

OPERATION: COMMANDERE

FICTION AUTHORED BY:

WARLORD MALISANE SADOW (PIN# 6169)

[Malisane's Snapshot](#)

[Cerys Snapshot](#)

AND

DARKHAWK SADOW (PIN# 264)

[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)

[Tytus's Snapshot](#)

The Deathshead

Kiost System

Nilgaard Sector

The Lancer patrol craft left hyperspace amongst a smallish asteroid belt, slowing into normal space and then came to a stop. At the controls Captain Cerys Dagen sat quietly at the controls, under the watchful eye of the Duros sat behind her. She could sense he was eager to take over but had deferred to her at the ships owner's insistence.

“That worked out well,” Tytus commented.

“Just as we planned,” the Miraluka replied calmly. She turned her head, as the images from her translation visor relayed information to her quietly. She clicked a button and an alarm briefly sounded throughout the freighter. “We are now broadcasting a distress signal.”

“Don't forget to adjust the hyperdrive settings,” the Corsair told her, “otherwise they aren't going to believe this.”

“I am doing,” she replied, keeping her tone flat. The back seat piloting of the Duros was becoming irritating, “perhaps you can inform them of our arrival?”

Tytus got to his feet and turned, before immediately stopping as he nearly tripped over a black astromech. Zero gave a deep warning tone as it's body inclined to glare at the Duros, red lights flashing on his dome. “Damn bot,” Tytus swore, “out of my way!”

"You get used to him," Cerys replied with a slight smile to herself, "he doesn't like strangers, or people he knows." There was another deep tone from the astromech and then it reluctantly wheeled backwards. Tytus left the cockpit.

DarkHawk looked up as the Duros pilot entered the lounge. "Well?" he asked.

"We've reached the Kiost system," Tytus announced, "the Miraluka officer has set the distress signal. We're now waiting for them to pick it up."

"Good," the Sadowan Proconsul replied, "hopefully they will."

"I would have been happier if this was the *Tāron*," the Duros commented, "and I was at the controls."

"They argued this ship was more subtle," DarkHawk replied, "and I had to agree. The Dakhan Quaestor was not exactly happy about this mission as it was."

Tytus shrugged. "It is a good enough plan," he replied, "in quick, and out again before they realize."

"Yes we can hope so," the Proconsul agreed.

"We have company!" the Miraluka called from the cockpit.

The Duros followed Darkhawk out of the lounge and turned left into the cockpit. Tytus returned to the co-pilot chair as the Proconsul studied the view through the screen, as two X-Wings approached them. "We are being hailed," Cerys reported.

The communicator crackled, the signal being slightly distorted by the nebulae around them.

"Unidentified ship, identify yourselves."

"This is the *Torven*," Cerys replied, "we need assistance."

"What is your purpose here?"

"We detected a fault with our hyper drive modulator," Cerys replied, "we thought we had better stop somewhere when we could."

There was a pause. "What are you carrying?"

“Food supplies.” This was true at least they had taken on a stack of crates before leaving the Orian System, “we could do with docking somewhere to repair. I could do with some fresh air and a comfortable bed as well.”

There was another pause. “We are sending you a slave signal, you will accept it. All vessels must be guided for your own safety through the nebulae. We will take you to our starship repair facility where you will receive assistance.”

Cerys obliged. “Much appreciated.” After a few seconds the *Deathhead* began to maneuver, and then follow the fighters as they turned and began to accelerate away.

“Well done,” Tytus said grudgingly.

Cerys shrugged. “It was hardly a major dramatic performance.”

DarkHawk nodded. “Are you recording the route?”

Cerys nodded. “Zen has begun tracking. It should be able to relay it to the target when the time comes.”

“Zen?” Tytus asked.

“The computer. Its owner named it. I do not know why.”

“Good,” the Proconsul replied with a satisfied nod. “I suspect this will take some time. Keep us notified.”

