

Captain Desmon's feet hurt. And he ignored them.
He ignored his feet in favor of observing his men in their defaced Stormtrooper armor - crammed into a freight compartment like bottles into a case.
He ignored his feet in favor of running a last-minute check on his equipment as well as the cramped conditions allowed - neither the first nor the last last minute check.
He ignored his feet in favor of revisiting the limited information he and his Cruel Crew had received - historical documents and a lot of speculation.
And he ignored his feet in favor of the mission timer counting down in the corner of his HUD - thankfully down to a handful of minutes now instead of hours.
It reminded him of his hurting feet. In the privacy of his helmet, he allowed himself a grimace.

"Anti-scanning field is good. The other assets look good. All green. Proceed as planned?"
The woman's voice was muffled by distance and corners, yet audible over the silent troopers.
"Yeah, go ahead," a man answered, followed by the sound of steps on metal.
"Good luck," the woman shouted after her conversation partner.
"See you on the other side," his reply came from the corridor. A moment later he came into sight; long limbs and bronze skin in casual clothes, flowing through soldiers as if they weren't squeezed together. He joined Desmon at the airlock in short order.

"All merry back here?"
"Yes, Skipper," Desmon answered. He had to raise his voice over the grinding noise of the landing gear. A quick glance at the timer revealed only a few seconds left.
"Good, Cap. Then let's handle this with all the subtlety the situation deserves," Jorm replied and flicked the lights off.
Subtlety? Did he change his mind?

The airlock hissed open and allowed Jorm to walk from the dark down the ramp, right into the arms of a welcoming party of cyborg soldiers.
"Hand over your documents and prepare for inspection, please," their leader uttered as the timer in Desmon's HUD reached zero.
A yellow flash, aggressive humm, and the sounds of falling bodies answered, followed by an outcry.

"BLITZKRIEG!"

No change of plans then.

"That starbase is an insult to the legacy of the Galactic Empire. I want you to send a message," Elincia Rei demanded without a preamble while pointing at a hologram of Meridian Station.
Jorm was the only other person present.

“Mkay, boss. How loud?”

“Go fweccing nuts!”

Desmon ran down the ramp, the first of his men hard at his heels. One trooper took a knee and aimed his tube-like weapon at the hangar force field. A flash and a roar announced the launch of the missile, answered by a booming explosion, the rush of air, and a louder massive boom as the physical hangar doors slammed shut upon their gorce field failure.

And it happened twice more. *The other ships made it.*

Behind him, more and more troopers poured from the freighter and began to attack everything in sight. Blaster bolts reached out to everything that looked remotely military, waves of stun shots washed over everything that didn't. Missiles sought out and obliterated defensive positions while the Cruel Crew used parked starships and freight for cover on their way to the neck connecting the hangar to the station proper.

“That's it? Three freighters crammed with special forces?”

“Not quite,” Jorm replied, “but you better sit down for this.”

“That bad,” Elincia asked flatly.

“Huh? No, it's genius, but I want the camera to have a clean shot when the smartness blows your cosmetics off.”

Desmon watched and guided his crew while Jorm bounced between platoons and mitigated mistakes or bad luck. The lightsaber cut through soldiers and weapons, the Force moved cover to the attackers' advantage. His men fought and died, but at an acceptable rate

Right, I have no time to finish this and a headache, so let me give you the gist of the rest.

Desmon and his troops capture and hold the neck connecting the hangar to the central station long enough to plant seismic charges. Remember the Jango Fett vs Obi Wan dogfight in AOTC? Those things.

The Collective agent meanwhile uses the air vents to get into the hangar and to disrupt CSP's attack leaders. She gets surprised and ultimately overpowered plus captured when the seismic charges blow and sever the hangar.

Using old imperial maps, one of CSP's Star Destroyers swings by from the nebula, snatches the severed hangar, and jumps to hyperspace again with the loot in tow.

Celebrations.

