

Kamjin laid in his massive bed, dreaming sweet dreams. The planet Seraph hung heavy in the window casting its reflective light down on the slumbering Emperor. The sky was clear of clouds and the muffled sounds of the city could just barely be heard through the thick windows high in Adoniram Tower. As the old man casually turned in his sleep a serene sense of calmness lay gently over the room.

Then the alarms started blaring. Loud Imperial klaxons echo through the room. Kamjin woke with a jolt. Jumping out of bed he grabbed one of his lightsabers from his nightstand, snapping the blood red blade to life as he scanned the room for intruders. It then hit him that this wasn't the usual alarm. *Oh no...*, he thought. This was a unique alarm that he had setup. Rushing over to his computer terminal he keyed in a sequence and the blueprints of a safehouse came up on the screen. The outline flashed red but none of the security gates were triggered.

"How in the..." he trailed off as he tapped into the security feeds. Scanning through the various feeds he was shocked to see nothing out of the ordinary. Yet, something told him this wasn't a false alarm. Keying in his security clearance he brought up an inventory for what was stored in this particular safehouse. A list of items began scrolling by. Almost immediately one caught his eye.

"Oh sithspawn," he said and he ran from his room. Rushing through the hallways he didn't care that the clan was seeing him in his pajama shorts. By the time he reached the hangar there was already a buzz regarding what was happening. Raleien met him as he burst through the doors.

"My lord, what is the matter," Raleien said, matching Kamjin's sprint.

"Never you mind, is my ship prepped?"

"Of course, you gave standing orders for it to be maintained for immediate use at any time; but what is happening?"

"Alert the fleet to meet me at Stronghold 8253. They're to blockade the planet and ensure no one leaves the planet."

"Alert the fleet...the whole fleet?" bewilderment crept into Raleien's voice.

"Yes, all the fleets," Kamjin retorted as he raced up the boarding ramp of his Ghtroc 720 Light Freighter. As Kamjin turned to raise the ramp he looked Raleien clear in the eyes.

"Raleien, this is the highest priority right now for the clan, understand?"

Raleien looked back up at Kamjin as the ramp closed. "No, not at all; but I'll have the fleet deployed immediately." Raleien stepped back, covering his face as the thrusters fired up and the transport began to lift off. The old soldier grabbed his comlink, "Get me Aldaric and Archangel now, we're deploying the fleet."

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The swirling ethereal energy that made up hyperspace dissolved back into unique starpoints as the battered, old Ghtroc 720 reverted to luminal speeds. The lush jungle planet below looked like a tropical paradise, unspoiled by sentient life through the cockpit windows. However, on the inside of the transport, Kamjin was sweating profusely in a panicked state. *They can't be after it. How would they know it's there? How could they know it's there?* His heart and mind raced as he worked the controls to bring the ship into a dive towards the planet.

“Warning, approach vector is too steep for planetary reentry,” the computer entoned. Kamjin ignored it as flames began to lick the front of the ship. He did have the wherewithal to angle the deflector shields to mitigate the worse of the heat. Wiping the perspiration out of his eyes he squinted against the raging firestorm outside the ship. *Just a few more minutes and I'll be there. Then I can stop them...whoever they are.*

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Inside the facility's ventilation duct, two figures crawled slowly towards their objective. Dressed from head to toe in black tactical suits their eyes covered with black goggles with emerald lenses.

“Keep up,” a mechanically distorted voice grunted to their companion.

“I'm trying, you're taking up a lot of room,” a slightly feminine voice, with the same distortion, responded.

“We're on a time table. You can't blame me for you being slow,” the male lead retorted gruffly.

“This is a mistake. We're going to get caught and they won't be as lenient as...”

“Shh, we're here.” The first stopped over a ventilation grate. Reaching into his belt he pulled out several small instruments. Feeling out he found the hidden security sensors and tapped in a bypass wire. Weaving the bypass in such a way to still leave the grate unobstructed he next took out a surgical grade laser scalpel and carefully cut out the locking mechanism. The precision instrument leaving an imperceivable cut severing the locks

He replaced them in his belt and reaching out through the mystical energies of the universe he levitated the grate up and over. Pulling himself forward he peered down into the massive warehouse, Nimbly he snaked through the grate, grabbing onto the edge he swung his body down until he was hanging from the vent. He began to swing himself back and forth, building up momentum before releasing and spinning gingerly through the air before silently landing on top of a massive stack of crates.

