

Thuvis Shipyards

Assembly Plant

Lyra-3K-a System

Kalan Amak had spent more time on this wretched station than he cared to admit. While the rest of his clan was off attempting to gain intelligence on the Collective and Principate forces in the area, Kalan was subject to patrol duty. Unlike most of his clan, Kalan preferred to patrol alone. He was faster by himself and knew the area better than anyone.

The station was a relic of the Galactic Civil War and was therefore littered with the remains of old TIE Fighters, the hulks of unfinished Star Destroyers, and even piles of abandoned probe droids.

As Kalan moved into the old Assembly Plant, he heard a female voice barking orders over a commlink. Moving closer, he spotted a tall, copper haired woman clad in deep red Collective military armor. She was armed to the teeth with a blaster rifle and pistol, and what appeared to be a set of spiked knuckles on her right hand. This lady might look like she would fit in on the cover of some holomagazine, but she was no lady.

Kalan stepped from the shadows and gave a slight “ahem.”

The woman turned on the spot, blaster rifle at the ready. “Just who in the hell are you?” She demanded.

“Amak. Kalan Amak. And I must say, that’s a rather large rifle for a lady. Who might you be?”

“Captain Crimson.”

“Captain whatthewhat?” Kalan laughed. “That is the lamest name ever! You couldn’t have come up with something better?”

Crimson raised her rifle. “What are you doing here?”

“Oh? Me? Trying to figure out why you Collective lunatics are trying to blow up such a nice system. You realize that nobody thought the Brotherhood did this, right? Everyone knows it was you.”

Crimson laughed. “Oh really? And what makes you say that?”

“Giant ships, excessive use of force, random radio chatter saying things like ‘for the Brotherhood’ which is something that literally nobody in the Brotherhood says.” Kalan rolled his eyes. “I mean, come ON. What is that Oligard guy compensating for? Not packing a full size torpedo in the weapons bay? Eh?”

Crimson reacted instantly. Without warning, she opened fire with her blaster rifle. Kalan rolled behind the cockpit of an abandoned TIE Fighter and started firing his pistol indiscriminately around the side.

“Well, that wasn’t very ladylike!”

“I am no lady!” And Crimson fired again. Her blaster bolts piercing the hull of the cockpit and sending shards of molten durasteel in Kalan’s direction.

Kalan leapt out and activated his jetpack. Taking position in the air, he fired shot after shot from his Westar pistol, Captain Crimson dodging every shot with the agility of a holoball player.

She responded in kind, unleashing a spray of blaster bolts into the air, which ricocheted off the scaffolding overhead and caused the cranes and tibanna gas cylinders mounted there to crash to the floor and explode.

Kalan landed on top of a stack of Type B Containers. Taking aim, he fired at a canister suspended over Crimson's head. It broke free of its mount and fell to the floor, exploding in a massive fireball.

As the fireball dissipated, a haze of smoke filled the room. Kalan watched from his perch for any sign of Captain Crimson, but saw nothing.

"Man. It's like all the good female characters have this huge buildup and then wind up dying or vanishing in flames." Kalan mused to nobody in particular.