

*Dajorra System*  
*Far orbit of the moon Agenor*  
*Broken Blade*

“Sir, we have confirmation on the targets leaving hyperspace. High numbers of fighters and frigates in swarm formation. We are green for engagement.”

“Helmzmen, engage courze and begin tactical communicationz with the Valour’z Fall. Ready shieldz. Safety iz releazed; gunnerz at the ready.”

The Barabel towered in the middle of the bridge, hulking arms crossed over his rippling reptilian physique. His vice for intimidation and growling voice held the crew frozen for a moment before their hurried bodies hastened to complete their tasks. The tension within the ship began to peak. The bridge had a large viewing port that allowed near 180 degree visibility, the Valour’s Fall appearing to match the Broken Blade’s speed from the portside. It also gave them full view of the battle they were entering. Precious seconds of silence passed by with no conflict before the space about them was filled with streaks of flashing green.

The ship seemed to come alive in an instant, the gunners breathing life into the rapidly discharging cannons as they swept fighters left and right into explosive oblivion. The Corvettes weaved about one another as they sprayed their ammunition with well-timed execution. Their course made a spiraling path directly towards the Star Destroyer; ominous even against such odds.

A course correction was made for the synchronised ships and the spiral gradually became larger, a spatter of enemy craft falling to the onslaught of their armament.

“Sergeant, we are within range for maneuver.”

“Proceed.”

For a moment the ship quieted, its weaponry paused as the opposing vessels pulled away from one another. The vascular hum of the shields bursting to their limits reverberated through the bridge as the Broken Blade pulled into a rapid acceleration, arcing underneath the Star Destroyer with as much speed as they could manage.

“Valour’s Fall confirms hangar code retrieval. We are green for stage 2.”

The Barabel grunted in reply and the craft took a sweeping course to starboard, coming out from beneath the wedge of starcraft above. The Valour’s Fall kept itself level with the Broken Blade as they swooped in and out of each other in a figure eight fashion. The rapidity of the weapons returned to firing waves of streaking turbolasers as they crested the apex of the

formation. Void Squadron swarmed through the path cleared by the pair of Corvettes and soon Dassac's forces were too busy for their minds to be occupied by their presence. The viewing port of the Broken Blade showed constant bursts of viciously coloured bolts spraying about the area, debris dotting the battlefield like floating monuments. The Corvettes made the apex of the maneuver, guns flaring at nearby fighters before the engines flared for a moment. The craft swooped down to the heavily armed starboard of the Star Destroyer, preparing to the throttle to decelerate to entire the hangar with perfect timing. The crew could handle it, but what came next was more tricky. Two of Styx's operatives had been tasked with freeing the hangar of all but Arconan personnel. Without a sweep, heavy weapons specialists would be there to greet them with a fiery end - an outcome nobody wanted. Zakath allowed himself a long, slow breath as the hangar came into view.

*You're there waiting, bozz. I swear, if you're late, I'll-*

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--[<>]--

*Dassac's Capital Ship Carrier  
Inferno  
Hyperspace*

And of course, he was.

Or more correctly, *they* were late.

It had taken every possible connection and favour to get them aboard two days before the Perdution forces were close enough to be pulled from hyperspace. Some took bribes, others demanded alliances and one in particular merely wanted to take their ship on a joyride. Regardless of the consequences, Myrji made it on board with Adem; the Knight was already at his limit.

On at least three separate occasions, their cover had almost been blown. He had been warned repeatedly of the likely consequences of deep cover: discovery, torture, death. The Umbaran accepted them without a thought, his mind racing, his fingers itching at the chance to harness his skills and test his capabilities.

The reality was far more boring. Generally, they spoke to no one without needing to, found clothes, weapons and sustenance with complete secrecy. There were no opportunities to conceive a character, a backstory or even a funny story. Just a lot of waiting. Waiting in maintenance rooms, sleeping in ventilation shafts, even hiding in the cockpits of quiet craft whilst they monitored the hangar. Or, at least, that's what Myrji told him.

The simplest shift in air current seemed to set off his impulses. One minute they would be sitting quietly, then suddenly the Miraluka was dragging them through the complex hallways, wandering until their calves burned and then pulling them somewhere else. Or they'd be sat eating what rations they could steal in peace when he'd furiously begin to clean the entire room, encouraging the Knight to do the same. Two days became an endless repeat of inexplicable orders and when asked for some kind of reasoning he'd say 'Just trying to keep them on their toes.' He never explained exactly who he meant.