His companion followed with the same graceful form. However, she released too soon and was going to miss the landing. The first reacted quickly, stretching out his arms and catching her midair. Suppressing a grunt of effort he swung her over to rest next to him.

“Sorry,” she said, hanging her head.

“We don't have time for sorry. We trained for this and we're on track. Don't get distracted,” he said, kneeling down and starting to descend from the crates. His companion followed after him. By the time she reached the floor her companion was already halfway across the massive warehouse floor. How he ran so quickly and so quietly she had yet to master as she set off after him at a slower pace.

She caught up with him after a short time as he stood facing the wall. “What is it?”

“Shh, I'm thinking,” he replied. He walked towards the wall and began running his hands all along the face of it. Leaning close he pressed his ear against the wall he started tapping at regular intervals.

“What are you doing? There's nothing here.”

“That's what they want you to think.”

“I don't hear any hollowness behind the wall and I don't sense anything.”

"I know, it's really masterful work. They really want to protect what's within here," he said. Moments later his head shot back from the wall. He cocked it to the side and leaned back in, tapping harder with his knuckles. "Here, this is the spot."

Reaching around to the back of his belt he pulled out a short electrical spike. He jammed it into the wall, flakes of drywall falling to the ground. He fiddled with the dial on it adjusting the power load and then activated it. To his companion's surprise electricity arced through the drywall causing small puffs of drywall to jettison into the air as it laced its way across the wall. A matrix slowly appeared on the wall in the shape of a door. As the drywall powder hung in the air the wall creaked and receded. As it pulled itself back it began to split in two and open into a hidden room.

"I don't believe it," she said.

"I know, that's why you're still learning," he replied, stepping into the room. An assortment of relics were contained in display cases along the walls. The female accomplice stares in wonder at the riches in the room. Ancient lightsabers, holocrons, relics from dozens of civilizations long extinct. Gems and jewelry of all sizes. There was a ruby the size of her head that captivated her eyes.

"Ignore this junk, here's the real prize," her companion said, eying a plain, ordinary box.

"Ah, I get it. They keep the most important treasure in the most unassuming place."

"Something like that," he responded. "I had to get a Dug drunk, which surprisingly was hard, to get him to give up that the most treasured possession of Scholae Palatinae's Consul was stashed away here." Cautiously, as if some deadly trap could spring forth at any moment he reached out and lifted the lid on the chest.

"Stop right there!" a voice bellowed from behind. The female spun around while her companion stared into the open box. Kamjin stood in the entryway, his lightsaber blazing next to him. He looked deranged and the female intruder shrunk back in fear. "If you don't close that box and turn around I will cut you both down."

The male companion reached up and pulled his mask off. "What the hell is this?" Thran Occasus-Palpatine said, reaching in and pulling out a torn and stained blanket. "Kam, what the hell am I looking at?" he said, turning around holding up the ratty piece of fabric. Kamjin's eyes went wide. "All this time I heard that there was this great treasure. The most precious thing in your galaxy and it's a blanket?"

"No, it's my lovie. The last piece of Alderaan I have from my Mother. Now put it back."

"A lovie? The great Emperor of our clan and he still has his lovie from when he was a baby?" Thran began to laugh before being flung across the room. The blanket floated slowly down to hang off the edge of the box. Kamjin leapt on top of him before he could regain his composure. Kneeling on top of the bandit he slid his blade up to Thran's throat.

"There's one way out of here and that's you forgetting you ever saw this." Kamjin reached out with his other hand and lifted the companion off the ground. She struggled grasping at the invisible hand at her throat that held her aloft. "I assume this is your daughter who's your partner in crime?"

"Yes, now let us go. I don't need a blanket. This has all been one gigantic waste of time," Thran said, his eyes darting between Kamjin and his daughter. He tried to determine if Kamjin was going to back down or if he was going to have to fight to save his daughter and his own life.

A comlink beep and activated, "My lord, the fleet has set up the blockade around the planet. What are your orders?" Raleien's voice came through over the line.

Kamjin stared at Thran, making it known that decision rested with him. "Fine, Jasmine, we're out of here." Kamjin deactivated his lightsaber and got off the Warlord. Walking back he picked up his lovie. Holding it close, he could smell the last lingering bits of his mother's perfume. Gently he placed it back in the box and closed it.

"Thran, you know I tolerate a lot of your bandit behavior. But if you ever come back here or if you breath a word of this...either of you...I will make it my life's mission to take everything you care about from you."

"Geez, Kam...get over it. It's just a blanket," Thran said, as he and his daughter walked out of the room.