

Kojiro's Quarters

Acclamator Class "Sanctuary"

Pandora looked towards her adoptive father with a furrowed brow, her hands worked effortlessly over the latest cybernetic components she was tweaking for herself and a pile of future work sat upon the families table. One headphone trailed lazily from her left ear and wisps of her raven black hair trailed lazily over eyes. The hair itself seemed to sway as the air conditioning unit puffed out a gentle breeze every now and then to compensate for the heat of the room. She was annoyed with Kojiro, though that was nothing new, and though she had attempted to storm off after their latest argument the Chiss had soon found herself back in the quarters and working away. When queried why her return was so quick the young woman had simply replied: "People" which needed no further explanation to her father who had just replied with a nod.

As Pandora stared at her fathers back she sighed and stopped the work she was undertaking, dropped the tiny hydrosponder on the table with a clatter and let out the loudest huffing sigh she possibly could.

"You know you don't have to do this right?" The young woman began. Kojiro didn't turn to her, there was little point in looking towards her as all he'd see was her outline in the Force. "I mean you served them for three years! Heck, you were used by them for three years, by everyone and always have been. Why do you want to go and sign up some more?" Still, Kojiro didn't respond, he had learned early to let the girl have her say before responding. "There are others out there. Younger fools wanting to throw their lives away. So why are you even bothering with this foolishness?" Why do you want to leave me alone again?"

The last part of the rant hadn't meant to escape the girl's mouth and she raised her hands to it in shock. Pandora hated the fact that when Kojiro was in office he barely had time for her, barely acknowledged her and she would only ever see him in passing. Now this, this stupidity would take him away from her again,

Kojiro rose and turned to face his 'daughter'. Though by age he was only in his late twenties the man looked double that. Long silvery white hair, interlaced with black streaks, trailed down his shoulders. Parts of his face shone in the light from where the cybernetic replacements had been interlaced. The girl took it all in sadly, seeing the man before her almost akin to her now and she raised her own hand to trail her fingers over her own replacement parts. However, it was the eyes that always made her feel the worst or in Kojiro's case the lack thereof.

Something had tripped the cybernetic replacements in the Clones eye sockets. Causing feedback that not only blew the machinery but also caused extensive damage to his one remaining natural eye. It had all but melted it. Now the eye sockets were empty, Kojiro refusing to have any more work done and Pandora didn't blame him. Burn scars surrounded the sockets with what looked like streaks of lightning dancing from them where the feedback surge had occurred.

The Clone placed a hand on his daughters and moved it away from her own cybernetics. A small smile creased his lips and somehow it made the young Techweaver feel more at ease. His other hand raised and wiped away a tear that had drifted lazily down from the corner of her own remaining eye. This small action caused the girl to lurch forward into his chest, banging her fists against it in part annoyance and sadness.

“Of course I want to stay with you. Those years of leadership...they became my focus and I lost sight of what was important,” Pandora groaned at that comment. Unsure if Kojiro had slipped in a dad joke or not. “But I haven’t lost my sense of responsibility. I was a Black Guard before and I will aim to be one again.”

“But you hate them. You even told me as such. That it was all their fault you are like this, partly broken!”

Kojiro nodded and his large shoulders shrugged. “This is true, and I do. But Ashia is also Proconsul and I can request to assist her. Keep it in the family and all that,” He gently pushed Pandora away from him and placed his hands on her shoulders. “But I’ll tell you what, wherever I go you will be there too. Now help me get my armour on, I need to undertake this theft and get this over and one with.”

“Fine, but you’re not exactly stealthy how do you plan to steal it without being caught? And you can’t exactly take her with you.” Pandora inclined her head to the large sith hound that was nestled lazily in the corner fast asleep. The Tuk’ata hadn’t moved in hours and Kojiro smiled as he likewise turned his head and took in the outline of his beloved pet.

“I’m aware, I’ll just do things like I usually do,” though he couldn’t see the expression upon Pandora’s face he could tell she had grimaced. “No, I won’t kill everything. I’ll simply make it up as I go along.”

“Oh, this will be good.”

