

## Relay

SAV Kordath Bleu  
#13593

*AGV Nighthawk*  
*Briefing Room*  
*0400*

The Umbaran rubbed at his eyes, wondering why the Captain of the *Nighthawk* had summoned him at such an early hour. Arcean was still new to the vessel still, having been brought on by the insistence of his Master, Nath Voth. The Captain had been one of her students as well, the former healer supposed this might be one of the reasons she had convinced the Ryn to take on the young Umbaran. He waited outside the door to the Captain's ready room, sipping at a cup of caf from the small beverage station the Ryn had installed outside the door. Kordath's reputation for alcoholism had its benefits it seemed, when one couldn't hit the sauce they tended to other addictions.

A chime sounded moments before the door slid open, revealing a darkened room and a large table with a holo projector set in the center of it. Lit by the holo itself, which showed an image of a circular facility set with communication dishes in the center of it, the only other light came from a datapad. Kordath Bleu sat on the opposite side of the conference table with said datapad in hand, looking surprisingly alert for the early morning meeting with his newest crew member. He looked up and sighed as the Umbaran stiffly walked in, taking the room in.

"Arcean, take a set eh? Got yourself a caf, that's good. Sorry 'bout the early wake up call but somethin' important came up. I need your talents, kid."

"My talents, Captain?"

"Call me Bleu, mate, when we're not in front of the crew anyways. All that Captain this, Sir that business makes me tail get all twitchy. You're new here so you might not know that I'm still settling into this job meself," spoke the Ryn before gesturing at the display.

"This here is the main communications relay for the SCEPTER folks, group of mercs and soldiers Galeres put together to act as a private military company. They go out and make us money, or at least they did until the Council got us involved in all that One Sith business the past year or so. Ya missed out on that bit o' fun."

Kordath stared at nothing for a moment before shaking himself.

"Arcona had to pull a whole lot of those SCEPTER guys into the main military to keep up our fighting ability on Korriban. Bloody mess that was, and somebody seems to have caught on that

the PMC is weakened. We're workin' on getting their numbers back up, but we've been caught with our trousers about our ankles."

"Sir?" The Umbaran looked confused, between the Ryn's speech patterns and the history lesson he was uncertain why he was here.

Holding up the datapad, Kordath continued, "Got a few priority alerts earlier this morning. Last night? Whatever, bloody well late. SCEPTER is being hit across the board. One of the training camps, bloated with bloody recruits and only a handful of veterans who was trainin' 'em is under attack it seems. We dunno the status, 'cause somebody hit this blasted comm relay," he said with a gesture to the holo display.

"While that thing is down, communications is cut off for a whole lotta Arcona assets, mate. So, you're going on a field trip. Nath says you're good with electronics and the like so you and a few others are heading to the relay. If it's broke, fix it. If it's not, eh at least you get some combat experience with some really tough blokes backin' you up."

"I see sir. When am I leaving?"

A tone played over the intercom of the room, before the familiar voice of Command Qurroc came over with a slight crackle. "Time to relay about ten minutes, Captain Bleu. Should I assume our tech is on his way to the airlock to join the assault team?"

Kordath pressed a button on his side of the table, Arcean noted a small control panel set into the wood, and spoke. "That's right, Rulvak. Arcean is on his way, tell the Commandant to start without him if need be. They've got different missions anyhow."

Arcean snapped to attention as the Captain looked back at him. The Ryn let out a sigh and shook his head, "You really don't gotta be so formal when the crew ain't about, kid. Whatever. Get to the airlock and join up with Bnar and Vol, they'll be watching over you in lieu of Master Voth."

"My Master isn't coming along, sir?" asked the Umbaran, a slightly confused tone entering his voice.

"She's got another mission, she does."

"Go, Arcean," came a voice from one of the darkened corners of the room, causing the tech to jump in surprise.

"I'm sorry Master, I didn't realize you were here," he said with a bow to the corner.

“The assault team is waiting, Arcean,” growled the voice. The Umbaran turned and jogged out of the compartment and headed for the airlock.

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“Ah, the young one joins us at last,” spoke the old Khil as Arcean approached. The Umbaran stopped to catch his breath before bowing to Baxir and Ood, both Adepts stood watching him with vague amusement.

“This will be a simple task. The one called Mako and his toy soldiers are already inside clearing things out.” This came from the Neti who seemed at ease, standing in wait as sounds of blaster fire could be heard beyond the open airlock.

“I’ve been ordered to get the relay working again, my Lords,’ started Arcean, before being cut off by a wave of the Khil’s hand.

“We’ve wasted enough time waiting on you, child, now we need to move along. Stay close to Lord Bnar, I shall take the lead.”

Arcean clenched his jaw, he wasn’t accustomed to being so easily dismissed by other people. Still, Baxir and Ood were some of the most powerful beings he’d ever met, stronger in the Force than many who called Arcona home. Respectfully silent, he followed the two Adepts onto the comm relay and heard the airlock close behind them. The Umbaran heard a crackle from Vol as the Khil’s comlink came to life.

“Airlock secured, Lord Vol, Lord Bnar we’ll be back in approximately four hours to pick you and the Talon’s back up.”

“Was that the Commander?”

“Yes, young one. The rest of the crew has other tasks to accomplish. We shall be without any form of backup. I doubt it will matter, come along.”

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*S.C.E.P.T.E.R. Communications Relay*  
*0500*

Blaster fire could be heard down the corridor from both the left and right as Arcean stuck his head under a console. Baxir and Ood stood in the central room of the relay station, the Khil looked bored and the Neti just looked like his usual, plantlike self. A string of curses and general tone of annoyance was coming from the Umbaran, most of his upper body inside the workings

of the console at this point. Using a small pocket light he was combing through loose wires and dusty circuit boards in confusion.

“Could we hurry this along, I’d rather we were done *before* the *Nighthawk* returns, young man.”

“I am *trying!*” shouted Arcean, wincing as the sound rebounded within the metal box.

“Whoever’s job it was to maintain this place should get shot,” he muttered. They’d found the control panel blasted, the raiders that had been sent to shut it down apparently taking the quick way out on getting the job done. Thus the tech was trying to rig the bloody thing back together so it would at least retransmit signals as it was meant to. More than likely he wouldn’t be able to get it back to full strength, but communications of any kind were better than none. Grabbing a bundle of wires that looked as if they came from a receiver unit, he started joining them to some more that came from what he hoped was a transmitter.

“-peat! We are under assault by unknown forces! This is the S.C.E.P.T.E.R. training base on Klatoonie, requesting aid from anyone! Repeat! We are..”

“Well,’ spoke the Neti, finally breaking his silence, “it seems the boy managed to get it turned back on.”

“Yes, yes he did.” Baxir’s eyes narrowed as he pulled his twin sabers from their resting place on his belt. “Look after him, would you? I’m going to go and get a workout in before Mako’s toy soldiers kill all of the enemy. Who knows, maybe one of them will be able to talk when I’m done.”

Ood waved off the Khil, settling himself against the wall in contentment while Arcean put the access panel back on to the control console.

“So, umm, my Lord? Do we just wait for the ship to return?”

The Neti nodded, eyes closed and humming to himself. Arcean sighed and settled himself in a corner, checking his chrono as he did. It would be nearly three hours before the *Nighthawk* came back for them, if they were on schedule.

*‘Learning experience indeed. Master Nath did tell me three fourth’s of military work was waiting.’*

He sighed and closed his own eyes, deciding that between the Khil, the Commandant and the Talons, he was as safe as he was going to get. Perhaps a nap was in order.