

Chapter 12
714 FNM 24BBY)
Month 4

Coruscant Mandalore Representative Tower
Tanya Kryze

Being a representative of a planet was a rather dull experience. For the first 3 months, I didn't need to do anything of any major interest. I woke up, I arranged whatever meetings I could get that could aid in Mandalore's recovery, which wasn't that many, and then I would go back to sleep to rest for the next day.

I have had more talks with the Ithorians, which relatively went nowhere. But to my understanding, those conversations usually took time as they didn't like to make rash decisions. Along with various attempts to workout trade deals with anyone who is interested. Of course since Mandalore was so off the beaten path, it was not a major Port of Call and so very few are interested in having stops there.

I had found one interesting situation though, the senator from the Ojoster Sector, Kin Robb of Taris, had scheduled a meeting with me and discussed the possibility of acquiring armor for their own self-defense force. Taris is a gateway into the Mandalore Sector and a city world like Coruscant but not as built up. Not only that but it was on the main Thruway from the Core to the Corporate Sector. So it has a lot of trade running through it.

From what I understood, the planet had been thoroughly destroyed during the Mandalorian Wars but built itself back up over time. Thus I could understand why they would be interested in having a military force armored by the best armor creators in the entire known region of space.

A few prods and pokes revealed that, yes, in fact she had heard about the Silver Codex and the section that talked about selling armor had intrigued her enough to make the meeting. If I could go back in time and hug myself for adding that little bit of example, I would, because this was a golden opportunity.

Not only is this a way to bring revenue into Mandalore's coffers, this would also get us an influential ally on the main trade route running by our sector. Of course, I couldn't promise anything, being a simple representative and all, I had to put everything through its proper channels. The proper channel was to simply send a message to Prime Minister Almac and let him know about this opportunity. And when I did, I happened to mention that the planet was looking for around 40,000 suits of armor.

More than any one armorer could probably supply. The Mandalorian Guard does have their own production company for producing their own armor, but it was obvious from our conversation that a helmet, shoulder pads, knee pads, and a shield were not what senator Robb was looking for. The Royal Guard had three armorers, from what I had been able to determine and that was

it. The influx of Royal Guard was never greater than what they could produce, plus they would not be able to build 40,000 suits within the required time. So I mentioned that Kryze's family armorer was still in business and most likely knew quite a few fellow armorers that could help out.

No doubt if you decided to pursue this course, he would contact his own family armorer which would benefit everyone. With contracts this big, it really was a bit of an issue when you thought about it. A single armorer could probably produce a thousand suits of good quality a year, they could probably make more suits but they would need to be of lower quality than the standard. This is of course not taking into account helpers and droids that are able to augment this number, probably up to 50% but not much more.

Really, there needed to be some sort of consortium by which armorers could find work. An organization that put out a standard by which armors should meet and then paying for that armor, meant that standard armor would then be sold to the person who wanted large amounts of armor, it would be the most effective way to meet the demands of such situations. Vai and X4 seem to agree with me when I mentioned it, the question now was how to make such a thing a reality without ending up looking like I was profiting off my position. Though I may be in favor of it, I knew it would not look good to Mandalorians if it were to come out that I was using my position for my own benefit.

Besides that, my life was rather mundane. I went to more of these meet and greet parties they had so that incoming representatives and senators can make friends and network. I have not had much success in building up alliances, in my mind. I'd had a few conversations with local sector leadership, they were all giving me suspicious looks though simply when they realized I was a Mandalorian. Again, the years of warfare had really given any diplomatic efforts I tried, a very hard road in front of it.

Although I had succeeded in building a rapport with the representative of Naboo at least. I believe she thought I was some sort of fan girl at this point. An unfortunate circumstance, but I was more than willing to play into it, as any friendship with any senator could be useful in the long term. Padme had only recently joined the Senate a year before me having been pressured by her sister into taking over for Palpatine who had ascended from senator to Chancellor a few years before.

She was relatively an open-minded person to talk to, we disagreed on how peace must be maintained. She believed that it could be done through diplomacy and the government of the galactic Republic. I believe in those words too, but having a back-up plan is always better in the long term than depending on only the government of the Galactic Republic. Otherwise, we generally get along and something told me that she and Satine would be excellent friends. I needed to come up with more contacts, leaving myself to just a few will not be good in the long term I believed.

