**‘Dark’ Sector, officially Sector 999**

**Chyron**

It was not hard to see why the Dark Sector got its name. As Chyron’s orbit around Perune took it away from the light and heat of Caelus, most of the moon became covered in criss-crosses of artificial light. The Dark Sector, however, became a no-go area as its numerous alleys and thoroughfares, their local lighting long since vandalised, were plunged into darkness.

Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj felt glad he was both armed to the teeth and accompanied by a squad of Taldryan’s best soldiers.

“I’m glad we’re with you, sir. When we heard we were with a Mimosa, we thought we were going to get *Ms*. Mimosa. I wouldn’t want to be with her in a darkened room,” one of the higher ranking soldiers, a middle-aged Human male called Sram, stated.

“Trust me. *I* wouldn’t want to be with her in a darkened room. And it’s Mimosa-Inahj,” Andrelious answered.

“So. What’s the plan here?” another soldier asked.

“Simple. We hit that warehouse. We take everyone inside into custody, and get them back to the fleet. Lethal force is authorised, ” Sram explained.

“I don’t expect we’ll get many survivors. We don’t know much about Vishes, but I suspect we’ll be dealing with little more than common thugs. Their kind aren’t generally very useful when it comes to interrogation,” Andrelious added.

“We need to just hit them hard then?” a Zabrak soldier adorned with explosives questioned.

“One of my contacts is about to slice into the powergrid and take out the lights. When that happens, I need you to blow the main door, and get smoke bombs to screen our entrance. Nothing particularly clever today, just watch yourselves. I’m still half expecting for this entire operation to be a trap,” Mimosa-Inahj stated.

**-x­-**

Swil Phift positioned himself so that he could see both the warehouse and the nearest power relay. As his datapad started cracking the security algorithms that were supposed to protect Perune’s powergrid, the young man took a moment to sweep the area around his allies with the help of his sniper rifle’s powerful scope.

“I’ll be in shortly. The locals are using a Galactic Civil War era protocol on their systems. I won’t be half surprised if I can shut the entire moon down!” Swil whispered into his comlink.

“I’m sure you can, but don’t. Just the warehouse will do, Swil!” Andrelious’ voice replied.

“Do you want me to dig around for anything once I’ve turned the lights off?” the slicer asked.

“Once we’re in, you’re free to do whatever you like, just remain on coms and be ready to cover us if things go wrong. Hopefully I will be able to handle any intelligence gathering myself,” the Rollmaster responded.

Swil rolled his eyes.

He knew Andrelious well enough to be sure exactly what his superior’s ‘intelligence gathering’ would comprise.

**-x-**

“So we’re agreed? Ten thousand credits per box,” a male Twi’lek stated as he puffed on a cigarra.

“And you’re sure these are the remains of the *Bastion*? Good Imperial quality parts?” a female Human questioned.

“Of course. Why do you even want them? The ***Bastion*** was lost to the Imperials years ago. You’re not seriously trying to rebuild a whole Star Destroyer?”

The Human smirked. “I understood that there’d be no questioning of my motives. All I’m going to say is that these kinds of parts are very sought after elsewhere,”

The Twi’lek took another long drag. “You’re going to try to get this stuff out of the system? Even with the Imps long retired you’ve still got to deal with their sons and daughters. Since that Escort Shuttle turned up a while ago, they’ve tripled security,”

“Seems like you have as well. You must have a dozen men guarding this place,” the female observed

“Can’t be too careful. You never know who’s watching,” the Twi’lek responded, moving over to one of the boxes. As he went to open it, the warehouse’s lighting suddenly went off, plunging the entire building into darkness.

**-x-**

“The lights are off! Get that door blown in!” Andrelious cried.

The demolitions specialist rigged the main door with a large detonation pack. Quickly moving behind cover, he pushed the button, before throwing a smoke bomb directly into the fireball.

Andrelious’ team charged in, each equipped with ‘night vision’ goggles and breathing apparatus to allow them to pass through the smoke safely. They fired their blasters almost continuously as they proceeded into the warehouse, cutting down several enemies who had been watching the entrance carefully. The Rollmaster, having waited a few moments for the worst of the cloud to clear, followed his men in, showing a little more caution.

“What is happening here?” a voice cried out from the midst of the darkened warehouse.

“You said this was safe! Time I got myself out of here!” another voice responded.

“Help us beat these bastards back and you can have the goods for half price!”

Although the initial charge had been successful for the Taldryanites, things became a lot more equal once the element of surprise had worn off. Three of their number were already dead, with another two wounded and unable to continue fighting.

“Medic! Get those two out of the firing line and do what you can!” Sram ordered.

“We need to gnet to the centre of these boxes. Whoever’s in charge here is directing things from there!” Andrelious added, shooting an enemy who had been unfortunate enough to attempt an ambush on the Sith.

Without further hesitation, the Rollmaster picked his way through the maze-like arrangement, the Force guiding him through the darkness. The fire fight continued all around him, with both criminal and soldier alike doing their best to both stay alive and defeat their enemy.

