L’ara Erinos dodged and weaved her speeder through the long-burned wreckage of the old Imperial supply depot. This desolate location on an otherwise well developed world provided a prime landing zone for her target. It was far enough away from most developed and defended areas to come and go without much threat of anti-aircraft fire.

All of a sudden, two dots *pinged* on the motion sensor display inside of her helmet. At her speed, she barely managed to slow down and pull off the path behind a dilapidated cargo lifter. The motion signatures were moving in her direction, but slowly. She likely hadn’t been discovered yet. The Twi’lek killed the engine on her speeder as it pulled behind cover, but left the repulsor lifts active in case she needed to make a quick getaway.

She quietly crept back toward the main path that served as the main road through the depot. The HUD inside of her helmet still displayed the same two targets that her motion detector had picked up before. With a smooth movement, she drew the Westar-35 that her mentor had given her. She eyed the chrome symbol of Arcona that was stamped into the grip. She realized that if it looked like she would be captured, she would have to find a way to hide the blaster, as her orders had been to not reveal the Brotherhood’s involvement on Dandoran.

With a quick prayer in Twi’leki to the ancestors, she waited until she could hear their footsteps. One set was heavier with a slight drag on one of the steps; possibly a limp or an ill-fitting cybernetic. The other set did not make much noise. If they had been in sync, she wouldn’t have heard them at all. With a flick of a switch, her blaster charged up. She could hear their low conversation now.

“C’mon, gimme a shot. You know big things come in small packages babe.” A male voice. He sounded like any one of a hundred men you could meet at a bar. Cute, but not nearly as suave as he thinks he is.

“Garty, you’re cute, but I’ve told you, I’m not into Humans, so stop asking.” This was a more feminine voice, but it sounded like it had spent a lifetime puffing on cigaras and deathsticks.

Finally, the pair came into view. A towering Weequay woman and a smaller Human man. The Weequay had a scattergun in one hand slung over her shoulder. Her armor looked like it had been around since before the Empire, and her bare cybernetic leg looked even worse. The exposed metal seemed to have more welding patches than the original material.

Her companion, Garty, however was carrying nothing, but had a blaster pistol holstered on his left hip, positioned for a crossdraw. He was walking backwards in front of the Weequay, talking like a Correllian used speeder salesman. His back was turned to the Twi’lek Mandalorian.

L’ara took a final breath and leveled her blaster at the Weequay and fired a quick burst of shots. The first one missed, flying past the Weequay’s ear, but the other two found their mark on her chest. As the Human saw this, his right hand flew to his blaster and drew it. He whirled around and blindly loosed a handful of shots, only to hit empty air and the rusted out equipment behind it.

L’ara, however, had shot up about 5 meters above where Garty had shot, with her own blaster trained on him and her jetpack sustaining her.

*“I have the high ground.”*

A single shot from her Westar dropped Garty. The yellow bolt landed square in his chest and spun the diminutive Human in place before he crumpled to the ground as the Twi’lek let herself slowly descend. With a twirl that she learned from a Holoflix series about Mandalorians, she holstered her blaster and went about dragging the bodies from the path.

L’ara checked the chronometer on her belt as she mounted up on the speeder once again. This little setback had put her a few minutes behind schedule. With a sigh, she kicked the shifter and sped off, the repulsor lifts kicking up a trail of dust behind her.

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As the Twi’lek flew down the path, she fished out the Inquisitorious datapad from her pack.

*It really helps to have friends in high places.*

With a couple keystrokes, the information was sent from the datapad to the HUD inside her helmet. Diagrams of the Quasar Fire-class Cruiser scrolled across her line of sight. Finally, she got to the engineering notes on potential weak-points. If the ship was being brought in and out of the atmosphere, it would rely heavily on it’s repulsors to get around.

*Now to find a way to ground a three-hundred meter cruiser.*

The Mandalorian gunned the throttle, releasing a heavy sigh as she coaxed even more speed from her vehicle.

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L’ara did not reduce speed until she saw the floodlights of the landing zone ahead of her. The Revenants had cleared nearly a square kilometer to service this single cruiser. A quickly put-together wall had been constructed around the perimeter of the base camp. About half a kilometer out, she pulled off the main road again and proceeded to weave at a reduced speed through the discarded refuse of the Empire. Finally, when she could get no closer without alerting the guards, she parked and dismounted the speeder.

