj questioned, gently massaging at the alien’s mind with the Force.

“Of course. Far be it from me to deny a dead man’s last request. Help him out, Private,” Hodezan ordered. The man who had originally arrested Andrelious reached into the Warlord’s pocket, locating the cigarillo. Inahj had promised Kooki that he’d give the habit up once he had had the last of the packet, and carried his ‘last ever smoke’ around for a situation much like this one.

The soldier brushed past the binders that held Andrelious, secretly clicking the release button. The Rollmaster felt them coming loose, but did not let on. As the man placed the cigarillo into the ex-Imperial’s mouth, he winked. At that moment, Inahj moved his wrists forward, telekinetically seizing his silver hilted lightsaber. Activating it immediately, the Warlord slashed into the nearest enemy, killing him instantly. Gradolf reached for his blaster, but was also quickly slain.

The Private that had aided Andrelious grabbed his own blaster and shot in the direction of one of the bridge guards. The already chaotic scene degenerated into a mass fire fight, as other apparent supporters of the Arconae fired on their former allies. In short order, three quarters of those present laid dead or wounded, with Inahj leading the way with his lightsaber and Force abilities.

“I am taking command of this ship in the name of the di Tenebrous Arconae. I suggest those of you who are still able to do so take a station, and start following **MY** orders. The *Last Light*, my own command, will be here shortly to retrieve me. One false move and I’m having this ship destroyed. Do I make myself clear?” the Warlord barked. The survivors, greatly afraid of the Inquisitor’s power, obeyed the given command.

Seconds later, the *Last Light* arrived in the area, its hyperspace vector putting it less than two klicks away. The Majestic Class Heavy Cruiser started firing on enemy fighters, whilst reinforcing its own squadrons with the Dajorra Defence Force’s second fighter wing.

“Lower the shields. Give the *Last Light* our surrender*.*” Andrelious continued. A young female officer who had taken control of the defence systems pushed a few buttons. An alarm sounded to indicate that the shields had dropped, and the enemy cruiser slammed several ion cannon bursts into the *Darkest Night*, disabling its core systems.

Andrelious J. Inahj’s mission was a success. Soon, the Arconae themselves would board the Galeres cruiser, arresting any and all that had chosen to back the Quaestors. Cethgus himself would likely find himself a prisoner.

It was a major victory for the Arconae.