

Felucia
Rogue First Order Garrison

"How long do you suppose you can keep this up, alien scum?" General Buji Ridiah spat.

The fair-skinned human was clearly a true believer in the supposed superiority of his own species. Justinios had spent enough time in the rogue General's custody to figure out that he was probably forced out of the First Order for being too extreme for even that half-baked government. Many of the experiments being performed at the facility were a little much even for the Aleena's flexible morals. But now that he had gone through all the effort to fake his own capture there was no reason to leave whatever breakthroughs that had been made behind. Destroying the research wouldn't undo the suffering caused in the process.

Another backhand crossed Justinios' face, causing him to spit blood onto the floor of the holding cell. "Honestly, not much longer. I am very ready to be done now."

"So you are ready to talk?" A smirk crossed the toe headed officer's face.

"No because I am pretty sure you are going to want to grab that." As Justinios spoke the General's comm rung. The Taldryan Proconsul couldn't hear the conversation but he didn't need to, the General was being informed that Strike Force Valiant had entered the system ready for a fight.

The cell door opened behind the General as he put his comm back onto his belt. As the oversized Stormtrooper stepped through, Ridiah looked as if he wanted to make a snarky comment but he hit the floor unconscious before a word left his lips.

"Perfect timing Byron, thank you." Justinios' Zabrak bodyguard, Byron Martel, grunted a response through the helmet's communication system. "You do look like nine kilos of nerf sausage stuffed into a 10 kilo bag though."

"It's a little snug I suppose," the career soldier responded. Justinios was determined to make Byron laugh on a mission one time, or at least offend him. "You'll be wanting this," he continued as he handed over Justinios' lightsaber.

The duo didn't need to say another word, they knew every detail of the rest of their mission and it boiled down to cutting a path through anyone left inside the base to the databanks. With Justinios leading the way, the team met only minor resistance while the Strike Force Valiant fought the bulk of the forces in a feigned assault. Justinios and his bodyguard crossed paths with a few unlucky squads of stormtroopers on the way to the archive but they stood no chance, especially being caught by surprise.

One of the officers had a code cylinder on his belt that Justinios was able to use to open the data archives. A handful of uneventful moments went by as the files copied onto the drive that Byron had brought with him. Justinios spent that same time listening to the command channel of Strike Force Valiant's comms. The newly minted unit was holding its own well. Justinios wasn't sure if they would have actually been able to successfully assault the First Order base but for a their first operation things seemed to be going well.

"That's all of it," Byron chirped as he ejected the drive.

"Extraction Plan Alpha is still in play," Justinios commanded. "The fleet is in orbit and holding fast. We should easily be able to steal a ship and blast out of here."

"Which system are we meeting the SRI agent in for the handoff," Byron asked.

"Some backwater a few jumps outside of Chyron, but," Justinios paused, "let's see exactly what we have here first."