

When we left the warehouse about an hour later, it was clear that most of the people there hadn't exactly been thrilled by the lack of concrete information we had for them. Part of it was that I didn't want to hand out details to anyone who could disperse them or give the game away, on purpose or accidentally. On top of that, while our plan was solid, it did lack quite a few specific details. At the time that we started piecing something concrete together, we left a lot of open and flexible spots, as we needed more information. Now that we had it in the form of the government's own data, we would be able to clear up a lot of those spots, but that wasn't something I was going to do without my team leaders.

Once we got the data and left, Tatnia and I returned to our hotel, settling in to once again wait for our comrades.

Unfortunately for us, this next streak of unwanted downtime made the trip to the planet seem like a short break, as it took nearly a week and a half for everyone to arrive. During that time, Tatnia and I went over the provided information multiple times, coming up with a list of preferred targets as well as refining some options for our plan. That took all of two days, leaving us with plenty of time to kill.

Thankfully, there was a basic holonet connection for our room, giving us at least some reasonable entertainment options. Even then, it got pretty boring, as both Tatnia and I had become used to a busy schedule, and always having something important to handle. Sitting around and watching Imperial TV or wherever else we could find went against every fiber of our being.

Finally, enough of the group had arrived that we could start meeting up. The goal was for the group leaders to meet, for us to finalize our plans, and then for them to disseminate the information to their subordinates. To make that easier, Corvak, Vi, and Vi's second in command, as well as the people they traveled with, all booked hotel rooms in the same place we did, making it much easier for them to drop by.

I was a bit sad that Ahsoka wouldn't be able to visit, but this was a mission, so I couldn't make an exception just for myself. I would have to wait patiently to see her again.

The room was a bit cramped with everyone inside, but we made it work. While people sat on the beds and chairs, we passed around several datapads, each with the info on Thaan and his operations copied to it. They weren't exactly high-end, as we bought them cheaply from what essentially was a pawn shop, but they would do.

"So, as we discussed before, the plan is to send the combat groups to the most valuable storehouses, while my team heads for Thaan directly to extract his resources," I reiterated, sitting on the edge of a table. "Ahsoka and Mara have Racer with them, and they should be able to make quick work of their finances, while we clear their personal safes and storage. Then Vaz gets her payback."

"What sort of push back can we expect?" Vi's second in command, who had been adapting brilliantly to their leadership position, asked.

“Standard firepower,” I answered. “There might be some on the heavier end, but this is not someplace I expect to see advanced weaponry at. That said, don’t underestimate them. By all reports, including the ones we read here, Thaan is paranoid. It’s possible he has something, or several somethings, up his sleeve.”

“Are we really expecting that kind of threat from his forces?”

“From the standard criminals, not really,” I admitted. “The Mandalorians are a potential issue. Are there going to be any issues with them if, for some reason, they aren’t with Thaan?”

Vi and Corvak shared a look, the former gesturing for the latter to speak.

“That won’t be a problem,” Corvak assured me, pausing for a moment before continuing. “They killed Vaz’s father, who was a Mandalorian. Even if they surrendered, they would be stripped of their armor and weapons, and their property confiscated and given to her.”

“Do you want us to offer them the chance to surrender?” I asked, raising an eyebrow.

“No, not only would it be pointless, if they did surrender, we would likely end up executing them anyway,” he explained. “The only thing we really care about is that Vaz gets first dibs on the armor pieces and weapons from them.”

I nodded in appreciation, glad that their answer had been so clear. I had been nervous that they would want me to ask for the Mandalorian bodyguards to surrender, but it seems like they put our people first. I made a note to make sure Vaz got the chance to loot them first, since that had a nice ring to it.

We continued to discuss the statistics of the assault and heist before finally moving on to assigning the roles, who would go where, and what their tasks would be. We also selected the targets for the several BX commando droid groups we were deploying. We would be sending them a message just before the assault began, so that they could jump here in on several smaller transports and cargo vessels.

The rest of 1st Fleet would hang back, ready to squash anything that came along, but out of immediate ambush range, should something worse happen.

Once we were done making plans, we split up again and returned to waiting. Not everyone had arrived quite yet, so more time was spent watching crappy holonet entertainment. Maybe I was just missing out on cultural touchstones or something, but to me, all the movies of this galaxy were terrible. Most of them were crappy propaganda for the Empire, with only some remaining from years prior being slightly more subtle versions of the same thing for the Republic.

Even the more indie productions, funded by planets or organizations, seemed to have messages stuck inside their stories.

Eventually, everyone had arrived, and it was time. There was no reason to hold back and wait any longer, so we notified the governor and began. The team leaders rented a few more

vehicles before going around to pick up all their teams. Then, once the sun began to set, everyone was dressed in their armor, and the 1st Fleet was notified, we finally attacked.

Well, "deployed" was a more accurate description, as we spread out across the city. At the same time, a small navy of transports and cargo ships jumped into the system and began to descend into the atmosphere. With the governor's codes, they passed through the various authorities without issue, the troop transports descending on different parts of the city, some even touching down outside the city limits. Meanwhile, the cargo transports hung out, still in the air, waiting for the various teams to message up and tell them they were ready to start clearing warehouses.

This was when most of the ground teams descended on their targets, attacking, clearing security, and cutting into the storage. They each had at least two targets, which meant six total locations, in addition to the targets the droid groups would be hitting.

While a good bit of chaos was beginning to descend on the city, the two lar sirspeeder vans Tatnia and I rented had picked up my crew, and now we were arriving at our target, the home of Thaan. By all reports, he spent most of his time there, and according to the police information, he was currently there.

