

Port Ol'val
Phantom Complex
Briefing Room

“As Lucine informed you all, we will be stealing a ship. You may be wondering what ship— “ Leeadra tossed a datapad onto the table before the four operatives. “That’s it.”

Eilen’s ears swivelled into an alert position as she looked towards the datapad, interested in what kind of ship it was. “Oh! I-it's a CR25 troop carrier! It's gotta be older than any of us - they've been out of production for like 40 or 50 years, now. Oh man, that thing's gonna have a heck of a lot of room for storage, and space for upgrades, and... and, uh... Well. We're gonna need about 30 people to keep that beast running. Piloting, engineering, gunners...” The half-bothan trailed off, looking around the room, her ears turning away as she set the datapad down. “T-that would be f-for maintenance only. With Eevie here, w-we should be able to handle getting it back into our territory just fine.”

The only one who seemed interested in the topic was Eevie who smiled, excited to fly something new. “That sounds great, Elien! I’m happy to help.”

Alaisy was busy making sure her outfit was wrinkle-free to the best of her ability, and then there was Emere who looked mildly annoyed, as usual. “Knowing *what* we’re getting is just dandy, but I’m more concerned with *where*.”

“I wasn’t able to pinpoint precise coordinates, but the best lead I have is in Hutt Space somewhere in the Doran System,” Leeadra replied. “You all are smart. I’m sure you can find it. Don’t get hurt, killed or captured.” The Pantoran’s eyes drifted to Emere in particular. “If you need assistance or anything goes awry, I’ll be on comms at all times. I’d like it if all of you got back here alive and in one piece,” she paused and looked at the four of them. “You aren’t going to get that ship just standing around either. Get moving!”

Emere nodded, offering her superior a crisp salute before filing out with the rest of the squad.

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The Flying Closet
En Route to the Doran System

“What's the plan?” Alaisy asked the group that hung around the lounge. The only one absent was Eevie, who was busy piloting the ship. The tall woman was in full gear, despite them still being hours away from their destination. She even had a mask on. Though it seemed odd, no one cared to ask why.

Her nose buried into her datapad, Eilen glanced up and chimed in, “I-I've been checking out some places... T-the Dawn Conclave would be interested in. So far, our best bet would be to check out Dandoran first and go from there. Plenty of smuggling ops go down there.”

“What a waste of time if there’s nothing down there,” Emere huffed, meddling with her blaster on the small table in front of her.

From the corridor of the ship, a shiny black TC-Series robot shuffled towards the trio, looking towards Alaisy. “Mistress, if I may, I would like to accompany you on this mission.”

Eilen’s ears lifted towards the bot, a smile growing on her face as her tail began to wave back and forth. “Ooooh, no flippin’ way! A TC-Series droid?? Duuude that’s so coooool!”

“I prefer to be called, Phil.”

“I picked him up shortly after I acquired this beauty.” Alaisy gave a grandiose gesture with both hands towards the walls of the ship. “And, no Phil. You’ll stay here to make sure we’re comfortable upon our return. Keep comms open in case we need an escape.”

“Of course, Mistress. May I get anyone food or drinks?”

Emere was too busy tinkering with her gear to notice the question but Eilen was ready to answer.

“I’m good, thanlks Phil!”

“My pleasure.”

The half-selonian turned to Alaisy out of curiosity. “Any idea what type ‘o processor this guy is running?”

“An advanced verbobrain.”

“Liiiiiike what, uh, 3PO’s carry?”

“But better... it can translate virtually any language.”

“Aaa! That’s sssuper dope!!”

Seeing as this conversation didn’t interest her in the slightest, Emere gathered her gear and headed towards crew quarters.

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An hour later, the human entered the cockpit in full gear, her weapons holstered in her utility belt as she approached the pilot’s station. She raised a brow when the Sephi didn’t seem to notice her, taking the opportunity to spook her. Of course, her boots would make too much noise normally, so she stepped slowly, careful not to make a sound.