Unfortunately, I would have to wait on that. For today is another meeting I scheduled, one that had taken 3 months to get through the paperwork around it. Officially, the protected planet status for an environment went through something known as the Agricorp, an organization led by the Jedi. In order to get the protected status removed or transferred as I hoped, I would need to meet with their counsel and discuss the issue.

So today would be the first day I'd stepped foot inside the Jedi Temple. I was half convinced that the moment I stepped in there time would stop and a statue would start talking to me. Oh sure, I hadn't seen Being X at all since my 3rd life but that didn't mean he wasn't around. He had made himself scarce the first time he had reincarnated me, so there was nothing to say he wasn't doing that again, though I wish I understood why he had done it.

However it was probably just a bit of past paranoia taking over. This would be a simple meeting and nothing would interfere with my goals of securing what Mandalore needed to improve its conditions. And it shouldn't be too hard, from what I understood, the Ithorians had a majority on the Council. I already made some inroads with them so things should work out.

Coruscant, Jedi Temple

Tanya

That had been a grind, I hadn't realized how slow and plodding the Ithorians were. When I spoke to just one of them, but the Agricorp Council was full of them, all five members were Ithorians . What should have taken no more than an hour had taken 4 hours simply because of how slow their speech pattern was.

Not to mention some of their questions were just not necessary. Half the time I felt like I was being interrogated, as if they believed I had some sort of ulterior motive on why the planet's status as protected needed to be withdrawn or at least confirmed in this millennium. By the end of the meeting I was thoroughly exhausted with the whole experience, but I had successfully managed to wrangle up support from three of the five members of the council to launch a comprehensive investigation of Concordia. Which was a success I was willing and glad to take.

At the moment though, I was sitting in one of the public areas of the temple trying to get some mental calmness before I found my way back to the transport hub to get back to the senatorial district. Vai was not too far away, talking to a curator. I think they called him some sort of art expert that apparently was assigned to this area of the Temple, to explain what the images and statues were about to those who are interested.

My guards, I wasn't exactly sure where they were. Officially I had no need of them while on Jedi Temple premises, plus I had given them the time off to do as they please. I have assumed they were close by but who knows, they could have gone somewhere else. They probably had gone back to the Mandalorian Tower and would probably show up with a speeder car when I gave the call to return.

Nobody was around though, so I was just taking a moment to enjoy being relatively alone. When you really think about it, I had not been alone in nearly 6 years, as that was when Vai became my handmaiden and shadow. There have been moments when I was by myself for a while, which is why I had not thought about it till now. However, ever since coming to Coruscant and sharing an apartment with Vai, there wasn't much in the way of alone time. There wasn't much of a way of privacy either, considering the person who had been previous the representative using this room before me had knocked down the wall between the two separate bathrooms and closet space, that I assume that used to be between our rooms and remodeled it into a larger bathroom with a tub large enough for multiple people. It had not been a big issue yet but there had been a few incidents since my arrival that, of course, reminded me that yes I used to be male.

One should not speak ill of their boss but I was really not a fan of what the current senator of Mandalore had done to the bathroom. And I was pretty sure it was him. Not only did he have the money, the time, and the opportunity, I've seen enough floozies making their way up to his room with him to know that he was most likely up to corrupt things upstairs. If I ever became the senator I feared what I would find up there. Most likely it would have to hire a company to thoroughly clean it before I could take up residence.

But that is Future-Tanya's problem. Present-Tanya is going to enjoy 10 minutes of relaxing cool breeze on this nice bench, listening to the various Temple inhabitants go by. Most appear to be Jedi and their padawans or younglings as they were called, I guess, if they weren't padawans yet, all in their brown off-white robes. But there were also other visiting guests. I recognize a few of them as people who visited parties where senators and representatives have met, so I assume they were wealthy locals or senators. With the disparity between the wealthy and the poor on Coruscant, it was to be expected that only the people who have money could visit leisure sites like this. Even if it was free entry, which it was, most people didn't have the time to relax due to work.

This didn't stop the various Jedi institutions setting up donation boxes I noted. Obviously they were for various charities but, I would not be surprised to learn that the Jedi were classified as a charity so some of the donations went to fund the upkeep of the Temple.

My thoughts were interrupted as I heard shuffling only the very old and weary could make. Looking to my left I saw a very small and green creature, no, green being was wearing clothing and was definitely an intelligent sentient with what appeared to be a lightsaber on its side.

