

Target Sighted

Edema sighed as she thought about how bad her ship looked, her uncle had “modified” its exterior to pass as a pirate vessel, it had been necessary so she could “gain bountiful employment” with the galactic scum she had been tasked with targeting. On any other day, she would have taken her shuttle, and blasted the target to scrap, but even she knew she wasn’t a match for a fully equipped Quasar Fire even if it was manned by pirates, they only had to get lucky once, far better to trash it from the inside, and much more fun.

The Equite sped towards the carrier, her com system lighting up with traffic.

“Screeching Osprey to approaching vessel...please identify”.

“This is An'ja Mao aboard the shuttle Revenant, I believe I am expected?”

“Screeching Osprey to Shuttle Revenant...yes that is correct, you are expected, please approach our bay and we will tractor you in”.

Edema sighed, it had been months since she had used her other identity, she was out of practice.

“Understood Osprey, Revenant out”.

She guided the shuttle towards the gaping bay and let them pull her in, as she did, she took careful note of the placement of the ships shield generators for the bay along with other critical areas.

The Shuttle slid into the waiting slot in the carrier bay, around her was a mixture of junk, ugly’s and the occasional half decent fighter, plus a collection of shuttles, few of which she doubted would actually be able to fly without some kind of miracle. Once it settled, she grabbed her toys, donned her helmet and moved to the access ramp, time to make a grand and impressive entrance. The ramp lowered with a cloud of escaping steam and hydraulic gas, and Edema strode through it, resplendent in the black and purple armour that was synonymous with An’ja Mao. Before her stood a collection of probably the worst dressed pirates she had ever seen, if it had not been for the mission, she would not have ever considered this job, but needs must and pirates to slaughter.

“Miss Mao, a pleasure to see you, I see your appearance and entrance matches your reputation, I am sure we will get along famously.”

Several other pirates around giggled, they clearly had other ideas, E stretched out with the force, carefully, she did not know if there were other force users aboard, but her initial scan only revealed dumb pirates who’s only force came in a bottle of Lum. She delved into the minds of the nearest pirates, a task that took little effort, she had had harder experiences with children back home, she spotted it, they intended to try and kill her in an accident and claim her ship and equipment, something they seem to have done previously.... this was going to be fun.

The captain gave her a tour of the ship, it was a mess of bulkheads boded together, rooms full of junk they had “acquired” and more weapons than they could ever possibly use, and she doubted half of them even worked, how they had managed to pirate for so long was beyond her. As she passed through the maze of junk and doors, she took careful note of all the ships features, routes and access points to the bridge, not that it would matter, if the situation required, she would make her own route, this suite was vac sealed, so if it came to it, she could vent areas of the ship and traverse that way.

The captain was quite proud to inform An'ja that their next job was coming up soon, they had a juicy settlement to raid, lots of "collateral" and loot and probably a few civies to sell to the slavers, Edema held her self together, the thought of such action made her sick, instead she vowed to make sure the captain was the last one to die. This did however shorten her timeframe, her mission parameters were very specific, eliminate the threat, no collateral damage, this whole "mission" the captain was promoting was nothing but collateral.

"Sithspit"

The captain looked at her.

"Sorry, did you say something?"

Edema cursed in her head, she had not meant for that to come out aloud.

"No, just clearing my throat".

The captain smiled and took her back to her shuttle.

"well I hope you get some rest, for tomorrow we raid"

Tomorrow! double Sithspit, she had only a few hours to make sure this ship never got to its target.

The plan in her head just went out the airlock, time for a new plan. Thermal detonators on the bay magfield generators should eliminate the hangar bay as a threat, all she had to do was carve her way to the bridge, she sighed, so much for this being an easy one.

The Arconan drew the force around her and slipped away from her ship. Reaching out with the force she carefully placed remote detonators on the bay generators, gently grabbing each one while making sure she was not being watched. Detonators placed, she began to stalk the corridors, the minds of the pirates were easy to manipulate, most were too drunk to notice her, the others were easily distracted. Suddenly she sensed danger, a darkness lay before her, something she could not see, but could definitely sense, it was a Defel, this was one mind she was not going to be able to manipulate, besides, it was too late, the darkness had already begun to fire its blaster, the game was up.