Her footfalls were quiet. Her time under the angry tutelage of the AEF drill sergeants had prepared her for this. When the Twi’lek reached the walls, she knelt down, focusing intently on the motion sensor display. There was currently a single signature pacing around in the area on the immediate other side of the wall. That is, until it started making a beeline straight for her. Had they seen her? Had they heard her? Impossible. Nonetheless, she heard the figure climbing up a makeshift watchtower constructed from a mobile scaffolding commonly used on construction sites. She silently drew her blaster once again, preparing to have to either fight her way in, or fight her way out… until she heard the sound of liquid pattering in the dirt a few feet away from her. She shook her head and holstered the blaster.

After what felt like several minutes of starting, stopping, groaning, and concerns about why it burned, the pirate above her finished up, but didn’t leave. L’ara gritted her teeth.

*Now is when a pirate decides it’s important to man his post?!*

Just when she was about to give up and find another spot to try and slip past the walls, an idea struck her. She fished out the grappling gun that she always carried in case the jetpack ran out of fuel.

Quietly, she crept back until she had line-of-sight on the pirate, leveled the grappler, and fired. The sharp tip was meant to pierce and anchor into much harder materials than flesh and muscle, and made quick work of the pirate’s internal organs. With a flip of a switch, the line began respooling itself and pulled the pirate off the wall after which he landed unceremoniously with a sound best described as equally wet and crunchy.

Finally, the Twi’lek approached the wall and checked the motion detector once again. Upon seeing that no other pirates had noticed their friend was missing, she fired a quick burst from her jetpack, which carried her up to where her urologically challenged friend had just been.

A jump down from the scaffold and a quick sprint to the undercarriage of the cruiser had her right where she needed to be. Currently, ground crews were unloading weapons, munitions, and ground vehicles. They wouldn’t be anywhere near her for a while. She quickly went to work, pulling out various explosives.

To start, she set an anti-vehicular mine right next to one of the repulsors near a piece of landing gear. Ideally, when the repulsors activated, they would trigger the mine, which would damage the repulsor as well as the landing gear. For added measure, the pyrotechnically inclined Twi’lek wrapped a strip of detonite tape around the hydraulic piston of the landing gear.

The next step took her back to the engines. A quick jump from her jetpack put her right next to the port-most engine. According to the engineering notes, if maintenance crews weren’t the best about regular testing, a well-placed device could cripple one or more of the engines. For this, she left an incendiary mine with a small square of detonite tape to trigger it. If nothing else, a nice fireball near the engines would distract the ground crews from the other explosions.

Lastly, she made one more jump up to the dorsal side of the ship. It was at that moment that she removed a metal disk from her left hip. With a tap of the power button, the ID9 Seeker droid whirred to life and hovered in place.

“Alright little guy, I need you to see what havoc you can *quietly* wreak on the engines. Remove bolts, cut lines, anything. I’ll comm you when it’s time to go, okay?”

The droid bounced in the air as if nodding and flew down to get to work. L’ara, on the other hand took off running toward the prow of the cruiser.

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It was not a short run. Especially not on short legs, but she arrived. First, she would need to knock out their communications array. This would be easily achieved with a quick wrapping of detonite tape around each antenna.

Finally, she turned her attention to the command windows. L’ara reached into her pouch and pulled out her pride and joy. It was the one piece of equipment that she made sure to always take on every mission in addition to her blaster and armor. A good old denton charge. The charge went on the window, just out of sight for the bridge crew, and the cherry on top of the sundae was killing her roll of detonite tape along the edges of the windows.

“Hey, little guy, you ready? Meet me at the front of the ship.”

The Seeker droid *beeped* in acknowledgement as the Twi’lek hunkered down to wait. Fortunately, the droid was fast. Just as it rejoined her, she felt the low, vibrating rumble of the cruiser beginning to take off.

“*Karabast!* It’s ahead of schedule! Let’s go, little guy!”

As the ship rumbled, the anti-vehicular mine was triggered by the repulsors, which set off the detonite tape around the landing gear. This weakened it just enough that the weight of the cruiser, which had not yet left the ground, caused the durasteel to buckle and pitch the ship to one side.

L’ara sprinted toward the section of wall she had entered from. She pulled a detonator from her pocket and pressed the button as her jetpack lifted her from the dorsal deck of the cruiser. Simultaneously, the bridge windows blew in, the communications array blew apart, and a massive fireball erupted from near the engines, followed by a number of smaller explosions.

L’ara flew across the gap from the ship to the wall and down into the dirt, narrowly missing the still-wet patch that a now-dead pirate had left behind. The Twi’lek rolled as she hit the ground and in a single movement was back up and sprinting for her speeder. A handful of pirates had spotted her and opened fire, but could barely see her disappearing into the misty darkness.

In moments, the youngest and newest member of Clan Erinos had mounted her speeder and sped off into the darkness. Her mission was complete and successful. It was time to go back and wait for the next one. She would have to tell her mentor about this one. She thought he’d be proud.