Once she was behind the pilot's chair, she lowered her face next to Eevie's ear and began speaking. "Hey there."

The pilot let out a yelp, clearly shaken and startled. "Emere!" Satisfied with the Sephi's response, Emere grinned darkly and patted her friend's shoulder gently.

"I thought you'd heard me come in."

"Well I didn't," Eevie pouted, not amused.

"What? Those ears of yours can't pick up noises behind you?"

"Ugh. Rude!"

"Alright alright, I'm sorry."

Eevie was silent, giving the human's apology the cold shoulder. The cabin went silent for a moment longer before Eevie gave in. "Fine, fine. All is forgiven."

Glad she accepted the apology, the Yeoman asked, "how far are we from the Doran system?"

The Sephi was quick to forgive, her features lighting up again. "We are..." She peered over her navigational system for a moment. "About two hours out!"

Emere nodded, taking a seat in what would have been the co-pilot's chair, except Alaisy had removed many of the unnecessary components. There wasn't a need for a co-pilot for such a small ship anyway.

"How are you doing? Sleeping okay these nights?"

The mercenary rubbed the back of her neck where the Technocratic doctor had stuck her with the needles, the center of her brow creasing. "It's been better... but could be worse."

"Wanna talk about it?" Eevie peered over to her friend with worried eyes.

"No... no. I'll be fine."

Frowning, the Sephi asked, "are you sure? You seem a bit down..."

"More so than usual?" The mercenary quipped, a half grin stretching the right side of her face. "I promise, I'm fine."

Her features lit up once more as she looked towards her friend. "Well, I'm here if you want to talk!"

Emere gave the pilot a brief nod, looking over at the controls Eevie had. “You’ll have to teach me to fly some time.”

“I suppose now is a good time...”

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The Flying Closet

Dandoran

Smuggler’s Basin

The Flying Closet landed in the docking bay of Smuggler’s Basin, the group exiting the ship. The docking station was bustling with activity from aliens of many races. The not-so structurally sound kiosks lined the station, from weapons, food, clothing, armor, and a canteen. Many of the walls were eroding and rusting from years of neglect and the moist climate of Dandoran. Vines climbed the sides of the buildings, some even forming trees. The paths were carved out by stone slabs, which looked nearly identical to the buildings; weeds and vines forcing their ugly heads up from between cracks and wear.

Emere took care to take in her surroundings, keeping an eye on anything that seemed out of place even if it seemed impossible. With a ship as shiny as Alaisy’s, there was bound to be attention drawn to them. “Hope your droid knows what it needs to do if shit hits the fan.” She commented towards Alaisy.

“Oh, we won’t have to worry about Phil... He’ll get his job done.”

“Alright. Eilen, any new details?”

The half-selonian looked around the planet intrigued by the surroundings. Her ears turned toward the voice that said her name. “Uhhhh I haven’t, uh, had a chance to take a look. Buuuut, I can do a quick scan now.” Eilen enthusiastically reached into her bag and pulled out her datapad and began typing away at the small device, eager to assist her team. She approached a nearby terminal and drew out her computer probe. Her device scanned the local databases, scrubbing for intel that may lead them towards a CR25-Troop Carrier. The scan, however, would not be so quick; she was hit with several encryptions and firewalls. Her decoder was put to good use as she held it up to the terminal. “Eheh... there’s a heck ‘o lotta shady stuff here.”

“Anything that matters?” Emere queried, the annoyance clear in her voice as her eyes followed every person that walked by. She had a feeling they were being watched. A few shady figures ambled by, meeting eyes with the mercenary. As a warning, she pushed back her cape to expose the blaster on her hip.

“Give her a break, Emere! Hacking takes time, silly.” Eevie had nudged the Yeoman with her elbow playfully.

Three hooded figures had made their way into an alleyway, one turning and smiling at Emere as if to taunt her. The emblem on the back of the robe was familiar... The last time she saw it— “*Shit*,” she swore aloud, looking towards Alaisy. “Did you catch that?”