As they were patrolling after a hurried nap, Adem found himself following a rather excitable Myrji. Fighting drowsiness, the Umbaran had to concentrate to keep up with him. He called out to the Miraluka grudgingly before lowering his voice.

"Boss. Boss. Where are we going, do we have new orders?"

"Nope."

They walked in silence down the empty corridor.

"But then why-"

"Can't you feel it? Open your senses - we're almost there, come on."

The Mystic turned sharply into a large conference room, the lights flickering to life as they entered. Myrji immediately dived underneath the oval table, the chairs shuffling out of the way as he made his way.

"Aha! Here we go, dress up time!"

Two large sacks planted themselves atop the table before the Miraluka scrambled out. They each took out a sack and the Umbaran let out a quiet mew of dissent.

"Where did you get these- they stink!"

The Mystic sighed, already stripped to the waist. "This way there are fewer questions. Someone is less likely to challenge you for their clothes if they're not wearing them, right? It's our job to go through people's laundry, right?"

The Umbaran frowned deeply and begrudgingly began to change. When they were done, they cut the perfect appearance of One Sith pilots- complete with helmet. Myrji tossed the Knight his saber and slid his own into a blaster holster. Adem looked at the silvery hilt before sliding it into his own holster. A tremble ran through him, though not from fear as his head snapped toward the Miraluka.

"I can feel the Fleet. All of them. We're so close now, do you think it will be soon-"

The whole ship groaned and shuddered so violently that the lights flashed on and off - a worrying sign on such a large ship. When the light returned, it was amber and accompanied by a loud klaxon. Myrji had been shaken to the floor, his face an expression of dismay. Before the Knight had time to speak, the Miraluka had returned to his feet and was pulling Adem through the door.

*“Osik! We’re frakking late!”*

They ran as fast as they could now, passing small groups of hurried crew members that originally they had hidden from at all costs. The pair rounded a corner and swore in unison; an officer with four subordinates hurrying down the corridor towards them.

*Krif, corridor to the left- they’re headed to the turbolift too!*

The duo casually sped up and rounded the corner to see a larger group of crewmen rushing towards them from ahead and darted into the turbolift. The door closed and the pair exhaled, allowing their hearts a few moments to return to their normal pace. The turbolift took no time at all to reach the hangar; the pair had scouted out the ship well. Everywhere they went, there was always a nearby route that got them to the hangar in under a minute. Adem had even gone as far as to dowse the few crew members he saw repetitively and monitored their general movements to get an accurate distance with which they could move. The particular turbolift they had taken was also a pleasing find; it opened immediately on the hangar that their objective depended on. They shared the only fresh fruit ration they could find in celebration.

Myrji practically leapt out of the turbolift as it opened and ran straight into something. The usually large opening to the hangar was closed. The Miraluka tentatively touched the panel, his senses stretching to the other side as he processed. Adem stood with his mouth agape, his clear eyes wide.

“Great. That’s just-”

The Mystic kicked at the door repeatedly, his helmet nearly shaken from his head before the Umbaran forcibly stopped him.

“C’mon boss, there has to be a way around this. There is no way in *karkking hell* that a *door* is going to stop us. Or are we not members of Styx? We can *fix* this.”

He said the last sentence through clenched teeth. Myrji’s sensitivity to whispers from the Force had kept them alive and out of the reach of the crew, and though the Umbaran didn’t quite believe there really was a way to get around the blast doors, he knew that with the Force there was a way. He just needed to inspire it.

The Miraluka’s head bowed for a moment before nodding. He took a deep breath and shook himself, quite literally, to set the negativity free and Adem quietly noted how emotionally simple his leader was.

“Okay, we need a way to get in. First, let’s think of something conventional.”

“Uhh, we get in through the vents.”

“Takes too long to map out and we could get lost. Something we can control?”

“Hmm- we could manipulate an officer or someone with override access into opening the hangar for us?”

Myrji tilted his head and crossed his arms, “We don’t have access to any of the crew’s files to find out - they’d find out we were looking. The only other way to use someone is if an officer walks around the corner at the end of this sentence.”

The pair looked around for a few moments before giving up.

“The only thing left is something outside of the box. Hmm, let me think, what would make the doors want to open...”

Adem removed his helmet, his expression mischievous, “Fire.”

The Umbaran walked to the blast door and rested his head upon the cold surface. The Force sprang to life within him and immediately the hangar became an amassment of connections to every object or lifeform within. Gradually and with a concentrated effort, he narrowed down the connections to something that he could use. He awoke from his trance with a lopsided grin.

