

*Meridian Station*  
*Currently Exploding*

Lieutenant Commander Jenkins ducked instinctually as another panel exploded above him during his mad dash down the corridor. The sentry droids, a scant squad of six, escorting him didn't flinch whatsoever, their programming determining that the minor incandescent display to be no danger to them or their charge. Jenkins felt somewhat insulted that he only warranted a half dozen of the murder machines, but right now they were all that stood between him and the damnable Brotherhood troops that seemed to be flooding Meridian Station. Klaxons were blaring and evacuation orders were on a loop over the platform's intercom systems, giving the officer a splitting headache.

He didn't like to admit that he was a rather minor cog in the Collective's intelligence network, little more than a data analyst that collated reports from those beneath his station. *On the other hand*, he mused, watching crewmen scramble for escape pods, *it does mean I'm important enough for an armored shuttle instead of one of those death balls.*

The hangar bay his squad was escorting him to was coming up quickly, the blast doors ajar and sparking as they tried to close despite their damage. The unit leading his droids paused at the doorway for a few seconds, before cautiously stepping through the entry. It took half a dozen steps before its cranial module was turned to slag by a shooter that Jenkins couldn't see from the hall. The sentry droid collapsed with a clatter, a light blinking on its back for a brief moment. It signaled the final transmission from the now-defunct unit, flashing back intelligence to the rest of its squad.

The five remaining droids paused and exchanged information and tactical theories in a matter of seconds.

<Unit-03 eliminated by sniper fire, from the right side of the hangar bay. Suppression fire and shielding the Organic VIP is the best course of action>

<Mission objective is to escort Designate: Jenkins to safety OR ensure enemy cannot recover intelligence from Designate>

<Unit-01 is suggesting we eliminate VIP and avoid sniper fire? Unit-01 needs diagnostics ran on bravery chip, appears to be set to coward>

<Unit-02 should check sub processors, this Unit was simply reiterating mission objectives and providing alternative option>

<Prepare to escort, station sensors show one escort shuttle remaining in bay. Designate: Jenkins will arrive safely. Prepare to lay down suppressing fire>

Poor Lieutenant Command Jenkins was unaware of all of this, simply crouched in the center of his escort. When they began to move as one, he nearly was left behind before scurrying after. The droids lifted their integrated blaster arms and began firing the moment they cleared the blast doors, the bolts peppering the side of the hangar bay. No fire was returned, and Jenkins could see the escort shuttle just a dozen meters away.

“Almost there,” he whispered to himself, right before the streak of chrome shot past him. “Oh, what the frak now!?”

He turned to watch, even as he began to sprint towards the escape craft, eyes following the massive, armored figure that had blown past on trails of smoke. Exhaust streamed from the twin nozzles of the rocket pack on the massive man’s back, and a bellowing yell was being piped through the helmet’s speaker. It had a large, repulsor driven hammer in hand, haft lit up brightly, as it plowed into the sentry droids. The sound of metal on metal filled his ears, and Jenkins squeezed his eyes shut and ran all the harder. He missed the sight of a blaster spitting fire from under the shuttle’s fuselage, taking out another sentry even as the large armored figure swung its hammer around at the others.

Jenkins was panting when he hit the top of the boarding ramp, sagging and bending over to grasp his knees.

“ello, mate,” came a very unprofessional sounding voice from within the shuttle.

“Made it...barely...” he gasped, looking up and blinking rapidly. The ship was packed with supply containers rather than personnel. “What? Are you looting the station before we run? We should be evacuating more people!”

The source of the voice shifted in the shadows, stepping out and giving him a toothy grin. It was a...

“Wait, I’ve seen your dossier!” shouted Jenkins, before stiffening up at the feel of a warm blaster muzzle pressed into his back.

“We get enough shouting from the big guy back there, buddy, keep it down. Name, rank?”

The intelligence officer grit his teeth and raised his hands away from the service blaster on his hip. “Lieutenant Commander Jenkins. You’re Arconans. Figures. Thieves and scoundrels.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment, mate,” grinned Kordath, nodding to whoever was behind the man. Jenkins felt his weapon taken from him and wondered if they had spotted his holdout tucked in the back of his pants. Killing a Consul would make him a legend among his peers, even if it made him a martyr. His hand twitched, waiting for a chance. “We’ll take him with us, could be important, eh?”

**“Very good, Master Bleu!”** boomed a new voice, and Jenkins had time to hear the crackle of a riot baton activating before his world turned violently dark.