

## Snapshots:

#14615: [Diyrian 'Diy' Grivna](#)

#14037: [Magik](#)

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## Arx System

### *Intercepting communications from within the Collective dreadnaught Ocaejar*

Magik calmed Diy's nerves as he accepted comms from the Ocaejar. It seemed the Collective Capital Enterprise's dreadnaught was enroute to lay an assault on the Arx system, nothing Magik wanted to be a part of but as he intercepted comms from within the ship, the opportunity was nearing. As a trusted field agent inside the Inquisitorius, Magik was known for his obedience as he accepted the warnings at hand. The opportunity was laid out before them with a safe route onboard to the Ocaejar. The Collective had numerous weaknesses and keeping a secret was one of them.

Ghafa Ordam was spotted onboard the Ocaejar. Wanted and targeted by the Inquisitorius, Magik did not want to let this opportunity pass him by. Diy, accepted the invitation from inside the dreadnaught. Brotherhood spies were always at bay and the Collective employed many of them. Preparing their own mission was now the priority, before the Collective could actually do any damage to the system. The spies had informed them of Ghafa's location onboard the Ocaejar while in orbit of the Arx System. Access to the dreadnaught was granted via the Inquisitorius onboard. They began to prepare their mission boarding was not going to be difficult, but locating Ghafa onboard was now the task.

Diy winked at Magik as he briefed her on the circumstances at stake. The smuggler was excited for the chance to lead Arcona safely through the Arx system. Magik was not nervous, but precautious of the mission. He had been through this before in the Dajorra system while defending Arcona. These secret missions were of the utmost discretion and kept that way for the wellbeing of the Arconans.

## Arx System

While enroute to the Ocaejar to dock beneath surveillance of Ghafa, the escape dock was prepared as the spies were awaiting our arrival. The Collective would not even notice once on board. They had left the Dajorra System disguised and unnoticed in a Civilian Cruiser. At Diy's orders, with no loadout the Collective would not suspect anything while docking. As they boarded the Ocaejar, things were uneasy. The spies greeted our arrival. Suited in Collective military attire, they began to fit rite in with the others. The spies were very friendly as they ranted about disliking Ghafa. They handed over all the clearance cards and directions to Ghafa's office, where they were last seen to be. As the Inquisitorius had ordered, we were now onboard the

Oceajar in pursuit of Ghafa. With nothing other than each other, together Diy and Magik were going to take down the Ghafa onboard the Oceajar.

As the spies gave good directions, they were also briefed on the Inquisitorius and how they too boarded the Oceajar from the ground. They were not Collective after all and had been awaiting our arrival. The mission was based on the Inquisitorius objectives within the Collective as spies working alongside the enemy. Together with the Brotherhood, they managed to get into the Collective to bring them down as a threat to the Brotherhood. The orders were simple Ghafa was to be executed or captured alive and brought back to Arcona for questioning. As they were briefed in the dock, the spies went about their business securing the dock from any intruders getting in the way.

-X-

"Well, thanks, Agent Rhikt," Diyrian muttered under her breath, peering down the hall from the crew restrooms.

Several meters down the passage rested a set of triple layered security doors, behind which laid the bridge, command center, and supposedly Ghafa Ordam. The access cards they were given didn't work, which left her to believe either they never were cleared or someone got suspicious and canceled them. Forced to hide as a couple Capital Enterprise officers passed through, the two were ruminating on their course of action.

"Look," Diy pushed a lock back under the uniformed cap that barely hid her green hair, and turned to Magik. "I don't know about ya, but I think Rhikt 'n' co are usin' us as disposable rags. Distract them 'n' die while they come in 'n' clean it out."

Magik shook his head, his tall muscular frame leaning against the restroom wall behind her. He tucked his pendant of loyalty back in his shirt before responding, voice low and thought out with a tinge of annoyance. "They can not risk destroying their cover. Taking Ghafa does not destroy the whole Collective."

"And we going to get in there how?—"

Diyrian suddenly pulled away from the door and started pushing Magik towards the toilet stalls, miming to hide in one. Clearing her throat, she turned on the sink's faucet just as an older Human entered the bathroom. Lightly splashing some water on her face and leaning against the counter in a mock display of some exhaustion, the Kiffar examined the lady's clothes and possessions. Her uniform had elements akin to that of a custodial profession, a pair of gloves tucked into a lower pocket of her blouse. She sighed as the woman came over and touched her arm lightly.

“First time?”

“Huh?” Diy blinked, maintaining her act.

“First time going into a space battle?” the Human clarified.

“Oh, uh, yeah...If I’m honest I’m feelin’ a little like a yellow belly bantha.” Diyrian turned and returned the light arm touch, sipping on memories of cleaning a relatively finely furnished ship quarters from the sleeve fabrics.

“Haha, I get it. I’m just a cleaning lady myself, so it feels even more out of control.” She moved to wash her hands. As she finishes, shaking the water droplets off, she turns to the Kiffar and affixes her brown eyes boldly with her seagreen ones. “But I’m happy to do my part to aid in gods’ sentence of Force Devils, even if it’s just supportive.”

“...hear, hear. I fully agree.” Diy straightened up, a grin on her face replacing her ‘exhausted facade.’ “So ya are responsible for makin’ this place shine? Cleanin’ such areas like the Capt’n quarters?”

At that, Magik slipped from the stall and loomed beside the Human woman. He waved two fingers before her, “You will take us into the Captain’s suite.”

“I...will take you. Come with me,” the custodian uttered before leading the way.

The captain quarters were near the Bridge’s security door. Normally they would’ve had to splice their way into it, but they lucked out with finding the one person with access other than the captain. Unable to release her with the chance she would remember what she did, the pair bound and locked her in a wardrobe compartment, unconscious — but not before having the lady patch them to the Captain’s commlink. With a message of urgency to be discussed, fake intel of a Brotherhood plan, they were assured someone would be on their way.

So, that was what led to Ghafa Ordam entering the suite. Her pupiless gaze lighting on a Human and flamboyant Kiffar playing sabbac at a desk, boots propped up on the surface. The door closed behind her and she started moving towards these carefree officers, when they simultaneously disappeared and materialized behind her. With his illusion dropped, Magik’s blue saber ignited under the woman’s neck. A chrome plated pistol was leveled with the tall Nautolan’s skull, and Diyrian grinned.

“Ya have two options, Lady, ‘n’ I gotta tell ya my trigger finger’s itchy.”