**Inahj Homestead**

**Corellia**

“So are you here for business or pleasure?” Licon Inahj asked her son as she cradled her twin granddaughters.

“Mother. You know I’m not able to discuss certain aspects of my career with you. Unless you were to actually come and join us, anyway,” Andrelious replied with a wry smile. His mother had long ago largely given up on her Force use.

“I’m far too old for all those politics. I’m quite happy to look after these two, but that’s it. Is Kooki going with you today?” the ageing female queried.

“Not on this one. I need a different set of skills,” the Warlord explained.

“Good luck out there. Just remember we’re all here if you need us,” Licon responded.

“What I do need, is that list of local pilots that dad uses when he needs an escort,” Andrelious stated.

“I’ll grab it for you now. Just tell them it’s for the company and they won’t ask any questions,” Parck interjected, having wandered in the room as his wife and son conversed.

**The Lucky Shot Cantina**

**Coronet, Corellia**

Andrelious swirled his drink around in its glass, not impressed with its consistency. He had arranged to meet with his father’s contacts. They had turned up fifteen minutes early, and were already making their way through what seemed to be the cantina’s entire supply of Norvanian Grog.

“This place waters down their beers. Except the Norvanian,” one of the group stated. There was a dozen of them, all Human except for a single Twi’lek male. From their mannerisms, Andrelious guessed that they were exactly the kind he was looking for: experienced pilots who didn’t care too much about who hired them, or why.

“Shall we get down to business? I understand that you do a little work helping my father’s company, Inahj Intergalactic. Is this right?” the Sith questioned.

The lead pilot, a tall man with short, cropped grey hair leant forward. “So *you’re* Parck’s boy? He never stops goin’ on about how good a pilot you are. What’s the game? Wantin’ to prove it?”

“Not exactly. I need to eliminate a single target. I need this completely off the record, so that’s why I came to you. If my father trusts you, I do as well. Can I get the guarantee that we’ll never discuss this mission again?” Andrelious asked.

“Discretion. I like it. So what’s the job? Need cover while you shift somethin’? Or are we talking somethin’ a little more excitin’?” the pilot countered.

. “I think you’ll find this mission suitably stimulating. I need your help in getting rid of a CR90 Corvette. It’s due to be launched from the CEC Shipyards in six hours time,” the Warlord explained, handing his fellow pilot a datapad with some specifics.

The man’s eyes widened in excitement. “You want to hit the CEC Yards? Risky, but doable. We’ve got a pair of old B-Wings that would be perfect for the mission. You be joinin’ us?”

Andrelious frowned. He had always hated B-Wings, finding them easy to hit, but incredibly difficult to completely destroy. For the first time in a while, he’d have to fly a ‘Rebel’ ship.

“Give me one of the B-Wings. I know my way around that kind of ship. I’ll want your best bomber pilot in the other one, and the rest of you giving me cover. What sort of ships do you have access to? More Rebel technology?”

“We got a few X-Wings and A-Wings. We’ve got some stolen Imp tech too, but we prefer the Republic designs.”

“Very well. I’ll let you discuss your strategy with your men. As for if you complete this mission, I can arrange for a place for you to lie low for a bit. I have my own contacts,” Andrelious explained.

The lead pilot nodded. “Alright. We’ll meet you at Coronet Spaceport in twenty minutes,”

**Six Hours Later**

**Corellian Engineering Corporation Shipyards**

**Corellian Space**

The newly completed CR90 Corvette’s as yet unpainted hull glistened in the light of Corell. It was secured to the nearby shipyard by a pair of mooring lines.

A trio of Corsec fighters patrolled the area. Trouble was rare, especially so close to Corellia itself, but CEC had insisted that the Corvette needed to get away safely.

Seven A-Wings de-hypered nearby, followed by three X-Wings and a pair of B-Wings. Their markings indicated that they all formed a single squadron. Inside the cockpit of one the B-Wings, Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj was already analysing the situation with an expert’s eye. He studied the enemy fighters, the shipyard, and the Corvette, quickly forming a plan.

“Nu group, distract those Corsecs. Two, follow me. We’re going to be making a run on the Corvette. We’ll only need a few torpedoes!” Andrelious ordered.

The group’s leader was flying one of the A-Wings. “Forward, men! Watch your six and for the Force’s sake, keep your eye on those B-Wings. I’d hate to have to tell Parck that we lost his son!” he cried, targeting one of the patrolling enemy.

As the A-Wings closed in on the Corsec fighters, one of the pilots noticed several new signals on her sensors. She quickly counted another dozen blips.

“We’ve got another squadron coming in, guys! Looks like they’re flying A-Wings too! Make sure you double-check your targets!” she warned. The attacking squadron were painted entirely dark blue, easily contrasting against the green painted Corsec A-Wings, but with an intense battle about to begin, nobody was going to take any chances.

The newly arrived A-Wings separated into two groups; eight headed towards their counterparts, the remaining four began to give chase to the pair of B-Wings that were advancing towards the Corvette. Automated defence turrets were also being activated and started firing at any enemy unfortunate enough to fly into range.

In his cockpit, Andrelious spotted one of the warning lights flickering yellow. He was a little unfamiliar with the B-Wing’s warning systems, but ascertained that it meant an enemy was trying to lock on with a missile.

“I’ve got A-Wings coming in fast. I need some support over here!” the Warlord yelled.

“Attention all attacking craft. This is Corsec Lead. Consider yourselves under arrest. Surrender now, or we will open fire. Good day,” a smooth Corellian voice declared.

