

Lock Down

Meridian Station

Main Bridge

They had finally secured the main bridge and now had the ability to lock down the whole station. The Collective was ill-prepared for the Brotherhood's siege, and they paid the price with their station. Not only that, but everyone that had taken harbor within. There was still gathering to do, and many were still trying to escape, but the team was making quick work of that.

"Rulvak, it appears they are trying to make for the escape pods," one of the team members said, rather calmly considering the battle that took place before they got into the room.

"Start closing bulkhead doors along their route, they will not make it anywhere near those pods," the Sephi replied quickly and confidently. The orders came flowing out of his mouth as if by muscle memory, knowing what to do in emergency situations from all the drills they used to run made this child's play. The Battlelord had been the Captain of the *Nighthawk* for a time before it met its doom, so this was naught but nostalgia.

"Sir, some have made it into the hangar, but all of our members have already pushed forward to other parts of the station. They are headed for the shuttles!"

"Have the bulkheads been closed up until that point?" Rulvak asked rhetorically, as if he expected the other member to understand what his next words were before he spoke them.

"Yes, sir. All bulkheads leading to the hangar have been sealed."

"Good, eliminate their ability to breathe."

"Sir, do you mean to—"

"DO NOT QUESTION ME, VACUUM OUT THE OXYGEN!" Rulvak interrupted the younger member of the team before he could undermine him any further with the sentence. He watched as the meters showing oxygen for that sector lowered to zero. One by one, the Collective members began grasping at their throats, then dropping to their knees, before ultimately falling to the floor completely. Satisfied with the result, he turned back to the other monitors. "Have we any other reports to relay to the others?"

"Sir, we have confirmed that two escape pods have been launched from Sector 2's emergency bay."

"When!?"

“W-when you were clearing the other hangar, sir.”

“You couldn’t have spoken up earlier?” he spoke calmly, yet firmly to calm the other team members that seemed to be on edge from him yelling before. Rulvak very rarely raises his voice to other members, so most people around him don’t know what to expect when it happens.

“Don’t worry, we have other members out there to deal with them.”

“Qyeria, you out there?” Rulvak spoke over the station’s comms after confirming their frequency.

“What do you want, half-breed?” the Zeltron quipped, recognizing Rulvak’s voice immediately.

“There’s a couple pods headed away, you mind blasting them to pieces?” he spoke coolly, knowing she had been places and seen things he even couldn’t imagine.

“I ain’t your peon, Rulvak. Why should I? You let them go.” the sass clear in the Quaestor’s voice.

“Oh stop with the games, Q. Just do it, will ya?”

“Fine, fine. Consider it done.”

A couple minutes passed, then one the members reported that the escape pods were no longer trackable, further confirming their demise.

“It’s done then. Let’s go inventory the spoils and interrogate our prisoners!” Rulvak spoke cheerfully as he strode out of the bridge.