“Tibanna gas canisters will do with a bit of manipulation. No one is really paying attention.”

The Miraluka looked at the door, “But doesn’t fire usually make these doors close?”

“Yup. And frightened people are the ones that make these doors open. Trust me, I can make it work.”

The Miraluka stayed very still for a moment before also pulling off his helmet and grinning, “How can I help?”

Less than thirty seconds later, they had a plan. The Force ran strong through them as Adem wove his illusion. Small and dark at first, it grew from the shadows of the gas canisters, its face unspeakably frightening as it attracted the attention of the few crew members within. It took only a minor suggestion from Myrji for one of the stupid ones to shoot at it and soon it was transformed. The flames seemed to fill it and twist it into something predatorial, its form towering to the ceiling and shining an unnatural light.

It was a technician that pressed the emergency release and the phantom disappeared with the rushing air, the flames changing to a droid firing extinguishing fluid onto the canisters. The dumbfounded faces gave plenty of time to knock them unconscious.

Once the blast doors were resealed, Myrji kicked his feet together in joy and handed Adem a long, thin data spike.

"I feel I should bestow upon thee the tool of completion for our objective," the Miraluka bowed before handing it over and, to his delight, the Umbaran received it halfway through an even more elaborate one. He walked over to a control panel and entered the spike.

A great shudder ran through the Force and the pair turned. A dark figure illuminated by an orange saber streaked over Myrji, the strike missing by inches as he followed the Force's warnings by the letter. He spun behind her, the momentum aiding a kick to her abdomen- but she defended it solidly and sprang backward into a combat stance. Adem froze. She was a Twi'lek, orange and dressed in a shiny bodysuit. It was a sight to behold, both beautiful and deadly. She turned to face the Umbaran and suddenly he remembered, scrambling to place the dataspikes. The throng of a saber caught his ear and he braced himself as the data spike began to infiltrate the hangar's shields.

A crackling impact drowned out the sound of the saber and was followed by a high-pitched yelp. Adem refused to turn, aiding the data spike to lower the shields. It was only when he was sure it was complete that he turned around, a saber of quicksilver drawn.

Myrji had disarmed her and they were engaged in close combat. The female dodged every leg strike thrown her way, an indigo energy crackling about his legs but there was something more. She seemed sluggish, dodging by the space of a breath, the fear in her eyes coming stronger as she abandoned the desire to attack. She just wanted to get away. The Umbaran watched in morbid curiosity as he watched the Miraluka gradually gain speed in his strikes, blows battering the defending Acolyte. Suddenly, the long haired man paused after kick to the chest, his head tilted as if listening for something. The female pulled her saber to her and swung for his head, an arc of orange for a guillotine.

A second hum met the first as a blade of yellow swept it aside as the Knight twisted in midair to end the battle for good.

Then the ships arrived.

Their trip into the hangar itself, though well-timed with its deceleration, was rocky with the swarming fighters. As the ships burst through one at a time, the heat from the vaporised bolts send a wave of scalding air through the room.

The wave caused the Knight to blink, the Twi'lek just shy of closing her eyes. Then it was gone and Adem surged the Force through his body willing it forward to strike - when he realised Myrji was there. His hair was pulled back by the sheer speed he was moving, his

knee perfectly tucked as it connected with her chin. She flew back gracefully into unconsciousness.

The Knight holstered his saber and clapped sarcastically.

“You could have just worn her out.”

“But she cut my hair.”

In five minutes the hangar was secure, swarming with Arconan personnel. Soulfire led small individual teams in formation, ready to engage on the internal assault.

Zakath gave orders to the few security forces on board the Broken Blade and Lonewolf helped oversee munitions from within the ship.

Four figures walked towards the pair, Strategos and Wuntila on one side and Celahir and Sashar on the other. Myrjis face turned blank as he regarded them before repeating Adem’s intricate bow from before. A bag hit him squarely on the head with two shoes.

“Clothes. Shoes. Next time don’t be late, my infantile Apprentice.”

His cloak swished behind him as he returned to the ship.

“Is he just going back to the ship now?” Celahir jerked a thumb in the Adept’s direction.

“Pretty much. He’s already given me my performance report- hey, don’t laugh Bol’era!”

Wun grunted, the corners of his mouth raised but the Soulfirians remained baffled. Sashar stepped forward, his eyes cold and distant.

“Regardless of the means, good job. We’ll take it from here.”

Celahir nodded, the blue hilt of his saber grasped tightly within his hand. “Let’s find our Rollmaster, shall we?”