

"Any Brotherhood asset do you read me? This is Lieutenant Colonel Len Iode of Odan-Urr."

Iron Navy Ship *Limbo*
Near Meridian Space Station

A Communications Technician Second-class rose from his station and made his way to the command chair. Seated there for the moment was Marrick Tyriss who had recently joined the Combined Brotherhood-Clan Fleet to see its final strike. "Iode has transmitted his distress message twice Master Tyriss. Should we respond?"

The Voice's blue eyes seemed distant. "Inform our Chiss friend that several groups of prisoners are from the Clans, including his. He will do whatever it takes to rescue them," the human paused, "Leave that part about doing whatever it takes out."

The Technician saluted and returned to their station and Marrick turned his attention back to the battle.

I hope Len proves to be useful, the Voice mused.

Meridian Station
Near Area of Refuge Besh-9-13

Most of the escape pods had been fired off by the time Len Iode arrived at the safe point. Three had been launched, two were damaged and unable to launch, and one had been sealed off by emergency doors. His heart soared when he saw there were two more pods available.

The nightmare will be over. He thought as he limped his way towards the pod. As he did, his comlink crackled to life.

"Colonel Iode, this is Technician Second Grade Jarvis of the Iron Navy Ship Limbo. We read you."

Well at least I have a ship that will pick me up, The Chiss mused. "Thank the Force, I am preparing to launch from level 13. Can you pick me up?"

"Negative sir," The technicians voice wavered slightly, *"We have new intelligence."*

Iode pulled himself out of the pod. "I'm listening."

Jarvis took a deep breath that Len could not hear. *"There are Brotherhood POWs who have secured portion of the prison deck."*

"It sounds like your forces should hold their fire," the Commando quipped, "I'm injured and unarmed."

"There are Lotus and Odanite forces onboard," The human had a pit in his stomach. He had hoped to hold onto that tidbit longer, *"The subject known as 'Gwendolyn Sparks' has activated a self destruct sequence."*

Iode thought hard, he was much closer than any rescue team the joint force could send. It was only a few decks down, most of the guards were subdued or being killed on the hanger levels. He had also seen "Sparks'" handiwork up close on Nancora. The biggest issue was the exit strategy.

The Odanite sighed, "What's our exit strategy?"

The Technician perked up, "There is a set of secret hangar bays used for transporting prisoners. If you can deactivate the defensive protocols in the hangar, we can get you all out."

Maintenance shaft 87-1-13

With a quick look at his map, Iode located another crawl space that could get him one deck above one of the prison control centers.

My kingdom for a team, The Commando thought along with how Aurora would forever ride him for taking a solo mission with no back up.

The good news was Len was starting to feel better. One of his ribs was definitely bruised or cracked. The swelling around his eyes and jaw was starting to reduce and his lungs hurt less from the decompression. Thankfully it had not been rapid and he was able to control the injury. Everything else was soreness from the electrical shocks and exertion.

Three decks from his exit, the officer's comlink crackled to life, *"Sir, one more piece of information."*

"Yes, Jarvis?" Iode was trying to keep his obvious annoyance at a minimum.

The hesitation had returned to the Technician's voice, *"It appears that some of the prisoners were potentially experimented on. Our operator in the inside reported some rather gruesome creations. I am forwarding you the appropriate intelligence."*

Great, The commando thought but replied verbally, "I'll take a look."

His pad pinged and he began to scroll through what the man who he had knocked out to escape reported on Mouk's quest for a perfect being. It was ugly. Living subjects without anestization

having limbs, organs, bodily systems removed wholesale and replaced with replacements intended for future use on willing subjects.

One that had been popular for the Ithorian to perform was replacing the entire endocrine and reproductive systems with pumps, soft tanks, and controllers that would increase aggressiveness and adrenal responses. Essentially making soldiers “roid rage” mechanically on demand. Len gagged and stopped reading.

