**ISN Palpatine**

**Primary Hangar**

**Above Ragnath**

“What is he doing down there? It’s beneath an officer to be fraternizing with enlisted crew like that,” The captain spat in disgust, with his arms folded tightly over his chest.

The officers of the TIE Corps had been under excessive scrutiny in the last weeks. The Empress of Clan Scholae Palatinae had commissioned a Special Envoy to evaluate performance and recommend adjustments to the Clan’s military assets. They had been expecting a cadre of bloated bureaucrats, who would review financial statements and make recommendations based upon what could best save money. Instead, what they got was a single Sith with a teenage clerk in tow. It was insulting.

The Officers of the TIE Corp had been observing his actions and meeting their auditor’s scrutiny with a review of their own. They were at present watching the Sith converse with a series of Flight Technicians and Repair Crew, from the relative safety of the Hangar Operations room. Peering out from the observation over the polished black floors of the ISN Palpatine’s primary hangar, the senior officers noted his movements as the group laughed together and made circles around the new TIE Series fighters lined up like Stormtroopers. Thran would point at a particular cannon, or run his hand over the Solar Arrays, and the deckhands would inspect and reply to his queries. Officers would often complete such inspections of the vessels prior to flight, but never with the enlisted men of the flight crew present. This change was noted in the officers’ report. They also made not that his clerk, the mousey girl that hung on his heels like an obedient hound, was absent.

“Sir, I would recommend caution is expressing any further discontent with Lord Occasus’ presence,” A lieutenant replied.

“Lord Occasus’? Lord!?” Captain Renth replied with incredulity, pivoting on his heels to reprimand his subordinate. “Lieutenant Tosten, that man is no more a Lord than I am a Wampa. Just because he’s instructed you call him that doesn’t make it true. He can’t just come in here and tear apart the fighter wings, because he feels that carrying a lightsaber gives him the right.”

“Captain. That’s quite enough,” a greying Admiral said, stepping through the bifurcated door of the Hangar Operations Command. “Assemble your Officers on the flight deck, an announcement is to be made.”

Kamjin Lap’lamiz wore the white woven wool tunic of an Imperial Moff adorned across the breast with an array of corresponding rank insignia. He was an austere man, tall and gaunt. Receding hair and pronounced temples gave him a somewhat skeletal appearance, but there was an unnatural youth about him. He had the type of calculating stare that would freeze an Ensign in place, unable to respond with anything more than a “Yes, Sir” or “No, Sir”. His authority came directly from the Empress, but his years of naval experience meant that presence in the command of the Navy was backed by real skill. In a way, Kamjin was the perfect juxtaposition to Occasus’ presence. Lap’lamiz, or Maverick, belonged stalking the decks of the Star Destroyer, where Thran felt slightly out of place.

“Admiral, I meant no…” the Captain was cut off.

“I know exactly what was meant, Captain. You are dismissed.” He said, taking up the roost to overwatch the proceedings.

The Proconsul had quickly learned to give the Warlord a wide berth. There was a particular combativeness that arose from when oversight was held to tightly over him. Defiance, Kam thought, was not always a negative character trait. It allowed him to funnel the expertise and energy of Thran Occasus in the direction he wanted. By ordering Thran to perfect the TIE Corps, Thran would, through his oppositional defiance, sus out the weaknesses in its pilots and structure. He had applied the necessary pressure to Thran’s work to get them to this point. The reports he’d read on the fleet restructuring were surprisingly thorough. Pleased with his schemes taking shape, the Sector Admiral watched as moments later a flood of TIE Corps Officers took to the Hangar deck. They lined up opposite of the flight crews, like they were preparing for a game of school-yard Huttball.

Behind Thran, his personal flight crew of five enlisted sailors, stood. He glanced at both formations, noting the division as well. Kamjin flipped a small red toggle and the operations room filled with the amplified echoing of Thran’s voice.

“It has come to my attention that Officers of the TIE Corps are not properly engaging with their counterparts on the flight deck,” he began. “As Officers of the TIE Corps, you are all representatives of the Empire. As such, there is an expectation that you will conduct yourselves in a manner befitting the role. In order to meet the conduct requirements, Officers are expected to displaying the skill and knowledge required to be effective combatant on the battlefield. It shocks me to know, that among the nearly two-hundred officers who have been granted the privilege of flying the Empire’s starfighters, not a one of you know your flight crew by name. I find myself wondering how an Officer can meet the requirements of their role if they are not routinely engaging with the enlisted men and women, whose tireless labor, keeps their fighters flight worthy”

“When you are ill, do you not speak to the medic about what your symptoms are? As a pilot, your fighter becomes an extension of your body. The enlisted men and women of the flight crew are your physicians. They ensure that your fighters are in peak fighting form…You all have been neglecting your health. From this point forward, no officer may be eligible for flight time until they have satisfactorily demonstrated that they are familiar with the work and well being of their Deck Crew. Furthermore, after rigorous review of Simulator and in-flight data, over sixty percent of Pilots will have their credentials revoked. If you are among this list, your superiors will inform you personally. At this time, you will no longer be piloting a TIE Defender. You will be placed in a new craft, and based on your performance may find yourself eligible in due time. I encourage those of you who would like to continue flying to cross the aisle and introduce yourselves to our outstanding flight crews. That is all. Dismissed.”

