

## ***Alaisy Tir'eivra***

*Thuvis Imperial Shipyard*

*Objective: Captain Crimson*

Rusted metal creaked and groaned. Cables, tools and debris littered the metal halls endlessly. Loud clattering of machinery shook the structure, proving that the facility was at-least partially in use. Alaisy Tir'eivra had been following the breadcrumbs left behind by the dreaded and reputable \*Captain Crimson\*.

Getting into the gigantic Thuvis Shipyard complex had been fairly easy, the facility was filled with holes after the recent attack by these so called 'Iron Navy' stickered-on TIE-fighter squadrons. The previously abandoned halls felt like a dead god was slowly being resurrected, with all the ominous tension in the air to go with it.

A recent run-in with Severian Principate's very own head of security Amara Cirrus gave the black-clad Sith a boost of confidence. The meeting was important enough to sign herself up for a suicide mission in order to take down one of the Collectives most prized members.

The state of disrepair, drilling and loud noises allowed the Arconan woman to follow one of Chelsea's goons unchallenged. Despite the Sith towering at a massive 2.26 meters with her metal heels scratching and tapping on the surface, the soldier never seemed to be looking back. No functioning security cameras or surveillance hindered their path towards Assembly Plant 7X-TYR. Alaisy had taken her HK-unit, P.H.I.L. with her on the stealthed transport, and armed him with a Syndicate Blaster Pistol for close combat.

"I am going to follow this one, target is dressed in red and black clothes, distinct patterns that may lead us to Captain Crimson. How can anyone be taken seriously with a name like that?" Alaisy communicated back to her Inquisitorius contact.

The Sith motioned for her droid to stay right behind her. The tall black-clad woman took a careful look at the trooper, before taking a few steps forward as deafening industrial machinery drowned out the sound of her tapping heels. She crouched behind a two meter high metal fence that allowed her to peek through the grid without being seen.

The tracked target was greeted by two of their colleagues after passing through the entryway. They seemed to be disciplined, well built, but lacking the protective gear one would expect from a Collective military unit serving under an idol such as Chelsea Crimson. Ample opportunity for the infiltrating Sith to exploit the situation.

The tall Sith activated her mask's targeting reticle, locked-on to her target and read from her visor's HUD that the target was less than 5 meters away. She focused on the Force to create a

field of impenetrable darkness and anchored it to her marked quarry in order to completely blind the trio.

“P.H.I.L., retrace your steps by 3 meters, once you regain vision and if anyone leaves the void, you shoot them, understand?” Alaisy commanded her droid as the sudden nightfall caused alarm and confusion among the guards.

“Affirmative, mistress,” P.H.I.L. answered with obedience as he let his memory calculate the steps backwards. rather than depend on his obfuscated optical system, holding his gun upwards.

Trained to see through the varying layers of darkness, Alaisy climbed up on the fence and threw a Dioxis grenade in the general direction of the entryway.

Toxic gas filled the cramped space, taking seemingly forever for the choking and panting guards to disperse. The tall Sith jumped down, letting the platforms of her boots carry her weight as she landed deftly. She unclipped her electro-whip \*Persuasion\* and lightsaber \*Conviction\*, making her way towards the coughing, hacking and suffocating henchmen.

Despite the deep dark, the Sith was able to locate one her targets crawling over the floor, trying desperately to escape the deadly cloud. Without hesitation she ignited \*Conviction\*, ran towards him and pressed the burning hot plasma through his spinal cord.

Another one, merely a meter away from the entry, was holding the palm of her right hand over her mouth. In terror from the noxious fumes, she still managed to catch on to the sound of Alaisy’s crackling saber. The frantic soldier grabbed her E-11 blaster rifle and let loose a burst of blaster bolts in the Sith’s direction.

The Sith received a warning from the Force, giving her the chance to raise her reverse gripped saber to redirect the emerald bolts coming her way. By luck for Alaisy, or by grave misfortune for the victim, one of the green bolts hit a third soldier in the neck as he was attempting to climb up a conveyor belt inside the Assembly Plant. The Qel-Droman finished off the remaining armed soldier who’s last view of life ended in a crimson glow, before her head separated from her body.

Formation of the sudden pitch-dark zone and sounds of gunfire alerted the Captain and her two fellow soldiers next to her. Captain Chelsea Crimson was overseeing work from above the Assembly inside the three-panel windowed observatory. The red and black heavily armored woman was hoping to poach disillusioned Severian Principate groups and increase hostility towards the Brotherhood. .

The Collective woman put her helmet on and ordered both of her companions to take approach the conflicted zone from one side each. Cheap sea herself would approach from the north side of the entrance after they reached ground level by elevator.

Both the stygian field and the toxic dioxide were slowly dissipating. Alaisy recalled her droid, hiding behind one of the half-constructed ship parts on the conveyor belt.

Captain Crimson, 'CC', and the two guards slowed down once they made their way through the large worn down assembly, maneuvering between the rusted and littered hallways between the conveyor belts and ship parts.

