**X-70B Phantom-class**

**Hyperspace**

“We’re dropping out of hyperspace in 5 minutes.” The pilot announced. He had been assigned to the mission by the Inquisitorius office, along with the starship the team was flying in, a X-70B Phantom-class specifically modified for stealth missions.

Over by the lounge area were three Arconans. A Human was seated on the floor, leaned against the durasteel wall of the ship, sharpening his hidden bracelet blade. Opposite to him, a tall Togorian with gray to white patterned fur was studying some more details about the assignment on his datapad.

And walking back and forth near the arilock corridor, smoking some tabac, was another Human.

“Right, this isn’t working,” said the Human who was smoking, “I know we’re all Arconans, but I’ve never seen you before. And if I’m going to risk my neck for this, I need to know more about you.” He pointed towards the other Human. “What’s your name again?”

“Luka Zarlot.” He answered with a calm tone, not losing focus on his blade sharpening.

“And why is that joke of a Nexu aboard this ship?”

“Bico may not be as big as your everyday Nexu, but he’s faster and silent. Deadly.” That last word, Luka said with a grin and whisper.

The white Togorian, who had been silent until now, glanced over his datapad and decided to present himself, though Luka already knew him.

“My name is Tybalt Ma’jahirr Rawioni.” He said with a deep soothing voice. “It’s a pleasure to meet you Mr…”

“Law. Aru Law.” The Gray Jedi completed. “I’m House Qel-Droma’s Aedile.”

“An Aedile?” Luka mocked. “In a stealth mission? Now that’s interesting. Shouldn’t you be away from the fight?”

Aru nodded slightly in agreement with what the other Human had just said. Stealth missions weren’t his area of expertise, but nothing could be done now.

“I’m what could be considered a high value target,” he explained, “but honestly, they wouldn’t get much from me if they caught me. I spend most of my day with a drink on my hand, or cards, or,” he paused, “other things.”

“Should we go over the plan again?” Tybalt asked, ready to debrief the team if needed.

“It’s not a hard task I would say.” Luka remarked. “The big man will wreak havoc and destroy all he can. That should drive the guards attention away from the archives.”

“If I do my job right, they’ll be sitting porgs and you’ll have free access to their secret files.” The Togorian continued. “Bico can help you if you find any wandering guard.”

“And I’ll engage Ghafa!” Aru stated with his usual tone of sarcasm. “Hope she likes me.”

“We’re out of hyperspace,” the pilot announced, which could be felt by the slight bump the ship made when coming out of it, “Be ready to engage.”

“Right, no more time for chatting. Let’s wrap it up. I’ll head straight to the bridge and distract Ghafa while you two do whatever you need to do. Remember, we’re here to kill her! Disable their hyperdrive and then signal the Inquisitorius for an assault. Once that signal goes up we need to get out of here!” The Aedile stressed.

The stealth ship docked silent and unnoticed into the Ocaejar. A small slicing before, the airlocks opened and the trio went in.

**Ocaejar**

As soon as they entered, Luka and Bico assumed side by side attack positions, meticulously trained by the pair.

“The coast is clear.” He quickly said.

His entrance was followed by Tybalt and Aru. They had refrained from using their lightsabers, at least for now, as they were noisy weapons. Instead, they both carried their blasters in silence-mode.

“The bridge is that way.” The white Togorian pointed. He had studied the maps of the Ocaejar until he could sleepwalk through it if he had too. “The archives are on the lower level and that’s where the hyperdrive is located.” He pointed on the opposite direction from the bridge.

“Roger roger.” Luka joked, although acknowledging the information his companion had provided. “I’ll be on my way. Good luck!”

“Remember the plan and get out alive!” Aru said before heading towards the bridge.

**Ocaejar Bridge**

Ghafa Ordam sat proudly in her command chair. Several technicians and pilots were plotting the next part of the massive Dreadnaught's course when blaster fire was heard, muffled by the closed doors.

Curious about the incident, Ghafa ordered two guards to go investigate. The two men grabbed their assault blasters and headed towards the circular doors. As soon as they opened them they fired and screamed. Everyone inside witnessed as their bolts were deflected right back at them, killing them instantly.

Aru Law entered the bridge with his green lightsaber lit up and buzzing with eagerness to kill some Collective members.

“Hello Ghafa. I come to negotiate your terms of surrender.” The Aedile said with a slight bow.

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The Nautolan leader smirked with a curling grin as much as her mouth would allow at the mere thought of this person invading her space with talks of **her** surrender.