As the Proconsul returned to the lounge he found the other Warlord sitting waiting for him. Unusually for him he had abandoned his usual simple robes in favor of his stolen and modified beskar armor. Malisane's helmeted head turned as DarkHawk entered. “Your plan seems to be progressing.”

DarkHawk nodded. “I sense you are still unhappy.”

“It is a foolish risk for the reward,” Malisane replied, “you are fully aware of the implications if we are caught here. The Naga Sadow Proconsul and a Quaestor. If it were any older Clan of the Brotherhood we could probably negotiate our way out and keep it quiet. We have enough history with them. We could even pay off the mercenary Clan to look the other way. However these Jedi will not react well to catching us attempting to sneak into their system and steal a major asset from them. At best it would provoke a major incident, at worst a conflict we do not need.”

“You did not have to come,” the Proconsul replied, “I could have found others.”

“I have never refused to assist a loyal Sadowan,” the Quaestor replied, “I will not start now.”

“That is good then,” DarkHawk replied as he sat down, “I am pleased you agreed. The fact is this is necessary. We spend a great deal of credits recapturing the Orian System and rebuilding our forces, and giving you the funds to develop Aeotheran. The taxation and production revenue you send us is welcome, but any chance to top them up by several million here and there is too good to pass over. Intel says it's waiting to be cleared from maintenance, limited security. So yes it is worth the risk.”

“Very well,” Malisane replied, “I will be ready, as will my ship.”

“It is appreciated.”

Malisane stood up. “Help yourself to some food if you wish. There is plenty in the galley, and twenty crates of it taking up space in my hold.” He left the lounge heading back to his cabin.

The journey was fascinating to the two pilots. As they were led across the system by the X-Wings they both studied the nebulae they passed between. Though the Duros studied it through his eyes and the Miraluka through the force, both were impressed.

Cery's checked the display. “We are coming up on the repair yard,” she reported, “the planet Kiost is not far away. It is time.”

Tytus nodded as the ship turned and the planet came into view, the repair yard in between. “They ought to be releasing us now.”

“We are free to maneuver,” Cerys confirmed as there was a beep from Zen. “Taking us in.”

Tytus looked at the display as the computer replayed the data to them. “We're picking up the target,” he said with a satisfied tone, “we're ready to proceed.”

“Good,” Cerys replied as she began to take them to the repair yard.

Kiost

Clan Odan-Urr

Repair Facility

Cerys and Ty maneuvered the ship for docking per instructions of the repair yard. The ship's transponder began to buzz and Cerys flipped the toggle switch activating the device. Shortly after activation, the amber light on the transponder changed to green.

"We are clear...for now," Cerys said.

The two pilots began to dock the ship neatly into its assigned docking bay. Two spots to the right of their intended target. The target, a C70 Corvette the *Kalonia*, was docked on the aft external maintenance bay of the repair yard. As Cerys brought the ship into the hangar, Ty flipped the switch to the cargo hold lift.

DarkHawk and Malisane readied themselves as the cargo hold lift lowered, the tarmac floor whizzed by beneath them.

"You know I still do not like this idea," Malisane said.

DarkHawk slid his helm over his head, locking it in place. A blast of air purged from the rebreather, then the Shaevalian spoke. The helm's built in voice modulator did not mechanize his voice, just altered his vocals to a distinct raspy growl. "I know Malisane, and I am sorry for dragging you into this. I don't think I would have taken the job if you had not agreed. Reluctant or not, this is going to be a righteous haul," the Proconsul said, holding up the OK hand signal.

Cerys broke over the comlinks, "GO! GO! GO!"

The two Sadowans jumped from the lift onto the tarmac, immediately diving forward, tucking their heads tightly to their chests. The shoulders took the brunt, hitting the ground first. Rolling into a little ball, immediately springing up into a sprint behind a stack of maintenance crates.

"We're in," Malisane whispered through his comlink.

"Copy that, we are landing now," replied Ty.

"Be ready, soon as we clear that Corvette out, get your keisters over to us so we can get the hell outta here." DarkHawk snapped.

