

[Objective 1]: Rescue

"...Your objective is to extract all Brotherhood POWS but beware of other prisoners that were used as experiments by the Collective." The image of the Inquisitorius Director flickered and then went off.

"Seems like Rian and the other Strike-teams have succeeded in their missions, now let's do our share of the job." Kara said, after deactivating the small holoscreen in front of her station aboard *Jaeger*.

"Yeah, copy that." Aryn replied being all pilot as she usually was during times where she was able to fly a ship. "*Jaeger* for *Prophet Leader*, form behind my position and follow my lead."

"Copy *Jaeger*. We are right behind you Commander."

With that, Aryn veered the controls of the Theta-class shuttle around leaving the safety of the *Paragon*'s shield envelope and towards the Collective station. All around them other convoys just like theirs broke from the other Clan's fleets that had besieged the station for the last days while in return squadrons of starfighters broke from the station to meet them.

"There they come, gunners get your mark, we might only get this one chance to get our people out."

The dark hulled Tie/D Defenders shot past the shuttle, meeting the first wave of Collective fighters. Within seconds the space around them turned into chaos, starships ranging from basic troop transports to shuttles to starfighters sped erratically from left to right, dodging their enemies blaster fire or fell to it, their ships reduced to clouds of debris.

Slightly to their left a group of three GR-75 Transports bearing the markings of Clan Plageuis had been separated from its escort and was now taking sever hits from a Squadron of modified Z-95 Headhunters.

"*Prophet Leader*, there is a convoy on Three-two-eight point one-seven."

"I see Commander, Six, Seven, stay with the Shuttle, the rest follow me."

"Thanks *Prophet Leader*, we will secure these transports a way in."

The majority of the squadron accelerated, breaking from the shuttle and its remaining escort while Aryn altered her course to meet that of the friendly transports so they would enter the station in the

same trajectory.

"Thank you Taldryan Flight." the faceless Plagueian pilot sounded over the Comm.

"You are welcome, now let's get our people out."

"Copy that Taldryan Flight, take the lead."

A few minutes later the combined flight touched ground in the hangar. Around them Troops from Scholae had secured the hangar, with a green-skinned Duros shouting orders to and sorting freed prisoners and injured to the transports that had landed before them. Walking straight over to him, Kara and Aryn crisply greeted him.

Xantros didn't bother to look up from his datapad when the two females introduced themselves to the Duros. "Fine, can we skip the pleasantries please, Warriors or Pilots?"

As none of them answered immediately Xantros looked up from his datapad measuring the two womens and their equipment. "Both by the looks of it."

"What's your-" The Duros was about to ask when an incoming message from his Quaestor shot him from his thoughts.

"Xantros, we are facing massive resistance back here, a group of insurgent prisoners has pinned us down at the narrowing..."

The message was cut, then there was only static.

Looking at each other the two females immediately knew what they had to do.

"Which way." Kara asked.

"The stations connector to the main hub. We have secured a waypoint at the entrance. Local authorities already left the area when the prisoners have overrun it."

"Thanks, don't leave without us."

With that the two female Taldryanites left the Duros back to his business.

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On their way the duo passed past dozens of prisoners. Some walking alone towards the hangars, others supporting those that have been injured during or before their escape. Passing through the stream of prisoners, they soon saw the large blast-door. The door had been shut halfway, creating a narrow entrance

Heading straight for the narrowing the women saw two females shooting through the narrowing into the open area beneath it.

Nodding at each other the pair unsheathed their weapons dashing forward to join them.

Alara dove from her cover, Energy-bow trained, seeing her target she let loose of two bolts in quick succession before taking cover again behind the half shut blast-door. The bolts found its mark, hitting a former prisoner squarely into the chest. A smile crept over her lips for the fraction of a second, however she well enough knew that for every prisoner she had killed over the last couple minutes, at least two new had emerged from the depths of the prison. This was taking too long, looking at the prisoners walking down the corridor. With their speed in mind and the amount of rioting prisoners on the other side of the narrowing, it was only a matter of time till their position would be overwhelmed by them, risking the survival of the Brotherhoods prisoners.

