Wild Space
Kessel Sector
Eadu System
36 ABY

Her hips swayed back and forth slowly as his fingertips trailed down her ribs. Her pale white skin appeared luminescent as moonlight cast through and open window and on her body. The cool while sheets pressed against his back as she pressed downward upon his hips. Her breath came in short gasps as her chin tilted upwards.   And then it came like it always did.

It was reflexive, his whole body jerked, muscles clenching, his heart racing, and then he was awake.

"You good boss," the armored man asked inquisitively from the next seat over.

Declan looked at the man as his hand rose to his face and rubbed the course whiskers across his chin. "Yeah, dream. ETA?"

"We are five minutes out," the man said as he tapped his watch.

Declan stood up from his crash chair and slid his helmet on with one hand and grasped the rear hatch of the Upsilon-class Command Shuttle's exit ramp lever with the other.

"Let's Go."

Wild Space
Kessel Sector
Eadu System
36 ABY – Hours Later

"Air, what is the hold up," the man with the skull mask called from inside the retrofitted cargo speeder.

Ten miles overhead a small droid flew offset and maintained overwatch, it's optical scanners observing the traffic jam. A series of images flashed on the control station's view screen.

"Boss, a freight carrier has crashed into a passenger vehicle and all traffic is stopped on the road. It's the problem with these low altitude speeder roads."

Declan tapped on the grip of Westar-M5 rifle.

"Everyone get switched on."

Wild Space
Kessel Sector
Eadu System
36 ABY – Moments Later

"Down down down. Don't look at me. Don't move. Down."

The phrase was repeated by twelve armored men, in various languages, as they spread naturally across the intersection in a wedge formation. Their rifles trained on a target, their eyes scanned, and then their rifles moved to the next target."

"No, no, no," Declan yelled as he and two men moved towards a small packaging vehicle. The driver and his passenger had opened their doors, weapon muzzles."

"Don't do it," the man in the skull masked yelled. "You're not our problem. We are not here for you."

Whomp, whomp, whomp, whomp.

The two occupants of the packaging vehicle slid to the ground as smoke rose from their chest and heads.

Declan's twin Westar blaster pistols slid back into their holsters.

"No time, back to the vehicles."

Wild Space
Kessel Sector
Eadu System
36 ABY – That Night

Armored figures low crawled through wet grass at a snail's pace. Their silhouettes broken up by camouflage netting and patterns splayed across their bodies. Sniper rifles came online, each scope linked to the heads up display on their owner's helmets. In turn, the men checked in, confirming their positions across the perimeter.

"The signal is originating from the first floor, compound charlie. Thermal confirms 3 inside the room. They appear to be torturing him."

Declan leaned against compound charlie's wall. A human woman wept silently at his feet, her windpipe crushed and a chest wound filling her lungs with blood. She would be dead in a minute.

"Boss acknowledges. Weapons free."

The night sky erupted in brilliant green and red flashes as eleven sniper rifles engaged security simultaneously across the Collective's compound. Bodies crumpled to the ground, their minds never registering the flashes of light that ended the lives.

"Boss, trip flares and alarms are going off. Security team is exfiltrating to extraction."

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The flash grenades detonated in a dizzying array. Screams reverberated off of the small room's walls. Declan's visor scanned the room. Three targets. One hostage. The scoundrel, or whatever he was, slumped on a chair in the center of the room, his skin pocked and wounded from apparent torture.

The Kiffar idiots howled and raged against Declan's intrusion for the briefest of moments before his twin blasters made their familiar retort.

Whomp whomp whomp.

Declan moved from body to body, checking their alien pulses in turn.

"3 x KIA. Extraction is a go. Bring in the birds."