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[INQ: X][ACC: Q][SA: IV][GMRG: II]

Iron Sky - Multi-objective Prompt [Excidium Unleashed]

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With Empress Elinia's death and Scholae's invasion of Meraxis so prevalent in the media of late, it was only natural that people would start testing Excidium's hold on the sector's underground economy. The Nightflyers being one such group that had splintered off from the imperial tree within weeks of the Empress' death. Perhaps they believed that the new empress had better things to do while she tended her garden or that she would be too busy with her transition to power, choosing a color palette for her new chambers, but after the Nightflyers' skull and bones was found in several neighborhoods in the sector, it was clear people had forgotten who their real masters were.

That in itself wasn't the problem according to Calindra; it was actually an opportunity, especially for someone from the counter-intelligence community who was looking for a new life away from the imperial propaganda machine. As Scholae's former spymaster, Calindra still had a good amount of resources at her disposal, and had eyes and ears all over the galaxy, especially in Caperion.

2

Fact was, the Empress ***was*** busy, but the other members of her inner circle carried out business as usual. The overlords, hadn't forgotten, even if their ambitious and rebellious underlings might have decided to test their leashes.

It was all too obvious at the meeting of the Seraphi-Ragni (what the locals called the crime bosses that controlled the Seraph and Ragnath respectively); some of the Seraphi and Ragnathi bosses had turned their backs on the Caperi Crime Syndicate families, not realizing that there were actual overlords to respect.

Calindra listened to the proceedings from the shadows.

Unaware of the intruder in the room, the group argued with some of the loyalists; some outright touting the white and purple skull with Excidium's inverted E on their jackets.



"Vin," grumbled a grisened Weequay, "last month we requested that you come up with some weapons deal with the Hutts, what's the status?"

Openly defiant, a bald headed human reclined and put his feet on the table. "See that boys? The Old Lal'ro still thinks he's in charge..." Calindra's eyes smouldered as a little less than half of those gathered around the table started chuckling.

Vin, as he was called, suddenly stood up. "Times are changing, Lal'ro. It's time you finally acknowledge the new boys in town. And we're here to stay... in fact," Vin started to make his way

towards the head of the table, slowly and menacingly. "I think you should step down, and let someone who's obviously got you beat take the lead."

Lal'ro glared up at the human menacingly: "You don't know what you're messing with, Vin. I suggest you sit down and get your 'boys' in line before a bigger fish mak-"

Whatever the Weequay was about to say, the words were suddenly cut off when Vin's fist hit him on the jaw. The Weequay reached for his wounded mouth, his eyes narrowing dangerously. "I won't ask you again, Lal," Vin warned, a vibroknife suddenly appearing in his hand. He brandished it menacingly under the Weequay's nose, to make his point.

Calindra suddenly stepped out of the shadows, her cloaked figure's sudden appearance causing a stir around the table.

"Wow, Vin..! you really won't listen to reason?" Her footsteps echoed around the chamber as she approached the table, some surprise and relief clearly showing on Lal'ro's face.

"Who... what... I don't know how you got in or who you are, but you're not gonna change anything here, girl," Vin growled as he turned to face her with his blade.

From under her cowl, Calindra's feminine lips turned into a menacing smile. "Oh... look at that boys, Vin thinks he's in charge..."

This earned Calindra some uncomfortable groans from Vin's supporters around the table, and a collective silence from the others. Lal'ro for his part was about to take his chance while Vin had his back turned, but noticed Calindra's warning not to interfere and sat back down in his chair.

"The Nightflyers are gonna take what's rightfully theirs!" Vin growled as he stepped towards Calindra.

Calindra's head tilted sideways, as if considering Vin before she lifted her left hand towards him. Vin was suddenly lifted in the air from where he stood, powerless in Calindra's telekinetic grip.

"I agree, the Nightflyers are 'gonna' have a seat around this table, but you are not going to be heading them anymore, Vin."

With a wave of her hand, Vin flew from where he was floating and was violently slammed against the far wall, his screams resounding around the room. He flew again across the room, over the table to everyone's horrified looks, many of them ducking as Vin screamed and bellowed as he sailed in past them. His scream was interrupted by the loud sound his body made as he hit the other wall, his vibroknife clattering to the floor. His clearly bruised and broken body sailed through the air again, and landed loudly on the table in front of his terrified supporters, clutching around his throat as he struggled to breathe.

"Nightflyers," she said menacingly to everyone in the room. "In case I did not make myself clear, Excidium will not tolerate dissent amongst the Seraphi-Ragni, or anyone else within the organization," she said as she looked at each of Vin's old supporters in turn to ensure the message got through, she then turned to the rest of those assembled, taking a softer tone and Vin's body visibly relaxed. "As of now, the Nightflyers' leaders will report directly to me, and everyone in my organization will keep their good manners at these meetings."

She turned towards Lal'ro as she took Vin's old seat, "I apologize for our former leader's outbursts. We will report back on the Hutt arms deal at the next meeting, Chairman."

Lal'ro looked up from the bloody body on the table, unsure if Vin was still breathing.

"He's not dead yet," Calindra said reassuringly. "I've yet to question him."

Lal'ro blinked several times as he took the time to digest what was happening, and quickly surveyed the bosses around the table, wondering if he should allow Calindra's coup to go unchallenged. A shudder suddenly wracked through Vin's body as he finally caught his breath, and wisely Lal'ro thought better of challenging it. He finally inclined his head respectfully towards the Nightflyers' new leader, and resumed the meeting with most of the Nightflyers trying – unsuccessfully – to not look nervous, or openly stare at Calindra or Vin's rasping body on the table, blood trickling from the side of his nose and his mouth.

