

## Objective 2 Neutralization

### Meridian Station

#### Wild Space

36 ABY

Mauro Wynter piloted his T-5a Deliverance craft out of hyperdrive at the edge of the system. He was armed with secret intelligence and a hidden package of assets tailored to the task of crippling the shields of Meridian Station, preparing for the final assault on the impressive complex that had recently given the Collective a marked advantage in their hit and run strategy of raids against the Dark Brotherhood.

He made out the communications signal coming from Meridian Station. It kept up its cover as a simply trading station, giving no indication that his craft would be intercepted or engaged. He answered the query, identifying himself as a medical officer flying a medical craft in need of repair and supplies. As such, he was given a landing signal and assigned a slip on one of the three main hanger bays. "Good, so far at least." Stated Wynter to his two Lieutenants, Mair Sal and Lyra Narix.

The two women nodded silently, in approval, hiding some of their misgivings. This was an apparent suicide mission, and all three of them knew it. However, they had allies on this death trip. Wynter keyed a few buttons on his console, and the humming of dozens of droids hidden in the cargo bay came to life. "Prepare the three insertion teams, and be ready to hit the deck running."

The ship angled its way into its landing slip and sat idle. No boarding parties, no security teams, nothing. "This is...too easy...I don't like it." Lyra nodded to Mair. Wynter agreed and turned to face them. "Let's not give them any reason to execute us just yet. Keep to the plan. We are here as traders remember? Buying supplies. Are the droids ready?" The two women nodded, again. "Then it is time."

Wynter opened the docking arm and the trio walked off the ship, credits in hand. The sight of many pilots, traders, mechanics, and droids filled their eyes. "Let us hope our intelligence was correct and we brought the right package." As he said these words the first few security droids snuck out of the back of the T-5a Deliverance. Dozens more would follow at intervals and make their way one by one towards the three shield generators spread out amongst the station.

The trio of Humans made their way to the upper trading floor, and watched their timing. They mingled with traders, brokers, and merchants all. They marked their time and bought supplies and medical kits, amongst other trinkets. They were eyed time to time by security staff but none moved to intercept them. "How long now?" asked Lyra. Wynter looked at her wearily. "If

all goes well they will take down the shields at the same time. Remember, taking one or two will not do. All three must go down before we can signal for the attack.”

The first burst took them by surprise. In rapid succession two more explosions rocked the station. And then all hell broke loose.