*Day of the Jackal*

“There, he is there.” The chatter of the comlink echoed off the walls of the small cockpit. Mauro Wynter inhaled heavily from the respirator attached to his helmet, and for once felt how restricting the TIE flight suit model had become. He silently flicked on the arming mechanism and took up position behind his wingman. Behind, high, and to the right.

“Thank you Syla, you have a positive confirmation?” asked Wynter. He trusted his partner instinctually, the pair had spent close to a decade together. He owed his life to the female Zabrak. As she surely owed her freedom to him.

“He is there, that Sith scum, Rexel Terrik is there!” Syla spoke with a malice out of place. It was not this man she hated, it was what he represented. Slavers. She was once a slave, and worse, at the hands of ruthless and corrupt Imperials. Her yearning for revenge was unlike many others. Then again, few women were like the Nightsisters of Dathomir.

Rexel Terrik, the infamous leader of the slaver-pirates of Kiast. They had been a thorn in the side of Clan Odan-Urr for as far back as when they entered the system. Here, though, he would be brought low. The relentless hunting by the Odanites had reduced his ranks, starved him of recruits and lucrative targets. He was now alone, hiding, and apparently out of trump cards to play. Still, the Odanites had paid heavily in men and credits for information of his hideaway.

The pair of TIE/sa Bombers prepared for their attack run. Terrik was clever, for no energy readings came from the asteroid formation. No flickering of defensive cannons or turrets came to life. Further, no engines were priming to allow a getaway for the rogue. No, there would be no more running for Rexel Terrik.

The fact was not lost on Wynter or Tanos that they were sent on this mission. The principled and honorable Odanites were against assassinations officially. The fact that they kept many mercenaries such as themselves on the payroll was a sure voice safe for their own conduct. They would do the killing that the Jedi and the military could not.

“Syla, prime seismic charges. We launch a staggered thirty second interval. When ready, bank hard right and come around. Hit the asteroid coming from a starboard approach. I will remain on target and hit whatever remains.” Spoke Wynter in a commanding tone. He watched as the Nightsister’s TIE/sa Bomber swung around hard and began her attack run.

Mauro considered this would method of systematic bombing would require pinpoint precision or he would be the one vaporized. He prayed his timing was correct and he would arrive at the blast zone right when the seismic shockwaves dissipated and the rubble of the asteroid had fanned out enough for his ordnance to finish the job of leaving no evidence behind. His thought, like so many other things, ended when he saw the asteroid complex ripped apart.

Syla’s charges met their mark admirably, guided surely by the Nightsister’s arcane abilities. Mauro checked his guidance system and angled around the trajectory of minor debris. He pulled up hard on his controls, angling to be above the blast zone and to launch his cluster bombs before meeting up with Syla and returning to base. Eyeing closely the guidance display, he triggered the release mechanism and went full on the throttle to escape the blast. In seconds nothing was left of the debris but space sand.