Selen,
ABY 40.

"What the frak – " the researcher whispered to himself as he continued to try and bypass all of the security systems to gain access to Arcona's mainframe computers. It was his mission to hack the systems, transmit fake orders and allow their assassination squads to ambush each of their specific Arconan targets on Selen. Albeit, he would soon have a chance encounter.

His HK-47 assassin droid kept watch on the main doors, occasionally drawing fire from the surviving Arcona troopers, who had managed to take cover, survive the initial waves and had taken up defensive positions in the warren of weaving corridors surrounding the databank. In his mind, this mission had been a cakewalk, but they were closing in now and he was starting to freak out, which led to another failed attempt at entering a correct passcode on the screen.

He managed to surpass and defeat the civilian volunteer militias that were called up to protect the databank from any attacks launched by the Children of Mortis. Now, all he had to do was break into the mainframe, transmit the orders, get the hell out and back onto their mothership.

Glancing all around him, he swore that he could see humanoid shadows moving around in the sever room, causing his nerves to fray even further. Shakily, his fingers continued to type out another password, which – as was expected – denied him access to the mainframe once more.

"Come on Borges, you can do this. It is probably nothing. You are just seeing things," he said to himself, as he continued entering the passcodes on the screen and then failing once more.

"So, you think you can win, researcher? Well, I would just like to see you try, frakker…"

The voice came from somewhere in the darkness and the Balosar tried to hurry, but his mind was becoming preoccupied with who else was in the server room with him at this moment. It became all too clear who was there when his HK-47 droid erupted into a flaming hot shower of sparks and fell to the floor in several disjointed pieces. Getting to his feet, he began to look down the rows of servers, but his searching was unexpectedly – and violently – cut short.

He found himself flying through the air, heading straight for a thick, duro-plastic server box – this was not going the way he planned. Slamming into the box, the Balosar crumpled down onto the cold concrete floor and gasped for air as he watched a figure striding towards him.

"Get up frakker. Get up, and face me like a real sentient…" his ears pricked up at this accent; it was a weird, hybrid mix of Basic with sprinkles of Mando'a thrown in for good measure.

"Step aside, Lek-head…" the Balosar spat, as blood dripped from his mouth onto his armour; he grasped his stun baton and ignited it. Staggering onto his feet, he finally came face to face with his adversary; a six-foot orange and black striped Twi'lek clad in Mandalorian armour.

Staring daggers at his opponent, the Balosar stood tall and he grinned wide; this would be a piece of cake, since they had been given detailed dossiers on each member of Clan Arcona.

"Hey come on now, that's not nice. You can't just go around calling my kind Lek-heads, you nerf herder," Tyga said in mockingly hurt tone of voice. He stepped closer to the Balosar and ignited his lightsaber, the orange blade illuminating the large room like a candle. Beckoning to his opponent, Tyga swung his lightsaber and he struck first, causing a deep and seemingly gash to appear on the Balosar's armour. The Balosar tried to parry these attacks, but it failed, miserably. He was picked up off the ground and held there, gasping and struggling in place.

"Frak off, Lek-head!!!!" the researcher managed to spit out between gasps; this only made Tyga angrier. With a deft flick of his wrist, the Twi'lek Knight dropped the Balosar back onto the concrete floor and stood over his adversary, the orange lightsaber blade pressing right up against the researcher's neck and starting to scorch his bare skin underneath his armour.

There was a fire burning in Tyga's eyes and he hissed more, revealing sharpened and pointed fangs that had been capped in a metallic like substance. Shuffling backwards, the Balosar was still sure of himself and that he could win this fight, but it was all for nought as Tyga picked him back up, and held him high up in mid-air once more. The Balosar grasped at his neck as his windpipe was ever so slightly being compressed down in to the size of a drinking straw.

"Got a problem?!!!!" Tyga hissed, as he glared up at this still struggling Balosar, who stared right back at his opponent with venom and a growing pure hatred in his cold blue eyes.

"I do, actually. YOU!!!" he roared, as he continued to try and fight, but it was futile as he was violently hurled down the aisle and slammed into the large storage locker, the door swinging on its hinges and then the locker itself swayed from side to side from the force of the impact.

Standing, albeit unsteadily, on his own two feet, he went to strike again, but Tyga blocked the baton and threw him back into the locker, the Balosar's head making a loud, sickening thud.

"Yeah well, you look like a frakking nerd who has not succeeded with much of anything, so enjoy this storage locker for a bit…" Tyga laughed, baring his sharp and metal capped fangs again. The battle was over and he grimaced in delight; it had been short, bloody and violent.

Slamming the locker door shut and securing it, Tyga cracked his neck and fingers, before he switched off his lightsaber and then holstered the matte black hilt back on to his utility belt.

"Spacist…" Tyga uttered through the slat vents on the locker door, before turning swiftly on his heels, leaving the battered and bruised researcher to stew within his current predicament.