By now P.H.I.L. had made his way inside the half-working construction area. Alaisy commanded her droid to crouch behind the first conveyor belt as she sensed more incoming foes. One came stomping from the East, another from the West and a tall heavily armored figure was wading her way towards the Sith from the North.

The tall black-clad woman ordered her droid to stay put and only engage one of them. She then prepared her jet-thrusters and aimed to distract them with a trail of fire coming from her boots. CC and the soldier that was approaching from the West followed the trail towards the left side of the assembly entrance.

As Alaisy made her land between two large unfinished construction parts she somersaulted to compensate and break her impact. The soldier immediately opened fire as he got her in his sight. A warning from the Force allowed Alaisy to unclog her lightsaber and ignite it. She managed to deflect the first burst, then stayed her ground as he came charging at her. The next burst of blasterfire allowed her to redirect them as she narrowed her focus..

Chelsea Crimson halted for a moment and sent her Probe Droid out to scout the vicinity. probe droid spots the Sith and goes after Alaisy, P.H.I.L. is forced to confront the guard coming from the east.

The soldier fighting the Sith ducked out of the way of his own redirected blaster bolts. He clutched a frag grenade and threw it towards the Arconan. The tall woman studied his actions and stretched out her right arm, still holding her whip handle. As the twirling grenade flew at her she concentrated deeply upon the Force, pushing the grenade into the opposite direction.

The pushed back explosive shattered near the guard, sending shrapnel through his legs and part of his torso. In response, CC and her Probe droid made her way towards the blast, alerted by the echoing *boom*.

The soldier smacked on the ground in pain. As a DRK-1 droid came floating from above one of the ship parts, a black and red clad figure followed around the corner from the North. Alaisy

figured this was her target, Captain Crimson, and so did her ailing compatriot. CC's presence inspired him instantly, giving him the will to pick up his blaster despite his wounds.

Both Crimson and the soldier readied their guns and fired from both directions, putting the Sith under pressure. The high heeled woman was forced to deflect and tried to redirect the bolts.

Chelsea yelled at her fallen comrade to keep up the pressure while she charged towards the Sith, hoping to take her on in melee range.

Meanwhile, Phil spotted the soldier coming from the East and opened fire from cover.

Alaisy cracked her whip at CC, extending it towards the veteran Captain. The metal wire of *Persuasion* coiled around the heavy armor. The black-clad Sith pressed the button on her hilt in order to unleash a shock from her weapon. Despite its tight hold around Chelsea's arm, the electrical current of *\*Persuasion\** fizzled out.

Captain Crimson took the opportunity to grip and violently rip *Persuasion* out of the Sith's hand, unbalancing the Arconan.

The opening allowed the Captain to throw a bacta bomb towards the ailing soldier, in the hopes to get him back on his feet.

The black-clad Sith re-found her balance and focused on the Force to enhance her speed. With some effort and strain from her continuous usage of the Force, she panted and breathed heavily before successfully making a superhuman jump towards the conveyor belt, passing the large ship construction parts. She then maneuvered between the smaller metal debris on the belt to make her way back towards her droid.

A firefight was still ensuing between the soldier and her HK droid P.H.I.L., however for a moment it ceased. Captain Crimson ended her pursuit to help her colleague out, deciding to send out a distress signal towards any of her troops still inside the massive Shipyard complex.

The brave guard fighting P.H.I.L. paused and picked up his datapad to answer his Captain.

"Still alive and kicking, fighting a really nasty HK-chassis droid over here. More reinforcements coming? What? Fantastic news! My friends weren't so lucky. Wait, no returning fire, need to go! Private Andre-", the last sound dying out as P.H.I.L. made his way to the top of the construction part the soldier was using for cover, hitting him with a well-aimed bolt through his skull. Blood splattered over his datapad as he fell lifelessly on the rusted Assembly floor.

Quick tapping of metal heels greeted her droid as Alaisy was relieved to find her companion still in one piece.

“Concern: Mistress a distress call for reinforcement seems to have gotten out, by my calculations the likelihood of succeeding is quickly diminishing,” her droid reported loyally.

“Damn it all, this is not worth the trouble. Let’s get out of here, but I’m not leaving without that tablet he’s holding,” Alaisy greedily took the bloodied tablet and pried off a Collective insignia from the soldier’s uniform.

“Could be useful in tracking the Captain down if we are given another chance. Call for a transport out of here P.H.I.L.!”

The duo made their way back out the same way they entered. A soldier spotted them on their way out, however. He turned tail and jumped behind cover, seemingly ordered to capture footage of the Sith rather than shooting blaster-fire at her.

Rather than risking her luck of not getting out, Alaisy kept running with her droid right behind her.

“Relief: A ship is on their way, it will be waiting for us two sections east of here mistress,” her droid communicated.

As the two made their getaway, Captain Crimson was plotting her revenge for her loyal comrades that the Arconan Sith brutally murdered.

“Excellent, we have enough footage. Place that monstrous woman on the next batch of propaganda posters. The Severian Principate will understand how despicable these Brotherhood Force-users really are,” Chelsea answered her holocommunicator as she helped her follower back to his feet.