**Agave-Class Picket *Valour’s Fall***

**Dajorra System**

**38 ABY**

The mood onboard the Soulfire flagship was one of celebration. Clan Arcona had been deemed as by far the most influential Clan during the Battle of Korriban, and had been decorated as First Clan once again.

Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj was sat in the Captain’s Chair, but he was far from a fit state to be in command of anything, let alone a fully-fledged part of the Arconan Navy. He, like much of Soulfire, and the rest of the *Fall’s* crew, had imbibed large amounts of Ebla Beer, Norvanian Grog, and other alcoholic substances. Unlike the *Nighthawk,* which was dry, the Soulfire flagship was well known for its well stocked supplies of booze.

“Captain. Still no sign of the Quaestor.” Riverche declared. She and Saskia had been working hard since leaving Korriban, determined to find a trace of what had happened to Cethgus. Nothing had been found, despite the level of technology and expertise that the two females provided.

“And we’re sure that he wasn’t among the casualties? We lost quite a few, especially among the armed forces. Perhaps Cethgus perished with them.”

“No. The last communication he sent indicated that he had rendezvoused with some units from Clan Naga Sadow. They were our allies,” the Miraluka announced.

“Interesting. We should probably report that.” Nadrin added.

Andrelious stroked his chin thoughtfully. The fact that Cethgus had seemingly disappeared was good news for him on a personal level. He had never forgiven the Iridonian for cracking Kooki’s ribs during a spar. The Warlord had accused Cethgus of attempting to murder his Alderaanian lover, despite many trying to persuade him otherwise. Even as they had served as part of House Galeres, the pair had frequently clashed, requiring Nadrin or others to step in and intervene before they destroyed each other, or worse, the House.

“We don’t need to worry about that for now!” Kooki snapped as she enjoyed an Ebla beer and returned to staring out of one the transparisteel windows. The Priestess had been transferred back to Soulfire after the culmination of events on Korriban, once it became clear that Cethgus was no longer a problem. She too hated the Galeres Quaestor, deeming him a threat to her and her tiny twin daughters.

“Yes. We’ll deal with that Zabrak bastard and his disappearance later. Right now we have a celebration to be getting on with. Someone get another crate of Ebla beer!” Andrelious commanded.

As a deck hand nodded slightly drunkenly, a light on a nearby control panel flickered red.

“It’s from the Citadel, Captain. The Consul needs to speak to you at once!” Riverche announced.

Seconds later, a hologram of a Hapan male dressed in familiar robes appeared in the middle of the room. It immediately stared straight at Andrelious.

“I see you wasted no time in getting started with the celebrations, Ina..Mimosa-Inahj. I need you and your team to head down to Selen at once. There’s something that may prove of interest to all of you!” Marick said.

*FIN*