

“Komilia, I have a mission for you,” Kamjin said, gesturing for his daughter to leave his side and face him. Ever since she had returned to him and their reconciliation regarding what had happened she had grown to be overly protective of her father. Recently, she’s taken up the role as his personal bodyguard. A role he did not advocate nor encourage. Yet, there was no dissuading her.

She had taken a page from Kamjin’s own history from his time as a Royal Guardsman in Acclivis Draco decades ago and had fashioned her armor in that style. Her matte black armor over a ruby red bodysuit. The custom helmet harkened back to the Royal Guard style while giving greater mobility, suited to her Mandalorian training. Her blaster hugged her hip while her assortment of grenades wrapped around her belt. Her first attempt at a lightsaber had resulted in a fusion of blade and the Royal Guard force pike.

As she moved in front of Kamjin she clicked the lightsaber pike on the ground in a show of salute. Kamjin fought not to roll his eyes at the pageantry. *I must remember to talk to her about this before it gets out of hand*, he thought. “I’ve been contacted by Thran that a courier from the Severian Principate has gone missing with blueprints for a series of new vessels that were to be manufactured by the Arx Capital Exchange. As I supported the Severian Principate in their recent conflict, Thran seems to believe this is an opportunity to further capitalize on our relationship with them,” Kamjin said.

Komilia tried to stay at attention but was starting to get giddy at the thought of going on a mission. Kamjin continued, “I know you’re fond of protecting me but I need the benefit of your prior profession. Track down this courier and deliver him successfully to the Regent’s office. If he is dead, or otherwise incapacitated, at a minimum ensure the blueprints are delivered.”

“It will be done, Father,” Komilia said, stomping the pommel of her lightsaber pike into the ground. As she walked out of the chamber Kamjin massaged the migraine forming in his temples.

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*If I were a courier...where would I be?* Komilia pondered as she changed into her Mandalorian armor. *I’d go where I was told. Well, that’s not really helpful. So where did this courier go?* She keyed the holoprojector to run through the information again as she pulled on her chest plate and started sealing up her armor.

The blue-white image sprang to life with a slowly rotating image of a Nikto. The flight plan, ship information, and more background information than Komilia could hope to understand kept scrolling next to the image. Komilia slid her helmet on and felt, more than heard, the suit sealing itself. “Alright, Mr. Nikto, where are you?”

The ghostly image reflected on her beskar helmet as she looked over the next rotation of the data. “Hey, I know that place,” she said. *That planet on his route has an amazing resort spa.* Komilia tilted her head. *Nah, it can’t be that simple.*

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Komilia disembarked from the Scholae Palatinae shuttle she had requisitioned. It's amazing what you can get when you tell people you're the Emperor's daughter. As she strolled off the ramp the welcoming committee gave her a scowling look.

"We are pleased to welcome you to our resort. Typically guests arrive in more comfortable clothing. If you would prefer we can have some brought to you."

"I am perfectly comfortable as I am," Komilia snapped back.

"Yes. I...umm...can see that. We recognized your invitation but perhaps you were looking for another type of establishment," the greeter said, while the woman behind her snickered.

Komilia was having none of it. "I am the Duchess Lap'lamiz, of Juranno, Alderaan. My Father is the Emperor of Scholae Palatinae and you, pleb, should get out of my way!" She snatched the datapad from the dumbfounded greeter and began accessing guest information.

"You can't do that," the woman protested.

"Watch me," Komilia retorted as she walked off. Scanning through the list of guests she found her query. *Heh, really horrible pseudonym. Who wouldn't think to look at the first and last name being reversed.* Pulling up a map of the resort she planned out the quickest route before rushing off at a sprint. The various patrons in assorted states of undress mumbled their disgust at the armor clad girl rushing through the hallways.

"Sorry," Komilia would mutter in response as she bumped into people. "Sorry!" She was almost there. Her heart was racing as she reached down and pulled out her blaster. Skidding to a stop she planted her feet, pointed the blaster towards the door, and keyed the entry code on the datapad. *Sithspit*, Komilia thought quickly, thumbing her blaster over to stun as the door opened with a woosh. Before the door has even settled she began blasting wildly into the room.

"Freeze!" she yelled as potted plants and jars of massage oil exploded. After a tense minute of firing a scared Nikto came crawling out from behind a massage table.

"I surrender, oh for the love of all that is light in this galaxy stop shooting," he said with a wavering voice. Inside her helmet, Komilia beamed with pride.

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"Komilia, you've done well. Thank you," Kamjin said, admiring the blueprints in his hand and staring down at the still shaking Nikto. "You may have the rest of the day off. Take the shuttle up to the estate and relax."

"Thank you, Father," Komilia said and nearly pranced out of the room. As Komilia left, Kamjin reached out and sensed that she was outside of ear shot.

"Thank you for playing along. I needed a few days of her out of my hair," Kamjin said, deactivating the binders on the Nikto with a wave of his hand.

"Your daughter nearly killed me!" the Nikto spat at the Emperor, rubbing his chafed wrists.

"Ya, well, you should see how hard it is living with her. All the time she thinks she's protecting me and more often than not she's just rubbing people the wrong way." Kamjin locked eyes with the Nikto.

"Fine, I'll have an extra bonus given but not a word of this to anyone or I'll have you killed."