

The hallway lit up with streaks of red as Soren slid around the corner. Scorch marks dotted his otherwise pristine armor, but that was a small price to pay. If he somehow managed to get out of this predicament. The adrenal injectors of his armor shot into action, driving their tiny barbs into his skin causing the young man to grit his teeth at the unexpected sting. His system was already chock-full of the stuff, but much to his dismay, it seemed like the controls took a hit in the firefight that he was now bailing from.

“Did you get it?” Celia chimed in over their comms, “please tell me you got it.”

“Oh aye, I did.” Soren replied between labored breaths. “I’m guessing the hanger bay isn’t much of an option?”

“For a pickup? Are you insane? This entire cruiser is on your tail and you want me to land in the frakking hanger? Find another way to piss off.”

Going into another slide, this time behind one of the outcropped beams of one of many of the ship’s labyrinthian hallways, Soren took a moment to compose himself. The small black disk on his back sprung to life with it’s octopus-like feelers moving around as maniacally as the red light of its photoreceptor was blinking. The ID-10 let out pained shrieks as a pillar of smoke snaked up from the jagged gash in its shell. Without warning, sparks began to fly out as the droid let out what could only be interpreted as a “WAAAAAAAAAH”, before the crimson light of its singular eye suddenly blinked out and its arms went limp once more.

Everything was going tits up.

He didn’t like it when that happened.

*A little while later...*

His hands felt heavy on the triggers as he loosened bolt after bolt into the corridor. The crimson streaks erupting from his WESTAR-35s being absorbed by the red flashes of alarm lights and their accompanying sirens. His helmet filtered those out, a little bit, but the adrenaline - organic or otherwise - gave him a nervous twitch every time his vision was filled with crimson.

Almost there.

Just a few more meters, and bodies..

What were they thinking sending him on this mission. He wasn’t some fancy super spy, or counter-spy, or any kind of spy for that matter. He was just a man with a big gun. Though admittedly he had lost that big gun, his trusty WESTAR M-5, a short while ago, but still. He wasn’t a man of subtle infiltration. He was an honest upfront soldier.

When one of his pistols started clicking with each trigger pull, he threw it with all the strength he could muster. Whether by sheer luck or deadeye aim, it caught one of his assailants square between the eyes. Moments later that same area came to feature a charred hole, perfectly spaced from eye to eye.

Having closed the distance enough to where blasters were a hindrance more than a help, and having no other weapons left, Soren reached for his back. Weaving to the side to dodge in incoming punch, he assaulted the unlucky man with the defunct droid he now held in his hand. It’s black tendrils swinging about haphazardly in such a way that it resembled a sarlacc in a feeding frenzy. Just more comical and less *thousand years of suffering*. It wasn’t bad for a makeshift nunchuck, though Soren knew the droid wouldn’t appreciate this unorthodox use. Luckily it wasn’t awake to see it.

As the last of the guards dropped, Soren swung the droid in a show-offy flurry before catching one of the flying tendrils between his torso and upper arm and struck a pose akin to what you would see in a holonet martial arts extravaganza. The high pitched “Hiyaaaaah!” and all, before he kicked the control panel opening one of the escape pods.

And that’s how Taldryan, somehow, got the data spike that uncovered the Collective’s pitiful attempt at a false flag operation. Or whatever.

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