Andrelious drummed his fingers impatiently on the control panel in front of him.

“I still don’t see why you’re asking me to do this. Couldn’t we just sentence them to a firing squad?” the Warlord questioned.

“These people betrayed us, Andrelious. Would you have been wanting to deal with them so calmly if your wife or children had been hurt as a result of their treachery?” Bobecc replied.

“Come on, Varga. You’ve seen Kooki fight. Do you really think any of those part-timers would stand a chance? I expect even *Seyda* could deal with most of them!” Andrelious scoffed.

“Your personal comments won’t work with me. Just get these people out of here!” the Quaestor snapped, his annoyance obvious.

**-x-**

Even as an ace pilot, Andrelious did not like to fly Lambda class shuttles on his own. The ship was designed to be flown by two people, but Bobecc had not granted the Warlord a co-pilot for this particular mission. The fact that the shuttle was also towing a modified escape pod didn’t make the job any easier.

Andrelious peered at the scope. He’d already been flying for three hours, and was finally approaching the designated waypoint. Once he was there, he could drop his passengers off and fly back to Karufr.

*I don’t know what’s worse. That Varga still tries to push me around, or the frakking loneliness on this mission. Still, once I’ve got rid of these traitors, hopefully the whole business with that satellite company will finally be dealt with. Then we can go after real threats,* the Sith thought, marking off another answer on the crossword puzzle that he was paying far too much attention to over the job of flying the ship.

Though it seemed far longer to Andrelious, the events with Sphinxian Satellite Technologies hadn’t gone on for more than a few weeks. The primary missions, including the trip to the Orron system, had only concluded a few days ago, and now it appeared that the Warlord was in charge of tying up the final loose end. Whilst there were still a few questions regarding exactly who Sphinxian were and how they had such resources, Mimosa-Inahj had long ago decided that he did not care. He was still new to Taldryan, a defector from their recent rivals in Arcona, and was finding adjusting to the Taldryan way of doing things a little harder than Kooki and Saskia had. Whilst his wife and eldest daughter seemed largely relaxed and almost at home, and the twins didn’t know any better, Andrelious would often get into trouble with the Summit for attempting Arconan tactics during a military engagement, or, worse, try and use the political clout he had once held to influence an argument. Those days were becoming less frequent, however, as Andrelious became more grounded in his new home.

The Warlord was so engrossed in his musings that the navicomp’s beeping almost made him jump out of his skin. Once he realised that he’d reached his destination, a smile grew across his lips. Whilst he hadn’t immediately approved of the work, he had to admit that Bobecc, or whoever had come up with the idea, was onto something.

Pulling the release lever, Andrelious managed a sarcastic wave goodbye to the escape pod as it detached. The pod’s thrusters immediately fired up, taking it a fair distance away from the shuttle. Then, completely on cue, its engines sputtered and died as they ran out of fuel, leaving the pod drifting. Such an event was fairly common. What was a little more rare, however, was the escape pod being grabbed by the enormous gravity well of a nearby star.

Andrelious was already plotting his course back to Karufr as the escape pod, caught in the sun’s pull, began falling towards a fiery death.