**Mimosa-Inahj Homestead**

**Southern Polar Ice Cap**

**Aliso**

“Poppy! Stop cheating! Etty whinged as her twin unsubtly used the Force to manipulate a chance cube.

“What? You can do it too!” the slightly older girl replied cheekily.

“Girls. Doing that defeats the point of playing this game. And if I wanted to play someone who cheats I would play your grandmother. Don’t think I don’t know who showed you that trick,” Parck Inahj ordered, trying and failing to sound firm as he addressed his granddaughters.

“Oh Mostynn!” the girls complained as their younger brother crashed through the game board, scattering the pieces. The baby just giggled, even as his father scooped him away before he could cause any more trouble.

“Looks like you’ve got some news from the city,” Licon announced, handing her son his datapad.

Andrelious studied the messages carefully.

“Seems that there’s been some reorganisation. I’m now part of a House named Tyranus. The name seems familiar but I can’t place it,” the Sith explained.

“Is there much to go on?” Licon questioned.

“Here, I’ll show you…”

**House Tyranus Temporary Headquarters**

**The Pinnacle**

**Aliso City**

“We have the final list of members and their intelligence dossiers. We’ve got a good, talented bunch,” Julius Caesar, the newly minted Aedile of Tyranus, announced as he read a list that included well known Plagueians such as former Dread Lords Arden Karn and Tra’an Raith.

“I’m a little concerned about this one,” Scudi replied, her finger resting on a name near the top of the roster.

“Mimosa-Inahj? Isn’t that the man who joined us just before Lyra-3k?” Julius asked.

“That’s basically all we have on him. Intelligence dossier is almost completely blank, but he was part of Taldryan until he joined us. No information on why,” the Quaestor answered.

“Seriously? When he arrived, the Dread Lord knew exactly who he was. She even remembers serving alongside him many years ago,” the Human said.

“His daughter is a slicer. Anything we’ve ever had on him was erased. I had to do some slicing my own to even *CREATE* a dossier for him. One thing I do know for sure. He is very, very angry with the Collective,” Scudi explained.

“Why?”

“His wife, Kookimarissia. The mother of his three youngest children. She disappeared during the battle at Lyra-3k. Andrelious would kill every one of us if it meant getting her back. We just need to make sure that he never thinks he needs to,” the Chiss stated, her tone still matter-of-fact.

**12 hours later**

**Serenno Cantina**

**Aliso City**

The newly established Serenno Cantina was already in full swing. The cantina had only opened a few hours previously, but the watchful eyes of Scudi and Julius had ensured that things began smoothly. The number of people was a little lower than the leadership of the new house would have liked, however.

“I thought we’d have more than this,” Julius declared, his eyes glancing over the rather sparse crowd.

Scudi noticed her Aedile’s unease. She too examined the crowd, quickly noticing something.

“This is only a fraction of our membership. Did you send the communique?” the Chiss asked.

“Indeed he did,” a voice answered from the entrance. “But a second invitation was sent out. To those that *should* be in charge,”

“What do you mean?” Scudi asked, her gaze turned to the new arrival, a figure who’d done their best to conceal themselves in a black cloak.

“I joined Plagueis because I believed that those that could use the Force were considered to be superior. But this new House has been given to a slip of a girl,” the man hissed, pulling the hood of his cloak down to reveal the face of Andrelious Mimosa-Inahj.

“You can’t just walk in here and start insulting the leadership!” Julius snapped, his right hand moving towards his holstered slugthrower.

“Wait,” the Aedile continued. “You’re unarmed,”

To Scudi’s shock, Julius unholstered his weapon, but immediately tossed it away.

Andrelious smirked and reached inside his cloak, his hand returning to view with the unmistakable silver hilt of a lightsaber. He activated his lightsaber, pointing its blade in the direction of Tyranus’ leadership.

“And right there we see exactly why those with the Force are better equipped to lead! Look how easily you were fooled into throwing your weapon away,” the Sith taunted.

“What did you mean by a second invitation?” Scudi asked.

“Most of the Force users assigned to this House are having their own gathering. I came here instead because I have things I want to say. And I suspect that the drinks on offer here are much better,” Andrelious explained, deactivating his lightsaber.

“I know about you, Mimosa-Inahj. Your talks usually end up with everyone dead.” Caesar commented.

Andrelious smirked. “I can’t help if people choose not to listen. Hopefully you and Miss Ferria will,”

The Sith moved over to the bar and ordered a drink. Scudi and Julius waited for the Sith to sit down in one of the booths, then joined him, still very nervous about what Andrelious was going to say or do.

“I’m going to keep this brief, because this is a party and I intend to make the most of it,” Andrelious began, lighting a cigarra as he spoke.

“Don’t you have kids to get home to?” Scudi inquired.

“They are why I am here. If things were different, I’d have been trying to find a way to get rid of the pair of you. But I have other priorities now. As you probably know, Kooki disappeared when we went to Lyra-3k,” the Seeker answered.

Scudi raised an eyebrow. “We’re aware. What exactly did you want from us?”

“Simple. We go after the Collective, and only the Collective, but we take them alive. We interrogate every one of those bastards. Until we get a lead,”

“How does this help Tyranus?” Julius demanded.

“The benefit is twofold. You have my full support in dealing with the Collective. Because I am busy with that, I won’t be making any attempts to take control of the House,” Andrelious explained.

“Don’t think we are pushovers. Don’t think that acting against us would go unpunished. You might be able to use the Force, but just look how many of your kind we have lost to the Collective,” Scudi commented.

“Then do we have a deal?” Mimosa-Inahj asked.

“For now, yes. If and when you do find your wife, or at least what happened to her, we’ll have to re-visit the situation,” Julius responded.

“Good. Now, what are you two having? This is supposed to be a party,” Andrelious declared, downing his drink.

*FIN*