The ex-Quaestor let out a hearty laugh and guided Pandora to one of the quarter's side rooms so she could help him prepare for the mission to come.

Sangs Quarters
MCC Simus
HSD Task Force Senth

Sanguinius sighed as he flicked through pages in his latest research. The man was bored and the current unkemptness of his room showed it. Not that it needed the Aedile to be bored for it to be unkempt giving the cramped living situation he currently found himself in. It just had a certain air of unkempt mess and he added to it by haphazardly tossing the datapad in his hands

on top of a pile of clothes. As he looked around his tiny room he realised, not for the first time, that he was lucky. Given the Houses's fleet composition they hadn't much space to spare and crew were bunking with civilians and other personnel all across the board. It wasn't the first time he felt a pang of jealousy at the Ragnosians having discovered that old Acclamator on Felucia.

As he was rummaging through the chaos of the room his intercom rang, causing him to jump and stumble. Righting himself he made his way across to it and pressed the receive call button.

"Yes, what is it?"

"Sir, we have an incoming ship. Multiple occupancy, two lifeforms. They are hailing to dock. Apparently an old friend wants to have a word with you."

Sanguinius ran a hand through his messy hair and sighed before responding "Any idea on who it is, does the ship have a code?"

"It's Ragnosian sir, apparently the ship is named Tartarus."

The Aedile's stomach dropped. There was only one person he knew with that ship from Ragnos. "Captain, who did you speak to during the hailing?"

"Eh, she called herself Sepan'dor'araxis, sounded Chiss sir."

"Ah, crap," muttered Sang a bit louder than he meant. The Captain queried what had been said but the human simply ignored the query. "Fine, let them dock but prepare yourself. In fact ready security and tell them to brace. If it is who I think it is no one will enjoy the company of this person."

Firespray "Tartarus"

Docked with MCC "Simus"

Pandora turned in her chair and stared at her father. No more the gentle man from before this was a man she had grown to be wary of. Bedecked in heavy armour and cloak, a featureless mask covered his face that allowed his hair to drift down his front, appearing from the darkness of the hood like silver serpents awaiting their prey. His large double-bladed conversion lightsaber sat across his lap, one gauntleted hand grasped around its hilt like a child cradling his favourite toy.

"Well that was easier than expected, now to get you on board then get Flick on board once they are suitably distracted," a series of beeps and boops emanated from behind the pair as the ID10-Seeker droid whizzed about preparing itself. "Flick will get in, locate the quarters and nab a

cloak before returning here. You got that buzz brain?" Another series of beeps followed her reiteration of the plan. Kojiro was silent, he was always silent when armoured and it unnerved the girl a tad more than it should. Not that him speaking in the mask was any easier, not with the voice distortion that was applied. She shivered then leant back in her chair as the ships finally completed their docking procedure. "Well guess it show time."

Kojiro was already moving. Heavy footfalls echoed his passing as he entered the connection tube and manouvered through it with all the grace of someone practised in its use. A gauntleted hand rapped against the metal shutter between the ships and he waited as it opened and brought him face to face with half a dozen armed crewman. All but one had their weapons raised as if he was some invader. Their outlines in the Force showed them ready for anything, their auras reeked of worry.

The Warlord was irked by this welcome though it was to be expected. In his annoyance he allowed fear to roll off him like a shimmering wave. As the aura washed over the guardsman he felt them become steadily uneasy. They threw each other looks and one of the greener guards lowered his blaster completely and took a few steps back.

"Enough Kojiro," a voice barked from his right. He didn't turn his attention to the voice. He had begun to learn there was no point as all he'd see was a shape. But he recognised the voice. "You come onto my ship, show some respect by not terrifying the crew within moments of your arrival."

"But they are so pliable, the weak minded," the thoughts crept into the Augur's mind.

"Don't do that, if you have come to speak, speak."

"As you wish. This is afterall your ship," the voice echoed around the room. Distorted into some savage, almost bestial cacophony of noise. "Lead on."

Sanguinius sighed and turned on his heel "Come, follow me to my office at least. You're less likely to hurt something there."

