

Word Count: 711 Words

Correctional Facility, Meridian Prime Station

Unknown Regions

36 ABY; Exact Time Unknown

‘Go on ahead; I’ll catch up,’ Celevon Edraven Erinos directed the thought into the mind of his partner for this mission. It would be easier for them to separate in the general chaos of all of the released prisoners.

The half-Echani had caught sight of a familiar, if unremarkable, face in the crowd. It bore more scars than the last time Celevon had seen it, but that was to be expected after nearly seven months in captivity. Some of the mid-brown hair had specks of gray here and there, revealing that it had not been an easy time.

An armor-clad elbow to the jaw took care of the attacker before brown eyes flitted towards silver and widened in surprise. “The hell are you doing here, Edraven?”

“Pulling your sorry ass out of the fire. Again,” Celevon retorted more out of habit than anything.

“Don’t make it sound like you spent all of your time rescuing me. It was only once—”

“Twice,” the half-Echani corrected.

“... No, I’m fairly certain it was once. Nevermind, not important. We need to get out of here,” the older male replied, searching for a clear path.

“No kidding. Brotherhood forces are about to turn this station into a pile of superheated slag. Are you fit to fight or will I be carrying your damsel ass all the way to the Hangar?” Celevon had a small smirk curving his lips as he pulled a black hilt from his belt and offered it to the formerly captive human.

The older male growled as he snatched the lightsaber from the gloved hand. “I might be a bit out of shape. They don’t exactly let us out for exercise in this technological terror of a day spa.”

The half-Echani’s smirk grew as he found a path and started leading the way to the turbolift. “Do you remember how to use that thing or has senility kicked in?”

Brown eyes narrowed on the figure in front of him as he resisted the urge to shove Celevon. “I may be bit older than you, but not *that* much. I can still kick your ass.”

“That’s funny, considering you weren’t able to *before* you were captured,” the Warden chuckled quietly as they reached the doors to the turbolift and pushed the button to call it.

Any response to that was interrupted by a warning screamed through the Force. Both men heeded it as the half-Echani spun in place, drawing his BR-5010. His companion moved in front of Celevon, a crackling *snap-hiss* seeming to echo as an emerald blade sprang to life in time to intercept a blaster bolt.

The former Arconan fired a double-tap when he spotted their attacker, only to stare in shock as both powerful slugs bounced off of a chest plate. It was then that the Warden realized that this was another prisoner. Only, it appeared as though this one was more machine than... whatever it had been before.

As the lift doors slid open behind them, Celevon raised his slugthrower higher and fired a single shot at what appeared to be an extensive cybernetic replacement for the being’s right eye. The figure jerked back.

When the slugthrower went off, the half-Echani was yanked into the turbolift by his companion, who then rapidly pressed the button to close the doors. They slid shut moments before the two felt the sensation of rapid ascension. “You’re welcome.”

“What the hell was that?”

The older man grimaced as he deactivated the lightsaber. “He was an unlucky recipient of their experimentations. They tortured and gave him new parts for a two-week period... when they finished, he didn’t speak anymore, much less scream. That shiny part of his head that you shot at? They removed a third of his skull, including half of his brain, and replaced it with some tech they were working on. The Ithorian bragged about the success of the ‘operation’.”

The two were quiet until the turbolift doors opened, the escapee releasing a sigh as he saw the reception.

“I take it we’ll be fighting to the hangar?”

Celevon’s lips twitched into a grim smile. “What, you expected this to be easy? You’re still a magnet for trouble.”

“... Shut up.”

~(END)~