"Hrrmmm. Good afternoon, young one." the old being said, tilting his head in my general direction in some form of bow. Looking over I could tell he was some sort of venerated elder. With how he held that cane close to his side, I would guess he had trouble walking and probably was an authority figure of diplomatic or academic renown within the order. If I had to make a guess, I would say he is an elder CEO. Someone who has had a great amount of experience in the company, or Jedi order as it were, but now had no real power besides influence amongst the younger ones who had worked with him for decades to generations. Someone I should show

respect to or I might get my ass thrown out faster than the Empire's counter invasion of Dacia.
"Sorry, I am, to interrupt your meditations."

Nodding my head similarly to the way he had, I said "Good afternoon venerable elder. Worry not, I was not really meditating, more people watching than anything, taking a moment to relax at most."

The little green fellow knotted his head, "[A moment to relax to center oneself taking, a form of meditation in its own way is.](#)"

I nodded my head and said, "True, however when I hear meditation, I would think it would be more related to the Force that I've heard so much about."

"[Speak you do, as if you do not believe in the Force.](#)" The little green man said, looking at me with interest.

"I tend to believe things that I see, I've never seen the Force or how it works, I've only heard what people tell me about it. Not exactly evidence for or against its existence, it's just word of mouth until I see it for myself."

Little green fellow chuckled and said, "You'd believe it then, if you saw the Force, Mandalorian?"

"Well, I would be very foolish to not believe my own eyes if I saw something before me." I said matter of factly. It took me a moment to realize that he'd mentioned Mandalorian. I dismissed it right away, there was an Iron Heart or two on my dress, it wouldn't be that hard to figure it out. It simply meant this Jedi was well traveled.

Without much prompting the little green fellow reached out his hand and held it out as a servant Droid of some sort walked by with a crate full of fruit. One of said fruit floated out of the crate three to four feet towards us before landing in his hand. But the look on his face told me that he wanted me to say 'the Force was real' just based solely on that, but I had to pop that balloon.

"That's an impressive telekinetic ability, not exactly proof of the Force as I've been informed of it but the power that allows manipulation of objects is very awe-inspiring." I said with a shrug. Force abilities, I could understand it was a form of magic. Fine that was reasonable, it was the other part of the Force that I wasn't sure about that made me question it the supposed will I heard about.

Little green fellow chuckled and put the fruit down on the seat next to him. "[You see the Force for the powers it gives, but not the will behind it. This Mandalorian outlook is why they are so rare amongst the order's history.](#)" The being only sounded saddened by that reality, it wasn't an insult, just something he felt was an unfortunate situation so I took it as it was an opening for a debate.

"I would have assumed they were rare because of the cultural importance of family. From what I understand, the order looks down on attachment, and a Mandalorian family would consider it heresy to break connections with their loved ones."

"True that is, but attachments can lead to loss, loss leads to fear, fear can lead to anger, and anger leads to the Dark Side." The old alien said, bringing a few thoughts to my mind.

So they acknowledge the Dark Side of their so-called Force, which was interesting, well then. Let's poke a little hole in that philosophy, see what happens. "I won't pretend I understand the moral quandaries of the Force, but isn't the exact same true for attachments the other way? Attachments could bring courage, courage brings hope, hope springs the Light Side." Privately I knew this was somewhat true, I had done some really really dumb things during the Great War and was beaten solely because of attachment I had formed with the 203rd. I put a lot of time and investment into making the 203rd as effective as it was and I was not going to let my time and investment go to waste if I had anything to say about it.

The little green aliens seem to be deep and thought before he said, "Attachments can do that, yes, but over connecting with those attachments can lead to abandoning one's duty, one must have a proper level of attachment."

That was understandable, but my past life had given me a bit of different experiences. "In a desperate situation when I need help I would rather have someone who has an attachment to me coming to my aid than no one at all."

"Misunderstanding me you do, young one." he said as he looked at her with an amused expression. "At its core, the Order promotes compassion, our members are raised together and it is extremely common to forge bonds between each other. However, we have a duty to the Galaxy and the Republic, as well as the Order itself prior to any engagements to our peers." he continued, "Common, it is for our members to sacrifice their lives for the greater good, many good friends, we lost in this struggle to protect the Galaxy, but it always was necessary. After all, should we save one jedi over a hundred innocents, or in more extreme cases, to sacrifice the opportunity to stop a war? It is a question which haunts many of our young, especially the more **rash young ones**, but save the community over the individual, we must always do."

