

Firespray-31-class Interceptor "Tartaros"
Outside the Kessel Run
Kessel Sector

"You know, I vehemently hate this place," Kojro muttered to no one in particular. His comm stood open but his companion on the other end had failed to respond to any of his complaints from the previous five minutes. "Like really hate this place, I thought the mission with Wyrndall..."

"Yeah yeah I got it now shut it," his contacts voice crackled down the phone at him. Selvaria's tone spoke volumes and it didn't pay to push her on a bad day. "You're in the wrong place anyway, I didn't notice it before but somehow the signal got distorted when it was sent onto us. Quiet don't interrupt," the female Mandalorian warned before the Quaestor could even form a reply. "Luckily, you being where you are allowed me to transfix its location to....oh boy."

"What?"

"Seems it's coming from somewhere in the vicinity of Obah Diah. Let me pull the charts up...ok so it has a moon and a main planetary body. Looks rough and oh joys. Looks like it's home to the Pykes. Or was," an annoyed clucking sound emanated over the comm. "These notes aren't exactly in line with the information we need to work with. Regardless, go there. Oh and Kojiro."

"Eh yes?" The Nihilgenia tentatively muttered.

"His name was Wyndell. He was nice. Now go get the target."

The line went dead and not for the first time the Keibatsu wondered why he allowed Selvaria to speak to him as she did. Then a memory crossed his mind, bringing a smile to his lips. Ahh, that was why. With a sigh, he moved the ship away from the entrance to Kessel and set it on a course to Obah Diah, before hitting the hyperspace and letting the ship do its work.

Obah Diah Port
Planet Obah Diah
Kessel Sector

The ship docked on one of the jutting platforms that hung from the edge of the spaceport. Black mountains of obsidian dotted the landscape around the port and the wind ripped hard against the Mandalorians armour as he made his way into the safety of the main structure. As Kojro entered the building three figures, all Pyke, approached him. Two of them wielded weapons whilst a third held up his hands like he was welcoming an old friend.

“Welcome Master Mandalorian to our humble port. I have not seen one of your kind around these parts in many years. What brings you here?” The Pyke tilted his head, his two colleagues weren’t as concerned with looking friendly and simply stared at the Quaestor with suspicion.

“I’m a hunter. I have information my quarry has passed through the system,” Kojiro watched as the body language of all three Pyke changed. The talkative one had lowered his arms and the Clone noted his hand rested close to the butt of his pistol. Unfriendly Pyke one and two had moved slightly to the sides, Koji assumed to give them a better line of sight. His hands remained where they were.

“Oh, and who might be the one you hunt? I can assure you the majority of Obah Diah's citizens are well within the law.”

“A few Kiffar and a Chiss is what I’ve been told. I doubt highly you’d class them as local citizens now would you? I really am in a hurry, I’d hate for this to be unpleasant and messy,” Koji’s entire body tone changed. His hands hung heavy above his twin blasters, body ready to pounce. An air of malice flowed with the last few words which caused the three Pykes to look uncomfortable between themselves. They were simply port guards and not paid enough to die.

“No. Mess isn’t going to be needed. I think I know who you are looking for. Though I must advise you against this. They do not look...reasonable,” the Pyke shrugged and reached down to his datapad, bringing it up and tapping a few commands into it. A small datacard exited the device and he handed it to the Keibatsu. Kojiro took it and placed it within his own datapad. “The location, though again I advise caution and discretion. For our sake more than yours.”

Without another word, the Pyke bowed his elongated head, turned on his heel and along with the other two guards left without saying a word. Vanishing into one of the many passageways that made up the dock. The Clone was left alone, he took a glance at his datapad sighed at the inconvenience that once again presented itself and simply turned on his heel and headed back to his ship.

Sometime Later
Mile West of Hidden Collective Base
Obah Diah

The Obsidian had done its job in masking the base well enough. Kojiro had almost missed it on the flyby. Had he not been scratching his nose causing him to sneeze he was confident he’d never have obtained visual of it. At least that’s what he’ll tell Sel when and if he got home. He would neglect to mention Flick, his not so trustworthy droid, had been scanning since they approached the location.

Regardless they had found it and what appeared to be an entry into it to the west in the form of an auxiliary waste pipe. Flick worked his magic and within minutes they had both squeezed into the pipe and began the long trek on all fours to the complex itself with one stinking splash after another.

Finally, they arrived. Flick went first into the complex and disappeared into the ducts. It didn't take long for the droid to ping Kojro to make him aware he'd located the target. Kojiro attempted to silently make his way through the complex following the droids carefully laid out route. That was until the route took the Clone through a door and straight into a cantina containing three very confused looking Collective soldiers who had up to that moment clearly been eating their breakfast. Two went down, stunned, as the Clone quick drew his blasters and fired. The third, however, dodged the follow-up shot and replied in kind denting the wall to the left of Kojiro's head.

That was all it took and all hell broke loose from then on. From its vantage point Flick attempted to lock down access points and provide a route for the Clone, who had put down the last guardsman and scarpered. Doors locked behind and in front of Kojiro as he darted through the tunnel after tunnel. As Kojiro darted into an empty room something thudded into the frame beside him and he turned to see a woman hurtling towards him, however, the door slammed shut and locked just in time. Heavy thumping alerted him to the presence on the other side and he cursed his ill fortune and that damned droids mistake.

But that woman, she must have been one of the Shikari he had heard off. He doubted it was the last time he had seen her or her ilk. A door slid open behind him and a timid voice uttered out.

"Eh, hell who's there? I asked for a drink some hours ago and could still use one. My throat is a little dry and well..." the image of a naked Vance greeted Koj as he turned and got an eyeful. The man was covered in cuts, blood and had undergone enough abuse to fill a horror holovid. "Please, just a drink. Water will do if you don't have brandy."

"Shut up Vance, I'm trying to get you out of here," the Clone replied irritated.

"A fine job you've done so far I must say."

"Shut up Vance! Really not helping. Flick, flick tell me you have some other foolproof plan to get us out?" A series of beeps filled the clone's helmet as the droid chirped back. "Wait. What? Blow up the floor? Why the heck would I do that?" More chirps filled his earpiece. "Oh, it'll deposit us back into the waste pipe network. That sounds a little too obvious for them to follow."

"You're droid sounds stupid, no offence."

An angry series of beeps and chirps filled Koji's helmet once more. "He said shut up Vance," the Clone couldn't help but chuckle as he moved to untie his quarry. As he did so the door to the

corridor began to hiss as cutters were brought to it. The Nihilgenia primed his detonator, placed it then dragged the ailing man towards the assaulted door. The one to Vance's chamber slammed shut just before the detonator went off, reopened and without much grace both men dived through the twisted floor and into a waste pipe that led to their freedom.

It took some time for them to make it through. All the while the utter fear of the Shikari hounding at their heels drove them on, even Vance managed through adrenaline. But once they entered into the fresh air he all but collapsed causing Koji to drag him onto the Tartaros. Flick joined them soon after and together the three left the complex behind, a little battered and bruised but alive. Though with the Shikari who knew for how long.