

Waiting is the worst part

An'ja Mao stood silently on the bridge walkway of the Star Destroyer Abominator. The crew eyed her nervously, they always did when she was on the bridge, Her Black Mandalorian Armour, was polished enough that the fear shown on their faces was reflected back to them. For nearly two weeks they had been sat out here, running combat drills, testing systems and taking on supplies, both An'ja and the crew were ready to go stir crazy, when would the orders come through?. The lack of action and inability to do anything, coupled with the fact that they had no idea what in the name of the Sith was happening, was making An'ja increasingly frustrated. The crew were more than aware of her frustration; her outbursts of Anger were becoming more frequent, despite her attempts to control them. Her pacing own the bridge catwalk became more apparent and she was well aware that the crew would noticeably flinch as she walked past them, part of her, that darkness that lived inside her, enjoyed this, and with everything that was happen, it was becoming more consuming each day.

Thirteen more hours had passed, still no word. An'ja was on the verge of sating her Darkness with a random, unfortunate crew member, but she restrained the darkness once more. As she stood in the centre of the catwalk, observing the crew as they went about their duties, she could hear rushed and panicked footsteps coming up from the security corrido. A young Lieutenant ran across the decking, his boots clattering on the metal plating as he stumbled his way forward, a sheet of flimsi in his hand. The young man skidded to a halt before he ran into the black armoured Commander that stood before him. An'ja spun in her heels; the young man's panting face was reflected in the glossy depths of An'ja's faceplate.

"Sir.....Orders.....just received.....via long range com....." The Lieutenant had clearly run all the way from the coms centre, two decks down.

An'ja looked at him and retrieved the sheet of flimsi

"Go sit down before you have a heart attack".

The young officer took the hint and proceed to make his way to the nearest vacant seat.

The armoured Sith looked at the document that she had been handed, it was an Epsilon-3 coded message request. Someone had sent an eyes only Holocom message to her. Without a seconds thought she headed from the bridge, behind her she could feel the bridge crew relax, there were days she loved the aura of fear she gave off.

The Holocom room was only a short distance from the bridge; the two Iron Legionnaires that stood guard glanced momentarily at the Commander before swiftly moving to one side. An'ja waved her hand over the access pad, using both the force to activate the door as well as a chip

implanted into her cybernetics. The door opened without a sound, she made a note to commend the engineering team, An'ja walked into the dark room and the door silently closed behind her.

The room's darkness surrounded her, but she felt completely safe, she knew every inch of the room. The holopad before her lit up and she moved over to stand on it. The sensors built into the pad recognised her presence and activated the Holo system. The Dark Jedi spoke her access code and the Epsilon-3 code and the projector came to life. The image of the Fist resolved itself before her.

“Commander of the iron Navy, I greet you. Alas, the situation prevents me from bringing you this information in person, so I am sending each of you this message. Events within the Dark Council have taken an unforeseen direction; as such we are ordering all units to stand down from war footing until further notice. You will each receive further orders to your personal accounts”

“Commander Mao. You are to take your ship and rendezvous with Task force Omega, at the provided coordinates”

An'ja saw the coordinates flash up onto her HUD

“Once there you are to assist them in hunting down a defector”

The holo projector shut down and the room once again went dark. Anja tried to compose herself, but could feel the anger and frustration of all this wasted time welling up inside her. Her lightsabers rose up from her belt and ignited in mid-air. The scream of frustration and anguish that came from her rattled the very hull plates, the entire ship felt her anger as the Dark side fuelled her scream. The two guards, once they had recovered, forced their way into the room through the now buckled doorway, the bulkheads of the room were cracked and warped, lying on the floor was their black armoured Commander, her body contorted into a shape that looked entirely unnatural. Her helmet was shattered and her face beneath it was lacerated with cuts from the shattered viewplate, the two guards removed what was left of her helmet carefully and used their basic knowledge of first aid to ascertain if she was still alive.

An'ja's eyes flickered open, her glowing blue orbs, trying to focus on what was around her, her helmet was no longer on her head and she began to panic, her identity was threatened, everything could fall apart around her. She felt two armoured forms help move her so that she could rest against a wall, perhaps now was when they would realise who she was, and the blaster bolt would come. But death did not arrive, nor did she sense anything from the two guards that were slowly coming into focus before her.

The Iron Legionnaires removed their helmets; their scarred and weathered skin betraying their age, their long ears also betrayed their identities. An'ja finally got a good look at their faces,

“Korat.....Seshar, what in the seven circles of the Force are you doing here?”

Korat spoke first,

“Little Cousin, did you really think we would let you get yourself into this mess without us watching your back, Seshar and I have been here ever since you were assigned this ship and its command, our orders came from some mystery man in the high reaches of the Inquisitorius.”

Seshar then spoke up, his ears wiggled as he talked,

“Edema, fear not, your little secret is safe with us, dad would kill us if we were to let anything happen to you. Let’s get you back to your cabin and clean you up, the engineering teams will be here soon to fix the mess you made of the room”

Korat laughed and the pair helped Edema to her feet, and carried her down the corridor to her quarters.

Once cleaned up and a new helmet retrieved from her quarters, An’ja, flanked by her guards, made her way to the bridge. The crew looked at her black armoured form, the two guards following behind; she could sense that their fear and sense of dread had multiplied after her outburst. This day may not be as bad as she first thought.