

# FLY BY ON LYRA



Author Character sheets:

Aura Ta'var, 10388:

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/10388/snapshots/1687/3213>

Zanothi NightBlade, 6386:

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/6386/snapshots/1781/3335>

Jafits Skrumm, 7764:

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/7764/snapshots/1850/3473>

Workspace:

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1Wp517j2cFJE8tcFdkr5skGcNpgLzH5Jw8PgrxqLHMP4/edit>

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## **Thillon Research Facility Space**

### **Lyra-3K-a System**

**37 ABY**

A pair of Odanites peered through the darkness with a pair of electrobinoculars, tilting them towards the orbs of light off in the distance. Their shuttle behind them was completely silent, no landing lights or basic systems turned on, and a little worse for wear after the rough landing. Aura Ta'var had decided to try her hand at landing the ship with the Force alone but the meager training her apprentice had given her wasn't enough to prevent a slight dent on its hull.

"I see guards around the entire security perimeter and high-powered lights will make things difficult. I'll need a distraction in order to slip in," replied Zanothi Nightblade as he panned back and forth across the horizon.

"Northwest corner work for you? I can pull them away from it," she offered.

"That'd work just fine. How many do you think are inside?"

The Jedi took a deep breath and reached out a hand towards the secret facility. She felt the Force around and then expanded it outward to the target in front of her. She felt orbs of energy bouncing around the darkness as they meandered in their sentry paths. Focusing inside the walls they guarded, she could sense many more with a good number bunched around its center. She put her hand down and turned to her partner.

"Couldn't get an exact count but plenty enough that we don't want to fight them. There are a bunch gathered around the center of it. I assume the crystal is there," she informed him.

"I need to know what I'm going up against or this mission is a bust."

"Don't worry. I'll be the bait and give you a better idea once I get inside. Perhaps you can blend in until I get enough information. I heard you picked up some new skills lately that might do the trick."

The Miralian blushed with embarrassment for none to see, even Aura could only feel it. The Zeltron pretended not to notice.

"It's better than me doing it, trust me. You ready?"

"Uh, sure."

"Good. They're expecting us after all. We don't want to be late."

The High Councillor put a reassuring hand on Zanothi's shoulder and the pair walked back into the shuttle. Nightblade took the pilot's seat and booted up the basic systems, excluding any lights except those shining from the buttons on the console itself. He proceeded to lift off and then flew the ship in a wide loop back towards the facility, making it appear they had just descended from high orbit.

Soon after an authoritative, harsh voice broke out over their comms system.

"Identify yourself or be shot down."

"Aura Ta'var, High Councillor of Clan Odan-Urr, here to conduct trade and provide intel as discussed. Permission to land?"

A short pause followed but she got an immediate answer. "Granted. Land your shuttle outside the facility and keep your landing lights on."

"Thank you," she replied before turning to Zanothi, "Land just outside the pool of lights so they don't see your face," commanded Aura.

He nodded and turned on his landing lights, steering the craft just outside the northwest corner. The Miralian quickly hid under the pilot console and made himself comfortable, ready to use the Force at a moments notice. Aura Ta'var put on her cloak and went out to meet her guests. A quartet of soldiers stood outside, each with a blaster by their side.

"Hello there, here to escort me?"

"Yes ma'am and to inspect the ship."

"Of course, please come in," she said slightly louder.

Zanothi Nightblade reached out to the Force and vanished from view in the span of a few heartbeats, taking care to not move or make a sound as pairs of boots came into view. For a brief moment a human's face stared straight at him as the guard checked the pilot's station. The Miralian could feel his breath against his face. Zanothi merely stared back and tried not to smile. A moment or two later the guards retreated and walked back down the ramp.

"Follow me," one of the men said as they led the High Councillor towards the military facility and closer to their treasured artifact.

"So how was the weather today?" asked Aura cheerfully.

"Hot and dark like most days." responded the guard with a snort.

"Do you all live here year round? It must get unbearable."

"The job pays well. And is relatively safe."

Zanothi Nightblade could hear the chatter become softer as the distance between the High Councillor and himself increased. Upon hearing only the silence of the shuttle the Mirialan got to his feet. With the Force still keeping him hidden from sight he slowly made his way to the front of the small shuttle. *Okay Zanothi, first order of business get some collective uniforms.* The green-skinned male slowly breathed in and out, letting himself feel the blips of life around him. He could clearly feel Aura as if they were still standing right next to each other but he could also feel others walking around like drones in a beehive. Locating two targets towards the north Zanothi rained in his senses and began to slowly walk out of the shuttle still cloaked.

