**Mountains of Karufr**

**30 minutes after Cotelin’s bombardment**

Andrelious was still uncertain as to what had happened. Since contacting what was left of the Clan’s leadership, the Sith had established that Karufr had come under attack from the *Suffering* and its task force, and that Jac Cotelin, once one of the revered Taldrya, had apparently led the attack. What Andrelious was certain of, however, was that the mountain home that he shared with Kooki and their twin daughters was now badly damaged.

Kooki had disappeared with the twins, mentioning something about an important mission, but Andrelious had been too slow to follow. Now, he roamed the mountains, trying desperately to get back into contact with his wife, or indeed any other friendly face. From the comm chatter, the former Imperial had realised that the proud home of Clan Taldryan was now crawling with members of the Iron Legion, who were searching for anyone who had survived, determined to finish them off in the name of the Grand Master.

Having had little time to prepare, Andrelious was beginning to find the mountains very cold. Snow continued to fall around the area, rapidly refilling the craters carved by the devastating firepower that the Iron Navy had unleashed less than an hour ago. Normally, the Dinaari Aedile enjoyed the snowy conditions with his family, but today was different. Why had Jac betrayed the Clan that he had claimed to love? Andrelious tried not to waste time comprehending such things. Finding his family and getting clear of the planet as soon as possible was the order of the day.

Andrelious comlink crackled with another message.

“You still up in the mountains, babe? I’ve got us a ship. I managed to, uh, convince one of the bucketheads’ commanders to let us have it. His superiors would have his head if I hadn’t taken it already,” Kooki declared.

“Right. Just tell me where it is. If it’s one of the Iron Legion’s, we might actually be able to get off of this doomed rock before the Grand Master blows it to pieces,” Andrelious replied.

“I thought you’d be used to that kind of thing. It is a rather Imperial tactic after all. Just head down the mountains as if you were walking straight to Dragostae. It’s parked about five klicks away from what’s left of that particular city,” the Alderaanian ordered, her demonstrative tone still apparent even over a comlink.

**-x-**

The journey down the mountain was uneventful. Andrelious guessed that the Iron Legion either had no idea about his home, or that he was thought dead in the bombardment. Either way, he made it to the ship that Kooki had mentioned without a single encounter of friend or foe.

On arriving at the ship, he quickly identified it as a JV-7 Escort Shuttle, an old Imperial design. Kooki was waiting onboard, having dealt with what remained of the shuttle’s command crew and troop complement.

“We best get moving, babe. I doubt that the two officers I killed were the only people on board when this ship landed. I’m no expert but I think it was set up as some kind of troop transport,” the female declared, pointing at an empty blaster rack on one of the walls.

The Mimosa-Inahj twins, Poppy and Etty, were asleep in one of the passenger seats, tightly holding onto each other’s hand.

“I’m surprised you managed to get them to sleep. They’ve been through a lot in the last couple of hours,” Andrelious commented.

“A mother has her ways;. And her milk,” Kooki declared with a wink.

“Now it’s my turn. If this ship belonged to the Iron Legion, it will have the right codes to get past the *Suffering* and the rest of the blockade. So long as they still think we’re the ship’s original crew, we should be able to rendezvous with anyone else who managed to survive this catastrophe,” the male explained.

“Here’s what we’ll do. I will do the talking. You will do the flying. And be quiet!” the Alderaanian ordered.

Andrelious could sense anger and hatred burning strongly through Kooki. She was wanting revenge, and soon. The ex-Imperial knew not to argue with her when she was in this kind of mood.

**Karufr Orbit**

Though he had spent many years in the service of what Imperial forces had escaped to the Unknown Regions, Andrelious hadn’t seen a ship the size of the *Suffering* until his time in the Brotherhood. Even when he had still been in the service of the Inquisitorius, the sheer size of the Grand Master’s flagship had left Andrelious in awe.

Now, as a nominal enemy of Pravus and the Brotherhood, the *Suffering* looked twice as large again as Andrelious flew close.

“This is IL-ES-GLX 4. Surface bound targets eliminated. Requesting new orders,” Kooki broadcast, her voice expertly disguised. The Alderaanian crossed her fingers; even as a master of disguise she wasn’t confident that she could fool a ship commanded by a Lord of the Sith.

“IL-ES-GLX 4. This is *Suffering*. Good work down there. Your next mission is to find where the rest of the enemy fleet went. Several surviving capital ships managed to hyperspace out before we could completely destroy them. You know what to do, Captain Din,” a voice replied.

“Do all planet killers sound the same?” Kooki questioned.

“Ha! All Imperial accents sound the same to you, eh? Frakking racist,” Andrelious replied, smiling.

“Just get us clear. I wouldn’t want Captain Din to capture Taldryan’s slowest pilot,” the Alderaanian stated, returning a smile of her own.

“Din? They must have heard you in bed,” the male quipped, pulling the shuttle’s hyperdrive lever.

“I don’t hear you complain normally!” Kooki responded.

“Uh….” Andrelious said, his cheeks reddening.

“Anyway, at least we got the important stuff back from our home. All the twins’ holos, most of our furniture. I guess this ship is home for now,” he continued.

“We’d best come up with a new name. I’m not living in a house called IL-ES-GLX 4!” Kooki said.

“*Tseb’si’tseb III.* In honour of my family,” Andrelious suggested.

Kooki simply nodded.