**Imperial Centre**

**68 ABY**

Two workmen climbed carefully up their ladders. Between them, they were carrying the well-known insignia of the Galactic Empire. The symbol, resembling a star, had been making a rapid comeback on the galactic capital, since the Empire had re-taken the world. The planet have been renamed back to Imperial Centre once again, although ‘Coruscant’ was still used even among elements of the Imperial military. The planet’s original name was also used for various titles and honorifics granted by the Emperor. The galaxy itself was rapidly becoming united under the Imperial banner, though the ongoing ‘Rebellion’ proved a stumbling block to Imperial efforts in many sectors.

A robed figure watched from a balcony opposite as the workmen installed the insignia on its mountings. As they looked across at each other, as if to congratulate on a job well done, they noticed the figure nodding in approval.

“His Majesty approves of our work,” the slighter older man stated.

“Does he even approve of anything personally? I thought them girls of his did it all these days,” the second man replied.

**Thyferra**

Drent Voltic finished his drink. With a cursory nod in the direction of the bartender, Voltic tossed a cred-stick towards the bar. He was the sort of man who did not like to stay in one place for very long. His recent actions had made that even more certain. Now, he dared not linger on a single planet for more than a week. Bounties existed for him on many major planets, the amount increasing as the Empire continued to re-take the galaxy, planet by planet, sector by sector.

Thyferra had become a lot busier in recent weeks as nearby planets fell to the Imperial advance. It was currently acting as the capital of the retreating Galactic Alliance, which meant much of the Alliance’s political brass were currently on the planet. The general mood, however, was that the Empire would soon be pushing forward, determined to seize Thyferra and its valuable supply of Bacta.

Voltic had decided that the time had come to flee deeper into what remained of Alliance territory. The Coruscant native, a merchant by trade, knew that the crimes he had committed were punishable by death under Imperial law.

All he could do was keep on running.

**Colossus-class Star Dreadnaught Colossus**

**Hyperspace**

“Admiral. How long before we reach our destination?” Poppeliamarissia questioned. Like her father, she found watching the blue swirls of hyperspace to be extremely relaxing.

“One more hour, your Highness. Intel reports say this won’t be an easy one. The Alliance want to keep hold of Thyferra. For obvious reasons,” Grand Admiral Viock replied. The Admiral, one of the Emperor’s most trusted men, wished that he was still flying a starfighter, rather than commanding the Imperial Flagship.

“Whose turn is it to press the button this time? I think it’s yours, Poppy!” Etholimarissia chimed.

“I’m not sure. Saskia turning up like that a few planets back messed up our counting!” her twin answered, not taking her eyes from the transparisteel windows.

“You know what she’s like. She shows up for a bit, helps out, then goes back to her own thing again. I don’t know why Dad puts up with her,” Etty stated crossly.

Poppy rolled her eyes. “She’s still flesh and blood, Etty. Yes, she’s not a Mimosa, but you know how small our family is. Dad clings on to what he can.”

**Imperial Centre**

“Darling, Celevon will be here soon. He’s dropping off the twins’ birthday presents.” Kooki declared.

“I will hope that he has remembered that it is a milestone for them this year. Edraven’s always had issues with his memory.” Andrelious answered.

The friendship between the Mimosa-Inahj family and Celevon Edraven had existed even before the birth of the twins. Kooki had immediately befriended the Onderonian, but it had taken time for Andrelious to warm to the man. Eventually, he had agreed to allowing the Obelisk to be godfather to his daughters, alongside Nadrin Erinos Arconae. As Andrelious’ powerbase expanded, Celevon found himself entrusted with more and more assets, becoming a General in the Imperial Army, part of the Royal Council, and the title of Duke of Onderon.

“Where are the girls, anyway? It’s not like them to not be at home for their birthday,” the Alderaanian stated.

“They’re leading an attack on Thyferra. With the forces we’re sending there, the planet should fall by this time next week. Once we take it, I’m going to extend an offer of a treaty to the Alliance. I’m growing tired of this damn war,” the Sith replied.

The war had been going on since Andrelious had risen to the Grand Master position. Within weeks, the new Dark Lord had established relations with whatever Imperial factions he could find, and had eventually persuaded several factions to unify. With more and more allies, Mimosa-Inahj began attacking Galactic Alliance planets. In time, the Imperial Remnant proper, seeing what was happening, extended a formal offer to Andrelious to join their Moff council. With the Force on his side, as well as a loyal army of Dark Jedi on top of his Imperial backers, it was not long before the Sith had managed to persuade the Council to grant him the vacant throne.