The night was brisk and chilly and the wind nipped at Zanothi's clothes forcing him to keep his dark grey cloak wrapped tightly around him to protect him from the cold. The multiple moons of Lyra provided enough light for Zanothi to see perfectly while allowing the dark to add an extra level of concealment.

"There is an entranceway on the northeast side of the facility." Aura Ta'var's voice chirped through the brotherhood-issued advanced comlink on Zanothi's ear.

"Affirmative. Heading there now."

Zanothi Nightblade maneuvered around the collective forces, all while remaining unseen. He kept his hand right hand on lightsaber hilt ready to pull it at a moments notice. Coming up to the largest building the Mirialan could see an entrance to the building being guarded by several men in thick heavy armor. Taking a deep breath, Zanothi moved through the men and into the next room, maintaining his invisibility with practiced ease. He had been training since he was quite a bit younger to maintain his concentration and allow himself to remain unseen to those without the Force. The Mirilaran's eyes followed the patrols as they moved around him looking for a good place to acquire a uniform.

Creeping around a dimly lit corner, Zanothi looked around this newest room. Boxes of food and other items, some of which the Mirialan could not identify, were stacked around the room and packed to the brim. In the corner was a fireplace of some sort providing light and causing this room to be quite a bit more pleasant than many of the other rooms he had walked through. In the center, he could see a man in the dark grey armor inspecting one of the crates.

Slowly, Zanothi moved close enough that if he desired he could reach out and touch the collective soldier with his hands. The man smelled of sweat and something else pungent that the Jedi Knight could not identify but was most likely one of the items that he was packing away. With a snap-hiss the light blue almost white blade of Zanothi's lightsaber had extended from the hilt. With a low hum the collective officer was struck in the upper back and fell to the floor, his eyes wide and unseeing. Pausing for a second to shut down his blade, Zanothi kept his ears wide open for the sound of an alarm or loud voices of alarmed guards but all that met him was silence.

With a slight smirk Zanothi looked down at his handiwork, proud of the quick and clean kill. Reaching down to inspect the wound site he found no blood loss only cauterized flesh. Next the Jedi pulled off the outer armor off the dead male and put it on over his light grey brotherhood issued robes. Zanothi then moved the body of the blue-skinned humanoid back across the room and right next to the fireplace.

*They already escorted High Councillor Ta'var, let them come to their own conclusions.* Closing his eyes, the Jedi Knight allowed the Force to flow through him once more. Feeling the slight tingling sensation surrounding him, he was once again hidden.

"Got eyes on the crystal and will try to negotiate with their Leader." Aura's voice once again entered Zanothi's ear.

"Got you, Aura," Zanothi responded back with a grimace. Now came the hard part.

## **5 hours earlier**

### **Pride of Harakoa hangar**

Jafits just got off from his A-wing cockpit from Tython squadron routine patrol when he saw Mauro Wynter, the squadron leader, approached him. *He must have something important that he himself came to me.*

"Good day Pilot," Mauro greeted politely.

"Good day to you as well, Sir." Jafits responded. "Can I be of any assistance?"

Mauro gave a hint to Jafits to follow him then he spoke so softly that Jafits had to lean his head to catch his words.

"This is direct from the Consul herself." The Colonel paused for a second to emphasize the importance of the message he was about to tell, then looked at his left and right, ensuring that no one could hear their conversation. He continued as they walked through the corridor.

"Inquisitorius has intercepted a secret communique from the Collective that they will do a secret mission to retrieve a valuable crystal at Thillon Research Facility, where the crystal is being analyzed by the Severian Principate."

"Our Consul reacted by forming a small team, led by herself with a Knight named Zanothi to get the crystal before the Collective do. I don't know exactly what her detailed plan is but she asked directly to me to provide air support once they leave the facility with, hopefully, the crystal."

The Colonel paused again for a second then continued,

"I can only think one name which is you, Vanguard Jafits Skrumm, to carry out this important task."

“Noted. I won’t disappoint you, Sir.” The Jedi replied convincingly.

