Andrelious’ lightsaber retracted almost before its latest victim drew his final breath. The Sith regarded the fallen man, noticing that he sported a cybernetic arm as well as a bionic eye. Such use of bionic replacements indicated one thing to the Ektrosis Aedile: this man was probably part of the Collective.

Andrelious had been heading to a meeting aboard the *Paragon* when he happened upon a man who didn’t quite fit in. After briefly questioning the man, the Sith attacked when the answers didn’t satisfy him. He suspected that his Consul, Rian Aslar, would not be too pleased to here that he’d acted so rashly, but a prospective enemy aboard the clan’s current flagship was not a risk that Andrelious was prepared to take.

Searching the dead man’s body, Mimosa-Inahj found a couple of weapons, some personal affects, and, most importantly, a datapad.

**-x-**

“I’ll be into this in no time. The Collective’s security protocols don’t leave much to be desired,” Swil Phift explained.

“Extremists and zealots never seem to care about that kind of thing. It’s almost like they’re so brainwashed that they daren’t do anything that requires actual rational thought,” Andrelious replied, already growing impatient.

“I’m already in! Not much to go on, though. Not even any indication as to who he was. Just a mission briefing telling him to collect data. Oh, and he sent a message back to his leadership earlier today. Want to see?” Swil questioned.

The Sith peered at the message. Initially it looked like nothing more than a routine report, but towards the end of the message was a set of coordinates that the datapad’s owner had tagged as ‘CSP’.

“Good work, Swil,” Andrelious stated, grabbing the datapad and rushing out of the room.

**2 hours later**

Andrelious emerged from hyperspace. He didn’t even need to scan the area to realise that he was in the midst of a planetary system.

“This is the ISN *Sidious*. Please identify yourself and state your purpose in Imperial space,” a voice demanded over Andrelious’ comm.

“I am Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj of Clan Taldryan. I have only one purpose here. To warn your Emperor of an upcoming attack,” Andrelious replied.

“Emperor? You need to update your records, Mimosa-Inahj. We have an Empress now,”

Andrelious shrugged to nobody in particular. “I don’t care if your leader calls themselves Arch Princess of the supreme order of Ewok worshippers! We intercepted a Collective agent attempting to broadcast your home’s coordinates to their HQ. Suggest you prepare yourselves! Goodbye!” the Seeker snapped, re-entering hyperspace.

One of the comm officers aboard the *Sidious* turned to his colleague.

“Well, the file’s accurate enough. Do you think he was telling the truth?”

The second comm officer nodded. “I heard about Mimosa-Inahj back during that skirmish at Nancora. He’s got a soft spot for the old Empire,”

Without waiting for further orders, the two comm officers forwarded the communique along Scholae’s chain of command.

Minutes later, Impetus M’Nar received a message on her personal datapad.

*The Collective are coming!*

Once again it was time for war.