**Stealing a Ship**

The Marauder Corvette was in Docking Bay 16. The Dawn Conclave owned this section of the port; their operatives and hired guns were all over this area of the spaceport. Edema Observed the situation from a rise, due east of the Docking Bay, through her Macrobinocular viewplate in her helmet, she could pick out a dozen guards around the ship and at least the same again guarding the entrances. She had no idea if they had managed to get on board; however she did know the ship back to front. Little did the Conclave know, but the ships former owner had been her father, and he had heavily modified the ship to be operated with a high degree of automation, probably why the Conclave saw it as a good target.

The Dark Jedi had tried to buy her way into the port, but with little success, she even tried to get hired, but they said they had enough Mando scum, a statement she would make them regret. It looked like the subtle options would be out; direct confrontation was the only option available. The Sephi checked her armour; made sure her wrist laser was powered and unslung her bow. She started running skidding down the side of the hill, soil tumbling along with her, vaulting over a series of boulders she landed and sprinted to a side entrance. Skidding to a halt outside of the door she checked for any security cameras, saw there were none and reached out with the force. She grabbed the door and wrenched its simple mechanism open, rolled through it just before the doors servers whined and shut the door behind her. The corridor was empty, for now, but it wouldn’t be for long. She drew upon the force once more and cloaked herself from sight, her bow in her hands, she stalked the corridors slowly. She was close to her target, and her armours sensors were pinging people, along with her force senses, rounding her corner she saw that her battle was about to begin.

The half a dozen hired guns stood and lounged in the corridor, idly fiddling with blasters or blades, it was boring work guarding this ship, but the pay was good, sadly for them, today was going to be their last day of pay. Edema focused her range, her hatred and let the Darkside of the force flood into her, she began to sprint down the corridor, she could hear startled gasps from the guards as they saw a haze moving towards them, she ran up the wall and uncloaked momentrarily, letting loose a volley of energy bolts from her bow and she vaulted through the air, three hit home. Startled blaster fire engulfed the wall where she had vaulted from but she was no longer there. Her bow now slung and her blades in hand she darted to the remaining soldiers, uncloaking as she slashed through them, deflecting the occasional blaster bolt that got lucky, she slid to a halt at the end of the corridor, the sound of clattering blasters and thuds of dismembered bodies dropping to the floor behind her, echoes down the corridor, there was no way in the halls of the Sith that the rest of the garrison hadn’t hear that, beneath her helmet, the Arconan simply smiled.

Beyond the door, the garrison were alerted by the blaster fire, they had taken covered positions, flanking the door, unsure what was coming through. Moments went by, the troops started to mutter and chatter. Had the assailant been stopped? The two purple lightsabers seen slicing through the door answered their questions. Some superior officer shouted about readying their weapons. The door clattered down and blackness swallowed the entrance area, Edema vaulted out of the force blackness she had created, allowing it to fade as she did, blaster fire filled the doorway. The Mandalorian landed in the exposed area of the docking bay, her sabers glowing. Blasters were trained upon her, and she was engulfed by a fusillade of energy bolts, he body wavered and she dropped to one knee, the area around her blackened by blaster bolts, but when the firing ceased, she got up, seemingly unscathed. The soldiers gasped, what was this thing they faced. Edema was still smiling beneath her helmet as she knelt in the corridor, projecting the illusion of herself leaping through the now open door way, she would have loved to see the shock on the faces of the guards as they realised she wasn’t there, sadly the fun was over, she had to get back to the task at hand. The guards hesitated having seen the woman disappear before them, to their peril, two dozen blades fanned out from the doorway, accurately slicing through the nearest guards, they never stood a chance. Edema activated her jetpack and blasted through the door way, rocketing through and up, her bow spitting unleashing death beneath her, she landed with a skid, stuttered blaster fire having tried to track her through the air, put her bow away and retrieved her blades. Darting around, her purple blades flashing as they encountered either flesh or blaster bolts, she was in her element, all her life she had trained for just such types of battles, and in them she excelled. Alarms were screaming across the port now, it wouldn't be long before more guns arrived, and even her skills would not keep her alive in such a battle, she couldn’t afford to lose any more limbs.

Her armour was scorched but undamaged; those who had not succumbed to the onslaught had fled in terror. She stood at the access ramp to the ship, a ship she knew well; she had many memories of it, happy and sad. The Conclave had sought to steel this ship, having relieved its current owners of their lives; it was irony that the ships first owners would now be stealing it away too. She walked up the ramp to a control console on the wall and punched in a series of commands, backdoor protocols her father had installed into the ship should he ever lose it, he never thought he would have had to sell her on to try and repair the Gozanti. Suddenly she realised she wasn’t alone, the door slid open and three blasters were pointed at her, and she heard footsteps behind her and realised she had been ambushed.

"Ah the legendary Kalinor clan, coming to steal back their ship, tsk tsk tsk, you should have known better little girl, no one crosses us and lives. We are glad you opened up the ship for us though, we were trying to crack your father's backdoor protocols, but he was too good for our slicers. What a shame we will have to kill you now"

"Fisk, burn her and dispose of the body, I want her armour and weapons though, I will savour them and have them as art in my quarters I think"

"As you wish boss, come on little girl, let's get this over and done with nicely like, eh?"

Edema flicked her external vocaliser active with her tongue

"You want to take my armour; you're a fool to think you can come out of this alive"

Fisk and the Boss laughed

"Little girl, you have 6 blasters trained on you at point blank range, regardless to your skill level, we can't miss, you are dead, just accept it. You made quite a mess of this operation and have cost me a considerable amount of money, so I am not feeling even remotely charitable or amused"

Edema tilted her head to look up at the Boss

"Don’t say I didn’t warn you…Marauder, Breaching in progress"

Retractable blaster slid from the roof and ceilings around the entrance, two in the corridor where the Boss and Fisk stood and two above the ramp, blaster fire accurately eliminated all six of the operatives with clean efficiency, and then retracted back into their concealed spaces. Edema used the force to shove the bodies out onto the spaceport floor and closed the door, retracting the ramp. She activated her armours emergency air supply, the ship was currently being flooded with FEX-M3 nerve gas, making sure any intruders were dealt with, anyone not wearing a specialised suit such as hers, would now be dead. She walked through the ship towards the bridge, seeing the odd dead operative as she went. The bridge was empty; she fired up its controls and activated the droid systems. Venting the remaining gas outside, providing a nasty surprise for any other lurker's. It had been some years since she had seen the inside of this ship, but it felt comfortable. Behind her the bridge door opened and the two pilot droids entered

"Miss Kalinor, so good to see you again, where would you like us to take you?"

"10B good to see you too, and you 4C"

She handed them a data card with coordinates

"Take me home please"

"With pleasure ma'am"

The Corvette took off from the docking bay, jetted into orbit and was gone into hyperspace before anything could catch up with her. Bound for her new home with Qel Droma and Arcona.