The air was thick and smelled of burnt metal, making Gevaar’s nose twitch slightly. The Protector pushed through the brush that surrounded the outer perimeter of the Rebel Base on Yavin 4. The time he’d spent moving slowly across the forest moon had allowed him to bypass most of the patrols with no confrontation.

The Dark Jedi closed his eyes, feeling the force flow through the very veins. It would slowly alter his surroundings and shroud him into a cloak that would conceal him from others. Gevaar would move past the brush, lightly moving from cover to cover until just outside of the large temple that was the Rebel Base. The boy reached back, his hand slipping behind him and smoothing over the Det-Charge that was tucked securely within his pack.

The feel of the material sliding over his fingers seemed to put him at ease, reassuring him that his mission still had purpose and could succeed. He continued forward, his feet touching down with the most precise and silent movements that he could muster. The invisible assassin was closing distance to his targets, the hangar bay opened and busy with personnel. He’d have to be quick or he’d be torn to shreds in an instant.

Gevaar pushed his back against the wall of the base, sliding across it slowly and quietly. It would be moments before he reached the hangar door, which he waited at for several moments before slipping inside and making his way into a dark shadowy corner of the hangar, located just behind a cluster of X-Wing fighters. He would start here, move his way through the hangar.

He reached into his det-charge pack and removed a device of his own design. The explosive was rigged to draw power from the shuttle itself, thus triggering upon ignition. He unrolled the explosive pad, which looked like a thick layer of cloth and pushed it against the bottom engine of the X-Wing. Moments later he’d be removing the connection wires from within the pad and lowering the panel to the X-Wing. Finding the power board in only moments he was able to slice into the power supply and set the charge to blow just a few minutes after the shuttle's engines powered.

The Protector would close the panel and proceed to the other fighters, repeating the process and patching into the X-Wings. The process would take more than an hour, with Gevaar moving as quickly as possible. Though once all the shuttles were primed for detonation, he was free to move to his primary objective.

The Dark Jedi slunk through several hall ways, consulting his wrist display for a sonar layout of the base until he came across the main control room. Filled to the brim with soldiers and generals responsible for leading the Rebel Alliance. He removed his last Det-Charge, seemingly larger than the others which he’d slide slowly towards the main server hub.

With the bustle of the soldiers and men around him, he was able to slowly patch into the server and attach the power connection to the server. Though since it was already powered on the charge would arm immediately. This gave Gevaar a very slim window. He placed the patch across the top of the server to hide it before moving from cover to cover, attempting to avoid the walking paths of several soldiers as he finally made it into the hallway.

‘*Almost too eas..’*  he was thinking to himself as a soldier rounded the corner and crashed into him. Stumbling to the ground he would have disturbed the cloak field, shattering it and sending the soldier sprawling onto the ground confused.

Gevaar was upon the man in a heartbeat, his blade slicing across his throat to silence any scream that he might have uttered to alert the others. He hadn’t the time to hide the body, bursting into a full out sprint through the hallways. The soldiers he passed would offer a moments hesitation not hearing any alarms or shouting to stop him, assuming he was a member of their Alliance. He would quickly move past the X-Wings and through the Hangar doors.   
  
There was a precious few moments left as Gevaar lept into the brush as the first rumble of eruption rumbled from within the Rebel Base. Shouts and Alarms set off, sirens blaring as soldiers and pilots moved to their fighters. The Protector paced himself in his sprint towards his escape shuttle, knowing that the Death Star would be in range of the planet shortly and the last thing he wanted to be was on the planet when it was detonated.

As the fighters began to leave the hangar, they made it little more than a few hundred feet outside of the hangar before the charges on the engines would detonate in an amazing explosion that would sentence the pilot and the ship to a fiery crash within the forest. Each ship would continue to rocket out and then explode like bottle rockets until one, having idled too long inside of the hangar exploded sending a chain reaction throughout the hangar, sending a shockwave that nearly knocked Gevaar to the ground.

Turning around he’d see a large plume of smoke erupt over the trees in the direction of where the rebel base had once been. He turned to proceed his venture towards his shuttle when he came across a patrol hurrying back towards the base. Having spotted the sprinting assassin, they would immediately spread out and begin firing at the young boy.

“*That’s him! Blast him!”* The rebel commander shouted as a hail of blaster bolts rained upon him like a red shower from hell. Having taken cover behind a rather thick tree, he was able to claim stability at the moment.

He’d quickly push himself to the deck and make his way into the brush, cloaking himself once more as he attempted to flank the attacking soldiers. As they slowed down their rate of fire and attempted to encircle his perceived position, Gevaar was already behind them, his hand slipping up and activating a thermal detonator on the belt of one soldier.   
  
As that man detonated and exploded into bits Gevaar would already be upon the second and third, his blade moving into the first mans sternum while kicking the blaster rifle of the other causing him to fire at the fourth soldier, killing him. Removing his blade from the second he’d bring it into the neck of the third and dropped him.

With the patrol dispatched he had only a few more kilometers to sprint before he had reached his destination. The Protector continued on his sprint, checking his wrist communicator once more to find the remaining time he had to get the hell out of dodge before the Death Star fired upon the planet he was currently standing on.   
  
*‘Not Long.’* he groaned to himself as he finally spotted his shuttle in the distance. Only a few more moments would bring him into contact with the shuttle bay door. Releasing it, he would board it and quickly find his way to the cockpit, flipping on the nav-system and engine pre-ignitors. He’d set a course for the death star, and brought up the tracking system that was broadcast to his shuttle from the death star. It was only moments from being locked on.

His hand slammed into the throttle, lurching the Protector backwards and sending him deep rocketing upwards. Clenching onto the seat, the shuttle began to rock to and fro with enough force that Gevaar was sure that it was going to rock the flight chair loose from the manifold.   
  
A loud hum nearly deafened him shortly before an explosion that shook the shuttle with such force that the flight chair detached, also causing the systems to crash causing the lights to flicker and a red light to flash upon the ship. Gevaar felt his body slam into the deck ceiling then back into the floor. Blood began spilling from his mouth as he attempted to clutch onto something to stabilize him, though failed as another blast rocked the ship.

This sent the protector further sprawling into the wall, an impact which nearly crushed his rib-cage. A hand wrapped around his chest as his free hand gripped onto the lip of a work bench and held himself still. He was able to peer just outside to see the remnants of Yavin 4 drifting about space.

The shuttle would drift for only a few moments as the air support systems began to fail and the oxygen began to to seep from the hull, he let out another groan and attempted to pull himself to the nearest window as he saw a recovery shuttle crawling towards his position, realizing the relay beacon was still active on his shuttle. He let go of the panel and closed his eyes, allowing the force to flow through him, re-aligning the broken bone and tissue within his chest and healing the broken ribs. He was instantly able to breath easier once more, no longer needing to hold an arm over his chest as he waited for the recovery shuttle.