“Ready and waiting ol’ boy,” exclaimed Ty.

Cerys set the *Deathshead* down and Ty began purging the ship’s systems of its excess gasses. He then opened up all the hatches awaiting inspection. “Impressive piloting Lass. I look forward to flying with you again. Now, you have that busted hyperdrive modulator ready?” Ty said regally.

“You have not seen anything Sgt. Major,” the Miraluka exclaimed.

Just then they heard footsteps, “Customs and security, prepare for inspection.”

“Yeah! Clear up,” Cerys yelled back.

She unfastened her pilot seat’s safety harness, leaving the seat and scampering out of the flight deck. Before she exited, she beckoned for the Duros. “Let’s go be convincing Sgt. Major.”

“Indeed Ma'am,” Ty replied.

Meanwhile...

Malisane and DarkHawk had made their way from the hangar bay into the maintenance corridor. Narrowly missed being discovered by a gaggle of technicians who were boisterously criticizing their extra long shift they just endured.

The two scampered down the corridor stopping short of the airlock door. DarkHawk hugged the wall then gave the hand signal to hold. The assassin took in a deep breath drawing on the power of the Force. The Shaevalian vanished from sight, a translucent shimmer moving undetected.

Intel was spot on, light security detail when a ship is under final maintenance. A devilish grin broke across the assassin’s face. The guard was standing in front of a small computer terminal, no one else was in sight. Coming up behind the oblivious sentry, the assassin poised and ready himself to strike.

In an instant, DarkHawk attacked. Grappling the man’s neck, the assassin pulled the sentry closer to him then violently twisting his neck to the left. The guard’s chin touched his left scapula before his neck snapped. *CRACK!*

The man’s legs went immediately limp, DarkHawk caught the man and drug him into the ship's airlock. “Clear in,” he whispered into his comlink.

Malisane came into the ship, and saw the Proconsul, stuffing the guard into one of the storage compartments.

“Nice,” Malisane said.

“You want the bow or the stern sir?”

“Just clear them out quickly and quietly,” Malisane scoffed.

DarkHawk bowed and gestured for his brethren to move forward. Malisane slipped into the Corvettes corridors and headed towards the rear of the ship. He could hear muffled voices, and the Warlord immediately went into a crouch. The voices became louder, Malisane could hear them discussing a final engine run before the Corvette could be returned to a full mission capable status. *“That may be a problem”* the Quaestor thought to himself.

Malisane assessed by the sound of the footsteps the maintenance personnel were only two or three meters away at best. They would be bearing down on him in three, two, one. *Pssshew!*

The lightsaber ignited and Malisane cut the maintainers down in three quick strikes. *Kksssshhhh, Kksssshhhh, Kksssfhhhhh*. Deactivated his saber, Malisane stowed it away back on his person. Dragging the bodies into the deflector shield generator room. The Warlord moved swiftly towards the Corvette’s engine room. More voices and the sound of an auxiliary power unit trying to turn over.

As Malisane approached, one of the auxiliary power units began to spool up and come online. The power plant is used to power the ship’s support systems prior to engine start. The Warlord pulled his .48 caliber Enforcer pistol from its holster. *“The sound of the APU will muffle the pistol fire,”* he thought. Exposing himself from the corridor, Malisane appeared and fired four quick blasts. *Ptcheeew, Ptcheeew, Ptcheeew, Ptcheeew!* The heavy caliber of the Enforcer dropped the engine crew immediately.

Malisane’s voice came over the comlink, “Engine room clear. Clearing the port and starboard before heading up to the flight deck.”

“Copy that clearing the navigation station now...” DarkHawk replied.

The Navigation station was just before the flight deck. The crew was discussing jump coordinates and running diagnostics on the navicomputer. DarkHawk unsheathed two knives, taking one in each hand. Stepping into the nav room and standing in the doorway, the assassin

made his presence known. One of the maintenance personnel pushed back in his station chair so hard he nearly slid out of it.

