

*Why did I volunteer for the **covert** part of this operation again?*

Zig Kaliska tugged a bit self consciously at her cleaning staff attire. She wore a pale green skirt that cut off above her knees and hugged her hips tightly. The top was pretty standard, and framed her athletic bust in an obvious way that made her stomach turn a bit.

Because Zuza said you looked sexy as a 'maid', and that's all it took.

Apparently, Hutts and their expensive clientele had certain tastes. Beyond that, though, she felt completely exposed without any of her weapons, armor, or equipment. Sure, she had squirreled away her hydrosprayer at the small of her back, and she could do a *lot* with that, but still.

Fortunately, she was not here to crack any heads. Her goal was to install audio taps and cameras where she could. The devices would use a relay to feed back to

A passing Pantoran patron wearing a robe, sandals, and with a round belly that spilled over to cover the strap of his speedo looked the Zygerrian up and down as she pushed her maintenance cart along. She did her best to not make eye contact, but she could *feel* his leering and it made her wish she could take a shower.

"Keep up the good work," he said, and slapped a fat hand against her ass.

It took every ounce of self control for Zig not to round-house kick the man in the jaw. She bit down a noise of disgust and surprise, and kept her eyes forward. The muscles in jaw tightened, but she kept pushing her cart and turned into one of the rooms that had been flagged for cleaning.

When she closed the door she balled a fist and then loosened it. She counted to five and then back to zero, inhaling through her nose and exhaling through her lips.

Stay cool.

The room was lavish and large with plenty of luxurious amenities. Fortunately, this room was not as bad as the one earlier, where she had needed to scrub her hands with soap and disinfectant for ten minutes straight, even *after* having worn gloves.

Zig was no longer Captain. Doon was leading the efforts on the front, and coordinating tactical operations. And apparently, she was the best person for this critical task that would help ensure the success of the mission. None of the other "techs" could also hold their own unarmed, apparently.

But in all honesty, Wyn should have been the one doing this kind of thing. As quirky and annoying as he could be, there were few who could infiltrate and play any part in a covert operation. But Wyn was busy preparing to become a father and uncle at the same time.

Also, when she had tried to explain how the camera's worked, she gave up after the third time with getting him to understand how it worked.

So, Zig made quick work of her task. She planted the camera's and made sure they were configured correctly. She accessed the circuit breaker panel and took out her spanner and did some custom modifications. All the while she made sure she maintained cover by actually grabbing discarded towels and replacing the toiletries. She just pretended it was like working on a ship engine and that the mini soaps and dental wash were hyperdrive fuel canisters. Visualization was power.

Ten minutes later, she was done, and started to leave the room. As she moved towards the end of the hallway, the same Pantoran from earlier cornered her in the corridor. He put his body between her and the stairs.

"Don't worry, they don't have any cameras in this part. So why don't you slip out of that skirt and—"

Zig's head snapped forward, the top of her forehead slamming squarely into the Pantoran's nose. His eyes watered as blood squirted free and he grunted in surprise. The Zygerrian clinched the man's head between her forearms and then drove her knee sharply into his solar-plexus. He crumpled bonelessly into her and then dragged him into the room she had just cleaned.

She left him in the bathroom, and took a bottle of whiskey from the mini fridge. She poured it out onto the unconscious man's shirt, then placed the bottle in his hand. Nodding to herself, she smiled and dusted herself off.

As she left to go to the next floor, she hummed a little tune to herself.

*Beware of pretty faces that you find
A pretty face can hide an evil mind
Ah, be careful what you say
Or you'll give yourself away...*

Secret....agent Zig!