***Just Chill, a GJW XIV Co-Op Fiction***

**Authors:**

* **Augur Farrin Xies Tarentae, #10013**
	+ https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/10013/snapshots/2711/4761
* **Grand Master Declar Roark, #1120**
	+ https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/1120/snapshots/2705/4754
* **Eminent Kalan Amak, #13802**
	+ https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/13802/snapshots/2712/4763

**Planning Document:** https://docs.google.com/document/d/1iqmvWNY\_6bOVR0HEMyHdyZTIb6pq6MThixk\_deLdnXI/edit?usp=sharing

The blacked out form of the Escort Shuttle affectionately known as the *Irena* cut through the inky darkness of space, the only testament of its passage the stars it obscured. The ship was like a ghost, both its physical and digital footprint obscured - at least, that was the sincere hope of its pilot, Farrin Xies Tarentae. He had been tasked to shepherd the top two leaders of Clan Vizsla, Consul Declan Roark and Proconsul Kalan Amak, along with a small squad of troops to the Collective Dreadnaught *Ocaejar*. There were a number of tasks the group were hoping to achieve, but none more so than the capture of the Collective commander Ghafa Ordam. Farrin’s number one task, however, was unsaid but nonetheless still just as important: ensure his Clan leaders arrived safely to and from the target. As a younger man he had served as a courier in the First Order, so he supposed he was used to precious cargo.

Shaking his head to clear his thoughts, the Gray Jedi checked the sensor readings at his controls for what was likely the hundredth time in the past ten minutes. According to data provided by his contacts in the Inquisitorious, Farrin knew that they should be close. Moments later, as if the thought had summoned it, the *Ocaejar* appeared on his scanner. He looked back from the cockpit toward the cargo hold to deliver the news but stopped. He couldn’t tell what he was saying, but it was clear by the body language that Declan was going over the insertion for what would likely be the last time. Something about his ramrod posture - or maybe it was the knife-like shape his hand took on when he gestured - screamed *military* to Farrin.

Raising his voice to ensure he was heard, the Gray Jedi called back, “Consul! Ninety seconds out!” Declan responded with a nod, and Farrin returned to the controls. With one hand on the flight stick and the other on the throttle, he began to ease the shuttle toward the rear of the *Ocaejar* - the technical data he had poured over preparing for this mission showed a small auxiliary docking hatch near the engine room on the port side, and he hoped that they’d be less likely to be noticed from this angle. With his left hand still on the stick, his right moved to a keypad next him. Fingers flying over the keys, he quickly summoned a mesh diagram that overlaid itself atop the Collective ship. It took Farrin longer than he’d like to admit before he finally found the small, unmarked docking hatch and brought the shuttle slowly up to it. His fingers again flew over the keypad and after a few silent seconds those aboard the *Irena* heard the soft creak of the docking clamp extend out and attach itself to the hull surrounding the hatch. Realizing he had been holding his breath for the past minute or so, Farrin finally allowed himself a second to relax - and breathe - as the initial hurdle had been crossed. Now it was up to Declan and Kalan to lead the group forward.

“Excellent flying, Farrin.  Nice and quiet.  I don’t think they’ll even know we are here.”

Kalan Amak stood and grabbed his weapons while Declan stared at a holomap of the *Ocaejar*’s deck plan.

“In and out, no more than 10 minutes.  We plant the bomb first, grab Ghafa Ordam, and then high-tail it out.”  Declan switched the map off.  “Easy credits.”

Kalan nodded and charged his blaster.  “One moves faster than two.  I’m on it.”

Roark wasn’t used to being told to sit anything out, but he knew his Proconsul could handle things.  “Give them hell, Mr. Amak.”

“Keep the engine running.  I’ll be back in 10.”

Kalan climbed through the docking port.

*Ten minutes.*

The *Ocaejar* was a huge dreadnought with more decks than a Star Destroyer and was packed full of Collective troops.  Stealth was the name of the game here.  Kalan shouldered the pack with the bomb and pulled out a small tracking fob.  Ghafa Ordam’s DNA was coded to the fob, and the fob was able to transmit a location onto Kalan’s holomap.  Switching on the Holomap, Kalan saw two points; the reactor core and Ghafa Ordam.  The Reactor core was in the rear of the ship, and Ghafa Ordam was somewhere in the middle, near the bridge.  Kalan tapped a few buttons on the holomap projector, and a route suddenly appeared from his current position to the reactor core.

*Bomb.  Ordam.  Back to the* ***Irena****.*

Kalan charged along hallways, ducking into side corridors to avoid Collective patrols and random protocol droids.  He narrowly avoided detection by a large group of Collective troops who were listening to a fiery speech from none other than Rath Oligard by joining the throng of troops and cheering when Oligard said anything.

Every few seconds he checked his holomap.  The timer was showing seven minutes remaining and he was only halfway to his objective.

*Run.*

Kalan sprinted through corridors, ignoring the pain in his side.  Stun and run was the only option.

