

Star Destroyer Invicta

09:00 - Twenty four hours post mission.

The chamber was silent, Aay'han sat herself in the free central seat and waited. She could feel her stomach flip from side to side with anxiety and took a slow deep breath. Karran Val'teo stood behind her, a reassuring presence, she had requested the Iridonian come with her.

Unfortunately, the seats before the petite Iridonian female were already occupied. The Council had wanted to see her personally, in truth, she had not wished to oblige. Though her Leadership had not really given her a choice on the matter.

The male Human sat directly in front of her was of middle-age, she felt power radiate from him in small pulsing waves. It was almost reassuring in itself, though she knew not to let her guard down. The Human in question she was told was the Grand Master, she took the information at face value, she understood the rank but didn't know whom they were referring to at the time. If it weren't for the ripples in the Force he created the Krath would have described the Hapan as average, she was wise enough to keep that comment to herself, however.

"Do you know why we have asked you here?" His voice was supple, like worn leather. Aay'han tried her best to not get distracted.

" Yes." With considerable effort on her part she tried to keep her voice level and calm." You wish to know how it happened." Karran shifted slightly behind her, his fingers grasped at her shoulder offering some reassurance.

Telaris nodded a fraction to show she was correct but did not speak further, a social cue the Iridonian half breed was not aware of. Karran nudged her a fraction to begin the tale, her gaze had wandered to the veiled males to each side of the Grand Master but swiftly enough she looked back to Telaris.

"The door opened, and there he was imprisoned.." She began but was interrupted quickly enough.

"Wait, from the beginning child." This voice the Krath recognised even behind the black hood. It was the one she had freed from the cage.

"This is a waste of time. What does it matter what happened? He." She gestured to Evant with a finger. "Is free and you have him back, what else matters on the subject?"

"Many died, we need to collate a full report to see exactly what happened to minimize losses next time. We also noted.. That you neglected to write up a report." The other male spoke now, Aay'han had been informed it was the Master at Arms Howlader Taldrya, she had never spoken or met him before now.

"Very well, from the beginning then." She gave an irked sigh as she spoke.

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Aay'han followed Atyiru quietly as she led the way towards where Spectre Cell were to meet for debriefing. She deposited the girl and left on some other business.

The team had their marching orders delivered to them with very little gusto. They all knew what was expected and all knew to hit hard and weren't going to be coming back without the prize.

The shuttle rattled as they plotted their entry point, to charge as soon as they broke in, to not get pinned and push forward without much care for prisoners. Aay'han did not pay much attention to where they would be going, it would be hostile, what else did she need to know?

The engine hum changed as the craft slowed, the Iridonian tensed as she stacked up. The team divided into two groups for the initial charge, one for the left, one for the right.

Muscles tensed as the doorway began to open, Grot was in front of her, the Transdoshan tall and imposing with mottled skin, she felt like she was in an arid place, the scent of desert and death hung on him.

"Don't baulk Soft Skin." Aay'han hadn't realised he had been watching her out of the corner of his eye.

"I'm no weakling," the Mandalorian hissed back. Grasping her lightsaber firmly readying for the chase.

"You look like a babe in the woods." She could hear the soft chuckle in his sibilant tones and made a mental note to one day smash his face into the ground.

"Watch your back and I'll watch mine." The Iridonian heard him sniff a hiss of discontent at her words.

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The Master at Arms interrupted Aay'han as she spoke in excessive detail of the happenings of the day.

"We do not need to know what you think. Stick to the facts."

Aay'han gave a small hiss of anger, eyes briefly flashing crimson with her rage as she spat out her words.

"You are the ones that wanted to know everything."

The Council had not anticipated she would have taken their words quite so literally, but they had yet to realise that she was still very young though they were beginning to see exactly what Nath Voth had created.

They remained silent, waiting expectantly for her to continue the tale.

Twenty four hours previously

The attack was brutal as they boarded the vessel. The intel was strongly suggesting this was the only place the Deputy Grand Master could be.

The Iridonian dodged as a blade swung from on high, side stepping and slashing with the lightsaber. The man fell, buckling and screaming his pain as though he birthed a child. Aay'han caressed her weapon through the spinal column to silence them in one smooth motion.

Blood began to pool and she quickly moved away to meet her next opponent, parrying back the blaster bolts in rapid succession to avoid injury.

By this point, Spectre Cell had diverged and spread themselves thinning out to cover more ground and push through the barriers that had been erected to impair their progress.

Aay'han noted a vent and dove within, crashing against the metal panels with enough force to create quite a din. In this instance, it passed all by, far too focused on the melee.

She crawled through the passages for hours, using the Force as she did. The Iridonian could Sense beings close by, the mundane felt dull and rounded but eventually she noted someone who felt different. The sharp angles and dimensions marked them as a Force User and she grasped onto that feeling pulling, shunting and kicking herself closer and closer through the cramped confines of the maintenance shafts.

How long it took her to get there, she wasn't sure, all she knew was the dull ache of cramping joints and with one final frustrated kick she sent the cover panel flying into the calves of a guard who was oddly enough had been unlocking the cell.

Aay'han appeared black with dirt as she stood once more.

"You're the Deputy Grand Master then." Her fingers finished the work of the dazed guard unlocking the cell. "We should find the others."

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"The rest y'all know." She stood languidly and huffed a sigh, shrugging off the other Iridonian's hand. "I'm going now. I'm hungry."

She didn't wait for permission, walking out before they could utter another word. The trio slowly looked at one another and collectively sighed it was far easier to just let her go.