As he rounded a corner, Andrelious’ eyes were drawn to an almost constant stream of blaster fire. With what little light there was, he could see a Twi’lek standing back to back with a shorter Human, surrounded by half a dozen dead bodies. On the far side of the open area, a solitary Taldryan soldier took cover behind one of the larger crates.

“You will not take me alive!” the Twi’lek screamed, firing another salvo from his seemingly modified blaster rifle. Andrelious cursed as he took cover from the supercharged plasma.

*Next time I’m bringing my lightsaber. Slow and steady gets you killed!*

Remaining in cover, Mimosa-Inahj waited for an opening, but his enemy kept on continuing to fire.

“Sir. I’ve just spotted several speeders on their way in. I think our enemy has called for backup. What should I do?” Swil Phift’s voice questioned.

“Buy me as much time as you can. And get the lights back on. I want a clean exit from here!” Andrelious snapped into the comlink.

Swil didn’t respond; he was already likely carrying out his instructions. Sure enough, the warehouse’s lighting came back online, bathing the entire area with artificial yellow light. The sudden change caught a lot of the surviving fighters out, but Andrelious was ready. He tossed his E-11 on the floor, emerging from his cover position with his hands raised high in the air.

“Alright. Enough. I don’t know what you’ve done with that blaster but I’m not risking my neck here,” the Sith stated, subtly moving his fingers as he regarded the Twi’lek. His companion turned out to be a female dressed in slightly grubby military fatigues.

“You come here, disrupt my sale, kill most of my men, and now you’re asking me to go easy on you?” the Twi’lek questioned. “I think I’m just going to kill you and be done with it,”

The alien raised his weapon again, his finger starting to squeeze the trigger.

“You can’t. He’s unarmed. Besides he’s probably worth something to someone,” the female interrupted, apparently having spotted Andrelious’ wedding ring. She threw her blaster to the ground, motioning her colleague to do the same.

The Twi’lek placed his blaster down gently, as if not wanting to risk damaging the weapon. As soon as he started to move back to a standing position, he watched in horror as his blaster zipped through the air and into Andrelious’ hands. The SIth didn’t waste any time; he fired at his enemy’s legs, hyphens of energy immediately tearing through their targets’ flesh and bone.

“Now you two are going to talk to me. I want to know everything you know about Vishes,” Andrelious ordered.

“Fat chance of that. I’m not telling you anything!” the woman spat.

“Speech is not necessary,” the Sith replied, staring straight at the fallen female. Within moments, the dark side of the Force was worming its way through her brain, looking for anything of interest.

“You’re nothing to do with Vishes. You’re just here to buy things. Good quality Imperial parts. You were even going to try and swindle the locals. You won’t be missed!” Andrelious hissed, turning his attention to the Twi’lek, still deeply immersed within the Force.

“You, on the other hand. Vishes trusts you. You’re going to contribute a lot to Taldryan’s discussions,” the Sith stated, his eyes yellowing as the dark side coursed through him.

“Sir, the reinforcements will be with you in one minute. I’ve taken out several of the speeder pilots, but they’re proceeding on foot. There’s too many of them,” Swil declared.

“Tell your men to stay back,” the Rollmaster ordered, pointing the blaster at the Twi’lek’s head.

It was not a difficult decision for the criminal. The short, stocky Human could seemingly extract thoughts with little more than a stare, and his attack had been both tactically sound and well executed. As much as the oncoming reinforcements may have turned the tide, self-preservation was the order of day.

“Alright. Vishes may pay me well, but I’ve seen enough of you and your men. If I call the rest of my men off and come with you willingly, will you let my associate here go?” the Twi’lek questioned.

“Very well. She may go for now,” Andrelious agreed, turning to the woman. “Get yourself to a med centre. If you mention what happened here to anyone, I will find you myself,”

**-x-**

The Twi’lek was taken quickly into custody and escorted to one of Taldryan’s ships. Andrelious was quick to hand his prisoner over to intelligence agents specialised in interrogation, in spite of the alien’s seeming willingness to talk. For now, the Rollmaster had another, more important meeting.

“Did you learn much from our prisoner yet?” Rian Aslar asked.

“Something that may be of interest to you. He was selling parts of an Imperial-class Star Destroyer. From what I could get from their thoughts, there was once a Star Destroyer called the *Bastion*. It was probably the lead ship of the Imperial garrison here,” Andrelious explained.

“So what happened to it?” the Consul queried.

“Intel will find out. The warehouse we attacked this evening was full of good working Imperial parts. My guess is that they landed the *Bastion*and stripped it down,”

Rian raised an eyebrow. “Are you saying that there’s the remains of a Star Destroyer here in the Caelus system?”

“Not just the remains. It’s possible that the ship itself is hidden somewhere. If we could get all its parts back, we’d have a working Star Destroyer. Better than that Rebel nonsense we’re flying around in now,” Mimosa-Inahj continued.

“We shall see what happens. For now, go back to Kooki. You’ve done very well today,” Rian stated.

*FIN*