## **Present**

### **Thillon Research Facility Space**

#### **Lyra-3K-a System**

Jafits had been flying his T-70 X-wing silently at one-third speed, since the High Councillor departed inside the Thillon research facility, when his sensors registered an unknown escort carrier came out of hyperspace in front of him. His astromech droid seated right behind him, started to make a noise. The R3-N4 unit, also known as Enfor, warned him about the incoming carrier.

“Yes, I know.” Jafits calmed his panic droid.

“Do not make excessive noises, keep our distance safe and activate the sensor jamming device or they will locate us.” The Vanguard’s instructions were loud and clear for the droid to follow.

“Enfor, are you able to identify the carrier?” Jafits whispered to his R3 unit while he was zooming in the unidentified ship on his computer screen.

It didn’t take long for Enfor to complete the task he was assigned for. The droid then responded by a long whistle and displayed some data on the screen.

“OK, this is interesting. It doesn’t match with vessels from Iron Navy database since they don’t have any Ton-Falk-class Escort Carriers. And according to the Collective vessel database that Enfor hacked, they have six escort carriers of that type. The probability the carrier belongs to the Collective is 90%. Great, thanks Enfor.”

The R3 unit replied by whistling happily.

A moment later, a shuttle left the carrier hangar, followed by three TIE Fighters as its escort. They headed to Thillon Research Facility below. They formed a Y letter formation, with the shuttle at the intersection, two TIEs at the left and right front and the third TIE was flying right behind the shuttle.

*So the shuttle must be the Collective secret team that was sent to retrieve the artifact by any means. I should warn the Consul at once.*

## **Thillon Research Facility**

### **The Research Chamber**

Aura was in the middle of talking when her handheld comlink started to vibrate softly. She took a glance at her comlink on her left hand then quickly stared back at the Principate Lead Researcher in front of her as she didn’t want to make him suspicious.

The incoming transmission was from Jafits Skrumm. It was short and clear.

“THE COLLECTIVE SHUTTLE HAS ARRIVED.” *It’s time to make a move.*

The Zeltron stared at the crystal in front of her, its reflection from the lights overhead illuminating the walls around them. Packing crates and various goods cluttered the room in a circumference around it, making for natural seats for most of the research staff. Aura eyed a large vent leading to a ventilation system embedded in the ceiling above her and wondered how hot this room got during summer nights. She eyed the single entry door for a brief moment, currently guarded by two armed soldiers. *Why is it never easy*, she thought with a sigh.

“You know, Odan-Urr could help you with that. Our intel suggests the Collective are looking for these things and quite frankly we could have our other Jedi look this over,” offered Aura hopefully.

The director of the facility, the only one who looked out of place in a lab coat, paused for a moment in disbelief.

“And why would we give up something so valuable to Jedi under the thumb of a Sith Lord?”

The High Councillor furrowed her brows in annoyance.

“If you think we’d stand by and let them get away with anything you are sorely misinformed. I offered to help because quite frankly something is off about that crystal. I can only do so much and it usually requires a peaceful environment,” she replied with a deliberate nod towards the blasters pointed in her direction.

“First you want to buy it. Now you want to study it. If the latter is really what you want, why not bring your Jedi experts here? We could arrange for lighter security once we came to an agreement,” counter-offered the director.

Aura paused in surprise, unaware the guards had tattled. The director merely chuckled.

“I know everything that happens around here, Master Jedi. Now what do you say?”

**BOOM!**

The lights flickered and the room shook, sending dust falling from the ceiling. She reached out to the Force and felt Zanothi somewhere inside the facility but wasn’t sure where. *I hope he isn’t far off*, she thought as she instinctively looked above her towards the source of the sound.

“What the schutta?!” she called out before rounding on the director. “I thought you said this place was secure. What’s going on?” she demanded.

The facility director was already on his comlink, angrily yelling into it at what she assumed was his security chief. The man turned around to face her, his face flush with adrenaline.

"If you caused this..."

"Ask your guards. I came alone and they verified it. Now tell your guards to stop pointing their blasters at me and get protecting this crystal you said you'd keep safe," the Zeltron retorted.

"This meeting is over until I get to the bottom of this attack. Go back home and maybe we'll talk again," the director ordered, already nodding towards the guards to escort her back.

"I could stay and help if you want. I'm useful in a fight," she offered as she walked out of the room.

"We can handle this by ourselves. Now go or this deal is dead here and now," the man threatened.

"Okay, okay. Stay calm. I'm leaving. Give me a call if you need me. May the Force be with you," she replied before turning to leave.