“Of course. I’ve sensed something different since we got here.” The tall Knight frowned, looking toward Eilen. “If it helps any, the Dawn Conclave is here with us. Move with haste, please.”

“Oh— Frick! And I-I-I’m moving as fast a-as I c-c-can.” Feeling the pressure, the half-bothan’s ears pressed into her skull, her tail between her legs, as she began working away as fast as she could.

“What the hell? Were we followed here?” asked Emere through a clenched jaw. The question was toward no one particular, she was just upset something like this flew under her radar.

“...doubtful, the stealth systems were engaged the whole time,” the tall sith said thoughtfully.

“N-no, uh they uhm they got the same lead as us. B-b-but, there’s a CR25 about eight clicks southwest fr-fr-from here. On t-t-the coast... W-we can rent a landspeeder.” Eilen pointed towards a kiosk down the way.

“Rent?” The tall sith woman spun towards Eilen in an almost perplexed state. “We’re stealing a ship. And you want to rent? Lucine said nothing of multiple ships. I’d say let’s steal that as well.”

Eevie let out a laugh, “You’re right about that, Alaisy!”

“Whatever.” Impatient, Emere stormed towards the kiosk that had the landspeeders, looking toward one that would hold all four of them. With her head, she gestured towards the speeder, asking the Rodian seller, “how much, bug-eyes?”

The green alien let out a sigh, “1000 credits for a one-day rental.”

Emere handed over a credit stick, waiting for the stick to go through. Behind her, the trio had followed, fawning at the small lot of landspeeders. There was plenty of room in some of the others, but the one she selected was just enough room for all four of them despite Eilen’s and Alaisy’s freakish height.

The squad piled into the speeder, Alaisy being the first in as the driver. “You weren’t planning on bringing this back, were you?” The Sith asked the mercenary with a knowing grin.

“No.”

The Doran System

Dandoran

Smuggler's Basin

The hum of the landspeeder's engine came to a halt a quarter kilometer from their destination in a heavily forested area, which dropped off into a deep Basin. The wildlife and insects were noisy and bold in the moist and dense atmosphere.

Blaster-readied Emere hopped from the vehicle, looking around the forest to pick out any suspicious activity.

The smile Eevie typically wore faded as she was becoming mission-focused. "Want me to scout ahead? My pulse canon has one helluva scope and can spot anyone up to a half klick away. On top of that, I promise no one will catch me."

Impressed with the Sephi's initiative, Emere nodded and smirked. "Just be careful... I know how easily scared you get."

"And how easy is it to anger you?" She teased back, unholstering her sniper. Her amethyst eyes met Emere's for a brief yet tense moment. The Yeoman grumbled something underneath her breath, losing the pseudo staring contest, waving a nonchalant hand. The sniper approached Emere, placing a kiss on her cheek. "For good luck."

"Uh huhh...." The mercenary said slowly, reaching up to wipe away the kiss. "Don't break a nail," she shot to maintain her air of 'toughness'.

"Oh, I won't!" The short-haired woman skipped off, disappearing into the jungle.

Once she was gone, Eilen and Alaisy stared at Emere with dumbfounded looks.

"The hell are you starin' at?"

Alaisy snickered, Eilen too nervous to say anything. Alaisy strode over to Emere, placing a hand on her shoulder. "She's got you whipped."

"Like hell! We're just friends."

"Surreee." Obviously, Alaisy didn't believe Emere. "No need to get defensive about it though."

"Focus. The mission is far more important. We don't have time for this." The woman waved a hand to swat away Alaisy's hand. "For all we know, the Dawn Conclave has already taken the ship and has run off with it—"

A bellowing growl from behind them cut Emere off, all three of them turning to see where or *what* was making the sound. There was nothing in clear view but that didn't stop Alaisy from drawing her BFF-8 Locust, better known as *Best Fracking Friend*, her eyes scanning the jungle for signs. She sensed something, but she couldn't pinpoint what *it* was. Eilen drew her lightsaber, the blade shining to life, buzzing from the moisture in the air. Emere snapped her blaster onto the invisible target, scanning the trees.