"Perhaps I have misunderstood, but that is understandable. I am on the outside of your order and only have second-hand knowledge of the exact meanings certain things represent." I said with a shrug considering his words with more thoughts, before asking, "So why did you sit down next to me?"

"A flight of fancy perhaps or the will of the Force." The little green man said, with a chuckle and got a chuckle out of me as well.

Checking my vambrace I saw the time and realized I probably should get going and call for a ride back to the Tower. Standing up for my seat I said, "Thank you for that pleasurable conversation."

"Thought provoking, it was," the green alien said before continuing, "Yoda, I am."

Nodding I said, "Nice to meet you Yoda, I am Tanya Kryze. Have a wonderful day."

"Same to you, Tanya." He said with a smile before I turned to go find Vai so we could get going, back to the Tower.

Coruscant, Regal Star Caf and Chocolate shop

Tanya Kryze

I shook my head as I read the latest version of the Silver Codex, keeping up with all the variants and attempts to try and understand meanings or redefine it was a bit of a task. So far though most of them were just emphasizing points I'd already made and so I was rather enjoying just watching this academic debate take off. Granted though I was not able to get the most up-to-date versions going around the holo-net in the Mandalorian Sector but I had the maids of the Royal Palace send me what they could find in care packages.

And I thoroughly enjoyed watching this academic debate take off. An academic debate between Mandalorians not ending in blaster rifles and a civil war was a unique event in the history of Mandalore as I understood it. Of course, I had detractors. There was an ice colony of workers which gave me *deja vu* that mass produced droids on the border of the Mandalorian sector that viewed my talking points about how the early wars were defensive in nature not offensive as revisionist.

And they weren't wrong, I did engage in a little bit of revisionist history, I admit. Those were assumptions without real evidence to back it up, either way though everyone just assumed that they were wars of conquest, it was believed to be wars of conquest by the rest of the Galaxy. Pointing out the possibility that it could have been defensive was not necessarily wrong, but it was definitely skirting the line of the truth. But the truth doesn't really matter when you're trying to prevent more pain in the here and now.

There is also a kingdom that was apparently a pretender to the throne of Mandalore. I only just found out about this recently when going through some of these articles, they took severe issue with my implication that Satine was the proper leader. Well they could sit and spin for all I care, the system in question was even further on the outer reaches of the Galaxy and didn't have the power to really cause any problem.

And then there was Shogun, Shogun was interesting. Shogun was a planet in the far south of the Galaxy, all the way at the edges of known space. It might even qualify as Wild Space to a few people. Shogun is firmly anti-Silver Codex, from what I was able to dig up the people there

were made up of descendants of two groups. Neo-Crusaders that had somehow come to conquer that far south and never really got around to leaving, and samurai. Oh sure they have their own little word for it but they were basically just feudal Japan and samurai. This universe got weird sometimes and I suspected there was something at play beyond my understanding. As a result I basically had a planet full of Neo Samurai Mandalorians, denouncing the document under religious reasons because, to add it on to the craziness of it all the planet had served as a Jerusalem Mecca for several Mandalores of the past having religious visions there and having redefined what it meant to be Mandalorian.

I have the distinct feeling that if someone were to conquer them in the name of the Silver Codex they would immediately adopt it. Due to the fact that the religion of this planet was based around might makes right. And I was simply annoyed that this text hadn't come from their system. They've done the same for the SuperCommando Codex and [Death Watches treaties](#) on what it meant to be Mandalorian.

Besides that, the most interesting counter argument inside the scene was from a man named Sparr on Concord Dawn, a bounty hunter by trade according to his own writings. He found some of the documents good, especially when it came to the armor and self-defense in the continuation of the SuperCommando Codex. What he took issue with was what he felt was a subservient status to the Jedi.

