**Sith Space**

**39 ABY**

Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj flew his TIE Advanced closer to the seemingly derelict CR-90. As he approached, his targeting computer scanned the incoming IFF signal. The ship didn’t belong to the Dark Council, or indeed any of the clans. All the Warlord learned was the Corvette’s name- *Zephyr.*

“This is Warlord Mimosa-Inahj, hailing Corvette *Zephyr.* Please identify yourselves and state your intentions in this system,” Andrelious radioed. He wasn’t expecting a response, but his old Imperial training taught him to always ask before acting.

Reaching laser range, the Sith readied his TIE’s weapons, but didn’t fire. As he had gripped the trigger, he had sensed something on board. Furthermore, his targeting computer confirmed his instincts - it was registering a single life form.

“Mimosa-Inahj to *Zephyr.* I’m coming aboard,” the Warlord continued.

Meanwhile, on board the Corvette, the ‘surviving life form’ smiled.

Her plan was working.

**Hangar**

**CR-90 Corvette *Zephyr***

Andrelious found some difficulty in squeezing his TIE into the hangar. Already docked, and taking up most of the hangar’s space, was a TIE Defender. Its presence didn’t surprise the Warlord too much - the technology, though powerful, was over thirty years old and had become fairly commonplace.

After disregarding the empty Defender as no threat, Andrelious noticed a dead body in the hangar. The corpse, a Human male, wore the clothing of a pirate, and had clearly been killed in battle as he still gripped onto his blaster. How he died was obvious; the tell-tale burn of a lightsaber wound was visible even on a quick examination. The hangar was otherwise empty, aside from an astromech droid which ignored the Sith.

Moving away from the scene, after checking and finding no identification on the dead pirate, Andrelious entered the ship proper. Three more bodies lay nearby, two also clearly killed by lightsaber, whilst the third had apparently been throttled to death. Whoever had attacked the *Zephyr*was clearly a formidable opponent. The Sith checked for his own lightsaber nervously - he could sense another Force user aboard.

Soon Andrelious reached a room filled with a bacta tank, a bed, and some other medical equipment. There were no organics inside, but a droid that was checking something on the bacta tank turned to greet the ex-Imperial.

“Greetings, Mr. Inahj. The new Captain is waiting for you,” it said emotionlessly.

“New Captain? Waiting for me? And how did you know my name?” the Human questioned.

“I am afraid I cannot tell you that. Mr. Inahj. The Captain told me to send you to the bridge, but everything else is classified,” the automaton replied.

Angered by the droid’s refusal to elucidate, the Warlord ordered the Force to slam it hard into the far wall. The impact was hard enough to smash the droid into pieces, its voice box emanating a mock scream of pain before shutting down.

“It’s *Mimosa*-Inahj,” Andrelious spat.

**-x-**

As he travelled to the bridge, Andrelious noticed a few more dead bodies and destroyed droids. All of them had clearly been killed by a Force user, which worried the Warlord greatly. He could sense that he was approaching whoever it was - they were on the bridge as the medical droid had described.

The door leading to the bridge was usually secured behind a force field, to give some semblance of protection against boarding operations. However, a quick examination determined that the boarder had successfully disabled it using a thermal detonator. From the debris, Andrelious ascertained that the thermal detonator used was an Imperial model. That meant whoever it was had probably worked with the Empire at some stage.

Opening the door, the Sith blustered in, lightsaber drawn. He immediately came face-to-face with a familiar crimson blade. Staring along the lightsaber and up the arm that held it, he saw the tall, flame haired female that had once been his lover. Granta Prackx smiled down at him.

“My little Inahj. Welcome to my new ship,” she stated, smirking.