Her jaw was tight as she started taking a step backwards, trying to get a st. She quickly learned that was as a bad idea as whatever had growled made its way behind them, a snarl compelling to Emere swiftly turn on her heels, her footing lost as she stumbled over a few roots, falling to one knee. There, she came face-to-face with it, no less than a meter away.

"Don't move..." Eilen entered into Emere's thoughts, knowing how impulsive the tattooed human was quick to rush into dangerous situations. This was one she couldn't afford to rush into. *"Its teeth can tear through your armor like nothing."*

The creature was almost unlike anything she'd seen before; rows of sharp teeth, pointed ears and a canine-like figure, though much larger. Its black fur was matted with saliva and what she assumed were blood and other things. Emere obeyed Eilen's command, holding her breath.

[Guys! Found the ship! Got my eyes on a few guys outside. They all look like the Dawn Conclave, but I can take them out. Just get here quickly before they call in reinforcements!] Eevie's voice shined through comms, everyone still frozen in their places.

Thinking quickly, Alaisy carefully flipped her locust on, the small flame on the front igniting. With her lips, she made a whistling sound to draw the attention of the over-sized wolfish creature. It quickly darted towards the sound, meeting a demise from Alaisy's weapon. It writhed about until it whimpered and ran off into the forest. Relieved, Emere began breathing again, her heart racing in her chest. "What the kark was that?!"

"Vornskr." Alaisy and Eilen said in unison. Eilen was well travelled so it didn't surprise Emere that Eilen knew, but Alaisy? Seeing the perplexed look on the mercenary's face, Alaisy continued. "They're unique hunters that can sense force users. That's probably why it was drawn here. Much bigger than usual though."

"The-They've got some super fast speed... Faster th-than most of our reflexes 'n stuff. Eheh..."

[Umm... helloooooooooooooo?] Eevie's voice came through again, Alaisy rolling her eyes.

"Yeah, we're here," Emere responded. "Just ran into a bit of trouble. Everything's fine now. Send us the coordinates and we'll be there soon."

—

Dandoran
Smuggler's Basin
CR25 Troop Carrier

The cargo bay was littered with five of the Conclave's minions, on what seemed like patrol to make sure they don't have intruders or anyone interfering with their operation. Too bad they were in for a rude awakening.

The first one to let off a shot was Emere, followed by Eevie, then Eilen made her way around, stealthily using her quarterstaff knock out an enemy, Alaisy tossed her dioxis grenade towards to two unsuspecting enemies. From the upper decks, more of Dawn Conclave's pawns filled into the hold, meeting the same fate. Together they danced in the barrage of shots being fired until the bodies of their enemies were laying on the cold floor of the cargo hold.

"That's the last one." Emere dropped a lifeless body to the floor, looking to her team. They had scouted the ship to make sure there wasn't anyone else was aboard. "Everywhere else clear?"

"Didn't see anyone else," Alaisy played with her long ponytail.

"Nope," Eevie said. "I'll be in the cockpit if anyone needs me. We're taking this baby home!"

"Eilen?" Emere looked to the half-selonian.

"Uhh, one s-sec. Just, uh... s-scanning to m-m-make sure this bad-boy is in tip-top shape!" A few moments went by before she was done. "L-looks l-l-like we-we're good to go." There was a minor error message that popped up that she was certain was a bug or something that could be fixed later on.

"Sounds good. We should go before more of them start showing up again," Alaisy nudged a lifeless form with her boot to see if there were any valuable items on them. Shrugging, she moved onto the next body.

"Eevie, go on and fire this boat up," Emere said via comms.

[Awesome—]

"Waitwaitwaitwaitwaitwait," the half bothan sputtered out before anything could go on. The scan revealed something else she was missing.

"What is it now?" The annoyance in the mercenary's voice was abundant. She was ready to leave this

god-forsaken planet.

“...There’s um, there’s a bomb.”