

GRAB AND DASH

By Aura Ta'var

36 ABY

“Everybody line up!” ordered Aura, standing by the exit of a Corellian freighter devoid of most creature comforts for the sake of extra cargo room.

“Yes Ma'am,” they replied in unison.

“We are going to infiltrate the lowest levels of this space station, grab what we can, and depart in 1 hour. We have 6 more transports that just docked so no need to wander too far. Everyone understand?” the Zeltron asked.

“Yes Ma'am.”

“Good. Let's move. Meet back here in fifty standard minutes.” Aura pressed a button and her unit made their way out of the craft in staggered ones or twos.

The Zeltron nodded to the remaining two and the trio slithered out into the open trading floor, eyes on a swivel as they spied some ripe targets to rob. Odan-Urr desperately needed supplies and this was but one way to get them. Her apprentice, Tyraal Bitshiver, had grinned ear to ear when he had heard she had been put on a mission to steal goods, something that Aura doubted she would ever be able to live down. Thankfully, he wasn't with her on this particular mission, having been put to use by the sabotage team further up, his skills at remaining hidden more important there.

A warning klaxon went off overhead, signaling a computer core malfunction, and the power to the lower levels went out. Emergency lights set into the walls blinked into existence, half of them long broken or dead. The Jedi waved her team forward to a large pile of cargo crates. Aura pulled up her sleeve and checked the label against a taped on designation guide on her left arm. This was a munitions cache. Ta'var flagged with a tracker and the rest of her squad converged on her target, the two of them already activating the transport sleds. Aura would be providing any needed defense.

“Cheeskar goo. Wee now kong bantha poodoo,” yelled a rodian in what sounded like Huttese.

Aura whipped out her lightsaber and activated it, deflecting a stray blaster bolt.

“Move. I've got your six,” she ordered.

Two more gamorreans joined the trader, their repeater rifles already being trained on her. The Zeltron reached out the Force and grabbed a crate full of what looked like food containers. She pulled it directly towards the two sentries, the metal container whacking the first one to the ground. The food items dumped onto the second sentry's feet but he was still able to get off several shots.

Aura hastily backed behind an empty crate to her right as a bolt almost singed her shoulder and counted to three. Peeking her head around the corner, she bolted forward the moment the guards were too busy extracting themselves. The rodian merchant desperately fired shots in vain, each one bouncing off her blue saber. Ta'var chopped the gun in half, the hot metal glowing red. The poor merchant swore and ran for his life, leaving the gamorreans to their fate. The Zeltron sliced through the air twice more as the two sentries rose from the detritus, both of their guns no longer operational.

One of them attacked head on, arms reached out in a bear hug. Aura reached out a hand and pushed him away, his head hitting a metal transport sled behind him. The gamorrean went unconscious and his companion merely squealed and ran away. Shaking her head she stowed her lightsaber and ran back towards her transport. Her team was already busy loading the goods.

"Bubblegum One loading cargo," she replied to the other teams before helping her comrades.

"Do we have to be called that?" one of her subordinates moaned.

"No, but the faster we load this the quicker we can leave. Troops are coming and I'd prefer to be gone by then."

She kept her eyes alert on the chaos that was the trading floor, blaster fire from troops and mercenaries alike intermingling together into a sort of light show. Aura could hear nothing on her comms that sounded like a request for backup. The Zeltron merely counted the confirmations as each member of her transport team returned with their loot, each more or less still alive. All went well until the last one was late checking in and a distress call finally came through.

"Overrun, have to ditch the loot. Provide covering fire. Location Besh-6."

Aura took over the loading operation, relying on the Force to speed up any lifting and several of her crew to lay down a solid wall of blaster bolts. She could hear yelling from afar as her team got closer. She had just brought out the last cargo sled for the last shipment when time was up.

"Move! Move! Move!" waved one of her soldiers, each of whom had already abandoned the remaining loot.

The Zeltron's spotted the advancing troops and followed them inside, slamming the boarding ramp closed. The pilot started to take off, already telling everyone to buckle in.

"I hate flying..." Aura muttered to herself as she staggered to an open seat and strapped in.