And so the pair walked through the ship, Kojiro was a little slow to stop utilising his aura given he found comfort in its presence but as they approached the Aedile's office he let it fade. They both entered the room and took their seats.

"So what is it you want Kojiro?"

Meanwhile scuttling along the outside of the ship a tiny droid made it's way across the surface. Flick had already plugged into the vessels computer, with Pandora's help, and located the Aediles room. A entry port was located not too far away and as the droid approached, it soon became apparant the way in was via the ships garbage disposal. The ID-10 slipped into the

entryway and scuttled up. Managed its way into one of the overhead vents and continued on its way to Sang's room.

When it had appeared above the right room it set to loosening the bolts on the ventilation plate, slipped inside and began rummaging about in the pile of clothes. Flick muttered a few beeps and held a piece of clothing up to its camera sensor.

"No Flick, that's underwear. You want a cape. You know that thing Kojiro wears around his neck," a few beeps followed as Flick moved about. "There to your left, not your other left. Got it. Now get back here."

The tiny droid carefully folded the cape up, gripped it tight in its pincers and returned to the ventilation system. Ensuring it closed it up behind him before retracing its steps back to the Tartarus.

Back in the Aediles office the conversation was in full swing.

"What do you mean you have concerns over how the Clan is progressing? Everyone has concerns hell we came nearly screwed up at Meridian and currently we all seem to be floating about," Sanguinius sighed. "Losing our home hasn't been easy but the summit is trying. Maybe if you hadn't left your post you'd know that as well as anyone."

Kojiro didn't respond right away. He had gotten up and moved to one of the windows. The Clone saw nothing of course but it allowed him to keep up the charade of vision a bit longer. "I worry our Clan is going in the wrong direction. I left because I felt nothing I did would change that. I don't have the power to enact changes. But you do," he turned his head to 'look' towards the Aedile. "Even small rocks can make vast ripples in a pool. You were Consul once."

Something beeped in his ear and a small voice echoed that the operation had been a success. The Clone simply turned away from the desk where Sanguinius sat and made towards the door causing the other man to rise.

"Are you leaving already?" The Augur queried confused. "You just got here."

"Pandora has messaged advising something is wrong, she's taken ill. You know of her sickness my priorities have changed," Sang looked at the man before him a bit perplexed. The feeling passed and he rose to his feet "Of course, I'll escort you to your ship. If there's anything I can do?"

"The escort is fine. Apparently she left her medication at home so we'll be departing right away," he sighed causing the mask to distort it into something different. "Teenagers."

They both left the room and walked the corridors back to where the ship was docked. Kojiro turned to his companion and nodded. There were no guards here this time and for that the Warlord was thankful.

“Thank you for your time, remember the Clan is on a knife's edge. Anyway you look at it we're falling slowly...I do not wish to be another lost Clan like those of the dead.” His mention of Tarentum caused the Aedile to wince. “I must depart.”

With that he maneuvered back through to his own ship and heard the connection door slam shut. Pandora was sitting cross legged on the floor holding out a large piece of material. She rose as he approached and they both took their seats. The ship departed and floated far enough away from the Simus for her to start preparations to jump into hyperspace.

“Well that could have gone worse,” she muttered. “Flick grabbed the cloak and eh well...I wouldn't touch the other thing he brought with him. Apparently he grabbed a pair of underpants at the same time. I told him not to but...oh well,” she muttered something under her breath as the ship jumped. “I sure hope they were clean ones anyway...put my hand on them. Gonna have to scrub for weeks.”

Kojiro let out a booming laugh and removed his mask “I guess we can deliver both to Tasha. Push comes to shove we'll just bundle it all up and feign ignorance.”

Pandora smiled but a sadness entered her remaining eye. A look she was glad her father could no longer see. Kojiro however sensed her through the Force and turned his head in her direction. “I'll always bring you with me from now on. I promise.”

The smile returned but the sadness never left her eyes. “I hope so.”

With that the two sat back for the journey that would take them to the Rollmaster and the completion of their first mission as father and daughter.