

The *Ocaejar* loomed out of the darkness of space. In comparison, the T4-a Lambda shuttle resembled an ant in a sense. In the cockpit of the shuttle, Tyga made some last minute preparations as the heavy cruiser filled his field of vision. His lekku scratched nervously at the back of his neck in anticipation of the upcoming fight.

Looking across to Major Galo, his companion for this mission, Tyga relayed information about their target. "To recap Major, the first priority once we infiltrate the vessel is to find Ghafa Ordam. Our orders are to either capture or kill her. I am initially thinking capture, since she may have useful intel. What do you suggest?"

Peering out into the void of space from the cockpit, a knife-- she'd crafted years ago-- expertly weaving in and out of the fingers of her left hand. The blade reflected the lights of their surroundings as it moved. As usual her face betrayed no emotion, perhaps mild irritation to an onlooker. To her, she wished every Collective agent would simply drop dead. "I'll extract intel from the target. We'll secure the intel. Rip her heart out...then blow the dreadnought to bits." There was not a hint of satire in her words as she tucked the knife away.

The Twi'lek was on board with this plan, his head nodding eagerly. The Collective needed to pay for all of their transgressions. His mind refocused on the task at hand, drifting the shuttle toward the *Ocaejar*, ensuring that the Lambada's signal was encrypted as one of the Collective vessels.

Tyga steered the shuttle closer towards the *Ocaejar*, but something was still on his mind. The prior mission to Tenixir Prison, discovering that his cousin Icanpaga was being held there against her will, was still freshly imprinted. "I wholeheartedly agree, Major. And I have some unfinished business to attend to once we board the vessel. The Collective imprisoned and tortured a cousin of mine at their Tenixir facility and I want to pay forward all the pain and anguish they caused her."

His words resonated with her as one of her first encounters with the Collective was her own torture and imprisonment. She remained reticent of that fact though the Knight's story added more fuel to her burning indignation.

Feeling the sensation of being pulled forward slightly in his seat harness, Tyga knew the *Ocaejar* had locked onto the shuttle and was scanning the vessel for its identification codes before guiding it into the main hangar bay. "Pardon my intrusion Major, but what happens if we hypothetically come across heavier than expected Collective resistance aboard the vessel, especially from those who may be protecting Ghafa Ordam?"

The Ilohian pondered a moment before she spoke. “That’s more than likely to happen, in the event that it does, keep a calm and level head. Think. There will be no room for cowardice- any enemy is defeatable. They’ll likely have let their guard let down because there’s only two of us and then we strike when they least expect it. Use the landscape and objects, including people, around you to your advantage.” Failure was not an option but she didn’t think that was something that needed to be made clear. He knew as well as she did that there would be no room for error. “The quicker we can get to Ordam, the quicker their forces will fall to the wayside.”

Tyga’s mind began to turn a million cogs, trying to figure out the most practical route from the main hangar to Ordam herself once they disembarked. “Understood Major. Do you think Ordam would put up much resistance once we face her?” The shuttle approached the hangar and Tyga guided it to a gentle landing in the bay. The shuttle settled down on its legs and Tyga shut down the engines. The Twi’lek’s hand rested upon the matte black lightsaber hilt clipped to his utility belt and gripped it firmly.

The person whoever said there were no such thing as stupid questions was absolutely moronic. This was one of those instances, but she didn’t blame him. He was still a kid, naive, and probably had not seen very many missions. “She’s a high ranking officer for the Collective. Resistance should be the only thing we get from her if she’s worth a damn. If not, this war would have been over yesterday.” The Major’s words were sharp to the Twi’lek’s ears, but it needed to be said.

Flipping a switch with his other hand, the shuttle ramp lowered and the door opened with a hiss. Tyga undid the straps of the co-pilot’s seat and made his way to the top of the ramp. “Major, we don’t seem to have a welcoming committee. They must be elsewhere on the vessel.” Thankfully, this might give them enough time to make their way from the hangar into the bowels of the vessel without arousing suspicion or being detected.

After a final check over her gear, Emere exited the shuttle, pulling up the schematics of the Ocaejar on her datapad. With a better view of their landscape and no opposition- yet- this was a good time to formulate a plan. “This is where we are, and this is where we need to be.” She pointed to the bridge of the ship, Tyga nodding in accordance. “We can go through the air ducts, skirt along the back hallways and cargo passages to get there without much traffic from them-,” she said and gestured to the closest duct to them which was conveniently large enough to fit any average sized near-human species. “-*Hopefully*. If anyone sees you, cut their lights out before they can report it. Got it, Nilim?”

“Understood Major.” Tyga replied, as he used a series of crates nearby as a ladder and found himself underneath the duct grate. Tapping into the Force, he wrenched the grate from its hinges and let it fall down to the hangar floor. Lifting himself up into the duct, Tyga got onto his stomach and leant out of the duct, offering his hand to Major Galo. His mind began to mentally project the route that the Major discussed earlier and from the Force visions, they would be able to circumvent most of the personnel and stealth could also be useful.

Emere accepted the offered hand, hoisting up into the vent. Her boots made a soft clunking sound as she led the way through the vents. With stealth in mind, the pair silently agreed to non-verbal communication using standard military hand signals. Normally, she'd be okay with the seemingly lack of resistance but right now, her gut was churning uncomfortably and she always listened to her gut. Proceeding with caution, she drew her DH-17, each of her steps moving with purpose as she attempted to minimize the noise she made especially since vents were notorious for the amount of sound they carried.

The path took them right where Galo anticipated, the end of their path stopping at a vent that was blocked by a fan. Feeling secure with the amount of noise the small turbine made, she turned to Tyga who was still on her heel and asked, “think you can stop the fan with your... powers? I need to get a better view of any company on the other side.”

Tyga reached past Major Galo with an outstretched hand and closed his eyes, deep in focus. His hand began to shake through sheer effort and slowly but surely, the fan blades slowly came to a rest, allowing the Major a clear line of sight. “I hope that is satisfactory for you, Major,” he replied, listening for enemy movement beneath them. His lekku twitched constantly, a sign he took to mean his gut was trying to tell him something.

The metal blades slowed to a halt. Emere leaned forward and looked at either side of the vent and even with obscured vision, she could see two technocrats making their way down the corridor in the direction of the bridge. Their posture was relaxed and only one was visibly armed. Easy targets, the Major thought before she headed to the durasteel door at the end of the vent. “There are two. Take ‘em out quietly. Same time,” she ordered before placing her hand on the handle. The Twi’lek offered a simple nod and a, “Yes ma’am.”

Metal groaned as she pulled the latch and slipped into the hallway, hoping to not be seen. Between the sounds of fans, engines, and usual commotion, they were not alerted to her position. Both soldiers moved to the two unlucky technocrats successfully without detection. There was a near simultaneous satisfying crack in both of the enemies necks before both bodies crumpled to the ground.

The older soldier drew her blaster while she aimed it around a corner at the end of the corridor. “Clear. The bridge is this way.”

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While the two Arconans were busy slaying the unsuspecting Collective crew, Ghafa Ordram was relaxing on the bridge, peering out into space. They finally had the upper hand against the Brotherhood and undermining their military and way of life felt good.