*It's up to you two now*, she thought as she followed her escorts, the Jedi saying both a secret 'go word' and a promise.

The High Councillor reached out to the Force, searching for the Collective forces that Jafits had warned her about. It was only a matter of time before they breached the facility, no matter what the Severian Principate thought. She could feel malevolent presences somewhere between herself and her shuttle but so far they hadn't shown themselves. The Jedi got all the way to the last security checkpoint before the lights flickered and then popped out of existence.

"Get them you idiots! Who taught you how to aim?!" yelled a man somewhere in front of them. A smoke grenade rolled around a corner and came into view, already spewing gas.

"I thought you guys said this was a secure facility," she replied sarcastically as she called her saber to her from the weapon basket on the guard desk.

"You don't get that back until we leave the building! Put it down now," commanded the soldiers. The screams of fallen punctuated their petty disagreement.

"Listen really good. Your so called well-trained troops are dead and I'm not dying because my security detail is incompetent. If those monsters get anywhere near me this gets turned on and I'm going after them whether you like it or not," she threatened.



The Zeltron stared down the humans around her for a moment until another scream forced them to re-aim their blasters towards the corner. At the same moment she felt a familiar sensation in the Force telling her to move. The High Councillor dived forward into a seamless roll, a purple plasma bolt burning a hole into one of her escort's armor.

The Jedi activated her saber with a *snap-hiss* and batted away a second plasma bolt from the opposite direction. Her lone alive sentry guard was firing wildly, spraying the walls with bolts. A muffled female cry of pain made the Zeltron's stomach drop.

*Shikari Huntresses...*

Aura Ta'var activated her blue lightsaber and let the Force take over her body. She sprang forward towards the huntress, easily jumping within striking range. A metallic dart shot from her wrist, forcing the Jedi to twist to her right. It missed its mark by mere centimeters, instead sinking itself into the last of her escorts. Not wasting a heartbeat, the Odanite swung in an upright diagonal, the tip of her blade burning through flesh as it ate into the woman's armor.

Aura quickly whipped around, turning her diagonal into a circular sweeping motion as she batted away another purple bolt. She could feel two others in the room with her, one of them running towards the crystal. The Jedi closed her eyes and reached out with her free hand before yanking it back towards her, using the Force to grab onto a second huntress. A red-armored woman flew backwards, already letting loose a purple bolt from her energy bow while her companion chucked a concussion grenade from a hidden position nearby.

The High Councillor squatted, simultaneously using her left hand to push the concussion grenade back at its target and using her right to strike the airborne shikari huntress with a rising slash. A trio of screams went off at once as the grenade went off. One huntress was knocked out cold next to her used concussion ordinance while the other was sliced cleanly in half. Aura Ta'var let herself fall to the floor and clutched her right shoulder for a moment before letting out a pained yell. Taking a deep breath, she reached to the Force around her and felt no one.

*Get up you idiot. Get up...*

The Jedi turned off her saber and used the Force to force herself to keep moving, focusing on temporarily dulling her pain. *That keeter freg*, she thought angrily as she slowly made her way back to the ship.

Meanwhile, the crackle of distant blaster fire could be heard every couple of seconds and Zanothi Nightblade could still smell smoke as he snuck down corridor after corridor with a forced calm. As long as he remained calm the Force would still aid him in remaining unseen. He had to stay calm. Almost as if on habit, the Mirialan repeatedly scratched at his forearm, unused to the bulky and slightly itchy collective uniform he had recently acquired.

The chaos and blaster fire started when Zanothi was about a quarter of the way to the crystal. The room which the Principate had been guarding fiercely and that the High Councillor, Aura Ta'var, had been using for the meeting with the Principate facility leadership. The Mirialan had received a communication from her stating that she had engaged the Collective forces and was carving a path to the shuttle. Through the Force, Zanothi could sense that she was hurt. Her pain was but a small ripple out through the death and destruction around him. It was almost overwhelming and sneaking around was becoming harder.

Arriving at the room the green-skinned man sighed softly as he looked around at the carnage of the once lively room. The chamber was in shambles. Blaster marks covered the walls while boxes littered the floor, among them dead bodies of all different ages. Some of them must have been no older than twenty years of age, their lives cut short in just a few minutes. The Mirialan paused gritting his teeth and forced back the sadness that threatened to overtake him.