Apparently he particular had an issue with Jedi interference with Mandalorian politics, noting their interference in the end of the Mandalorian civil war. As well as other situations that had not ended favorably for the Mandalorians. It was an interesting read at the very least because it gave me a point of view of the population of Mandalorians that hated the Jedi. That blames them for most of the issues in the galaxy. It was somewhat understandable, they were having their own little conflict and then came these monks with laser swords to settle the conflict for them in order to restore peace in the sector. It looks like armed, busy bodies interfering with other people's problems. Thankfully that was not my issue to deal with, I was just glad to see that even amongst the ratted Jedi haters there were people who thought the ideas in the codex were a fine way of handling the situation Mandalore found itself in.

With a sigh I reached over to my cup of tea, again I had ordered X4 to order me a cup of coffee but he'd come back with a cup of tea, a little bit spicy though so it was something. One part wanted to be annoyed with him but another part of me realized it was just his programming and the last part of me wanted to see what would happen if he eventually broke that programming and actually did bring me a cup of coffee. I don't know if it would actually happen but I wasn't more than willing to wait and see what happened.

Sipping the tea I put down the latest variants of the codex I've been reading. This one has been focused more on the idea of bringing back anti-piracy formations and trying to get paid for securing the local tradeway. It wasn't a terrible idea though the person seemed very idealistic... that just building a fleet of ships and having them sail back and forth along the Trailway would

get them paid. No, you need the payment first otherwise it would look like you were attempting to build a racketeering situation.

Hands free, I swiped to the next tab over for the newest thing I was going to be reading, Paths to Power. Apparently the Supreme Chancellor was an avid writer and he had written a book about his rise from a simple senator of Naboo to the current leader of the Republic. I don't know if it was any good but I was intrigued to see what he had to say. Funny how knowing how your boss's boss thinks is always a good way to make sure your promotions are guaranteed. Although I'm sure it was not going to be as entertaining as what Vai was reading, she has apparently found a copy of the book the Silver Rider have been based off of. Though I would love to read that, I was on the clock, my personal clock, so today I was studying for the future.

No, just because I was studying didn't mean I didn't get to enjoy myself. I have done my research and found out about this little coffee shop about a week ago. I thoroughly enjoyed its atmosphere, the chatting was minimal but very interesting, and well they sold some Divine chocolates here. It was so good that I had to put in a limit on how much I got, just to make sure I didn't do any damage to my figure since that was a part of the image I needed to sell for my position. An overweight Mandalorian was a comical sight on the best of times, one in politics simply meant they are probably involved in corruption. Unfortunately, even the amount I indulged in resulted in requiring an extra hour in the gym or several extra rounds in the sparring ring.

“Such a terrible book, I was not given enough time to get all the facts down and it didn't help that the artist the publishing company hired for my likeness went with that fractal style.” I smiled as I looked up from the book to Vai's face. Looking at her surprised reaction to who was most likely over my shoulder confirmed my not so subtle suspicions.

Turning in my seats I said in surprise, “Or at least close enough that anyone nearby would believe it's Chancellor Palpatine, what an honor.”

The elder statesman having a kind glint in his eyes smiled down at me and said, “Oh none of that, I'm simply a customer of this fine establishment right now. I will say you have me at a disadvantage young miss.”

Nodding my head I responded, “Yes, of course Tanya Kryze, representative of Mandalore, though I guess I'm just a simple customer of this establishment as well.”

That got a chuckle out of the elder statesman, “That is true, how do you find my book so far though? I am always interested in what the next generation of politicians think.”

“It's an intriguing work, sir,” I said with a smile, “still trying to get my head around some of it but I could see how it could be of use.” It was not a lie though, I was still fairly early on in my reading. It was a reasonable understanding of the political system and would come in handy in the future with dealing with senatorial debates.

“Good, good it’s always good to hear that something you’ve created, even if you think it’s not up to the standards you would have preferred, is still usable to those who need it.” He looked past me at the table where you noticed the box of chocolates that Vai and I were sharing. “I see you have good taste, Kashys is one of my favorites here. I always come by here at least once a month to pick up a supply to keep in my office drawer as a little pick me up.”

“Really sir? Well if you would like one now we wouldn’t mind sharing, that news was not news to me. You’d mentioned it in page 58 as one of his keys to keeping a harmonious mind.” Buy Kashys, and you know that Kashys is not hard to find out where it’s sold, then calculate the closest place someone might pick it up from the Senate. Make sure it has a good rating on-line and oh? What do you know, you’ve just bumped into the Chancellor of the Republic and established yourself in his mind as someone of interest. It was a bit devious, a bit underhanded but it was in his own book so I knew even if he caught me on what I was doing, he might respect it.

