

"The *Storm* is in sensor range, Captain." The OEF crewman was so crisp and precise and professional that it made her throw up in her mouth a little.

"Just Vez, thanks," she answered. "Or at least go all in and call me mistress."

The crewman, a fair-skinned Human male with a haircut almost as high and tight as the stick up his butt, blanched a little. The Jedi had loaned her a good dozen commandos and pilots for this job. Vez needed them to operate the *Black Magic* but they were also pretty handy for in-flight entertainment.

"Ma'am—er, mistress, should I start the approach?"

*Stupid and obedient. I might have to keep this one.* "Nah, we're not going anywhere near that thing."

Now the entire group was staring at her. Vez sighed. Military types.

"Commander, how long do these pointy-eared snobs live?"

"Lieutenant Veio, mistress," the nervous Human in the co-pilot's station answered. "And if you mean the Sephi, centuries, ma'am."

"Indeed, Commodore. Have you ever had to walk your grandma through how to check her messages or play old lady pazaak over the holonet?"

The lieutenant squirmed a little, noticing that all eyes were on him and not the madwoman asking the question. "...yes? Mistress?"

"And how did that go, skipper?"

Veio looked at his feet. "Not well, mistress."

"She ended up bricking her terminal after stumbling on Trandoshan porn, didn't she? It's ok, sweetie. We've all been there. The point, ladies and gentlemen, is that old people suck at technology and the tech crew on that vessel have probably been camping out in the same jobs since before your grandma was born. We're not going anywhere *near* that deathtrap, you beautiful idiots."

Vez turned to the comms officer. "Ensign, are we in comms range?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I didn't hear that."

“Yes, *mistress*.”

“Cool.” She took a few steps back towards the passenger bay, where the electronic warfare suite used to be. Vez had it taken out and replaced with a pseudo-cloaking device especially for this mission. “How’s my new toy doing?”

“Working like a charm,” the Pantoran crewman manning the device answered.

“I know you are, baby,” she winked, “but I meant the cloaker.”

The Pantoran rolled his eyes. “It’s functioning.”

“Awesome. Ok, gather round kids, gather round. Auntie Vez is going to hold your hand while we do this.”

“What about the approach?” the co-pilot asked. “The briefing said—”

“The briefing? Kark, man, I don’t even *remember* the briefing. That was just a bunch of druk I told Vorsa so she’d give me you people. We’re just going to camp out here and shoot exploits at their communication and sensor suites until something cool happens.”

The crew looked... displeased by this plan for some reason.

“Seriously, guys,” Vez said. “Trust me on this. We’re taking the *Storm* without even turning the blasters on. I’d bet your lives on it.” She slinked over to the comms officer again. “Can I assume you know what you’re doing?”

The officer nodded, the skeptical look on her face rapidly turning to annoyance.

“Ok, bring up a tight beam right at their comms receiver, let’s say 10 EHz just to keep it a round number. We’re going to start off simple. Ping ‘em with a packet filled with 65,535 octobits of junk data.”

The comms officer looked at her, now just confused. “We’d have to fragment it to get the receiver system to even parse the packet.”

“Yeah, but their systems will reassemble it.”

The comms officer sighed and tapped at her console for a moment. On the sensors, the *Storm*’s lights flickered and went out.

The co-pilot gasped audibly. “That... that was incredible, ma’am. Weapons, sensors, engines, life support... every system is down.”

“*Ashla e Bogan*, that *worked?*” Vez shouted. “Damn it! That was supposed to be a warm up! Now the whole thing’s bricked and we didn’t even get to do anything fun.”