Stepping further into the room the Mirialan stilled as he laid eyes on the crystal sitting in the center of the room on a table, a dead hand still reaching out towards it. He looked past the gruesome sight to the crystal itself, wondering who had killed a possibly overconfident thief. It was beautiful with greenish blue tints and slightly warm to the touch. He let his concentration falter allowing himself to be seen picking it up and putting it in a pocket of his dark grey armor. Looking around one more time, Zanothi spotted a large open vent and walked towards it.

*Perfect a ventilation shaft. It must lead outside.* Stepping into the shaft the Mirialan could feel the fatigue begin to creep in. Got to keep going. The High Councillor and Vanguard Skrumm are counting on me.

Bright red alarm lights flickered along the tunnel walls as an alarm blared in the background. The air was warm and chokingly thick with dust and dirt, the walls covered in grime making Zanothi wonder when the last time the shaft were cleaned. Zanothi crept along still in the bulky collective armor. Wiping sweat from his brow he shed his collective armor, shoving it in a corner and placing the crystal in his pocket of robes. Breathing in deeply he allowed the Force to hide him from view again and continued along towards the exit of the tunnel.

As Zanothi exited the facility a bright flash erupted above as a principate guard shuttle was knocked from the sky. The scraping and twisting of metal gritted loudly in the Mirialans ears as the ship fell at an alarming speed, heading straight for him. Drawing on the Force the Knight jumped out of the way with only a few seconds to spare, landing several feet away.

Zanothi Nightblade breathed heavily as he stared back at the twisted and mangled wreckage right where he was standing just a few seconds ago. Zanothi wiped his sweat slicked skin as he took a deep breath and continued on in the direction of their shuttle, still hiding himself from view.

He made his way across the grounds of the principate facility, which had turned into a battlefield. The Knight steadily walked towards the waiting shuttle, doing his best to make as little noise as possible. There were more than a few close calls where either soldiers or their blaster bolts came too close for comfort, but the Mirialan simply went around them. Finally, Zanothi made it to the ramp of the shuttle, taking time to catch his breath. He looked out at the continuing massacre, stray blaster fire and shrapnel caused by explosions lit up the night with a bright orange hue. Screams of the dying and wounded could be heard all the way across the grounds. Turning around he ran into the shuttle to see Aura sitting in the co-pilot seat, doing her best to wrap bandages around her arms that were covered in red scrapes. She appeared to be pretty banged up, causing Zanothi some concern, however he knew she could take care of herself.

"Hard battle huh?" Zanothi asked as he proceeded to sit in the pilot seat, bringing the seat forwards and activating the thrusters for takeoff.

"They had Shikari Huntresses," said the blue-haired Zeltron, wincing as her seat's armrest rubbed against a burn on her right shoulder. "I'm gonna go into a healing trance. Take us home."

"Okay, we'll be home soon."

### **Thillon Research Facility Space Lyra-3K-a System**

Jafits had been flying his X-wing back and forth in space above the Thillon Research Facility silently for some time, keeping his distance safe from the Collective carrier while his jamming device rendered his ship invisible to sensors. He waited for the signal from his Consul below. The Corellian took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, he hated waiting. Then he took a look for the hundredth time at the timer on his panel instrument. They must have acted by now as he realized that almost ten minutes had passed from the time he sent warning to the Consul. I should get ready, he said to himself with enthusiasm as he found something new to do.

"Enfor, locate and calculate the nearest hyperspace point. Exclude the routes that go near the carrier." The droid hadn't finished his calculation when Jafits heard a female voice on his commlink.

"We're leaving now."

"Got it." *Time for action.*

Jafits hit several buttons and switches which made Blue Mist, Jafits's X-wing, come to life again.

He sped up his ship to full throttle then flicked a switch, diverting his shield power to the engine. The Sentinel could feel a jolt that pushed him back to his seat as the Incom-Freitek 5L5 engines roared and streaked forward at maximum speed.

“Enfor, deactivate the jamming device. No need to use it anymore.”

As the jamming device turned off, Jafits allocated its energy left to laser power. It took several seconds to restore the laser power since the jamming device drained it greedily. The Jedi hated himself when he couldn't use his laser cannon due to power outage.

A moment later, his sensor detected a friendly shuttle emerging from the planet atmosphere below. Four clicks in front of him.

“Enfor, are you done with the hyperspace point calculation yet?” He turned around to the R3 unit, waiting for the answer impatiently. Enfor replied by a short beep then flooded the computer screen with data.