“What in the bloody...” the man could not finish his words before the attack came. DarkHawk moved quickly like a cat, attacking his prey without remorse. Plunging his blade deep into the two closest crew members near their medulla oblongata. A sharp blade cuts through flesh very quietly like two edges of a wet cloth being rubbed together. One crew member decided to make a run for it. He was barely out of the nav room when the assassin threw his blade, sinking it into the base of the man’s neck. He careened into a small work table before finally slumping to the floor.

Moving to the cockpit, the comlink began to squawk, “*Kalonia*, this is tower two, how copy?” Before he thought to answer the hail, he raced back to the nav room and retrieved one of the maintenance workers' datapad. The tower was still hailing the Corvette when the assassin returned. Just then Malisane came into the flight deck, “They were about to do their maintenance run,” the Quaestor exclaimed.

DarkHawk removed his helm, “I got this sir. Radio for Ty and Elle tell them to move their asses,” he said with a smile.

“What are you going to do?” Malisane asked vehemently.

DarkHawk found the maintenance screen on the datapad, then he flipped the ship's comlink on. The assassin's voice changed, more upbeat, smooth as Correllian silk as he spoke.

“Tower two this is *Kalonia*, copy loud and clear.”

“What seems to be the hold up?”

“Apologies tower, seems comm’s blew a fuse when the APU came on line. Luckily we had COM/Nav still here to get us up and running.”

The moment of silence was deafening, not to mention excruciatingly long. “Copy, we need all maintenance personnel off that ship. It has a 2100 hour departure.”

“We are screwed!” Malisane said.

DarkHawk gestured to his brethren to stand fast. DarkHawk read the last maintenance entry on the data pad. “Tower two, Captain Torga ordered an additional maintenance run and it was cleared at 1820 hrs.”

“We have that request. What is the purpose?”

DarkHawk smiled, "Engine number three had fluctuating thermocouple readings above flight idle sir. Need to take her out and complete a max power run on engine number three, how copy?"

Silence, the two Sadowans stared at one another. DarkHawk could see his comrade plotting an escape route and waiting for the situation to turn south.

"Roger that *Kalonia*, you have thirty-mike to complete."

"Affirmative tower two. Preparing crew for number three engine max power maintenance run."

Malisane's eyes narrowed, "That was fortunate!"

"That is nothing but skill sir!"

"I will go make sure the path is clear for your pilot and droid," Malisane said.

"Copy that, as soon as we are clear and Ellee gets our jump coordinates in, we are out of here. Make sure you guys are on our six."

Malisane nodded and headed out back to the hangar.

The Quaestor reached his ship quickly, making his way up the ramp, hitting the button to shut it behind him. He made his way to the cockpit, sitting down in the pilot's chair. It was not often he actually flew solo, preferring others to do it, but he was competent. He heard a deep tone behind him and Zero appeared, the assassin droid irritated at being left to guard the ship. Malisane looked down at him. "Speak to Zen, get it to programme the reverse of the route we came in on and take off." There was an insolent tone from the droid. "Just do it," Malisane ordered.

The droid turned and plugged itself into a terminal. After a few seconds the engines powered up, and the lancer began to lift off the hanger deck, turning and departing out into space. Malisane sat back in the chair, happy to let the ship's computer do the flying for the time being. In the highly possible eventuality that they would be in combat he would have to take over. He messaged DarkHawk over the communicator. "I am departing now Pro Consul," he advised, "transmitting coordinates to you. You may wish to tether the ship's computer to the *Deathshead's*."

“That is a negative,” DarkHawk responded, “Ty advises it would take too long to respond if we come under attack. We will follow your route though.”

Malisane nodded. This was not his area of expertise. “Acknowledged.”

DarkHawk sat in his chair as he watched Ty, Cerys and Ellee manipulate the controls of the small cruiser. “Any problems.”

“Not so far,” the Duros responded, “preparing to depart.”

“Take it nice and slow,” the Pro Consul ordered, “the last thing we want is for them to get suspicious. Or more suspicious anyway.”

