

## **Unknown Planet**

### **36 ABY**

The bitter cold of open space had finally subsided, the pain along with it. Warmth was beginning to surround the old man's body as they began the descent onto the surface. The ground beneath him was unstable at best, but it was far better than previous days' travels. Gaius Julius Caesar began to replay his assignment in his head, to ensure the plan went as smoothly as possible.

## **ISD Ascendancy**

### **Four days prior**

It was a rare occurrence for Commander Caesar to be called to the Clan's flagship, but every summons usually called for a great opportunity. The sounds of boots clashing against the ground brought back some solid old memories from his younger days, though he had never been stationed on such a beautiful ship.

"Commander, pleasure to have you, sir." spouted the Ensign who was assigned to escort him towards the bridge, a place where neither of the men had any business being on a normal day. "I've heard a lot about your triumphs during the last War, and your expeditions on Aliso."

The old man stopped and looked at the younger Ensign, an abnormally tall human with a head so large that it barely fit inside his cap. "Ensign, your head is huge." he uttered. "I'm sure it has been filled with a lot of hot air about my triumphs and expeditions. Truth be told, you can only wish to do the things that I have accomplished."

The two continued in silence for another minute until they stepped onto the repulsor lift that would take them into the bridge.

The door hissed as it slammed shut. "Dick" muttered the Ensign, rather loudly.

"Say something, Ensign?"

"No sir, I think it was the hissing of the door. I've told maintenance about it quite a few times now."

The pair stepped out in unison once they reached their destination. The bridge was cleared of almost all personnel, only [Admiral Ranin](#) stood waiting. The two officers snapped to attention in front of their superior. "At ease, gentlemen" exclaimed the soft spoken Admiral. "Let's get right down to it. You two are going to be working together on this." The Admiral began to go into detail about the location of a secret base, known only as the Vault of Erised. She described that inside the vault would be everything that they could have ever dreamt of. There were

unbelievable treasures, and artifacts that would make a killing on the open market, and even more on the black market. None of this, however, enthralled Gaius.

“Admiral, at the risk of sounding unimpressed, shouldn’t this be something that our mercenary friends should partake in?” he used the term friend loosely. “This sounds like a simple run and gun attack, rather than a prolonged interrogation that I am best suited for.” He looked over at his new partner, who was tapping away at his datapad in an excited manner.

“Commander, Ensign, consider this a direct order. Your ship is waiting. Ensign Charlemagne will be your pilot.”

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“Ensign, are you coming? Bring your gear. Not that, you twit.” barked the old man. “You are useless, did you know that? I could have gotten a droid who made that trip smoother than your pathetic skills.” Clearly, the pair was not a perfect match as the Admiral had suggested.

The two exited the ship and onto the warm rock that they had landed on. Just a few kilometers ahead, lay the target, a secured vault guarded by only a few heavily armed soldiers. Their security clearance had gained them access to the ground as an ally of the pirate group that made this planet their strong hold. Commander Caesar left only with his trusty *Emperor*, his well worn BR-5010 holstered along his hip. He made sure his overeager partner was unarmed, as to prevent an all out battle.

“Follow my lead, and let me do the talking.” muttered Caesar. He wanted this to go perfectly. The old man looked over towards Ensign Charlemagne in disgust to get confirmation, a small nod from the large headed human was all he would get in return.

The pair finally made it to the two guards in front of the vault. “Hello gentlemen, we’d like access into your vault, please.” asked the old man. The two alien guards looked at each other, confused.

“Negative.” replied the smaller one after a few seconds.

“Pretty please?” Commander Caesar asked kindly.

“Negative, Ghost Rider. The pattern is full.” barked the other guard.

“Ok gentlemen, have a great day!” Commander said as he turned his back and began to walk away, pulling the over zealous Ensign with him. The guards looked even more confused as the pair of strangers walked directly back towards the ship they came on.

"I'll grab my rifle, Commander." whispered Charlemagne as he started to walk faster ahead of Caesar.

"No need," Gaius began to smirk as he unholstered his weapon and fired a direct shot into the back of the enormous head in front of him. "Dick." he smiled as the large human fell directly to the ground.

He muddled his way up to the ship and found the nearest droid. "Home." he ordered.