And then, he rounded a corner and found himself face to face with Rath Oligard and Ghafa Ordam.

*Sithspit.*

Oligard stared at him.  Ghafa Ordam’s mouth opened partially in an almost perfect, comical “O”.

“Who are you?” Oligard boomed.

“New hire, sir.  Work in maintenance.  All hail the Collective!” Kalan snapped to a poor rendition of a Collective salute he’d seen once on a holo.

Oligard just stared at him.

*Do something quick, Kalan!*

Kalan pointed over Oligard’s shoulder.  “Is that a lepi over there?”  And with one swift motion, he punched Rath Oligard, leader of the Collective, square in the face.  Oligard crumpled to the floor.  He raised his blaster and pointed it into Ordam’s face.

“You are coming with me.  You move, I shoot.”

Kalan cuffed Ordam and with a quick kick in the ribs to the unconscious Oligard, dragged him to the reactor room.

-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

**Two minutes later…**

“YOU BETTER RUN, ORDAM!  OR YOU ARE GOING TO DIE ON THIS BUCKET!”

Kalan dragged Ordam behind him.

“FARRIN, FIRE THE SHIP UP!  BOMB GOES OFF IN THIRTY SECONDS!”

Kalan rounded a corner and found himself face to face with twenty Collective troopers.  They were all that stood between him and the *Irena.*

“Tell them to get out of the way, or I will blow your head off.” Kalan whispered to Ordam.

Ordam did as he was told, and the troopers moved aside as Kalan and Ordam sprinted for the shuttle, the Collective troops simultaneously turning their heads and following them as they passed.

Kalan shoved Ordam onto the *Irena* and jammed his hand on the switch that closed the door.

“PUNCH IT!”

The *Irena*’s engines roared to life just as the *Ocaejar* began exploding from its aft section.

Kalan turned to Ordam and inclined his head.  “You’re lucky that someone wants you alive, friend.”  And with that, Kalan shoved Ordam backwards into the mobile carbonite chamber.

“Just chill, friend.” Kalan quipped.

-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

**That night…**

The raucous sounds of Clan Vizsla echoed off of the walls of the Saga drinking hall. The members of the Clan were celebrating their latest achievements against the Collective. Elements of House Wren, Battle Team Deathwatch, and Battle Team Saxon sat in their respective areas in the great hall and reveled one another with mostly honest tales of battle and valor.

The Clans leadership, accompanied by Farrin Xies Tarentae, sat at the head of the hall. Kalan Amak poured a drink for the Grey Jedi and toasted his skill as a pilot and transporter of valuable goods. Declan Roark, sat laughing at the room, and slapped Farrin on the shoulder as Kalan continued to sing his good graces.

“You are remotely useful for a Force user,” Kalan laughed into his glass of homemade hooch. “Can you imagine the look on their faces when these holos get out? You know these holos are going to get out.”

Farrin smiled at his Mandalorian friends as Roark’s armored boots dropped with a clank down on the table. He had to hand it to the Mandalorians, they were as deadly as advertised and the Vizsla brand definitely knew how to win and celebrate. Roark and Kalan were unconventional, but then again, so was Farrin.

“Do you think the Dark Brotherhood is missing our valued guest,” Roark asked his table mates.

“Eventually, we are going to have to take him to Arx to collect. Eventually.”

Roark’s gauntleted hand slapped the table, before gently stroking the ridges and valleys of its surface.

“This thing is pretty, but it is sure as hell difficult to balance a drink on top of.”

Roark and Kalan laughed as Kalan lowered his glass down and poured a few drops into one of the valleys.

“Drink up little buddy, you are the honored guest of tonight’s event!”

Farrin smiled again. The lighter side of his grey nature flickered with slight hesitation at the thought of the Mandalorians’ celebration, but Roark had assured him that this was common practice in Vizsla’s parties at Saga.

“These holos are definitely getting out,” Kalan snorted.

-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

**Two Weeks Later…**

Declan Roark, Kalan Amak, and Farrin Xies Tarentae stood casually behind the carbonite frozen form of Ghafa Ordam. The Inquisitorious agent standing before had been yelling for five minutes and his face was beginning to redden.

“The Dark Council is not amused at the delay in delivering Ordam to Arx! It was your job to capture him and deliver him in a timely manner! Timely, meaning, early enough that we could have used him during the war.”

Roark was the first to respond, the modulator in his helmet drowning out the sarcasm in his voice.

“You see, we had to take a very clandestine route back to Arx in order to avoid the Collective’s agents. We were concerned that if we avoided conducting a surveillance detection route, we might tip the Collective off to the whereabouts of Ordam.

The Inquisitorious Agent sneered at the men before him.

“Don’t you lie to me! I saw the holos. You used him as a bar table and footrest! You were pouring

alcohol in his frozen mouth!”

The three members of Vizsla all burst out laughing.

The holos did get out.