“Clearing moorings now Pro-Consul,” Cerys said quietly as she studied the display through her visor, “we are ready to depart.”

“Make it so.”

Under the control of the two pilots and the droid, the CR-70 began to maneuver away from the station, moving slowly, but beginning to accelerate as it cleared the immediate area of the repair facility. DarkHawk sat in the captain's chair, watching as the nebulas ahead came into view, and could just make out the smaller shape of the Lancer patrol craft ahead, holding position and waiting. He heard the engines reach full power as they reached full power.

“I am inputting the reverse course Proconsul,” Cerys advised as she busied herself at a terminal.

“Very good,” DarkHawk responded.” The *Kalonia* shifted its trajectory slightly and the ship moved forward at a faster pace.

“We are being hailed,” Ty suddenly reported, “from the station.”

“Respond with static,” the Proconsul replied.

The nebulae grew larger on the screen, as the repair facility grew smaller behind them.

“They’re still hailing us,” the Duros added.

Cerys pressed a button. “*Kalonia* here, we....., static interference....,getting clear....,” she responded as Ty added another burst of static. She took a deep breath.

“They’re scrambling fighters,” Ty reported.

“Keep us level,” DarkHawk replied. He studied the rear view as two X-Wings could be seen following them, gaining rapidly. The two fighters passed them, and lights lit up as they became the target of more urgent communications.

“They’re going to block us,” Cerys suggested.

DarkHawk paused for a few seconds, and then. “Torch them.”

Ty pressed a button, and there was a sudden burst of fire from the *Kalonia*’s port and starboard weapons, and the fighters exploded.

“Clear port side” Ty said reagally.

“Multiple contacts detected,” Cerys reported, “We have a second C70, and a Pelta Class Frigate. Both are on an intercept course.”

Ty looked at DarkHawk, “We are not really geared up for a battle here. Not with four of us at the controls and in this environment.”

“True,” the Proconsul replied. He studied the view ahead of the lancer patrol craft piloted by the Dakhan Quaestor. After a few seconds it suddenly accelerated and turned to make a sharp right.

“He’s escaping,” Ty swore, “He’s leaving us.”

“Impossible,” DarkHawk replied calmly.

“You think?” the Duros replied harshly, “Many of your Clan can not be trusted. He’s a Sith, no offense, but they look after themselves when it gets tough.”

“Not him,” the Proconsul replied, “He’s not capable of betrayal. I can’t tell you why, but it is who he is.”

“Malisane is signaling us to follow him,” Cerys reported.

“Do it then,” DarkHawk replied.

They watched the smaller ship as Ty and the droid manipulated the controls of the cruiser, while Cerys studied the scanner data through the information from her visor. “Contacts are still moving on intercept course,” the Miraluka reported. “Contact in five minutes at present speed. “

“Where’s he going?” Ty asked suddenly, watching the lancer patrol craft.

“He’s heading straight for that large nebula,” DarkHawk replied.

“He must be crazy, we can’t go in there!” the Duros told him.

“Keep following.”

As the four of them watched the nebula grow closer, they saw the lancer patrol craft disappear. Thirty seconds later they entered the nebula, and the c70 rocked, shaking them.

“Strap in!” DarkHawk ordered.

Ty was studying the display, “Shields failing Proconsul.”

“And scanners,” Cerys added, “we are also suffering massive power drains.”

“Route power to engines and life support.”

“We are blind,” Ty observed, then gave a quick guilty glance to the Mirakuka who did not react, “I mean, we can’t even be sure we are on the right course.”

DarkHawk shut his own eyes, He could feel a force sense and a voice in his head from the other Sith. “Keep on course, we will get through this.”

“Do not lose sight of him. Malisane has us on the same trajectory as the *Deathshead*.”
DarkHawk said sternly.

Ty grabbed the yoke with both hands trying to steady the ship from the Nebula’s violent turbulence. The c70 was no starfighter by any means, the three pilots adjusted their flying protocols accordingly.

“Sir we have lost course trajectory...” spouted the pilot droid.