The collective groan from the pilots brought a smile to the Proconsul’s face. Thran was making the changes that needed to be made and he would take all the heat for it and Kamjin could play “good guy” for the complaints that would make their way to his desk. He brushed the cloak from his shoulder and as he did so, he felt a presence in the room.

“Jasmine, isn’t it?” he said, continuing to observe the reluctant few pilots that had ventured into the seal of orange clad enlisted men.

“We both know that you know who I am, Admiral. I come as a representative of my father. He has compiled this report for your review. Please review it and return your commentary swiftly. My father is not a patient man.” The teenager relayed with condescension in her voice, forcing a datapad into the older man’s hands.

“He is ahead of schedule. Impressive. I will forgive your tone this time, as I am sure he instructed you to speak his mind, word for word. Should you get out of line again, girl, it is you that will face the penalty not your precious daddy.” The administrator said.

“You don’t frighten me, old man.” The girl said, her green eyes flashed the unmistakable vigor of her linage.

Kamjin tilted his head slightly. Perhaps his tone would have been less severe had it been Thran who had appeared before him, but the sense of dread he felt radiating from the girl prevented him from further chastising. He had been around many Force users and Force Sensitives over the many years of his life, but when he probed her mind, he dared not venture in. Sensing her emotions was like the taste of cold iron on his tongue. It was uncomfortable, unsettling, and filling him with an impeding sense of danger. This girl, agent of her father, was dangerous. He left it alone.

“Very well, Miss Kast. I will review the findings and speak with your father directly. Do tell your Thran I was impressed with the dagger he procured; it will serve the Empire well.” He said, passing the datapad off to an aide.

**Caelestis City**

**Ragnath**

**Caperion System**

The dust had barely settled from the landing of her personal shuttle and they were preparing for takeoff again. Emily had spent a good deal of her relationship with Thran chasing him, but that chase was usually with playful flirting and not an actual chase. Her husband had been bouncing around with increasing frequency and he hadn’t been home in weeks. He was spending time with the fleet, returning to Ragnath, then back to Seraph, then he’d ship off for weeks at a time back to the mid-rim worlds for filming and press circuits. She was used to his jet-set lifestyle, it came with being married to a Holo-vid star, but he had been intentionally avoiding her. His communicator had been off for weeks. He’d even found the tracking device she had installed in his personal luggage.

All this trouble stemmed from a review of monthly expense reports and a dramatic anomaly in the construction costs allocated by Sal-Mal Repulsor contained within. Tens of Millions of credits over budget, the construction arm of the Repulsor Craft company had indicated “Repulsorcoaster parts” and a litany of other suspicious expenses indicated on their profit and loss sheets. A bout of forensic accounting implicated her beloved Thran Occasus had specifically ordered and allocated the company, siphoning funds away from the corporation for his own gain. The trail was hot, she’d be on him in no time.

As the Starcommuter 2000 lifted from Ragnath, it took aim again at the motherworld Seraph. The blue glow of the ion thrusters set the vehicle in motion once again. She reached for her communicator. In her anger with Thran, she’d forgotten that his daughter was with him. Jasmine had never thought of Emily as anything more than her father’s wife, but there was enough mutual respect between them that the relationship was amiable enough for regular communication. Emily brushed her blonde hair behind her ear, took a deep breath and thumbed the switch.

“Heeyyyy girly! What are you up to?” she said, hiding her frustration behind a false tone.

“Hey Em. Daaaaad! Emily is calling.” Jasmine replied screaming for her father.

The muffled voice of Thran could be heard replying in the background “Tell her I’m not here”

“He’s not here.” The girl replied.

Emily let out an awkward chuckle. “No, no, I was calling for you Jazz. I thought it might be nice if had a girls day, you know? What do you say we go to the spa, then go out shopping and have a night on the town, just the two of us? Doesn’t that sound like fun?” she said.

“Daaaaad! Emily is trying to bribe me into turning you in, again.” Jasmine shouted into the unseen background

There was a brief rustling that came over the communicator followed by a moment of silence, then a series of unintelligible whispers.

