

[Objective 2] UNCOVER EVIDENCE THAT THE COLLECTIVE IS FRAMING THE BROTHERHOOD

37 ABY

Dajorra Space

The Voidbreaker

The main hallway of the *Voidbreaker* was eerily quiet as news had gotten out about the recent attacks and events surrounding the Severian Principate. Captain Emere Galo was going through an inspection of the ship's hull following a vague rumor about the ship having holes in various places.

So far though, none of the vessel's integrity looked to be compromised. Despite people's incessant need to waste her time, an inspection was about the most pragmatic thing to do before an Arconan response would call her and the rest of the crew for duty.

Suddenly, a crewmember stumbled his way past the corridor.

"Captain! There's a freighter that just jumped into Dajorra space, it seems to be emitting a distress signal."

"Pass on the message to check it out and I'll be at the bridge right away. This cannot be a coincidence," Emere said with conviction. "And get a small armed crew ready to drag whoever's on there aboard the *Voidbreaker*," the stern dark-haired woman added.

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A large, crimson rune covered the metal floor, illuminating the small cabin room with a red light. P.H.I.L., Alaisy's HK unit, guarded the door, while the Sith woman sat on top of the illuminated rune with her legs crossed, meditating.

Sudden knocking on the door prompted the droid to respond.

"Alert: Mistress, a visitor. I am opening the door as per protocol. Statement: Judging by my face-recognition scanner, it's the angry woman."

Captain Emere Galo ignored the overly shiny bucket of bolts and tapped her foot as she waited for the meditating Sith to respond.

The glowing red light dissipated as Alaisy rose to her feet, letting only the ship's hallway lights seep through the doorway.

“Captain, to what do I owe the extreme pleasure of this surprising visit?” Alaisy’s metallic voice sounded kind yet judgemental through her facemask.

“Skip the pleasantries and join me in the lobby at once. We’ve got visitors, and they’re not Arconans,” Emere stated with a pained look in her eyes.

The tall latex-clad woman followed the Captain’s command without hesitation, motioning her chromium-coated companion to come along with a hand gesture.

Once in the lobby, both women were greeted by two guards flanking a Zygerrian scavenger couple with an open crate filled with parts and a broken pilot helmet in front of them . The male Zygerrian had ashy grey fur with his neckline adorned in golden jewelry. His female partner, in turn, had a rusty brown coat and was resting her head on her lover’s shoulder, playing with his necklaces.

“So we found these two lovebirds stuck in Dajorra space. They’re getting their freighter fixed up and have been compensated for their cooperation. The interesting part is that they got these bits and pieces from the debris of a crashed TIE-fighter on Lyra’s colony site. I’ve asked Eilen and Eevie to have a look at the only interesting part these scavengers found, the black box, but so far we’ve got nothing,” Emere sighed in frustration.

“Forget the black box, that messed up pilot helmet is all I need.” Alaisy perked up.

“Clarification: Mistress, information is usually stored on the bl—” The Sith shushed her droid.

“Not now ,Phil, I hope to trace back whatever signature is connected to whoever wore that helmet recently,” Alaisy said as she picked up the scraped and damaged headpiece from the crate.

“Hey! I want that back after, aight? For, reasons,” the grey pelted Zygerrian sneered at the Sith, then looked back at his lover and snickered.

The Sith rolled her eyes at the wretch. “Captain, we need to go someplace where I can concentrate. If you could join me I might be able to narrate my findings to you. I’ll have Phil record it as well.”

“Follow me to my quarters then, Alaisy. For the rest of you, if I even hear a pin drop there will be hell to pay, understood?” Galo ordered the guards, with one of them relaying the message across the starship.

Emere opened up her quarters, letting the Sith and her droid enter first. The place looked minimalistic, formal and slightly militaristic.

“Status: Recording,” Alaisy’s droid stated as the tall woman sat down in the middle of the floor, ignoring the desk chairs. She placed her gloved hand on the object and focused, clearing her mind. The Captain leaned against the wall, awaiting some type of response.

A vague transparent scene emerged, which at first seemed too blurry to make out what it was. “I’m getting a vision but it’s far too unclear to make out what it is,” the tall woman narrated before repositioning herself slightly, then crawled deeper into a trance-state. “There’s a female Zyggarian...oh for f—”

The fog from the previous scene cleared up and revealed the red-furred Zygerrian from earlier kissing the one who wore the helmet.

Emere frowned at first, then facepalmed in disappointment.

In a fit, Alaisy let go of the helmet and cursed before she noticed a stain of blood on the inside of the helmet. She placed the tip of her finger against it and concentrated.

“Now this is more like it, I see the unmistakable cockpit of a TIE-fighter. The pilot is clearly aiming for a tower of sorts. A bright flash of crimson ends in perpetual darkness,” the Sith woman explains until the scene ends in what is likely the wearer’s death.

“We’re getting somewhere, Alaisy! See if you can get to the bottom of this, although I feel we might be getting the call to arms soon. There’s a scratched logo on the side of the helmet, try that,” the Weapons Specialist suggested.

The black-clad woman turned the headwear to its side, placing her palm over what seemed to be a very worn out Iron Navy emblem. *A strong image snapped into her mind immediately.*

“This is a strong visual, it’s nearly giving me a headache. A hangar bay, I think. Stern woman walking towards me, hands behind her back. Others, soldiers, unique... no, they’re pilots on my right and left, rows of them,” Phil’s eyes flashed gently as the recorded audio was being saved in his memory banks.

“Pilot. State your rank, name, and assignment.’ Ma’am, Lieutenant Saubio Min, Iron Navy Tie-Fighter pilot, 1st Task Force.’ And who do you serve?’ ‘I fight and serve for the glory of the Grand Master of the Dark Brotherhood!’” Alaisy narrated as Emere narrowed her eyes and crossed her arms. “Names are being dropped, Oliga—” A sudden ringing on Alaisy’s and Emere’s datapad, plus the alarm sounding in the hallway and Holocom inside the Captain’s cabin, shook the Sith out of her vision violently.

“Cut the recording P.H.I.L.!” Alaisy yelled at her droid and placed a hand on her forehead as a terrible migraine became apparent.

"It's go-time, the Consul sent out the call to arms! Get out of my quarters and prepare yourself. If you run into Lucine, you know what to do, keep that droid safe!" Emere shoo'd the Sith and her droid away as war preparations began.