**Former Taldryan Spaceport**

**Kalus**

Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj disembarked from his TIE Defender. He had gingerly landed the ship on a flat plain of ice near the spaceport, having fought his way through the ongoing space battle to reach Kalus’ surface.

The Archanis Quaestor didn’t know what kind of resistance to expect, but he was not expecting an easy time of things.

Noticing a nearby holocamera beginning to turn to face him, the Sith didn’t hesitate, unholstering his E-11 and quickly shooting the recording device.

**-x-**

“Show me the recording again,” B’ra Ko ordered.

“There’s hardly anything to go on. We have half a second’s worth before he blew our camera to pieces,” the technician explained.

“That may be enough. I’ve finally managed to gain access to Taldryan’s old database. If he was known to them before they abandoned this place, we’ll know what we’re dealing with,” the Kaminoan answered as he studied the image of the rather short Human. His sharp eyes were immediately drawn to a small cylindrical object on the man’s hips. “Enhance on that!”

The technician did as instructed.

“I thought as much. This man is carrying a lightsaber. I’m going to have to inform the projects team,” B’ra declared, rising to his feet.

The technician gently patted his blaster pistol.

Finally he’d see some action.

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Andrelious reached the landing area of the former spaceport. He hadn’t expected to see many ships, but as he approached, the signs that the Collective were taking the Orb of Pomojema seriously were obvious. Several ships that resembled designs familiar to Andrelious were docked at the spaceport, with most of them sporting various modifications to their engines or weapons. The area seemed deserted, but the Archanis Quaestor could sense plenty of life in the bowels of the facility.

The Sith nearly jumped out of his skin when nearby klaxons started to blare loudly.

*Looks like they know I’m here*.

Half a dozen of the rank-and-file members of the Technocratic Guild that Andrelious knew all too well filed in through a doorway.

“Surrender, Brotherhood scum!” one of the soldiers said with very little conviction in his voice.

*Perhaps one day they’ll learn. But it’ll be too late*! Andrelious thought to himself as he charged in, his lightsaber instantly in his hand, deflecting incoming blaster fire away.

**-x-**

B’ra Ko frowned as he examined his datapad. Taldryan’s archive had indeed found a match for the Human intruder, and the news wasn’t good.

*These files are out of date. They have him as Andrelious Inahj, but he’s married now. And we know a lot about Andrelious Mimosa-Inahj. I just hope he’s here alone, because if that half-insane Alderaanian is with him, nobody’s getting out alive*!

What made Ko a little curious was that Andrelious was listed as a member of Arcona, one of Taldryan’s rival clans within the Brotherhood. As far as the Kamoian could remember, Andrelious was one of Taldryan’s more prominent members, and the Collective intelligence records confirmed this.

*He’s a Sith. He probably betrayed the wrong person and had to make a new home in Taldryan. Interesting they took him in after all the trouble he caused for them*.

Sighing, B’ra activated his comlink.

“Projects. This is B’ra Ko. The Brotherhood are here. You need to get the orb out of here. Now,”

**-x-**

Having despatched the first wave of enemies with ease, Andrelious was making his way into the facility proper. He had never visited Kalus before, but he had taken the time to familiarise himself with the base layout. What the Taldryan archives couldn’t do was tell him exactly what the Technocratic Guild were doing, but the Archanis Quaestor had plenty of ideas. He could feel a strong presence in the Force, suggesting that the Orb of Pomojema had not yet been removed from the facility.

*The Guild will have repurposed half of this place. I’m just going to follow the Force, grab the Orb, then either get it to Caelus, or just destroy it. Frakking arcane relics!*

Allowing himself to be guided by the loudest presence in the Force, Andrelious rounded a corner and came face to face with a single Technocratic Guild soldier.

“Really? Pathetic!” Andrelious taunted, charging at the soldier. His enemy, rather than turning to flee, smirked and fired what appeared to be a modified E-11 blaster. As the weapon fired, its barrel ejected a bolt of energy that resembled a lightsaber blade. Moving his lightsaber into a defensive position, the Archanis Quaestor batted the blaster bolt away, expecting to see it slam harmlessly into the nearest wall. Instead, the impact caused a noticeable amount of damage to the wall, as though the Sith had placed his lightsaber straight through it.

Before the soldier could think of firing again, Andrelious quickly decapitated him.

*They’ve found a way to shoot lightsaber blades? I can’t let this go further*.

Andrelious moved carefully along the rest of the corridor. He didn’t relish the idea of meeting more than a couple of enemies with their newly upgraded blasters, but there was very little he could do if they managed to outflank and outmanoeuvre him.

The unique presence in the Force of what was left of the Orb continued to get closer, and as the Sith rounded another corner, he came face to face with a group of enemy soldiers trying to carry a large crate. The crate was made of extra thick durasteel, the kind used to transport highly explosive materials, and also appeared to be protected by an energy shield.

