**Lyra-3K-a
Thuvis Imperial Shipyard
Assembly Plant 7X-TYR**

Even in the flickering light of the half-repaired assembly plant, the bright crimson armor that could only possibly belong to Captain Crimson shown bright as a torch. Silently watching from the control room windows high above the plant floor, she was an ominous presence to her troops and repair personnel scurrying about, trying their best to regain functionality throughout the building. To her executive officer, a short human named Lieutenant Velan Quill, she was far from the intimidating officer that some found her to be and instead a warm and caring person committed to her troops. Quill had known CC, as he and others who knew her best called her, for some time, though, and that likely was part of the cause. The silence between the two was finally broken as Crimson turned to her XO and handed him a datapad.

“Quill, would you take this back to the construction team? They’ll want to know I approved their recquisitions.”

The Lieutenant gave a perfunctory salute before turning to the turbolift, leaving Crimson to again turn her focus to the activity on the floor below her. *I’ll wait for him to report back before heading down to the mess hall*, she idly thought.

*A few minutes later…*

As the turbolift door hissed, Captain Crimson turned. “Glad you’re back, I’m ready to get some gru-“

With a start she cut off, her new companion in the control room not Quill but instead a short human with an unkempt reddish-brown beard and the cowl of a black cloak covering the majority of his face. In a flash, the Collective officer drew her pistol and aimed it at the intruder.

“This facility is under the control of the Collective. State your name and business immediately.”

The cloaked figure moved two fingers in an almost imperceptible wave at his side before calmly yet firmly stating, “Captain… your pistol. You will not need it.”

Crimson narrowed her eyes at the man, confusion clouding her brain. Did she need the pistol? Why had she drawn it in the first place? She was halfway to holstering her sidearm before another thought cut through the fog. *This is a Jedi trick!* In a flash her pistol was raised again and the trigger depressed, the red bolt covering the handful of meters separating the two almost instantaneously.

Luckily for the cloaked figure – the former Imperial and Dark Jedi Farrin Xies – there was just enough of a warning broadcast through his Force-attuned senses that he was able to dive out of the way, the bolt singing his sleeve. Xies had hoped to take the Collective Captain alive but that was clearly out of the picture now; exchanging her sidearm for her blaster rifle underscored that point. The two combatants found themselves at opposite ends of the small control room, both behind the cover of upturned furniture.

The Collective officer keyed her comm unit. “Break-break-break, this is Crimson. Contact, control room, Jed-“ she cut off with a scream as lightning arced from Farrin’s outstretched fingers and spread over her metallic armor. Soon after, a single shot from a DC-17 blaster pistol silenced the screaming, too.

Farrin realized with annoyance that enough of her message had carried across the comm network, however, as klaxons began to ring throughout the complex and troopers far below him on the plant floor began to shove the workers out of the way, streaming toward the turbolift. With less than sixty seconds by his estimate before the first of the soldiers would be upon him, the former Dark Jedi reached out with his senses in hope of a secondary means of egress from the facility.

*Fifty-eight seconds later…*

 Four Collective soldiers stepped out of the turbolift with their rifles raised, taking care to follow the training that CC had instilled in them by quickly establishing a tactical picture of the room in front of them. Clearing the small room took only a few seconds before one of the soldiers rushed to their Captain’s side. The coup d’grace shot had taken her solidly between the eyes, though, and there was nothing that even a trained medic could do for her at this point. Meanwhile, the other soldiers conferred with each other – and were soon joined by numerous others – while they tried to figure out where her assailant had vanished to. As more and more troopers flooded into the small room, though, the ceiling vent on the floor became harder and harder to spot before it was forgotten entirely.