Now, the galaxy was split into two. Just over a third was under the control of the Galactic Alliance, while the rest, including Coruscant and most of the core, was under the control of the Galactic Empire. The Jedi Order were largely destroyed, the last few Jedi protecting what was left of their shrinking state.

Andrelious, Galactic Emperor, Duke of Antei and Lord Defender of Coruscant, though no rival to Palpatine, was still the galaxy’s most powerful man.

**Thyferra** **Orbit**

“We have six Nebula-class providing the vanguard. I don’t think it’ll be enough to stop the Imperials, but it’ll buy us the time we need to get our people away from here. The *Hope* has been evacuated, as we suspect that’ll be the first target of the *Colossus*’ superlaser,” Vice Admiral Mertens declared.

“Good work, Mertens. When the Imperials arrive, your targets will be anything with gravity wells. Don’t even ATTEMPT to take on the *Colossus.* This time around the Empire made sure to avoid any obvious flaws on their superweapon,” Admiral Wexlak replied. The Mon Calamari feared greatly for the loss of his first office, with whom he had forged a friendship with even as the war went badly. Now, with the Empire’s finest fleet baring down on the Alliance capital, Wexlak could not guarantee the safety of any of them.

“Sir! We have ships coming out of hyperspace! Twenty Imperial-III class, numerous escort vessels, and a Colossus-class. They’re here!” a Bothan Lieutenant yelled as his scope filled with dozens of crimson triangles.

*May the Force be with us all.* Mertens thought.

“Get ready. You heard the Admiral. Prioritise ships with gravity wells!” he ordered

**Bridge**

**Colossus-class Star Dreadnaught Colossus**

“Superlaser control, fire on the lead Nebula!” Viock demanded.

“Wait, Viock! I don’t sense anyone on that ship. The Rebels are trying to sacrifice it. Fire on the one next to it, control!” Etholimarissia shouted.

The ship shuddered slightly as a giant emerald beam shot from its bow, engulfing one of the Nebula-class Star Destroyers. A few enemy fighters that were mid-launch were caught in their mothership’s wake as the superlaser easily cut through its target. The other Nebulas found themselves under attack from the large Imperial fleet, but stood their ground firmly, backed up by an assortment of support ships, ranging from Agave-class Pickets to older types, such as CR-90 Corvettes. The Alliance was finding itself more and more reliant on older ships as the Empire’s expansion robbed them of their more modern technology.

Mark II TIE Defenders launched in droves from the *Colossus* and its escorts. The Alliance’s latest X-Wing proved a good match, keeping the Defenders busy as their B and K-wing flying compatriots attacked anything with gravity wells.

The capital ships rapidly closed into turbolaser range, the two fleets exchanging turbolaser fire in a fantastic show of colours and death. The *Colossus* led the way, easily cutting through the Alliance’s vanguard of Nebula-class vessels. The Alliance continued to fight hard, managing to destroy the *Binder*, one of the Star Destroyers carrying gravity wells generators.

**Thyferra**

The Thyferran capital was in a mass panic. Alliance military members, as well as those civilians who did not care for the Empire, were rushing to the spaceport. Traffic quickly became jammed and many speeders were abandoned by those who were in too much of a hurry to wait. All order had fallen by the wayside, and many people were being attacked, while others tried desperately to reason with their fellow Thyferrans.

Drent Voltic pushed his way through an aggressive crowd, wielding an E-15 Blaster to ward off trouble. As he reached his ship, an old, battered YT-2000 Transport, he breathed a sigh of relief as the hatch slid shut, leaving him to his thoughts.

Now he just had to get away before the Empire landed.

**Bridge**

**Colossus-class Star Dreadnaught Colossus**

“Your highnesses? We’ve control of space. Shall I begin landing our troops?” Viock questioned, smiling as the green blobs that denoted Alliance ships continued to disappear from his tactical overlay. What was left of the fleet was focused around the *Red Claw II*, determined to sacrifice itself to allow at least some of their colleagues to escape the area.

“No. Hail the planet. Put us through to whoever’s in charge down there.”

**Galactic Alliance Provisional Headquarters**

**Thyferra**

“That’s right. They want to speak to you,” an aide declared, sounding extremely puzzled at what was happening. It was rare for the resurgent Empire to wish to converse with anyone in the Alliance. Although the Imperials were decidedly less harsh under the Mimosa-Inahj regime, enemies were still treated harshly, and the rumours of what happened to those accused of Rebellion were as nasty as they ever had been under Palpatine.

“Alright. Ready my personal transport just in case, but put them through,” Jask Trew ordered. Trew was a tall, lean man, a career politician who barely knew which end of the blaster was deadly. He had been evacuated on no less than twelve occasions, from worlds as diverse as Coruscant, Corellia, and even Honoghr. It was now almost certain that Thyferra would be his thirteenth.