Next to her the female Togruta had come to the same conclusion ready to leave her cover to take out another prisoner with her sniper rifle but was taken aback when two women she never met burst through a wall of smoke, firing at the prisoners. The two women slid to a halt next to the Battleteamleader with one of them letting loose of a small cylindrical device. Though neither Zehsaa or Alara had ever met the women, the logos on their combat uniforms clearly showed their allegiance to the Brotherhood and them firing at the prisoners deemed them as allies to their cause.

"Thanks ladies," Alara said after the explosive detonated. "but we didn't ask for reinforcements"

"Your call was cut, so your friend sent us for help." Aryn objected.

"One of those damn cybers must have thrown an EMP then." Zehsaa said, unleashing another set of shots from her sniper rifle. "How is the evacuation going on?"

"Seeing you two here I am more worried on your situation than that of your friend." Aryn who had in the meantime positioned herself in the narrowing raining the station with her heavy repeater continued to press the matter.

"It's true its not the best of situations but we can stand our ground." Alara said just when a distant explosion rocked the station.

"Well I don't know but that one wasn't one of mine." Kara said. "And I am not too much into

learning what has caused it so let us deal with this situation and get the hell out of here.

"What do you suggest then?"

Looking around for a console Kara thought through the options at hand. "We could close the door and lock out the rioting parties."

"Uhm, that's a no no." Alara said. "The door was malfunctioning, we had to destroy its mechanics to leave it in this position."

"And I am out of explosives, all I got left are two Sonic Imploders so blasting this door isn't an option either."

"Whatever you are cooking up, you should hurry, these big guys give a fuzz about us shooting at them." Aryn said firing volley after volley at a group led by what once had been a Besalisk carrying a portable shield generator.

"Alara, this is Xantros. We got reports coming in from the Consul. The Collective is blowing this station up. Return to the hangar immediately."

Another distant explosion shook the station.

"I think he's right, let's get moving. Coordinated retreat." Alara ordered. "Zehsaa, you are going first."

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The four women sped back to the Hangar with one of them constantly granting cover fire to the others, still the group of cybernetically altered Besalisk advanced on them quicker as they could retreat. By the time they had reached the doors leading into the hangar, it was Aryn's turn to cover their retreat. The one called Zehsaa had already passed her, with the Alara lady right behind, Kara was last, taking position next to her and training her rifle at the prisoners drawing closer. Throwing her last Sonic Imploder at them she ordered: "Aryn get the ship ready, I will cover you for the rest of the way."

The other woman nodded, the bond they had forged over the years more powerful than any word spoken aloud.

Aryn dashed through the hangar and up the boarding ramp of her ship the explosions that had occasionally shaken the station during their retreat now a nearly constant habit. Within the cockpit

she jumped into the pilot suit, firing up the engines causing the ships flight computer to protest with a series of warnings that the way Aryn was speeding through the pre-flight checks would risk the ships performance in space.

"Shut up, I will give you a full refit when we are back on Chyron." Aryn cursed eyes fixed on the controls.

Only when the flight computer finally gave a green light on the pre-flight checks she looked up and saw Kara still standing in the doorway leading into the hangar, fending off the Besalisk with her Bo-Rifle.

"Kara, come on, the ship is ready." Aryn shouted into her comlink but Kara didn't hear her. One of the Besalisk had anticipated the direction she swung her weapon, gripping her with one of his massive arms, lifting her up with ease before tossing her away like a puppet.

Kara crashed into a nearby container but luckily rose again after a moment. This moment however was enough for the Besalisk to close the distance to her, snagging the rifle from her hand and letting it crash down on her shoulder. The woman lost her footing but couldn't fall as the Besalisk gripped her with his lower pair of arms holding her up in front of him while raining blow after blow on her with the stolen Bo-rifle.

Every inch of Aryn's body screamed in agony as she saw her friend being beaten to death and most importantly there was nothing she could do about it with the fight raging on on the opposite side of the hangar. It was only when the Besalisk let go of the lifeless body of Kara that Aryn's anger took over. Fingers danced over the controls as she rerouted the controls of the ships armament to her station. Green light filled her watered eyes and a moment later the ground beneath the hulking Besalisk was nothing but a smoking block of scorched rubble.

The End

~Rian Taldrya
Son of Taldrya
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