**Office of the Dread Lord**

**Imperial-class Star Destroyer Ascendancy**

**Lyra-3ka System**

Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj hadn’t been expecting to find an old acquaintance running the show when he joined Clan Plagueis. He had even heard rumours that Ronovi had died, so to see her alive and well in the role of Dread Lord, the title used by the Consul of Plagueis, had been quite a surprise at the time.

“I should really be out there. Those Principate fighters won’t last long against the Collective,” Andrelious commented, pointing at a battle scope on Ronovi’s desk.

“I saw you on New Tython. You were far more than just a pilot then, and I’m sure you’re even stronger now. I’m going to need all of your skillset,” the Consul answered.

“New Tython? How long ago was *THAT*? Feels like a lifetime since either of us were with Arcona,” the former Imperial mused.

“It was indeed a long time ago. And the threat of Odan-Urr has only grown since then. That’s what I wanted to talk to you about. Odan-Urr have committed a large force to this operation. I’d like for you to lead a small strike team aboard one of their ships. Sabotage it. We’re going to hit at one of our traditional enemies. I know you’re new to Plagueis, but I know how much you hate those Jedi. How much you fear that they will take your children,” Ronovi declared, smirking as she saw Andrelious’ eyes glint yellow.

The Seeker was about to begin his response when a naval attaché skittered into the room.

“My Lord, a Collective transport has managed to dock in our hangar bay. We don’t know how, but they’ve managed to take control of the entire flight deck,” he explained.

Andrelious, on hearing that the enemy had docked, rushed off, his lightsaber activated.

**Flight Deck**

On arriving, Andrelious saw that the flight deck was still a warzone. A few of the crew had barricaded themselves behind a large pile of debris, but they were pinned down under the fire of at least two dozen Collective operatives. The Sith crouched near a Zygerrian whose rank insignia gave away his status as an officer.

“They caught us completely by surprise. So many of them and they’re so strong!” the officer complained.

Andrelious nodded. The Collective’s tendency to use mental conditioning resulted in an incredibly well drilled rank and file, but the Sith wasn’t about to back down. Collective agents aboard the flagship suggested that they were after a high value target, probably Ronovi herself.

“Force user!” one of the nearby soldiers cried, adjusting his aim so he could fire directly on Andrelious. He never got the chance as the fuming Seeker plunged his lightsaber straight through the soldier’s chest.

“Somebody shoot him!”

Andrelious snaked his way through blaster fire, his lightsaber deflecting any bolts of plasma that got too close. Seeing the Sith work so effectively seemed to galvanise the Plagueian troopers, who started to move out of their makeshift cover and join the fray.

Eventually, Andrelious and his allies managed to eliminate the last few Collective agents, but the troopers had also suffered heavy losses.

“These are all just simple soldiers. They’ll have a commander somewhere,” Andrelious explained.

“Can I leave, my Lord? What’s left of my men need medical assistance,” the Zygerrian asked, gesturing to a couple of clearly wounded survivors.

“I’m going to need cover whilst I check the hangar bay. The Collective’s more elite operatives are quite effective. I don’t know if I’d be able to take them in a one-on-one fight.

“As you wish,” the officer answered, managing to hide his disappointment.

**Hangar Bay**

There was no further resistance on the rest of the flight deck. The hangar, too, was deserted, although dead bodies littered the area.

“Looks like we lost a lot of men down here too,” Andrelious observed as he moved towards a transport that bore the telltale markings of a Collective vessel.

The Zygerrian officer allowed himself a smirk as his hand activated a device hidden in one of his pockets. Without warning, the transport exploded, a large chunk of its hull flying straight for Andrelious. The Seeker had no time to react as the durasteel slammed into him.

M’eero Trippani had already left the hangar.

His plan had worked perfectly.

“Now to deal with their so-called Dread Lord..” he declared.