

Objective 1: Pursuit

The signal pinged gently across the communications system aboard Mauro Wynter's vessel. The T-5a Deliverance was an inconspicuous and unobtrusive craft to carry out an interception mission, and Mauro liked it that way. For the Shikari Huntresses were perhaps the most dangerous prey within the ranks of the Collective, and tangling with them gave the Human no sense of pride or thrill. It was an ominous and heavy hand of dread that fell upon him.

Following the trail of Kendra Icasta to find Vance Kordall was an important mission, and Wynter knew it. The fact that he had been tasked by the head of the Inquisitorious signified such a thing. He was well aware he was not the only operative on this mission, as classified as it was.

And so he piloted his craft towards Kessel. He did not know what he would find there, but he felt prepared. His craft was armed far more strongly than anyone would imagine, with the upgraded heavy laser cannons and his hidden cargo of dozens of B1 battle droids. The Shikari Huntresses were deadly indeed, but faced with a platoon of droids perhaps Wynter had a sliver of a chance to make landfall and retrieve Vance Kordall.

It helped that his lieutenants, Mair Sal and Lyra Narix were ace pilots in their own right and assisted greatly in handling the craft, nimbly flying through the Kessel System to avoid detection. A medical ship raised few questions, even above Kessel. The fact that the ship was capable of cloaking helped as well. "Ready the package."

Lyra Narix walked to the rear of the cockpit and keyed a few commands into a console. The sound of dozens of droids arming up and beginning to get into position filled Wynter with hope. "Touchdown in five minutes." Wynter was ready. He looked at Mair Sal, and saw an ounce of apprehension. "It will be okay. We just need to get eyes on him. Hopefully the distraction will give us, and the others, time."

The vessel landed on a small landing pad, parked beside a few shuttles and attack craft. Wynter stayed within the ship, he was too well known. He had fought Icasta and the Huntresses before, on Nancora, and did not relish a rematch. He had taken out a few, but was saved at the last moment. It was the closest he had come to death.

Narix left the craft first, and dressed as a medic paced the landing zone, taking mental notes of her surroundings. She soon keyed in on her comms, signaling the package was here. "She has eyes on Vance." Mauro used his ship's display to zero in on a man bound, sitting, blindfolded flanked by a few of the Huntresses. Icasta was nowhere to be seen. "Where is she..." Mauro thought to himself.

He had little time to ponder this, as Mair Sal tapped a single button, as the cargo pod of the T-5a Deliverance opened. The silver battle droids ran out, guns blazing.