“Well, where are you? I’ll come pick you up!” Emily said, hoping the bait would be enough for the girl to give up her position.

“We’re at the Splashventure Fun Park. I’ll send you the co-ords.” The girl said.

“You traitor!” came the unmistakable voice of Thran before the communication went dead.

A red light blinked on the communicator and the device went silent. Emily passed the device to her assistant, who promptly rushed into the cockpit to redirect their flight. She was already planning the tongue lashing she was going to deliver. Yet a thought clung in her mind.

“Maarel…” she called for her assistant.

The young woman came back to her mistress. She was immaculately well dressed and her light green skin had a light shine to it. Her face had the natural beauty that was exemplified by but a few species in the galaxy. Youthful and beautiful, the Twi’lek girl bounced back to the passenger cabin.

“Yes, Miss Coral?” she asked

“What the hell is a Splashventure Fun Park?” Emily asked.

**Adoniram Tower**

**Caelestis City**

**Ragnath**

Four cloaked figures stood around the throne room. They had been summoned at the request of the Empress herself. In the weeks following the Brotherhood’s involvement on Dandoran, Clan Scholae Palatinae had seen a breath of life come back to it. The other clans had taken note.

“Thank you all for coming. As I am sure you have heard, Selika Roh di Plagia of Clan Plagueis has extended an invite for Clan Scholae Palatinae to join in their Huttball event. We have accepted the invitation. There has always been a mutual respect between our Clans and I believe it serves the interests of the Empire to show face.” Shadow said.

She placed her finger on her temple and began to massage in tight circles.

“I have already advised that Kamjin should take one of the positions as Captain for this event, but I am vexed by the choice of who should take the second slot. Raleien and Reiden are the obvious choices, but they are occupied with other tasks. Likewise, Dek is indisposed at the moment.” The Empress stated.

Kamjin stepped forward, approaching the throne with a slight bow.

“Empress, if I may, I think I can offer a suggestion.” The Sector Admiral said.

The Proconsul had been overseeing a number of projects at her request and they had seen measurable progress in recent weeks. Of the parties that had been involved in the planning of the Clan’s future, most had been selected from the cadre of members that were the most loyal to the Throne. However, one had been managed by a particular Sith Warlord who derived pleasure from being a thorn in her side. Thran Occasus, the reprobate, had been undermining the Empress’ plans since his return and his sudden cooperation was a note for concern. Kamjin found particular joy in manipulating Thran, playing him to his will.

“I think we should appoint Thran.” The Proconsul said. “He’s been a very busy boy. Imperial Intelligence has shown me what he has been working on. Massive construction projects, he’s taken a role in a new film, he’s been training his daughter in the ways of the Sith, and what I’ve seen of his audit of our Armed Forces. It’s impressive. Plus, the artifact he recovered…it is of not insignificant power. I am curious to know how he identified it. I think if we can direct some of his energy, it would benefit our plans greatly. Additionally, if we can keep him where we can see him, it will keep him from interfering in our other ‘campaigns’. This approach has worked well in my dealings with him.”

“Very well, Kamjin. I am reluctant to allow this. If he so much as twitches wrong, you’re responsible. Am I understood?” Shadow pressed. “Also, I want someone I trust watching him at all times. Rayne…Keep your eyes on Thran and report his activities directly to me.”

“Empress, one more thing.” Kamjin added. “I think it would be best if you informed him of your decision to appoint him. Occasus operates on ego alone. If the request were to come from the Throne, it would have…specific implications for him and would likely secure his cooperation.”

“Understood. I will speak with him directly.” The Empress said.

Warlord Thran Occasus-Palpatine (Sith) / [House Caliburnus](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/caliburnus-878d2ed5-e2e7-42cc-9a9f-089ab075a004) of [Clan Scholae Palatinae](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/scholae-palatinae) [SA: VII] [GMRG: V] [SYN: II] [INQ: IX]

SBx2 / GCx3 / SCx5 / ACx4 / DCx7 / GNx6 / SNx5 / BNx5 / Cr:3D-4R-8A-14S-21E-8T-9Q / PoB / CFx246 / CIx143 / CEx16 / CGx17 / SI / LSx10 / SoLx4 / S:5Al-3D-1Do-4Dk-7Rm-8P-17U-5B-18Dec-17Aff-3Cr-14En

{SA: MVF - MVH - MVHL - MVL - MVLD - MVLO - MVPH - DPCM - DPCP - DPE - SVHL}

[Legacy of Palpatine](https://wiki.darkjedibrotherhood.com/view/Legacy_of_Palpatine)