Her lightsabers sprung into life, one in her hand deflecting the incoming blaster bolts, the other scything its way towards the Defel, had she been able to see it, she imaged the look of shock she would have witnessed as the purple blade sliced it in half. It did not take long for the crew to respond, blaster fire begun to fill the corridor, none of it was particularly accurate, but a few lucky shots had impacted her armour, the rest missed or were deflected by her blades, she wove an arc of energy before her as she attempted to hold of the storm of energy, she needed a new plan, and fast. She grabbed her second blade with the force and carved a hole in the bulkhead beside her, she had no clue where it would lead, but she did not care, she needed an exit. Leaping through the hole she found herself in a storeroom of some description, grabbing at everything she could find, she threw stuff into the corridor and hole to give her chance to move. She could hear pirates yelling in the corridor, blaming each other for what happened...by the force these pirates were idiots, but it gave her time to think. She reached out with the force, and linked into the plans she had of the ship, the room she was in had no direct corridors that linked to either the engine room or the bridge, if she wanted to reach either, she would need to make her own route, question was, which would do the job the best, she settled on the bridge, if she could cripple that, she could use her ships guns to finish of what was left of the carrier. She plotted the optimal route on her HUD and set to work carving through bulkheads. The odd resistance she encountered was too surprised to actually react with any real response. A trail of corpses was left in her wake, along with the occasional blaster score on her armour, she carved through the final

bulkhead, sparks flying everywhere, the captain and his bridge crew looked shocked to see her. She looked at the captain and could sense from him that he wanted to beg for mercy like a coward, but Edema had no desire to grant mercy. Blaster bolts began to fly towards her, but most were either reflected back or deflected, crewmembers dropped, cradling blaster burns as they died in agony. The Mandalorian activated her flamethrower and sent waves of scorching fire across the bridge, the screams of the crew were delightful, she could feel the dark side of the force welling within her. She could not remember the last time she felt this way, and it felt good to let go for a change, engulfed in fire, the bridge was effectively eliminated, but the captain and his bravest, or should she say, stupidest crew members, were holding on to a console at the front of the bridge. Edema strode towards it, the force holding her blades before her, deflecting and reflecting the occasional blaster bolt that came close, she felt herself growl with fury as the blades were sent forth, carving through the air and turning the four "brave" pirates into eight smoking chunks. The blades returned to the mercs side, and she walked over to where the captain was cowering.

"Captain, oh I seem to have made a mess of your lovely bridge, oh wait....im not sorry, by the way, the Dark Brotherhood sends its regards."

Edema could see the realisation dawn on the captain's face as she grabbed him with the force, before him was the executioner he had always feared, but never thought true. Using the force as a hammer, Edema crushed the nearest viewport, cracks began to emerge and before long it failed, the air on the bridge rushing through the hole. Her armour sealed instantly but she watched as the captain panicked and struggled, watched just long enough for her to get some entertainment before she spaced him out the hole. The Dark Jedi followed the captain through the breach, her com system already lighting up as KC triggered the charges and vented the bay to space, jetting towards the planned rendezvous point, she met up with her shuttle, ramp already lowered, adjusting her flight, she manoeuvred into the shuttles waiting bay as KC raised the ramp and began to repressurise the bay. Oxygen levels restored she made her way to join her droid on the bridge, leaving the helmet on one of her tool benches as she passed them. She sat down in the co-pilots seat and KC turned to look at her.

"Ah I see Mistress Allowed the Dark Side out to play again, your eyes have taken that lovely golden sheen once again, it's a good look for you."

Edema laughed, it had felt good to let go again. She took the controls and fired up the ship's weapons, KC swinging them around to strafe the carriers' engines, flames poured from the bridge and explosions rocked the huge fighter bay as ships detonated in the void. Laser fire and missiles left the shuttle as they raked fire and ordinance over the engines, further crippling the vessel. The carrier was dead in space, its crew dead or dying its bridge and engines smashed, Edema sent a mission complete message to the clan commanders and KC set a course back home....via her uncles to get these awful modifications removed.