

Objective 3: Raid  
PIN: 6377  
Name: Xirini Kurai

The Cathar looked at the control panel for the “borrowed” freighter and grinned. She always got a bit of a thrill stealing someone else’s property and this ship was no different. The items were usually returned unless she had another use for it. This ship was very likely going to fall into the latter category. It was not a flashy vehicle like her own X-Wing, definitely not as fast, but Rin quite liked it and it suited the purpose of this particular mission. Smuggler spots littered the cargo bay, under the floors of the walkways and even in some of the walls. She had not **quite** worked out how to get the panels to open, but that was a problem for Future Rin.

Present Rin spared a momentary glance at one of the hideaways with a pang of pity for what would happen in the future if she could not figure out how to get them open, but now it was time for landing on the space station. Meridian, as it was called, was a hotbed of Collective credits and supplies; which brought her to the purpose of today’s visit. The Cathar mercenary had gotten an encrypted message on the datapad given to her long ago which said she was one of many who were tasked with breaking into the station and retrieving anything of value. Rin did not really have a good eye for appraising things on the fly, but she would manage somehow. Primary objects of interest were any modified weapons and armor, followed by contraband tech then food. An army always needed food and anything that helped her own people against this hulking menace would, she figured, be assuredly welcome.

“This is Lau Rin Nol, requesting landing clearance for the market,” she transmitted quickly as she approached the station.

Answering static made her a trifle nervous. The ship was clean, no outstanding issues on the identification. She waited patiently for another minute before transmitting her credentials once again.

“Azure Rose, you are cleared for landing at the lower markets. Dock 15.”

“Many thanks, Control. Proceeding with landing procedures.”

Minutes later, Rin landed and engaged the control locks on the console before she made her way to the exit in the aft of the ship. The hood of her cloak was pulled forward in an attempt to mask her features as much as possible. The stares among her own Clan were fine, but in this place she needed any anonymity she could find. It was easy for someone to remember a large bipedal feline when there were so few of them still roaming the universe. As far as Rin knew, she was the only one but she held out the hope that others might have survived through the years. Children taken from their home, sold into slavery. They were a proud race, but there is no shame in biding your time and preparing for your moment. She shook her head slightly, clearing away any thoughts of things outside of her current job. She needed to get paid and this Regent and the AIN were offering good credits. She stepped off the ship and into the stale ship air of the station. More than anything, the Cathar hated the recycled air and the scent it always seemed to carry. Fresh air and open fields were infinitely preferred to the woman. She pulled a datapad from the folds of her cloak and tapped the screen a few times. The legal goods were all listed on the pad that she held out to the receiving droid.

As she put the datapad back inside of her cloak, Rin walked out into the market proper with a slight grin. Her eyes continued to scan rapidly, searching for anything that might be of use. The chances of anything being out in the open were slim, but the heartbeat of the market soon began to thrum inside of her as she walked slowly between the stalls. Weapons, armor, modifications of the legal variety and even foodstuffs lined the walkways in small shops. The vendors all had the same wary look on their faces. A look Rin knew well.

Distrust, wariness and expectation of both thievery and bad ends of bargains. The small woman stepped from shop to shop, looking and showing her own goods for sale. Rin haggled mercilessly and grinned to herself each time she won. The pack on her waist soon began to bulge with promissory notes of delivery to her vessel. Similarly, she also had given shop owners notes of her own allowing them to take certain things from her ship. She traded an ornate brooch from New Tython for several leather-bound tomes of esoterica. A weapon taken off an Inquisitorial agent was traded for a blaster rifle of indeterminate age.

Rin scratched the side of her head as she reviewed the weapon on her datapad, unsure of how much the weapon cost. She simply could not trade it for anything without knowing its value and that bothered the Cathar. Shaking her head, she moved through the market and began asking for fairly specific items. Jedi-killing weapons.

Several of the merchants looked at her unsure of themselves and of her, gesturing the Cathar away from their shop with disgust and even fear. Curiosity was always a failing of hers as she set off down the pathways once again, talking to merchants, haggling with them and asking her questions. After some time, Rin found herself staring at a large human with an almost impressive and unneeded amount of cybernetics. Oddly enough, the man seemed more interested in offloading weapons than in finding out why she wanted them. This made the Cathar even more curious about it and nodded in assent.

“Looking for things to kill the scum, yeah?” the man asked in a cold, flat voice.

Rin nodded as she looked up the man. “As you can tell, I’m not a very big girl. I need something that packs enough of a punch to take them out,” she said slowly, trying to mask her accent as much as possible. “From a distance mostly. They killed a lot of my people and I think it is more than time to make them pay for that.”

The eyes of the man lighted with menace as he nodded. “I think you’re right, girl. Right indeed. Come on, I can show you where you can get your hands on things like that.”

The Cathar let her breath out slowly and moved to follow the man. “Enough planets have burned because of them. We would be much better off without them.”

The mountain of cybernetics looked over his shoulder at the woman and nodded. “That’s what this is all about. Putting an end to those people and their wars.”

Rin nodded carefully, responding to the man’s questions and statements as exactly as she could. Not even on the fringes of space where she lived was free of the message from Rath Oligard and his Collective. The Force Users were the problem, the Force Users treat everyone as pawns. There was truth to his words, she had to admit, but his actions would only lead to further violence and the genocide of any people, even Sith was not justice. It ran counter to her beliefs even if the Sith were evil and therefore by nature contrary to her beliefs.

The man stopped before a door and grinned down at her. “Behind this door, you’ll find what you need. I’ll be going now.”

He opened the door and gestured her in. The Cathar looked up at him, her eyes becoming wary. "Aren't you the seller? I assumed.."

The man laughed and shook his head. "I just get people in touch with those that can help them find what they need. A middleman, if you like."

The woman looked at him for a moment longer before she shrugged. "I'll make sure you get a good commission on this then."

He nodded and turned to wander off. The Cathar touched the doorframe and looked inside slowly. She stepped into the room and fixed a golden eyed stare at the woman behind the table. "I'm here to buy any weapons you might have for sale. I have credits and items for trade a plenty."