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Major Hector Ricmore #15134** [**https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/15134/snapshots/2905/5125**](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/15134/snapshots/2905/5125)

**Commander’s Log 38.672020**

I have received orders from the Iron Legion to report to our allies in Clan Vizsla. These renegades have acquired a small fleet. My team and I have been reassigned to an Immobilizer controlled by House Wren. We are to rendezvous with a representative of the house for a joint operation

**Immobilizer 418-class heavy cruiser**

**Deep space**

“Major Soldean,” the Mandalorian said with an extension of his hand. “I am Major Ricmore, we will be working side by side on this mission. I am impressed with your records during the assault on meridian. It will be a pleasure to work with you.”

“Likewise, Major. May I introduce my first officer, Captain Jericho. As well as my chief medical specialist Sergeant Ava Delrin. We are at your service.”

After exchanging salutes and formal greetings, Major Ricmore ordered his welcoming party to assist Captain Jericho and Sergeant Delrin to move some of their belongings, and invited Creon to view the bridge.

The bridge onboard the Immobilizer was of imperial design. It had a long-windowed view of the deep space just above the nose of the bow. Within view were three Raider II-class corvettes, one to the left, in front of, and to the right of the Immobilizer. Aside from the windows into space, the command walkway was surrounded by a multitude of computers manned by officers. Each one was at a designated station for arms and armaments, engineering, astrogation, and cyber warfare components.

“We were ordered here in quite the hurry. Are we to join the defense on Arx?” Creon inquired.

“Not entirely,” Hector exclaimed, “We have a specified target in mind.” The Mandalorian signaled a specialist at a computer monitor to pull up the target vessel onscreen. From the main window view, a holographic projection of a collective dreadnought class heavy cruiser. “She is called the Ocaejar, and is run by a high-ranking officer by the name of Ghafa Ordam. Our mission is to infiltrate and capture Chief Ordam alive and bring her to Vizla command. After a thorough interrogation, we will turn her over to the Dark Council for further questioning.”

“Where is the Ocaejar?” Creon asked

“She is in orbit over Arx with the rest of the Collective offense.”

Creon chuckled, “Good, seems I will have my part in this war after all. Does the mission specify whether the vessel is to be left intact?”

“It is of little concern. Though I can see it being a great asset if left intact.”

“Do you think it’s feasible?”

“No. But it doesn’t hurt to try.”

Creon gave a chuckle. It was a very powerful ship, and the idea of capturing it for the brotherhood motivated the challenger in him. This was his first time in fleet command, and going above and beyond mission success by providing an addition to the fleet would keep his career moving forward.

“Magnificent, no?” Ricmore added.

“Indeed. I’ve never set foot on a finer ship.”

The two Vizlan leaders were shortly joined by Captain Jericho from the turbolift. The mirialan took a moment to seize it’s vast size. He stood on a stage above a sea of uniforms in a maze of cubicles.

“Captain, glad you could join us. Has Sergeant Delrin joined our medical staff in Sick Bay?” Ricmore asked.

“Aye sir, she is stationed and on standby.”

“Excellent. Well then, gentlemen. I leave command to this fine fleet to you.”

Creon’s eyes widened suddenly in surprise, “I’m s-sorry Major? I thought this was a joint operation role.”

“It is, sir. I will be manning the starfighter squadrons from both these vessels and the Deathwatch Tie defenders once we deploy. You will remain here and provide command of the Immobilizer and her escort corvettes. We will need you to keep them occupied until we are able to extract Ghafa Ordam from the Ocaejar.”

“Extract?” Creon said with a lowered tone. He had a bad feeling about this.

“Indeed. The plan is to fight our way through into the hangar to the bridge and detain the officer.”

“I advise caution, Major Ricmore. Although I have complete confidence in your skills, I don’t feel this plan to be the most effective approach.”

“Oh? I am open to hearing suggestions.”

Creon loosened his shoulders with a relieved sigh, “I’m glad to hear that, and commend your rational open mind. As you know, I come from a reconnaissance ship. I’d like to probe the Ocaejar to look for key areas where we can cripple her automated functions. Rendering her ineffective by disabling comms, controls and the hyperdrive will leave them sitting ducks. Without comms, you’ll easily overpower her squadrons. They’ll be sitting ducks for us to do as we wish, in addition to leaving their ship available for us.”

“Ah, the spoils of war.”

“Exactly! And I have the perfect probe in mind, an ID10 that has seen the meridian. It has never failed me before. I simply need a good pilot to launch it in close enough for it to infiltrate.”

“Have the droid report to my ship,” Major Ricmore ordered, “I will see to the delivery personally. If you’ll excuse me, I need to change my uniform before proceeding to the hangar.”

“Major, may I speak to you in private?” Creon asked.

“Certainly,” Ricmore replied with an invitation into a meeting room. The room was a simple corridor filled with a single table surrounded by eight chairs. At the center of the table was a holoprojector.