Opening the hatch cautiously, Iode realized he was in the armory he had previously bypassed. In one of the unsecured lockers was an E-11. Quickly, the commando took it and performed a function check, full charge and gas. Also the Chiss noticed a medpak. Opening it, he noticed only one bacta injection remained. He placed the injector over his rib and squeezed the plunger. Instantly he felt the solution working its magic accelerating the healing of his lungs and rib. As he pulled a bandage out of the pack he looked out into the maze of cells in the detention area. The experiments were engaging the regular prisoners and guards. The regular prisoners were trying to push back the guards and cut off the augmented prisoners. The station rocked and klaxons began going off.

“All personnel evacuate, I repeat all personnel evacu...”

The message was cut short as explosions ripped through the bulkheads. Len jumped onto the ladder down to the prison floor as the armory exploded in brilliant flames fueled by the stations energy transfer system. He ran to the first barricade he could find. Bolts slamming just above his head. He noticed a young twi’lek woman next to him trying to get as low as possible.

“Welcome to the brawl,” she said.

“Thanks. What in the Force is going on here?” He was trying to read her, but the fury of combat made it difficult.

“Bunch of enhanceds got a hold of the guards, ripped them to pieces.” The woman’s explanation was cut short by a massive explosion below the guard’s position. “Karking hell.”

Len peaked from cover, the augmented were heading for the hangar. “We need to follow them. Gather as many prisoners as you can and head that way. The Brotherhood is landing ships there.”

As he finished saying that Len felt the deck getting hot. Grabbing the woman’s hand, he hauled her the way the experiments had gone. Their former cover was enveloped in fire and shrapnel from the detonation of another charge and conduit.

“Everyone, follow us if you want to live!” The red twi’lek shouted.

Only a handful followed as the station shook once more. As they entered the hangar Iron Navy TIEs were engaged with the augmented prisoners. Taking cover, the dozen or so untouched prisoners engaged the augmented former comrades who managed to take out one TIE before the second one fired a torpedo. As the smoke cleared, a couple staggered towards the normal prisoners, firing wildly. A Upsilon-class shuttle crushed the lone survivor as two squads of Iron Legion troopers poured onto the hangar deck. Iode threw down his weapon and stepped forward. Two troopers instantly pointed their blasters at him.

"Len Iode, OEF. Requesting permission to board with 15 prisoners."

The troops nodded to each other, and pushed the Chiss to the metal deck, placing stun-cuffs him. The commando heard the process repeated several more times before he was picked up hand hauled onto the transport with the others.

Interview Room 1

Bridge of the INS *Limbo*

The shuttle ride had been bumpy as hell. The pilot had managed to avoid the hangar charge by mere seconds and the final explosion of the station by about a minute. Once inside the *Limbo's* hangar, Iode and the 15 others that escaped were marched to the medical bay by a full platoon of Iron Legion Troopers. At the medbay, the officer ordered the doctor to treat him last. Most of the other survivors were malnourished, but otherwise alright. When the Chiss' turn came the story was different.

"I'm afraid I'll have to keep ya," the doctor ordered, "You screwed up the bacta injection and you'll be staying in the tank for at least 8 hours a day."

Len sat up and protested. "I need to get back to my Clan."

"Doctor's orders, you have one visitor however. Before we start treatment." The doctor pushed the wounded officer back into bed and Deputy Grand Master Morgan Sorenn emerged.

"Leave us," she commanded. The doctor bowed and almost sprinted out of the room.

The two stared at each other for what seemed like an eternity, but was only five seconds.

Flatly the woman in a black dress asked, "How is my brother?"

"Enjoying retirement as far as I know," Iode replied.

"Good," Morgan turned her back to the officer, "Your missions seem to have been a success, per my deal with Archenksova I will return you unmolested."

"Much appreciated," the truly grateful Chips replied, "But I feel a catch coming."

She turned back around and made eye contact with the man. "Since we have been good hosts to you and your rescued compatriots, would you be willing to detail the events of the operation for us?"

Len felt the unnatural tug to answer and the words spilled out. "Written or audio."

Morgan smirked.