**Emperor’s Hammer Space**

**36 AFE**

It had been another successful mission for Nu squadron. Under the command of their relatively new Commander, Andrelious J. Inahj. The squadron, consisting of a series of TIE models that were designated the ‘TIE/ad’, an unusual class of TIE that Inahj had never seen before joining the Emperor’s Hammer, were living up to their reputation as being a thorn in the sides of the nearest New Republic defence fleet.

“Excellent work, once again, Silent Stalkers,” Andrelious announced, still not entirely sure why the squadron needed a nickname on top of its callsign, Nu, and formal designation, 33rd Imperial Close Support Squadron. He had noticed, however, that the pilots of the Emperor’s Hammer TIE Fighter Corps seemed to have a little more humanity than his other assignments.

“Straight to the cantina, as usual?” one of the pilots questioned as the squadron approached their mothership, the *Imperial-II* class Star Destroyer *Colossus*.

“You’re starting to understand how I operate, four,” Inahj responded, allowing himself a smile as he lead his squadron into the main hangar bay.

As usual the flight deck of the *Colossus* was a hive of activity. Flight technicians worked on docked TIEs, pilots milled about the area discussing whatever their latest mission was going to be, and Stormtroopers patrolled the area, ready to pounce on any trouble the moment it started.

As he landed, Inahj realised that several of the *Colossus* senior staff, including its commander, were waiting nearby, flanked by a number of Stormtroopers. Even as he docked his TIE into its hangar rack, Andrelious could sense a certain level of tension among the gathered officers. Something was clearly amiss.

Andrelious’ boots clanked hard on the metal surface of the flight deck as he climbed out of his cockpit. The group of senior officers turned to regard him, but made no attempt to approach.

“Another Rebel patrol defeated, sir!” Inahj began, saluting his superiors.

Instead of returning the salute, the commanding officer of the *Colossus* simply nodded. The Stormtroopers cocked their rifles, aiming their weapons directly at Andrelious. A female officer with the rank insignia of a Lieutenant advanced on the stunned pilot.

“Commander Andrelious Inahj, you are under arrest for espionage, conspiring with an enemy of the Empire, theft of Imperial property and failure to timely report enemy activity,” the Lieutenant stated coldly. “Do you have anything to say for yourself?”

“What in the name of Palpatine are you talking about? Is this some kind of joke?” Andrelious replied.

“You are in contact with elements of the rogue Dark Brotherhood. We have evidence of numerous payments made by their agents into your bank account. Not to mention records of you assisting in their acquisition of military assets that they will no doubt use against us,” the female answered, trying to move Inahj’s arms behind his back.

“You’re talking absolute nonsense. My loyalty is to the Empire! Get your hands off me!” Inahj demanded, battling hard with the Lieutenant to free himself. He felt his anger building, allowing it to enhance his strength a little and give him the extra power he needed to wrest himself out of the woman’s grasp.

“He’s resisting arrest, troopers, you know what to do!” one of the officers ordered.

Blaster fire started to fill the hangar, but Andrelious was already on the retreat. He sprinted back along the walkway, allowing the Force to help guide his movements as he escaped. He reached his TIE and quickly leapt back into the cockpit, slamming the hatch shut and entering his launch codes.

“We have an unauthorised launch from the main hangar bay! Get the hangar bay sealed!” an officer ordered as Inahj worked his ship free of its storage rack.