Creon handed Ricmore a small cardkey chip, “This contains a private comms frequency that will go directly to the commlink I keep in my ear. There may be times we’re I may need to ask your advice. I am no expert in astrogation as you are, and have only studied academy fleet tactics over a datapad. I’m afraid my experience is shadowed by your expertise.”

The Zygerrian rested a hand on Creon’s shoulder, “Trust in the crew you have been provided. The only thing you need is a strong sense of leadership, one of which your record indicated you have, and I see it boldly in your eyes. I will keep in private contact, but I do not think you will need it.”

Creon thanked him and shook his hand once again out of personal respect. The two then departed to their respective stations.

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After a moment of looking into the void of the cosmos, Captain Camden looked to Creon’s return with a deep breath. Although they were experienced in war, this was a new type of combat for both of them. Their nervousness, however, was outclassed by the history of their teamwork, professionalism, and pride in the brotherhood.

“Lieutenant,” Captain Jericho called to a navigation’s officer, “Set hyperdrive coordinates for Arx. Arm all weapons with deflector shields at maximum.”

“Aye sir, coordinates are set. Weapons at the ready and shields are up,” the officer replied.

“Instruct the corvettes to do the same, we will leave on the Commander’s mark.”

Creon looked once more into the starry blanket of space. Interstellar nature always brought him at awe, despite it’s cold and emptiness. There was always a sense of peace that resonated in the void, even during times of war.

“Sir?” Camden inquired, which caused Creon to snap out of his train of thought. “We are ready when you are.”

With a deep breath Creon gave the command, “Engage!”

**Major Hector Ricmore**

**Immobilizer Hangar Bay**

**A few minutes earlier**

Within the hangar bay of the Immobilizer class cruiser stood a gathering of the various Clan Vizsla pilots. They had checked over their ships and ensured that they were combat ready and now they awaited the final words before the engagement began.

Atop one of the Tie fighters stood Major Hector Ricmore who used the vantage point to see all those gathered and increase his presence.

“Soldiers and pilots of Clan Vizsla I thank you for gathering here today. As you all know The Collective have made an attempt to invade Arx. While it may not be our home I can bet that the Dark Council will pay handsomely once we pull them out of the frying pan.”

A series of chuckles broke out at that.

“Many of you have already faced The Collective in combat. They are as suicidal as they are foolish. The zealots will rush our positions with whatever fighters they possess. They will fire upon us with blaster fire and explosives. When those run dry they will smash their ships against our lines. We will not give them the chance to do so. We are Mandalorians, the glorious Clan Vizsla. We were born for combat. Today, we baptize our blades in Collective blood and our ships in the flaming husks of Collective ships. Follow the orders of your superiors and look out for your squadmates and you will make it out of this alive. For Clan Viszla!”

“For Clan Vizsla!”

The pilots boarded their ships and prepared for combat.

The Immobilizer dropped out of hyperspace flanked by 3 Raider class corvettes. Below them flew a squadron of Tie defenders. The hangar doors of the Immobilizer opened and 25 Tie spilled out into space.

At the head of the pack flew a black and purple Tie Advanced V1, Vizsla’s Valkyrie, piloted by Hector Ricmore.

The Major activated his comm unit. “All fighters engage the enemy, keep the Collective at bay. Tie bombers prepare to jump to hyperspace when I send you the coordinates.

The Zygerrian’s fingers tapped the keyboard of his datapad, finishing the calculations for the planned maneuver, an in-system hyperspace jump. Micro Jumps were notoriously difficult to pull off but the payoff of being able to slip past the Collective fighter net would be worth the inherent risk involved with such a maneuver.

“Calculations completed. Transmitting the coordinates now, prepare to jump on my signal.”

As the information transmitted Hector noticed a bright blue light emitting from the Ocaejar.

Eyes wide in recognition, all he could do was utter a soft “No” as the ship fired its composite beam laser, bright blue light tearing down the shield of one of the Raider II.

Heart pounding in his chest, Hector shouted out an order. “We can’t allow it to fire again! Jump now!”

Space rippled as the 13 ships jumped into hyperspace.

A flurry of stars filled the pilot’s vision before space shifted to reveal the Ocaejar right in front of him.

Hector grit his teeth when he noticed 4 explosions across the bow of his ship. Some of the Tie had miscalculated, slamming directly into the Ocaejar’s shields.

“Go for the gun!” he ordered, praying that at least one of the bombers would make it.

THe Ocaejar’s laser turrets shifted to face the new threat, throwing green blasts towards the incoming bombers.

Diverting all of his shield power to his engines Hector sent the ship rocketing towards the turrets. Squeezing down on the trigger he opened fire with his cannons and the turret attached to the underbelly of his ship, ripping through two of the emplacements.

Nearing the ship, he spun around to gain distance, jerking the joystick sideways and forcing the Tie into an aileron roll.

