***Taking What Is Ours***

Zagro Fenn landed on the roof of the Royal Library undetected. The free-fall from the glider was the easy part; the crash landing was agony on the young Hapan’s knees. Too hard headed, Fenn thought.

It was imperative not to take this task as a suicide mission, yet the Krath Jedi Hunter was starting to get the impression his Master, Koryn Thraagus, was testing his resolve. That, or Fenn was still expendable as he had not yet attained knighthood. It was a known fact that the majority of Acclivis Draco was still embattled on Caina mopping up Fias Zhen’s dissident forces.

The assault on the Royal Library was a well-coordinated attack. As an ex-officer of the Hapan Royal Navy, Zagro understood the logic behind the mission. Fenn could not shake the feeling that insider knowledge and betrayal had allowed Xi Laren Shmno’s forces to breach the library with such ease and launching during the change of the guard.

Tactical appreciation aside, the Jedi Hunter had an objective to attain as he breached the exhaust shaft and crawled his way downward several levels to the subterranean firmament of the vast library. “This is my house, and I will protect it,” thought Fenn. The goal was the generator room. With all the vast tomes and archives to be protected and carted away Zagro doubted many of the enemy would think of the building’s infrastructure as a high value target. The short mindedness on the part of adversaries always intrigued and enhanced Fenn’s skills.

He easily snuck by two small patrols of guards. Clearly, they did not anticipate any further action once the library’s defenders were subdued. Within minutes the generator room was breached, the four monstrous machines churned out blllowous smoke and grease as they strained to heat the labyrinthine complex and keep the lights running. “Too easy,” thought Fenn. The master slicer spiked into the ancient machines’ rudimentary computer system and placed a jewel of a surprise for Shmno’s forces. He laughed slightly as he exited the room and climbed up an internal staircase.

From the computer uplink of the generators Zagro was able to get a simple schematic of what zones were on lock down. The key now, thought Fenn, was how to get the detained House Scholae Palatinae forces freedom of movement and access to a weapons cache. The armory was on the fourth level under heavy guard. He would have to time his next course of action to the second to ensure the plan would work as masterfully as he intended.

As tightly squeezed as the Hapan was in the next series of heating grates, he had access to his trusty data-link. Breaking down the firewalls of the complex was easy; he had helped design them once the House leadership knew of his gifts. Hacking into the library’s security cameras was almost instantaneous. “Looks like the troops number about 40 in good health with a standard 8 guard compliment. We will loose many, but enough will get through.”

With the analytical mind of a sage, Fenn calculated the enemy forces numbered perhaps 80 combatants remaining and an equal number of support staff removing all the archives and scrolls via six shuttles arrayed on the landing pad. “Thank the gods for the all-climate landing pad,” thought Fenn.

The next challenge was the access corridors and hallways. Working the sequence, Fenn was able to key in every location that contained the enemy. “Time to go.”

Zagro climbed further afield and doubled back towards the roof of the library. The fatal flaw, he knew, was not posting sentries or snipers on the roof. So sure of the dominance of the area and the displacement of the House Scholae personnel on Caina. Typing a quick coded message into his data-pad, Fenn opened a frequency. “Lieutenant Krell. Evacuation and cleanup in fifteen minutes would do perfectly.”

With that, all hell broke loose. In an instant Fenn locked down all rooms with enemy combatants. The pens holding the loyal forces silently opened and the detained personnel sprung on their guards as laser fire lashed out in earnest. The generators overheated and the exhaust vents locked down on all channels not directed towards the landing pad. The fireball was as massive as it was complete. The enemy shuttles and support crew moving tomes were roasted in an instant. Priceless manuscripts were lost to be sure, but not loyal lives.

Xi’s forces were in a panic. Many tried to shoot their way past the heavy durasteel reinforced doors. Some would even get through, but not enough. “Imperial forces, the access doors to the armory are open. Only four guards remain on that level. Local access to doors is now authorized for all HSP personnel. Take no unnecessary risk.” Fenn stated over the comms system.

As he walked casually upon the roof, Fenn spotted a lone shuttle followed by a flight of fighters approach his location. As the troop dropship hovered above the roof and teams of soldiers repelled down the lines Fenn smiled with contempt. “It is all yours. Try not to ruin my masterpiece. Xi is in the control room. Happy hunting.”