The problem with fortified bridges, of course, was the fortifications. Work’t turned to Mamere as swore loudly, reloading her slug throwers.

“Well, this plan is a kriff of an arse, Work’t!” She spat, yet more repeater turret fire coming down the corridor. It had started well enough, sneaking on board, hacking a few systems, venting out most of the crew. However, things had rapidly gone to Kist in a Wookie’s loincloth as soon as the bridge staff made their isolated circuit evident and what was meant to be an easy walk up with a crispy set of frozen bodies had turned into a shooting gallery.

Between the shield wall and turrets to the Ewok’s position lay half a dozen dead bodies, some crushed and some shot through by slugs. Unfortunately, the remaining crew was hiding out of mind crushing range and the turrets, fitted to Brotherhood standards by the Selene shipyards, were refitted to a standard that made it impossible to pull them out of the wall.

“What now?!” She said, eye twitching as another blaster shot skipped by their position at the junction.

“He’s working on it!” He snapped back. He ripped a collection of loose items from the floor of the room, spinning them out. His lips twitched upward under his helmet as someone screamed, just before his faceplate took a hit. He shot back into cover, face smoking.

“Good look.” Mamere said, hand on hip.

“Armour’s good, I wear it for a reason.” He said it with a straight face, despite the exposed Durasteel reinforcements now revealed under the burn scar. “He sure is taking his time.”

With a sense of dramatic timing, high up in the maintenance crawl ways, Tyk pulled the set of cables controlling the power grid.

“Finally!” The other two Ewok’s bellowed, charging down the corridor. Work’t threw a large chunk of steel plating, ripped out of a barricade they’d blown up earlier, straight down the corridor ahead of them, bouncing it along with The Force. The fire from the turrets bounced off right up until Mamere lobbed a grenade from each hand, one turret spritzing out as a burst of ion caressed it. The other stopped moving as adhesive slapped over it, locking it facing out into the void.

The remaining five rapidly got pulled apart, literally in one case. Work’t reached out, tearing limbs from sockets as Mamere threw down a CryoBan grenade, freezing two in place before blasting out another volley of shots from her twinned pistols. The bridge fell silent.

“Easy enough.” Work’t said, looking around. Tyk fell from the ceiling, access hatch hinging open to dislodge the young Ewok.

“Sure thing, old man.” He said, pulling his helmet free as atmosphere came back into the bridge at Mamere’s command. “That’s why half your face is gone?”

“He played tag with a blaster. He lost.” Mamere grunted, looking over and crossing her arms. She kept her helmet on to hide her smirk from Tyk.

“That said.” Work’t continued. “Let’s get this thing back to Zxyl. We’ve only got about an hour and a half left before it’s late.”

And so they did, delivering the Tartan-Class Patrol Cruiser and having killed one-hundred and thirty-two people to do so.