**Quarters of Andrelious J. Inahj**

**Nebula-Class Star Destroyer *Invicta***

**35 ABY**

The Iridonian stood before Andrelious J. Inahj. He noticed the short, brown-haired man was one of the older members of the Shadow Clan that he had met so far, but guessed that many Equites were far more advanced both in age and the Force than the raw recruits that he had been bunking with since joining.

Andrelious took a long drag from a cigarillo, adding to the already strong tobacco smell that tended to hang around his quarters. The horned humanoid found the stench unpleasant. Inahj’s teeth and fingers were also yellowed from use of the addictive substance, while he appeared to control the lingering aftertaste with large amounts of Ebla beer and Corellian Brandy.

“What did you say your name was again?” Andrelious asked between puffs.

“Most just call me Incendus,” the young Zabrak replied, trying and failing to hide his nervousness.

The Battlelord nodded. “Very well. I’ve been told that you have been assigned to be my apprentice. I am, as you’ve probably already been told, Andrelious J. Inahj, but you’d better get used to calling me Master for the foreseeable future. Is that clear, boy?”

“I think so, Master.” Incendus answered simply.

Inahj studied the file he had been given on his new apprentice. “I see also that you’ve already attained the powers of an Acolyte. Excellent.”

“I was shown the basics at the Shadow Academy, Master. I can’t do much more than levitate small objects,” the younger Sith replied, demonstrating his new found power on the Battlelord’s cigarillo case. Andrelious pulled it out of the air and put it in a small drawer, scowling.

“Don’t fool around with my things, boy. You may be thrilled with this so called new ability of yours, but that little parlour trick won’t save you if you step out of line. I could easily demonstrate..” the ex-Imperial threatened, taking a large swig from a small hipflask that he carried somewhere about his person.

*He thinks he’s so powerful. Just like I was warned at the academy. These Sith are all the same. He’ll try and use me as his errand boy for his own ends. That’s going to make it all the sweeter when the time comes to take his place.* Incendus thought, noticing Andrelious’ lightsaber sat idly in a clip on his belt.

“Pay little heed to what you were told at the Academy! As of now, you need only listen to me! I do indeed have my own aspirations, and I fully intend to use everything I have at my disposal. Be that my lightsaber – or my new apprentice. Stick with me, boy, and you’ll go places. But try anything, and I will come down on you like a ton of durasteel! I will work you hard, but do as I say and you’ll reap the rewards. I can already sense you want your own saber. The time for that will come, and it will be at MY say so,” the Battlelord announced, not removing his gaze from Incendus for a single moment.

The young Iridonian gulped, more than a little afraid of the much more powerful Sith. “I..I understand, Master. Now, what are your orders?”

“Meet me in training room Cresh in an hour! We’re going to learn some basic manoeuvres!” Andrelious commanded.

**Training Room Cresh**

The large, featureless training room was one of four on board the *Invicta*. Aurek and Besh, the larger, better equipped rooms were used more frequently, but generally for sparring between higher ranked members, as well as for more advanced techniques for those who had already nearly reached their Knighthood. Incendus was neither of those, and he waited quiet, but afraid, for his Master.

The Battlelord arrived after exactly an hour had passed on his Imperial military issue chrono. The Void pilot was known for his punctuality, even if he stank of tobacco and alcohol – both vices that he had largely developed after completing the Imperial training that now defined so much of who he had become.

“You’re early. Excellent. Such enthusiasm will serve you well. Now, show me what they taught you on Lyspair! I will activate some training remotes. And don’t hold back! These things can hurt you if you’re not up to scratch.” Andrelious warned, throwing the hilt of a training lightsaber onto the durasteel floor. Incendus had called it towards him and activated it even before his Master had been able to activate the first remote.

*Oh. You think you’re smart. Well, let’s try you with a Hunter level remote then, boy!*

The remote sped into the room, firing low powered blaster shots at the Zabrak. Incendus was caught off guard by just how fast and nimble it was, and swung his weapon useless in the air towards it, quickly getting scorched by one of the small automaton’s shots. He grimaced, turning his agony into fury and hurling himself at the remote, which easily avoided his lumbering attack and moved to the other side of the room. Andrelious chuckled and dialled the device’s skill level down to a level that was considered fairly easy for even a new Force user.

Incendus, not taking any risks, scooped the remote with the Force, holding it in place and slashing through it with his lightsaber. The blade easily cut through the plasteel, destroying the remote in a small explosion.

“Good. But you’ll need to learn to fight more than one at a time. When I’m out there in space, I can have DOZENS after me at any one time. For now, try four on one!” Inahj cried out, sending in four Novice-level remotes. The Acolyte grinned, buoyed by his first victory, and arced his training blade around in the air, destroying three of the remotes in a single, well-timed swing. He parried away some fire from the remaining device, before it too was destroyed by the confident young Sith.

“Excellent. I can see a great Sith in you, boy! But don’t you ever let that go that horned head of yours. You try and take me out, and you’ll see how that ends!” Andrelious warned, already knowing the day that Incendus would try to kill him was fast approaching.

*FIN*