When the building came into view, I was actually a bit surprised. It wasn't small by any stretch of the imagination, but it was far from the mansion one would expect from a criminal kingpin. It had a large, but relatively low, main building with a few branching buildings built off of it. There was no massive pool or crazy garage filled with rare stolen speeders. Still, the coordinates were correct, so that was our target.

Plus, my Clairvoyance pointed right towards the building as we pulled in for a landing, which meant this was where he was.

We dropped down onto the roof of one of the branched halls, and immediately, Ahsoka cut a hole down into it. Sparks shot out and up as she sliced through a power line of some kind, and as we dropped in, the interior was already dark.

That didn't seem to slow whatever security Thaan had in place, because immediately the darkness was banished by dozens of plasma bolts sparking towards us. They hit our armor and bounced away, sparking and fissiling out as they slapped into the room around us. We quickly returned fire, aiming down the hall towards where the laser fire was coming from. The barrage faltered but did not cut out, at least not until I cast a double-charged Elemental blast down the hall. It was a bit of a lob, but I managed to get it between whoever was shooting at us. The spell impacted on the floor and exploded, shooting sparks of lightning and torrents of flame. I clearly saw two of the group trying to kill us practically disintegrate, and a few others get knocked off their feet.

"Move forward!" I called, leading my people further down the hall, toward the main entrance hall.

As we pushed, we left the darkness behind and stepped into the main building. We had to walk through a hallway and cut through a couple of rooms, our helmets compensated for the difference in light as we moved. We had to move a bit slow at first, as Racer struggled with some of the thick carpeting, but eventually I just had to hover over it.

As we first stepped into the much larger room, our strategy to enter through the roof of one of the offshoot halls was immediately validated. While we had been pushing through some moderate resistance, that was nothing compared to what was waiting for us at the main entrance.

[Three deployable autoturrets](#) were there, focused on the large front door. They were unlikely to be powerful enough to kill us directly, but if they had pinned us down, it would have been trouble. Now, with their focus directed elsewhere, I had enough time to dump a pair of chain lightnings into them, completely disabling their sensitive electronics. Two of them sparked, and half exploded, while the third simply started leaking thick dark smoke like a sieve.

With their heavy firepower fried, the rest of the security forces, if they could even be called that, folded in just a few minutes. A small chunk of them even dropped their weapons and tried to run, though they didn't get very far.

As we claimed and cleared the front entrance, Ahsoka turned to me. Even as she talked, another group attempted to engage us from what appeared to be the second floor, probably assuming that with the high round, i.e. at the top of the stairs, they had a better chance of taking us down.

"Where to next?" She asked, almost casually deflecting another blaster bolt back to where it came from.

I fired off a pair of Lightning Bolts, both of them slamming into an armored [Trandoshan](#), before quickly casting Clairvoyance, specifically the pathing variant. I focused on the images of Thaan that I had seen so far, watching as the glowing trail pulsed out from me and glided down the stairs.

"Downward," I responded. "We need to move downward."

After dispatching the last guards, we descended the staircase, going down to floors before arriving at a basement sublevel. The room we eventually ended up in was even simpler than the ones above, once again catching me off guard. It was no more than five or six meters wide, and just about the same length. Its decoration was sparse, as if it were an afterthought, not the focus.

"Vaz... Did your father ever say anything about his home?" I asked. "Did you ever visit here?"

"It has been some time," She admitted. "But I am certain that Thaan lived in the city when my father first found me."

I frowned, looking towards Ahsoka and cursing internally when she looked tense, looking around furtively.

"What is it?" I asked. "You feel something?"

"An ambush," She commented. "I can feel an incoming ambush."

"Dammit... well, we still have to kill him, or he is going to come back looking for vengeance," I shook my head. "Where the hell is this guy?"

I cast Clairvoyance again, tilting my head in confusion when it raced away from me... and hit the wall. A tapestry hung down over the wall furthest from the entrance, moving slightly as my crew searched the room.

"Huh..."

I kept the spell going as I approached, putting my hand against the tapestry, watching as it pushed considerably further back than I expected before hitting something. A quick look around saw that Mara and Ashoka had noticed me stepping forward.

"Help me lift this up," I asked, both of them stepping forward.

We carefully rolled the tapestry up, and as we did so, it revealed a thick, armored door behind it. It was solid black, with the only things revealing it as a door being the wear on the floor leading through it and the barely perceptible seam running down the middle.

"Seems like someone has a panic room," I commented, smirking as I looked at Ashoka. "Too bad we have the ultimate set of keys."

"You realize that there is absolutely an ambush waiting for us in there?" she pointed out, rolling her eyes at my joke.

"Well, he is in there too, so it likely won't be a bomb," I pointed out. "We can handle most other things."

"I didn't say we couldn't," She responded. "Just pointing it out."

It took a few minutes to take down the tapestry and clear some space, but once we did, Ahsoka ignited one of her deep magenta lightsabers. She then slashed forward.

Only for her lightsaber blade to carve a few inches before sputtering and vanishing

"Uh... is that whole door beskar?" Julius asked from behind us. "Is that something beskar can do?"

"No, it's [cortosis](#)," I explained with a frown, poking at the partial slice into the door. The metal behind it was hot, but my armor protected me. "It shuts down lightsabers. Try turning it back on again."

"Why does a crimelord on some backwards planet have a panic room resistant to lightsabers?" Ahsoka asked, her lightsaber clicking back on, casting magenta light over us again.

"I don't know," I admitted. "But this suddenly got a lot more interesting."

"And dangerous." Mara pointed out.

"Yeah... that too."

I frowned, looking around at the small room, trying to figure out just how we would get through the door. Ahsoka could likely cut through it *eventually*, but that would probably take hours. After looking around and finding nothing, I frowned and shook my head.

"Alright, everyone, back away from the door," I said, conjuring a dagger and spinning it in my fingers. "Subtly is dead, time to try something loud."