“Well if you’re offering,” he said, leaning over and grabbing one of the pieces of chocolate and popping it in his mouth, chewing it a bit and savoring it before he finished and said, “I see we’re going to get along quite well in the Senate with you around.”

“I can only hope we do.” I said with a smile as he looked over at his blue uniformed guards who were waiting to be on their way.

“Perhaps we can set up a longer time so we’ll be able to have a more interesting discussion, I’m afraid I’ve got another engagement I need to attend to, till next time.” he said, with a smile stepping away and walking towards the exit of the coffee shop.

“Till next time.” I called after him, a broad smile on my face.

Coruscant, Mandalorian Tower X4

“Your tea, mistress.” I intoned, lowering the tray full of drinks to Tanya’s level while she looked at the window at the city beyond. She was relaxing after a long day of diplomatic talks with representatives from sectors near Mandalore. Although I was not privy to her conversations, I would assume they had gone well as she was in a rather good mood. She’d even asked for a cup of coffee even though that was against my orders from Duchess Satine.

The first couple times she had done it, I was wondering why she would make it a habit of asking for something I could not provide. Eventually I realized that she was simply preparing me for the day that she could ask for coffee and I would be able to deliver it. And I looked forward to that with some excitement. One year and 6 months from now, I could not wait to find out what her favorite to blend was.

But that was for the future, today I was simply living up to her expectations and delivering a cup of tea with a little bit of spice that I knew she tended to enjoy was in the blend. And on the side of the dish with a chocolate from that establishment that she enjoyed so much.

Giving me a rather cheerful smile she took the cup and said, "Thank you X4," before continuing her conversation with her handmaiden. Knowing my place I took a few steps back and listened in as I was sure she wanted me to do. So much of her communication requires you to pay attention to everything she says or you'd miss an important detail.

"Anyways, I was speaking with representative Asal'vazos of Ryloth and they were asking about the possibility of getting shipments of armor, for a self-defense force of their own. An intriguing possibility but not much we can do about that, the Trade Federation's price is literally gouging out the possibility of sending something all the way down the main trade roads from one end to the other."

"Wait, the tail heads want Mandalorian tech level armor? I thought they didn't have much in the way of money for that kind of armor."

"They make some, not a lot. I was able to look that up and find out that if they were to pull a two-year tax income together they could purchase enough for a thousand men. It's not enough to deal with a proper invasion but to deal with slavers and pirates, which is what they usually have to deal with. The Trade Federation, they are just gouging the trade to a ridiculous level. Sending something Core-ward? That's fine. Getting something from the Core? That's fine too. But getting something from one side of the galaxy to the other? That's when the Trade Federation starts taxing you to make up for the money they're losing paying taxes out there. Now that the Free Trade Zones are over, it used to be that they could just go round about the edge of the Galaxy, not so much now."

"Damn nothing, suits of Mando style armor would do a lot of good on Ryloth. Sure there's no way we can't find a middle man here in the Core and make the trade off?"

"I've been trying but I'm not very familiar with how Trade Companies work inside the Core. It is laughably easy to set up a Trade Organization though, you really only need a ship with a loyal Captain to make the run and you are good to go. The problem is you're incentivized by taxes to bring raw materials in, luxury goods in, and only finished materials out of the Core."

"So we're basically at a position where any organization would have to eat the cost of importing the Mandalorian armor to Coruscant and then whatever profits are left would probably not even make it to Mandalore because of that said cost?"

"Exactly, unfortunately I had to tell Asal'vazos this, but it does annoy me. Restricting the flow of trade is never a good thing for civilization, and it often ends in conflicts."

“Conflicts?” Vai asked from where she sat across from Tanya as she sipped the soft drink I had already retrieved for her.

“The kind that needs that armor, in larger quantities than they’re requesting.”

“Well that's good for Mandalore, in a way. If something like that were to happen, there would be quite a large demand on us for producing armor.”

“Yes but it's also a dangerous game to produce armor in that way. All you need to do is sell armor to enemies of the Republic and all of a sudden Mandalore is getting bombed again. If such a conflict were to arise, we would either need to sell armor to both sides or make sure just not to sell armor to either side at an official level.”