Minutes turned into hours, but the meeting eventually ended. The syndicate leaders started to file out of the room. Some of the Nightflyers hastily got out of their chairs, hoping to escape at the same time, but Calindra calmly waved her people to stay at the table. Eventually the door slammed shut, leaving the Nightflyers alone with their new boss.

“Thank you all for staying,” Calindra said finally. Her voice had broken the eerie silence in the room like a thunderclap, riveting every nervous eye back to her darkened cowl as they shifted uneasily in their seats. “Time to get me caught up on your unit’s plans and past activities,” she said as she motioned for the person on her left to start.

One by one the Nightflyers quickly and nervously presented themselves, reported on their territories and activities both on Ragnath and Seraph, some of them elsewhere in the sector. Everyone cooperated, hoping to avoid adding to the potential corpse count in the middle of the room.

After each report, Calindra made changes to some plans which were hastily accepted and she sometimes addressed some concerns that did not align with Scholae’s plans and vision. Whenever she felt a boss was withholding information, she pressed them further. Those bosses apologized nervously for omitting those details, casting pleading glances for other allies in the room, though no help came...

“Now that we’ve addressed every other issue, it’s time to address the rancor in the room,” Calindra stated coldly, letting her displeasure fanning out the flames of worry in the group around her. She finally pointed to Vin’s battered body.

With a small wave of her hand, Vin’s body gently floated back up from the table. He seemed to float on a cushion of air in the middle of everyone there assembled, twirling slowly. To most around the table, Vin looked almost oblivious and peaceful, though for many of them the uncertainty of what would happen next played heavily in their minds. Some even took pity on

him, even though they had all learned to obey and what the price was for trying to mislead the new boss.

Calindra stood up as Vin floated gently towards her. Suddenly, Vin's 'skull' leather jacket was removed and started floating, being folded by an invisible hand as it sailed through the air. The jacket was gently placed at the edge of the table, as were Vin's boots, socks and pants, leaving only his undershirt and boxers, and whatever jewellery the man had around his neck. His pant pockets were systematically emptied item by item, stacked neatly next to the rest of the objects on the table. Soon Vin's vibroknife floated from where it lay on the floor and stopped a few inches from his belly, adding to the tension in the room. To everyone's surprise, the knife activated and sliced open his undershirt, revealing the Meraxis royal crest tattooed on his torso as the shirt fell.

The tension that was now thick enough to cut with a knife suddenly gave way to anger. Many around the table had followed Vin's lead without realizing his ties to the Meraxis royal family, damning him to all. One of the men around the table even growled: "Well I'll be...! A Meraxis princeling...!"

"Indeed," Calindra nodded, "meet prince 'Vinato di Castelli' one of the Emperor's many nephews."

She placed a small hand on Vin's leg and let the Darkside flow through her, unleashing tiny amounts of it into her captive. Vin's body arched and shook, his screams resounding in the chamber. This time, however, the people around him demanded blood, the fear around the room had disappeared. Vin's eyes shot open, his blue eyes looking terrified. The power stopped flowing, and Vin visibly relaxed, though he struggled weakly against the Force that kept him suspended in front of everyone.

"Prince Vinato," Calindra smiled as worry crossed Vin's face, "so very nice of you to assemble this fine group of people together. I commend you on your team building skills... it's unfortunate that you almost cost them all their lives by leading them down this foolish coup against Excidium..."

There was suddenly angry murmurs from his ex compatriots, shouts for his death as Vin struggled even more wildly against the invisible bounds that restrained him.

“Ohh... no, no, no, no... you won't find death any time soon princeling; you're far too valuable alive... though I expect you will be asking for death warm embrace soon enough.”

With prince Vinato in custody and the Nightflyer's newfound confidence in their new leader at an unexpected high, it was easy for Calindra to pry the information they needed to plan an assault within the prince's family lands in Nardash.

It was one of the Nightflyers first tests under Calindra's direction, and likely one of the first ever test of them working together.



“Even though large tracts of Caperion and many old and famous States have fallen into the grip of the Meraxis and all the odious apparatus of their rule, we shall not fail. We shall go on to the end,” Calindra stated to the Nightflyers assembled before her. “We shall fight in Nardash, we shall fight over the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall

rid their lands of their rule, whatever the cost may be. We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender, and if, which I do not for a moment believe, these lands or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empress beyond the seas, armed and guarded

by the Scholae Fleets, will carry on the struggle, until, in good time, the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the old.”¹

“Today, the Meraxis will pay for centuries of oppression. Today their blood will stain the streets. Today their rich and opulent villas will be turned to dust, and those that we do not meet in combat their hearts will grow heavy and despair, for WE ARE THE NIGHTFLYERS! Today we will take back what has been stolen through centuries of brutality. Today we throw down the Meraxis yoke. Today we will be victorious!!”

Calindra watched as her words stirred her followers into a frenzy. The excitement was palatable and everyone knew what they were supposed to do.

Raising her lightsaber over her head, the red blade hissing as it ignited. “NIGHTFLYERS! ARISE WITH MERCILESS HEARTS AND BRING DEATH TO EXCIDIUM’S ENEMIES!”

¹ Taken from a speech delivered by Winston Churchill to the House of Commons of the Parliament of the United Kingdom on 4 June 1940: “We Shall Fight on the Beaches”