“Stay on course Ellee,” DarkHawk replied.

Just then the shield sensors began to shriek throughout the flight deck. A deafening tone that caused the crew to wince at the audible barrage. Cerys flipped a sequence of toggle switches and cleared the alarm.

The c70 began to bounce violently again. This time, teetering from port to starboard as it fishtailed over a pocket of the nebula’s turbulence. A bright white light flashed through the main

view ports of the cruiser, temporarily blinding the crew. Then as quickly as it came, the flash of light vanished, only to be drowned out by the darkness of space.

Ty pulled the throttles back and trimmed the ship out, straightening the ship's glide slope. "Well, I must say DH, I would rather not do that again."

Alarms began to shriek again throughout the flight deck. "Sensors are back online!" Cerys barked. Ty, Cerys and Ellee all began flipping switches, clearing the sensor alarms and bringing all the ship's systems back online. "Sensors indicate we are in the northern quadrant of the Klost system. No signs of our pursuers."

"Where is Quaestor Malisane?" Ty asked.

A squawk over the comlink "*Kalonia*, on your left." Malisane left.

Ellee slapped the Sergeant Major on the shoulder, "On your left, dirt merchant!" pointing out the viewport. Ty tipped his AirCav hat towards the Quaestor.

"I have sent over jump coordinates, my contact assures me the *Refuge* is temporarily stationed at this locale. There is a buyer lined up and awaiting delivery. We unload the *Kalonia* for a profit and we get out of there as fast as we can."

"Copy that Malisane. Thank you for your assistance," DarkHawk replied.

"Thank me after it's sold. Now let's get out of here." Malisane said.

Both ships locked in on their new jump coordinates and raced off into the depths of space.

Tattoo System

Outer Rlm Territory

Kalonia and the *Deathshead* both came out of lightspeed. The crews throttled the engines back and came to a halt with the monstrous space station known as the *Refuge* directly in front of them.

After getting cleared to dock, the *Kalonia* crew tucked the cruiser away in its designated docking bay. Malisane parked the *Deathshead* a couple of spots down from the cruiser and disembarked his craft to meet up with his contact.

Before DarkHawk and the crew left the *Kalonia*, he instructed Cerys to take everyone over to the *Deathshead* and prepare the ship for departure. DarkHawk met up with Malisane and the two made their way to the *Starport* cantina and met up with the Quaestor's contact. A pudgy little Lasat named Dax Nagg.

Dax was relaxed and leaned back in a booth sipping on some Corellian rum. Malisane and DarkHawk slid into the booth, the Lasat immediately sat upright. "Please have a seat...I guess" Dax said sarcastically.

"Dax trust me we are not in the mood. Let's just get right to it, you needed a c70, we just docked one. Do you have the credits or not?" Malisane's voice stayed steady but forceful.

Dax slid a satchel across the table, Malisane opened the satchel check to the contents. The Quaestor nodded to his comrade. "The buyer would like to commission your services to ensure safe passage to Ord Mantell City. There is an extra fifty thousand credits in it for you. Half now, the other half on arrival at Ord Mantell." Dax said.

Malisane and DarkHawk got up from the booth, DarkHawk rested his hands on the table leaning down closer to the Lasat, "Tell your buyer, there are plenty of guns for hire here. His ship is waiting in c17, our business is done here." DarkHawk stood back up, "Enjoy your drink Dax."

The Lasat nodded, and took a sip of his drink. Malisane and DarkHawk both walked away. "I have Cerys and the crew in the *Deathshead*, let's get the hell out of this place."

The two Sadowans double timed it back to the *Deathshead* and Cerys already had the engines purring.

"Gassed up and ready to go boss, lets beat feat!"

Cerys and Ty flipped the airlock switches disconnecting the *Deathshead* from its dock and away from the *Refuge*. Once the ship was clear of the space station, the pilots gradually pushed the throttles forward. The lancer jumped into the hyperlanes leaving the monstrosity of the *Refuge* behind them...

The End