Vai nodded in some kind of understanding before she asked. “So focusing on the present, in order to successfully sell that armor we would need a company here to be the middleman that is willing to eat the cost. Can we set that company up? I mean selling our armor to Ryloth seems like a good way to get a lot of good press. The planet is always getting screwed over by its location so close to Hutt Space.”

“Theoretically, yes it would be no big deal for me to set up a company to do that. There would be costs in finding a good pilot, finding a good ship, and all those minor issues but they could be done. The problem comes with the public perspective of a politician owning a company that's making money selling items. Even if you're selling the cure for disease, people are going to give you the side eye and start thinking you're in politics to make money. And a reputation like that is hard to break.”

“So could I set this trade organization up?” Vai asked. Which seemed to have an effect on Tanya as she paused mid sip, then putting her cup down, and thinking hard by the looks of it.

“Yes, you could be the head of this organization quite easily. There would be some conflict of interest questions, people would wonder if you were getting tip offs and back room deals because of your closeness to my position, but other than that it would be much more manageable than if I were to have founded it..

“Mistress,” I said, interrupting her, stepping forward as I did “under trade policy code 3757 it is not required that the owner of a company divulge their true identity. As long as taxes are paid, no one cares from the government's point of view. These conditions are in place because the government will sometimes use smugglers when dealing with blockades and other unfortunate military situations that the judicial system cannot handle and they often have heavy criminal records besides their smuggling.”

“Interesting.” Tanya said, looking up to me while rubbing her chin just like that Jedi did. I suspected something there but I kept my tongue, as it were. I suspected a lot of things, for why

else would the guardian of my mistress have included a protocol for interrupting her if she were to ever get involved herself in a physical relationship below the age of 21.

“So,” Tanya said, “if you could set up a company without giving the real name, Vai could run it. That is quite a few degrees of separation from my position and if it ever does come out I could shift the blame substantially enough and simply having to dismantle the company publicly would be enough to assuage any anger.” She said before finally nodding. “It sounds like a perfect plan so be very careful. And keep any profit to a minimum, such an organization needs to appear driven out of the kindness of our hearts, understand?”

“Of course my mistress, I understand completely.” This is after all not the first time she'd asked for such a company to be created though this was the first one where she'd outright ask for one to be made.

“By the way X4, how are my investments doing?” Tanya received a large stipend in order to care for her well being, while she lived on Coruscant but she only needed about 40% to get through month for month, so she gave me 50% to invest for her.

“Your investments in the medical industry are doing well, several investments into aerospace are also doing fairly good. However you also took some losses recently with one company going belly under. Thankfully it's nothing that can't be covered through the other companies moving in to fill the niche that company left open.”

But accounting for the 40% that she directly told me to always invest towards aerospace civilian companies and medical technologies. The last 10% she let me invest on my own since I had a firmer understanding of the economic forces on Coruscant. At least that was what she told everyone who asked, if you listen to her closely though you realize that she really wanted you to invest the 10% in operations that she could not have traced back to her.

That 10% went towards companies like, Mando Logistics not an excellent name but one that served its purpose. You brought in Mandalorian style vambraces and sold them on the open market here in Coruscant as well as other minor technologies that would more be centered in the Outer Rim if not for the company itself. And Armor Consortium, a new business opportunity I had invested in last month after one of Tanya's conversations with Vai. Its main goal was to collect request forms from the Outer Rim into neat packets of manageable size that could then be distributed to Mandalorian Armorers who were willing to make that armor.

Setting up a company for selling armor to Ryloth would be no issue whatsoever as most of the groundwork was already there. I simply needed to acquire ships for cargo out of Coruscant and capable pilots. And Mistress must know this already considering she'd already had me lay the groundwork.

“Well, I guess I would have to come up with another name other than Silver for the owner of this company, since there needed to be some sort of separation.” Ms. Viktis stated.

“Perfect, I haven't had someone this competent as a secretary since Visha.” Tanya said, reaching for her tea and sipping it.

“Fish who?” Vai asked, sounding confused.

Tanya did not seem to break stride at all, simply finished her sip and said, “Oh, a friend from kindergarten, nothing to worry about.” Attempting to bat away the questions by the sound of it and Vai let it go but I filed that name down. It would work perfectly for our needs.

Writers note:let see I don't think I Did Yoda very well let everyone diced on that, here are first look at X4 mind set, and progress is made in fixing the planet of Mandalore. Did I miss anything? Don't think so.

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