

*Collective Transport Depot 11A4*  
*Kubinidi, Calaron Sector*

The air of Kubinidi was dry, the winds blowing did little to relieve the discomfort of the fur covered Ryn who was trying to stay cool under a solitary tree. The blue sun was setting on the horizon, finally, and Kordath Bleu was getting impatient. Beneath the hill he lounged on, and the tree keeping him from baking, sat a small complex. Well, complex was a kind term for what amounted to a small warehouse with a landing pad. A handful of Collective guards patrolled the fenced perimeter, looking bored and tired of the weather. The Krayt Cartel's network of information had picked up word that a stash of stolen artifacts would be getting stored at the waystation for a few days, prompting the group's 'acquisition specialist' to bake under the hot sun for hours.

"Better be bleedin' worth it," grumbled the Ryn, glaring at the patrolling soldiers. He saw the shadows stretch across the plains and began to prepare himself. Tossing off the cloak he'd used to help blend into the scenery and draining a bottle of water, he stood and stretched behind the tree. Taking a deep breath, he turned and began creeping down the hill. He'd made it close enough to begin plotting his way through the activating lights that lit up the perimeter now that the sun was going down when the plan imploded.

The world lit up with spotlights from above and the whine of engines filled the air. The Arconan's first reaction was to flee, his paranoia screaming at him that he'd been found out. When the Force didn't convey any danger, he squinted up through the light and picked out details. The shuttle that hovered above was, once, decent. A patchwork of different colored hull bits marred the look a bit. The Collective guards ran about as if confused to their purpose, darting in and out of the warehouse to secure larger weaponry. Above them, a hatch on the shuttle swung open, and a silhouette that Kordath would call 'pretty well made and fit' appeared.

Then said silhouette unslung a rifle of some kind, and fired off with a thump. The guards threw themselves to the ground, then looked up in confusion when nothing exploded. More thumps could be heard, and Kordath saw dirt and sand toss into the air wherever the projectiles impacted.

"Huh?" he muttered, cocking his head to the side and then shrugging. Using the distraction for a, well, distraction, he ran to the fence and whipped out his Sith dagger, slashing his way through the links. Pushing through the hole he'd made, he tapped the back wall of the warehouse and grinned. "Shoddy, mates, just shoddy," he whispered to himself, getting to work on the simple sheet metal with his blade.

A thought occurred, and he slapped his wrist comlink, raising it up and speaking quietly into it, right before things got even louder.

Around the fenced in area, the grenades fired from the shuttle's occupant, who was now taking cover inside her ship, began to go off.

*'Delayed timers. Neat'* thought the Ryn even as he huddled in sudden terror, the Force not telling her *where* to go, just that he *should*. Cries from outside the warehouse as the explosions died down suggested the guards were in no shape to stop the woman who'd just bombarded them. Or the Arconan who was looking for the most important looking case in the storage area to shove onto a hoversled. He cursed when he heard the sound of the junker shuttle landing on the pad outside.

A crate covered with 'danger, do not touch' and 'Force related contents' drew his focus. Kordath wrestled the thing onto the sled, shoving it towards the back of the warehouse even as the front door ground itself open. A figure nearly a foot taller than the short Ryn came walking in, a pistol in hand and the grenade rifle slung over her shoulder.

"Hey! That's mine!" shouted the Nautolan woman, spotting the tailed man scurrying away into the darkened recesses of the warehouse.

"Can we discuss it over drinks, luv? Ya seem fun, but I kinda needs this, eh?"

"Oh come on! I promised Madame Clery I'd get that back! I neeeeeed it!"

Kordath almost faltered, hearing the pouty tone in the woman's pleading voice. It was the sort of thing that promised opportunity and possibilities of a fruitful partnership down the line.

"Think o' Zuj, Kord, think o' Zuj. And o' Atra poundin' our face into tha deck if we come back empty-handed," he whispered to himself, turning the sled up to full speed and hitting the back wall.

The woman followed the sound of screeching metal and skidded to a halt outside, finding the prow of an XS-800 freighter pointed at her, running lights almost blinding her.

"Sorry, lass! Ya can have tha pick o' tha rest of it, really! Gotta say I dig yer style, ya got a name? May be able ta find ya some work later!"

The blaster bolt that scored the ship's boarding ramp suggested she didn't want to talk at the moment, and the Ryn screamed into his comlink to 'bugger the prechecks, get us out o' here!'

The Nautolan glared up at the retreating dark speck, the freighter's paint job making it almost impossible to see once the lights shut off. She turned, and a lopsided smile formed on her face as she realized the retreating Ryn had been right. There was still a warehouse full of stuff to pick through, and the Collective *did* like their toys.