Although he was no stranger to most of the dozens of types of ship and space station throughout the galaxy, Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj had to admit that the hologram in front of him was one he’d not seen in many years.

“Odan-Urr’s High Councillor recognised it. Valor-class, she says,” Ness’arin Ohnaka declared.

“She would be right. An older design even in Imperial terms. Practically ancient now. Why are you showing me this? I don’t suspect you’re the kind to appreciate something so obvious,” Andrelious replied.

Despite the Archanis Quaestor’s lofty status as one of the Inquisitorius’ best field agents, Andrelious had not previously met the Weequay who served as the organisation’s director. The tone of the message he had received suggested that whatever he was needed for was urgent enough to justify Marick himself appearing, but Mimosa-Inahj was apparently mistaken.

“This is Meridian Prime. We have good reason to believe that it is a major hub for Capital Enterprises. We don’t have the time for me to go into great detail, but I need you to lead an assault on the station. Cripple it, but don’t destroy it. We’ve got people on board,” Ohnaka explained.

“What makes you think I’ll help you? There’s still a lot of unfinished business regarding what happened on Karufr,” Andrelious answered crossly.

“I’m sure you’re aware of the threat the Collective pose. I may not have my own family, Andrelious, but I’m not heartless. I hate to think of what could happen to those children of yours if the Collective were to succeed. Work with us, here. What happened to Clan Taldryan is in the past. We’re not Pravus’ personal killers anymore,” Ness’arin responded, as though she’d been practicing her lines.

“Very well. But I am doing this for them. And for Kooki. Not for you, not for Del’abbot, and certainly not for the Brotherhood,” the Sith declared, reaching forward to operate the holoprojector’s controls. “I was taught how to attack one of these stations. The key is to hit the primary shield generators. They’ll have backups, but they won’t be able to withstand much. What kind of backup can I expect from the Iron Fleet?”

“I assure you that Lord Telaris is taking things very seriously. I’ve been informed you’ll be supported by the Star Destroyer *Nightfall* and its starfighter wing,” the Weequay answered.

**-x-**

Four squadrons of TIE/FO starfighters followed the TIE Defender *Sharpshoot II* into battle. Their job was clear: keep the enemy away from the TIE Bombers of Steel and Slate squadrons.

Andrelious, in overall command of the fighter screen, waited for the enemy space station to launch its own fighters.

“Here they come! Just keep them busy. The Bombers will do the rest!” the Archanis Quaestor ordered.

The number of fighters was a lot lower than Andrelious had been expecting. The size of the station, along with the fact it had six hangar bays, suggested that it had the capacity to carry far more than the three squadrons of modified X-Wings that launched. As it was, the Iron Navy’s pilots had superior numbers, and with a man as experienced as Andrelious leading the attack, they made short work of the enemy.

The TIE Bomber pilots couldn’t believe how weak the enemy fighter force had been. Carefully, half a dozen Bombers fired their warheads at each of the shield generators.

*Meridian Prime*’s defensive turbolasers fired at the incoming warheads, but, with Andrelious ordering his men to close range, there were simply too many targets to focus on. The shield generators quickly succumbed to the enemy bombs

“That’s my part done, Miss Ohnaka,” Andrelious stated into his ship’s comm. “Now it’s up to someone else,”

*FIN*