“I believe you have something that belongs to Taldryan. So kind of you to box it up, but I shall be taking it from here,” Andrelious announced, pointing his lightsaber towards the nearest soldier.

“What we’re doing will give us a new edge over the Brotherhood. Our new blasters will be more than a match for those ancient relics you Force users insist on using,” the soldier responded harshly.

“Your Collective will never prevail. Final chance. Surrender the Orb to me and I will allow you and your friends to leave this facility unharmed,” the Sith answered, clearly unimpressed.

“Never! For Oligard!” the soldier cried, discharging his blaster towards Andrelious. The Quaestor grimaced as he blocked the upgraded blaster bolt, deflecting it into the Orb’s carry case. The energy shield protecting the crate absorbed the blast, but the soldiers carrying the crate recoiled as if they were expecting something a little more lethal to happen.

Andrelious had killed the lead soldier by the time the rest of his enemies had set down the crate and reached for their own blasters. They were expecting the Sith to charge in, but Andrelious stayed back, frying his next target with a wave of Force lightning that immediately overloaded the soldier’s cybernetics. The survivors glanced across at each other, before firing in unison.

The Archanis Quaestor parried one of the incoming blaster bolts away, but the other three slipped past his defences. Two of them missed their target, the enemy soldiers proving unable to aim properly as the fear set in, but the third was a little better aimed and caught Andrelious on the shoulder. Roaring in pain, the Sith just about managed to cut his would-be assailant down, but even he couldn’t continue to fight at full strength when he’d just taken what was basically a lightsaber blade to his shoulder.

Now in a great deal of pain, Andrelious found it a lot more difficult to take the fight to the survivors. He swung his lightsaber blade straight for both enemies, snarling in pain. His attack lacked the usual strength and expert bladesmanship, but he still did enough to kill one of the soldiers and cleave the other’s left arm off.

“We need help here!” the wounded soldier cried, before Andrelious could finish him off with a quick stab through the chest.

Andrelious didn’t have a moment to lose. He examined the crate, pleased to see that the deflected blaster bolt had overloaded the shields. The Sith unclipped two large clasps and opened the crate.

Reaching inside, Mimosa-Inahj immediately felt the power of the orb as he placed his hands on the cold, round object. A cold wave washed through his body, and the Sith immediately felt revitalised. He quickly checked his shoulder and found that the wound had almost completely vanished.

*Time to end this!*

**-x-**

“Most of our men are heading towards the landing zone. We’ll be the last, sir,” the technician declared worriedly. He hadn’t yet heard from the team carrying the orb, but he was sure that their newly upgraded weapons would prove more than a match for a single intruder, no matter who that was.

B’ra Ko nodded. “We’ll just finish downloading everything on this databank, and we can leave this place behind. Not before time. The enemy fleet is doing far better than we had anticipated.”

“Neither of you are going anywhere,” a voice boomed.

The two Technocratic Guild operatives turned to see Andrelious.

The technician unholstered his blaster, but the Sith simply extended his right hand and yanked the weapon towards him with the Force.

B’ra charged towards the Archanis Quaestor, a murderous glint in his eye as he activated a vibro-blade. Andrelious blasted him with a wave of Force lightning.

“Don’t move, and I won’t hurt you, boy!” Andrelious ordered the technician.

The technician watched the former Imperial march over to the databank that his fallen superior had been downloading, and interact with the input terminal.

*He’s sending everything to his fleet*!

“One last thing, boy. Come here,” Mimosa-Inahj demanded.

The technician obeyed, terrified.

“Never, ever trust a Sith,” Andrelious taunted, running the technician through with his lightsaber.

**24 hours later**

Supreme Commander’s Office

**Escort Carrier *Verrijzenis***

“And once I’d sent that data, I simply flew back here. Excellent work against the Collective fleet, by the way. I was worried that we’d struggle without Admiral Farhan,” Andrelious stated.

“You were lucky. The SRI intercepted a lot of comms traffic. The Collective were already leaving,” Rian explained.

“And what of the Orb? It looks like the Guild managed to remove a good amount of it. They’ll have plenty of those ‘lightsaber blade’ blasters,” the Archanis Quaestor replied.

“What’s left of it, along with the upgraded E-11 you managed to obtain, will be handed over to our Elders. We didn’t think it was right to let the SRI have it,” Justinios declared.

“No. That is an Ektrosis operation. And Archanis retrieved the Orb,” Aldaric added.

“One last thing. That information you transmitted. It turns out that the Kalus base was still able to report on the status of our old fleet,” Rian announced.

“So what? That was all destroyed.,” Andrelious commented.

“Almost all destroyed. One ship appears to have survived. Gentlemen, we have a new mission. It is time we brought the *Orthanc* back home,” the Consul stated, smiling.

*FIN*