“Well. You are an interesting spectacle upon the bridge of my ship. Tell me”, she spoke with a malicious swirl of emotions seemingly embedded in her words as she attempted to coax the Aedile’s plan of getting her to surrender. “What do you believe will bring about the completion of your mission? Some towering shape of a man who belongs to such a weak lineage? Please tell me you have more than just yourself here.”

Her body language spelt out the hint of amusement as she relaxed her back in a lazy relaxed form within her chair, allowing her arms to almost lay listlessly upon her lap with her legs spread. She waved her hand for more Collective mercenaries to show themselves, pushing their numbers against the force user as a means of intimidation.

“I would back down less you will find yourself in a messy situation… and I just had my bridge scrubbed clean.”

Aru studied the Collective members that moved closer to him, getting just a small grasp of where their minds were. *Come on guys… I need you to help me out here.*

**Ocaejar Archives**

Luka rushed down the metal catwalk as the Togorian was left to begin throwing objects at various large potentially explosive equipment pieces just off of the path he pointed out earlier.The human allowed their eyes to float between the different signs and indications of where they needed to run towards in order to find the hyperdrive and archives. Once they found a small inlet where shadows created a section of peace and secrecy, Luka paused here, beckoning their feline companion.

*This was the mission for this team.*

Luka knew that they needed to succeed for the whole clan. Bico flicked his tongue and playfully swished his tail at the sight of many Collective ‘prey’ roaming the halls. The Knight lovingly petted their companion and peeked around the corner to evaluate the situation a little better as a few guarding members patrolled.

*Let us just hope that big feline fiend can keep them busy long enough for us to get there.*

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Footsteps approached then passed the two as they remained in the shadows for a breath, then two. They emerged on the third and followed the path designated by their intel. Bico was eager and Luka was nervous, but it was far easier to get this job done quickly and quiet than to waste time contemplating further action.

The Archives were guarded by a pair who seemed bored with their post, as they glanced about with anticipation to leave and investigate the sound of thrashing metal nearby. Luka and Bico moved in quickly, Luka taking on the left and their creature taking the right. Luka moved in close to avoid the Collective guard's gun from firing, the blade at his wrist finding its mark under the guard's arm into his rib. Bico's fangs gnashed at the face of the other as the nexu had the guard pinned, weapon held up as a last-hope barricade against the creature's ferocity.

Luka shoved the one guard into the Archives room as he tried to go for his gun. Luka could hear the guard gasping and choking as the blade sunk deep. No doubt the hallucinogenic compound would reach the blood soon, adding to the guard's panic. With a quick movement, Luka swept one of the guard's legs out from under him and had him sprawled out on the ground. He kicked the guard's weapon away where it then skid to the far wall.

As they turned, they found Bico approaching and seeming quite smug. The guard outside lay still and fresh blood colored the nexu's fur around her maw. The nexu's success earned the beast a scratch along the ridge of her scalp before Luka returned to the task at hand.

Luka produced a data drive from their pocket and went to work accessing the Archive's systems. Thankfully they had the drive, else this task would have involved quite a lot of button-mashing for the desired effect. After inputting the data drive, all that was left to do was wait for the download to complete.

Then the lights went out. Just the lights, as the download continued on as if nothing had occurred.

*What is our furry friend doing?*

**Ocaejar Systems**

The best descriptor of the hyperdrive location would be chaos. Bodies were thrown around the room in varying states of consciousness and injury. Chairs and other objects had been thrown as well, smashing various important systems. The Togorian stood among the wreckage, holding a chair overhead while determining the best location to bring it down. A surface covered in colored buttons looked like an interesting target. A few smashes later and the lights flickered and dimmed. Auxiliary lighting glowed red, giving an ominous look to the area. Warnings flashed, indicating that life support and hyperdrive systems were damaged. Objective complete.

*Now to get out of here.*

**Ocaejar Bridge**

The lights went off. Using this brief window of opportunity, Aru lobbed an impact grenade toward Ghafa. The grenade threw the Nautolan from her seat, and she landed rather ungracefully on the floor a few feet from where Aru stood.

The Collective mercenaries then closed in, weapons drawn. There was a cacophony of blaster fire as they attempted to bring down the Aedile, but he skillfully sent it back with a parry of his sabre.

Ghafa took this chance to crawl away, ducking as her own men's blaster shots were sent over her head. Her own blaster was in its holster at her hip. If she could only find an opening...

The blaster fire stopped. Though Ghafa knew better than to underestimate the Qel-Droman. She drew her pistol and raised herself to look over the bridge console.

A green beam lit up her periphery. "Now, about those negotiations," said Aru with exertion, sweat at his brow. "Drop the weapon, or your head will go with it."

Ghafa's pistol clattered to the floor.

"Good choice."