“Excellent. Now lock S-foils in attack position.”  
The droid carried out his master command obediently.

“Jafits to Consul Aura, I got visual on you. I'm four clicks behind you.” He paused for a second then continued, “I'm sending you the nearest hyperspace point. Go to the point at maximum speed. At that speed, you will arrive there in exactly four minutes. Don't worry about what will happen on your back. I'll cover you.”

“Understood.”

The Vanguard looked at his main monitor where it displayed the image of the shuttle and some data. He noticed that the shuttle accelerated to its maximum speed, on course to the designated point. He then set his timer to four minutes. *It will be a tense four-minutes.*

Seconds later, three previous TIE Fighters showed up behind the shuttle. They were not in firing range yet.

“Three eyeballs at six o'clock,” The Sentinel warned the shuttle.

“Yes, our sensors have already detected them as well. They're coming fast.”

Jafits knew it. Even at its maximum speed the shuttle would be outpaced by the fighters right behind it since its speed was no match for the TIE fighters. *I have to act quickly.*

“Enfor, bring up target that is closest to the shuttle”.

As the droid worked on his order, JS switched his weapon to missile launcher. R3-N4 responded by beeping and displaying the image of the closest fighter on Jafits' heads-up display. It was the fighter on the left. Jafits steered his X-wing towards it, aligning his ship with his target ahead.

As he approached the target fast, his HUD flashed yellow, then red followed by a constant tone, sign for a missile lock. He pushed the fire button firmly, launching the first missile.

"Enfor, acquire next target." It didn't take long for the Corellian to get a missile lock for the second target. He launched the second missile immediately.

The first missile was a direct hit, shredding the first fighter into little pieces. Seconds later the second missile also streaked towards its target, which exploded in a ball of flames. Jafits took a glance at his timer. 2:25.

But as he tried to target the 3<sup>rd</sup> fighter, their distance was already too close. It was impossible for the Corellian to get a missile lock. Avoiding the explosion ahead, JS took a slight dive then returned to his previous course.

Already alerted by Jafits's presence by his sudden attack, the 3<sup>rd</sup> TIE Fighter pilot managed to break off from their formation just before the first TIE blew up. The fighter climbed up, did a loop and positioned themselves behind Jafits. .

Enfor yowled, complaining about being a target. Jafits hit a switch, redirected his laser power to shields, then hit another switch to shift all shield power to the aft shields.

"Buckle up, Enfor. We're going for a little ride."

Jafits swung his X-wing from side to side, evading the laser fires from his back. He could hear the sound of laser bolts behind him as he was doing Aileron rolls. Decreasing speed to two-thirds, he took a tight turn to left then accelerated to full speed as he climbed up to do a barrel roll. But his pursuer anticipated his action by matching his speed and imitating his maneuver, which kept the TIE position still on his tail.

He is good. He is *really* good. But at least, he's chasing me not the shuttle.

As they leveled out again, the enemy fighter unleashed a volley of laser fire. The first and second green laser hit the aft shield, while the third laser bolt hit the deflector-shield generator. Enfor screeched in panic and warned him that the deflector shield had gone.

"Hang on, Enfor!"

Jafits took a quick look at the timer. 00:49. *Time to end this.*

“Okay, so you want to play rough?”

Jafits took a hard dive, followed by the Collective TIE fighter at his six. He leveled up his ship a bit then hit a button which opened a sliding door on the X-wing’s ventral. A blaster cannon emerged from the openings. Facing forward, the cannon turned 180 degrees and as Jafits pushed a button on his stick, it started to bark.

“Say hello to my little friend.”

An underslung blaster cannon was the TIE fighter pilot least expected. The enemy fighter reacted by taking a climb up to his right. However, it was too late as the laser fire already hit the TIE left hexagonal solar panel and spun the fighter out of its course.

Jafits threw his head back in relief.

“One less Collective to worry about.” He could hear a joyful whistle from his trusty droid.

“JS, are you okay? The enemy carrier just launched more fighters!”

The Sentinel took a look at his sensor. Yeah, they’ve already dispatched more TIEs, but they are too far from me or the shuttle. They should have launched the fighters five minutes ago.

He looked at the timer again. 0:13.

Jafits took a wide turn and set his course to the hyperspace point.

“You’re all safe now. Let’s go home.”