Neither Andrelious nor any of his temporary allies bothered to reply. They were committed fully to completing their task, and at any rate had already programmed escape vectors into their navigational computers. If things started to go wrong, they could simply hyper away with little more lost than their pride.

Andrelious began to flick his flight stick about in a seemingly random pattern. The B-Wing, though slow and lumbering, responded as best it could to its pilot’s commands. It moved from side to side, constantly changing its flight path. The A-Wing that was attempting a missile lock attempted to mimic the movements of its target, but the Corsec pilot found himself completely outfoxed in spite of his ship being far more manoeuvrable.

Meanwhile, the majority of the other Corsec A-Wings had engaged the rest of the enemy squadron. Their tactic was fairly conventional: they were attempting to force the enemy to scatter, before bracketing each target in turn. The enemy’s counter strategy was simple, yet effective. They paired up, aiming to thwart the Corsecs tactics to divide and conquer. The tactic appeared to work, but fell apart a little when the seventh A-Wing pilot failed to adjust his speed properly when pairing with the third X-Wing.

Soon the area was filled with powerful blobs of supercharged plasma. Andrelious’ squadron got the first kill, successfully coordinating fire onto one of the enemy A-Wings, but Corsec quickly fought back, eliminating an X-Wing that strayed a little close to the shipyard and its defensive fire. The pilot of both ships successfully bailed out, leaving them an anxious wait for pickup.

Andrelious turned his B-Wing neatly into position behind one of his enemy. Squeezing his flight stick’s trigger several times, he allowed himself a little smile as his temporary ship’s powerful lasers quickly cut through the A-Wing’s hull, leaving little more than a chunk of flaming debris. He turned his head towards one of the ship’s sensors to check on the rest of the battle: his allies and Corsec were locked in a fierce battle, and both sides appeared to be down in numbers. Notably, the X-Wings had been either destroyed or forced to withdraw, but Corsec were down to just five A-Wings, two of which were still trying to chase the Warlord and his marauding B-Wing.

With one eye on his sensor monitors, Andrelious manoeuvred his ship so that his two chasing A-Wings were approaching from each side. After making sure that they were lined up almost perfectly, the Sith stopped turning his ship, seemingly content to allow the enemy to close in. He counted down the distance on his targeting computer.

*Two klicks…one and a half…one...half..NOW!*

As the A-Wings closed in, lasers ablazing, Andrelious pulled his throttle lever right back, drastically reducing the ship’s speed. The enemy pilots had gotten close enough that the Warlord could sense their surprise at the manoeuvre, before the panic as they realised what he was up to. The Corsec A-Wings collided in a spectacular fireball that almost engulfed the Sith’s B-Wing.

Andrelious smirked under his helmet.

*Idiots. Even droids don’t fall for that one*.

“Inahj! We need to finish quickly before Corsec send reinforcements! Take out your target right now!” the lead pilot ordered rather gruffly. Another check of the sensors indicated that he and his men were reducing Corsec’s numbers, but at cost to their own. Another squadron would be a little more than they could handle.

“I’ve got a problem! My torpedo tubes are jammed! I’m going to bug out!” the second B-Wing pilot declared.

“Frakking Rebel tech. I’ll deal with the Corvette. Get your heap of space junk out of here!” Andrelious replied crossly, turning his ship towards his primary objective. He continually jinked about to avoid the heavy turbolaser fire from the shipyard’s defensive turrets.

“We can’t take more of this! We’re going to have to go! I’ve lost too many as it is!” the lead pilot announced, the crackling of his radio indicating that he had been hit and his ship was damaged.

Andrelious squeezed the trigger on his flight control eight times. Each squeeze fired a proton torpedo that began to rapidly bear down on the CR90.

The torpedoes began to hit their target. The Corvette’s shields absorbed the first three, but the fourth overloaded the shield generator, which exploded, engulfing the hull in a brief lick of flames before exposing it to the elements. The fifth torpedo slammed into the now unprotected ship, breaching its hull. Atmosphere poured out from the gap, flash freezing as it hit cold, dead space.

Andrelious and his remaining allies were already hypering away as the final warhead made contact, finishing the Corvette off in an explosion large enough to cause collateral damage to the shipyard it was moored to.

**3 days later**

**Lucky Shot Cantina**

**Coronet, Corellia**

The squadron leader was enjoying a Norvanian Grog. He and his squadron, along with Andrelious, had spent the last couple of days making a series of short hyperjumps to make sure Corsec couldn’t track them. “So there’s one thing that’s really buggin’ me, Inahj. How did you get my men out of Corsec custody? They’re tellin’ me that they were just allowed to walk out of the door,” he asked.

“My father’s probably told you I have children. Put it this way, the twins aren’t the eldest. I just called in another member of the family. She arranged for the evidence against your men to be deleted, and for a fake order for their release from High Command. Simple,” Andrelious explained, frowning at the fact his Ebla Beer had again been watered down.

“Just the matter of what we’re going to do about the ships we lost. Parck’s not once cost us a ship. I’m not sure if we’ll be able to keep on helping him without getting replacements…” the squad leader ventured, his tone turning a little aggressive.

“I will arrange for replacements in time. Just give me a few days,” the Warlord replied, waving his hand.

“It’s fine, boss! He’ll arrange for replacements. Gotta give him a few days,” one of the other pilots interjected.

Andrelious smiled. “And just one thing. It’s *MIMOSA*-Inahj,”