

AGV Nighthawk Hangar

Andrelious J. Inahj was feeling vindicated. The shuttle he had been piloting had been destroyed, but the Warlord immediately had blame sabotage. Now, it was clear that his theories were correct, after a detailed examination by Saskia Ortega and Riverche had found that other shuttles on board the *Nighthawk* had also been rigged.

“You can do what you want regarding this once we’re back in Dajorra. For now our priority is the mission on Millinar,” Nadrin Erinos stated, sensing that his fellow Warlord was out for blood. Whoever had sabotaged these ships was probably still on board the *Nighthawk*.

Andrelious nodded. “Very well, Nadrin. I shall stay my vengeance for now.”

3 weeks later

The mission to Millinar was finished and mostly forgotten. Few in Arcona had been lost, and Soulfire, as per its reputation, returned fully intact. Since returning Andrelious had spent the majority of his time investigating the sabotage incidents, having asked for assistance from Naradas and Nath Voth. Naradas served as the *Nighthawk* security officer, whilst Voth was the ship’s chief interrogator. Naradas and Inahj shared a close relationship: both had served with the Empire in some capacity, with the fact that Zakath had been slain by Naradas only increasing the amount that Andrelious seemed to like his fellow ex-Imperial.

Nath on the other hand had never really warmed to Andrelious, even when they had served on the same ‘team’ during the ‘Homecoming’ crisis. During that mission Inahj had also developed a strong dislike for Kordath, who he deemed to receive undue favour from Atyiru, the Aedile of Galeres. In fact Andrelious had even tried to pin the sabotage onto the Ryn in a vain attempt to rid himself and Clan Arcona of the d’Tana’s newest member. This had been quickly ruled out, with a stern warning coming from Nath that ‘pulling anything like that again’ would result in Inahj himself in the interrogation chair.

“You’re failing, Miss Voth. I’m sure that there are others who can find the information I’m after should you prove...incapable,” Andrelious hissed as the Iridonian Knight ruled out another suspect. Over three dozen had been ‘interviewed’ during the past few days, and not one had any useful information. The crew of the *Nighthawk* appeared to be, at least on the face of things, completely loyal to the Shadow Clan, as Teroch had expressed the moment that it had been declared that the sabotage operations were performed by someone with insider knowledge. The DIA had been equally unhelpful, Timeros himself denying the Arconan Rollmaster access to key personnel files.

“We’ll find our man. There’s still another four suspects.” Naradas replied, his tone remaining neutral.

Nath pushed a button on her intercom. “Send the next one in,” she ordered.

The suspect entered. He was a Rodian male by the name of Zeddo, a new recruit who apparently possessed a degree in engineering. This had immediately raised a red flag among some of the crew: Rodians were not known for their expertise in that particular field, usually preferring careers as mercenaries or bounty hunters. The alien seemed to be expecting a simple interview, and was taken by surprise when Naradas grabbed him and strapped him to the chair.

“Alright, you green piece of filth! Tell us what you know about that incident in the Hapes Cluster. Engineers checked the flight record. We KNOW it was sabotaged!” Nath shouted, wasting no time.

Zeddo remained calm, although all three Dark Jedi could sense severe anxiety. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. I’m a simple engineer.”

Andrelious reached forward and slapped the Rodian. “Nice try. We’ve had the DIA investigate your ‘degree’. When were you going to tell us it was counterfeit? Before or after you endangered us again? You should just be glad that nobody got hurt or we would have you ejected into space. Now I suggest you talk to my Zab..Iridonian friend. Or someone WILL get hurt.”

“Let me deal with this, Andrelious? We don’t want Teroch interfering again,” the female replied, visibly annoyed at how the Soulfire member had interrupted, even if the information was accurate. The information on Zeddo’s degree was completely bogus: the university did not exist, nor did the city that it was apparently located in.

“Alright. The price I received isn’t worth my life. You’d say I was just a slimy little mercenary. The Consortium. They paid mehandsomely to sabotage the shuttle craft!”

“He’s coming with me. He endangered the lives of myself and Soulfire, so it’s fitting that it should be us that deal with him.” Inahj spat, grabbing the Rodian by his shirt. The Warlord quickly escorted Zeddo away, jabbing the hilt of his lightsaber into the base of the saboteur’s spine to ensure that he was obeyed to the letter.

Andrelious lead the Rodian into a secluded corridor. “Protocol would normally demand I at least consult Nadrin about what to do with you, he is technically my commander. But I say that protocol can, well..I think you’ll get the message,” he stated as he activated his lightsaber, brutally severing Zeddo’s spine and destroying his gut.

As the ‘engineer’ dropped to the ground, Andrelious started to walk away, turning back at the last moment and glaring.

“I’m going to leave your ultimate fate up to the Force. You’ll either be found and continue a painful existence, likely in slavery, or slowly die. Goodbye, Zeddo. I hope you’ve learned something today.”

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