Three holograms appeared, wavering slightly. A man dressed in a crisp uniform was flanked on either side by identical females, dressed in identical outfits. Trew identified them at once as Larn Viock, and the feared Mimosa-Inahj twins.

“Greetings, Mr. Trew. Do not be alarmed. Father has grown tired of the fighting. He wishes to discuss a cease fire with your reb…government. Can we count on you receiving him without any difficulty?” the female of the left of the Admiral asked.

“I ask that what’s left of my fleet and my men be allowed to leave Thyferra, along with any civilians who also wish to go. Then I shall meet with your father. Will you be joining us?” Trew replied, trying hard to disguise the terror he was feeling.

“Agreed, except for *ONE* ship. There is a single YT-2000 that we require to be held on the surface. Its owner is an old friend of ours, isn’t that right, Poppy?” the second female asked, grinning wickedly as she spoke.

**Imperial Centre**

“Just heard from the *Colossus*. It seems that Trew is willing to discuss terms of peace. And this may interest you, darling. It appears that Drent Voltic has been caught on the surface. Seems that the girls will finally get their revenge. I’ll go and see if Saskia wants to join us,” Andrelious announced, hugging his wife gently.

“That’s good news. Now you’ll stop this frakking war? You’re finally tired of Atyiru’s begging?” Kooki responded.

“When she sees how peaceful planets are under our rule, she’ll change her tune. It’ll be nice to see her again, actually. The girls have missed their godmother,” the Sith answered. Atyiru, though part of the Emperor’s advisory council, had done her best to block further expansions, badgering and pleading with the Mimosa-Inahj family that they should stop. Andrelious had tried to buy her silence by granting her coreward titles, such as Duchess of Chandrila, but it had not worked, although he had to admit that the Miraluka’s work to transform Chandrila into a bastion of pacifism had touched his own ageing heart. When the war was over, the Sith had decided to take a long holiday on the world that had given the galaxy the traitor Mon Mothma.

**2 days later**

**Galactic Alliance Provisonal Headquarters**

**Thyferra**

The Emperor and the Alliance leader had been negotiating for some time. Andrelious had discovered that Jask Trew was actually a fairly reasonable man, even admiring his devotion to a cause that had long been lost. Much of the conversation had moved away from the issue at hand and strayed to favoured drinks, enjoyed locations and even the structure of the Imperial government.

“Alright. So, I’ll take Thyferra. Then I’ll declare an end to hostilities and recognise what’s left of the Alliance as the legitimate owners of whatever you have left. That’s still quite a government you’ll have. In exchange I expect you to recognise the Galactic Empire’s gains, and drop the claim to Imperial Centre as your capital. You won’t be getting that back as long as my family are on the throne. There’s plenty of excellent locations for a capital left in your territory, after all.” Andrelious stated, taking a swig of Corellian brandy from his hip flask.

“In the interests of peace and survival, I accept your terms on behalf of the Galactic Federation of Free Alliances. All I want is a guarantee of a fair price for bacta here from Thyferra. Can I also ask for a trade agreement?” Trew answered simply.

“Both of those are acceptable. I’ll leave dealing with the trade agreement to somebody who knows what they’re talking about. Economics bore the hell out of me. Now, have you ever tried Tihaar?” Mimosa-Inahj asked, pouring two measures of the strong beverage into shot glasses

**Xozhixi Spaceport**

**Thyferra**

“There he is. His ship’s still as filthy as it ever was.” Poppeliamarissia sneered, drawing her lightsaber.

Her twin produced an identical hilt. Two purple blades began to cut into the hatch of the Corellian built ship.

Drent Voltic waited on the other side of the hatch, no longer trying to run, no longer afraid. With the Imperial fleet, and the Alliance’s authorities having grounded his ship with a powerful tractor beam, all the ex-merchant could do was wait.

With a crash, the hatch fell inside the ship, exposing Voltic to the Emperor’s younger daughters.

“Well, hello there, Drent. Not going to offer us an evening of fun, this time?” Etty asked, approaching the man with her lightsaber ready.

“I told you, you crazy bitch! I didn’t know who you were. Besides, surely it’s a compliment that I find you attractive enough to want to bed you!?” the Coruscanti native spat, stepping back as Poppy also approached.

“Come with us. We couldn’t decide who got the honours, so we’re leaving it up to our father. I almost feel sorry for you!” the older twin stated.

Drent Voltic was finished.

The Empire had risen.

And Andrelious, Galactic Emperor, Duke of Antei and Lord Defender of Coruscant, had everything he could ever hope for.

*FIN*