Coming out of the roll he noticed a quadrant of the turrets still focusing on the Tie bombers.

A scowl grew over the Zygerrian’s face. “Think you can ignore me? We’ll see about that.” he muttered to himself.

Sending his ship into a dive he opened fire on the defending turrets.

Pshew! Pshew! Pshew!

The blasts from the Tie impacted more of the defending turrets, destroying them.

Hector kept pressuring the Ocaejar, destroying one emplacement after another. But they continued to focus their fire on the Tie bombers, ripping all but one to shreds.

The last Tie bomber flew directly at the cannon before sending a transmission. “I’ll see you on the flip side.”

The bomber collided with the canon, all of its projectiles and bombs going off in a catastrophic explosion.

A tear slipped down Hector’s face. They had done their jobs, the main canon and turret emplacements had been destroyed. This should have been a victory. So why did his mouth taste like ash?

After offering a brief prayer for the fallen he contacted the fleet. “Bring the transports in now.”

The various transports of Vizsla’s 1st strike group appeared in the system. Komm’rk fighters, Atmospheric Landers and Sentinel landing craft carried the men of Clan Vizsla’s 1st Legion. The LAAT/c following them carried 4 AT-TE walkers to support the horde of men.

One of the Kom’rk fighters flew over to Hector, who had maintained a holding pattern above the Ocaejar.

The Kom’rk stopped and let down its landing ramp. One of the soldiers inside, equipped specifically for this mission with a jetpack and sealed helmet, exited the ship and lept onto Hector’s Tie.

Hector opened the cockpit and allowed the man to take his seat, as he climbed out of his ship.

Push off the side of the Tie, the Zygerrian used his jetpack to propel him towards the Ocaejar in short bursts. The men aboard the Kom’rk exited and followed behind him.

Landing on the Ocaejar Hector made his way above the bridge of the vessel. Taking out his Q-1041 Plasma Cutter he began to slowly cut a circular hole into the hull of the ship.

The 24 men the Kom’rk transported gathered around the forming circle. After a minute the circle had fully formed.

“Prepare flash grenades.”

Three of the men pulled a cylinder from their belts. Hector kicked the circle in and immediately backed away as blasterfire flew out of the hole. The men pulled the pin on their grenades and threw them into the ship, filling the bridge with a flash of white.

“Go go go!”

The men leapt down into the ship and began engaging those they found.

Hector drew his A180 blasters and leapt into the ship, eyes peeled for anyone important looking.

Landing inside he did not even have a chance to fire a shot before a figure in Katarn armor slugged him across the face and grabbed onto his wrists, squeezing them and forcing him to drop his weapons.

Trying to make space, he drove his knee into the figure’s chest before pushing them backwards.

“You don’t look like a typical Collective grunt. I take it your Ghafa Ordam?”

“An excellent deduction. Your investigative skills are truly astounding. What gave it away, was it the armor, or my position on the bridge?”

“No need to be sarcastic, I’ll have you in chains soon enough.”

“Oh will you? Forgive me if I..”

Ordam threw a punch mid sentence hoping to catch Hector off guard. He managed to move his forearm into the blow but it was slapped aside as the Nautolan slammed a chain of kicks into his chest before slamming a side kick into him and knocking him to the floor.

“This is the best that the Brotherhood had to send? Pitiful.”

Pulling a thermal detonator from her belt she activated it and tossed it towards Hector.

The Zygerriaan activated his jetpack and launched himself away from the explosion. Several consoles and terminals were in the radius which also exploded and sent shrapnel towards both Collective and Vizsla forces.

“We’re on the bridge you madwoman!” Hector yelled as he landed, his foot stepping on an irregular surface.

Click

Hector’s eyes shot open as he was engulfed in flame.

“Ghaaah” he screamed in pain as the flames entered the space between his armor and ignited his fur.

Throwing himself to the ground he thrashed and rolled, trying to staunch the flames.

Ghafa slowly walked towards the burning Vizslan. “I’m sorry, I thought you would be smarter than trying to directly assault a bridge under my control. The standards for Vizsla clearly aren’t very high.”

She sneered down at the Zygerrian who had managed to put out the fire but lay wheezing in pain.

“Now I..”

She was cut off by a fibercord whip wrapping around her neck.

“You...talk...too...much” Hector ground out before he fired a stun blast from his DL-44.

Pain filled his senses causing the Zygerrian to pass out.

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“Get me 200ccs of triptacederine in his system.”

Hector’s vision flashed the image of a uniformed woman clad in blue. Although his peripherals were blurry, he focused on the vision of her to maintain his grasp on life. His body was numbed, and the container he was in revealed ice in his peripheral vision. He felt suspended in liquid.

*A cryobacta sustainment capsule.*

It preserved what remained as the recovered patients were being transported to the Immobilizer’s Sick Bay.

*You will live.*