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Kordath Bleu

Dossier #13593

Snapshot: <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/13593/snapshots/1646/3217>

Uji - Dossier #13561 - Snapshot

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/13561/snapshots/1856/3588>

*Lyra System*

*Thillion Research Facility*

"I'm just sayin', we could ya know, talk to 'em or somethin'," came the brogueish voice over the comms.

"Forces covered with Iron Navy markings just strafed half the system, Lord Consul, I do not think they will want to talk to us just because 'we are nicer than the other guys'" replied Uji Tameike from aboard the ship. Smiling as he heard the Consul's frustrated huff over the comm he sat with a cup of tea, while his 'boss' was infiltrating.

"This is karkin' unfair, it is. Why does I gots ta do this part?" grumbled the Ryn on the other end of the line. From the noises being conveyed as well, it was likely he was in a tight spot, more literally than figuratively.

Uji rolled his eyes.

"You mean why are you, the self-proclaimed thief and 'expert at infiltration' doing the part where you sneak in and steal?"

The comm crackled for a moment, as if Kordath had activated it without finding his words.

"Tha sarcasm ain't helpin' this go any quicker, ya know," the Human heard him mutter. "This place's ventilation system is a bleedin' maze, do ya know where I'm meant ta be goin'?"

"No, I do not." Uji responded curtly

"Wel, tha's bloody helpful" The Ryn responded.

"If you would spend less time complaining and more time communicating" the former Proconsul dragged the last word out for emphasis

"Perhaps I could then be of help, considering I have the schematics in front of me and you have failed to relay any-" Uji continued before hearing the crackle of the comm.

"I get it"

"Riiiiight, so, the vent markin's says uhhhh, Two-A-A-A-four, whatever that means," the Ryn finished with a mumble.

The sound of papers shuffling could be heard over the comlink.

"Hmm. Are you certain you are in the correct building?" came the dry, incredibly neutral tone.

Kordath twitched from his tail to the muscles around his eyes.

"WHAT OTHER BLOODY BUILDIN' IS THERE!?" the Ryn attempted to both screech and whisper at the same time.

There was a crackle from the other end of the line for a few seconds and then, "In ten meters, you should be able to turn northward."

"Which way—" the Consul began to growl before being cut off. "That means left."

"Ye coulda just started with tha" Kordath mumbled as he shuffled forward, crawling forward to the bend in the ductwork. Stopping suddenly as a noise below the vent he was in brought him up short.

Holding his breath as he glanced out of a nearby vent, he caught sight of movement below a squad of identical figures moving swiftly but quietly through the facility.

"Kordath, why are you stopped?" Uji asked over the comm.

"Shhh"

"Do not silence me, if you do not tell me where you are I cannot"

Kordath slowly and as quietly as possible reached up turning the comm off, silencing his former Proconsul as he waited. Terrified of his compromised position should the Shikarrai discover him just above their heads.

"Secure the operations center, the other squads are proceeding as planned to hold the docking bay, another squad will rig the explosives and we must secure the operations center to ensure no communique is sent." The huntresses nodded in unison as the unseen figure providing orders.

Craning his neck to try and get a view of the one giving the orders proved fruitless and with a start, Kordath felt the vent work groan around his weight.

“What was that?” the group below him spread out as he abandoned caution and began scrambling as quickly as he could to the corner. The space he had been moments before was suddenly punctured by the sound of powerfully propelled arrows puncturing the metal ductwork. “No, no, no, no,” muttered Kordath, twisting and pushing himself forward with his knees, any pretense at stealth dropped. An arrow burst through the metal below him, narrowly ending any future fatherly aspirations, drawing a high keened whistle of fear from the Ryn’s fluted nose. “Karkin’ crazy schuttas with their bloody blasted stupid frackin’ bows!”

“Confirmed, whatever is in the ducts is *not* a lost animal,” he heard someone say from below.

“Depends who ya ask, luv,” he shouted and began scrambling forward, eyes searching for a turn or opening that would take him away from the Shikaari. Another arrow drove through the ductwork, the Force giving him just enough warning to slam into the side of the vent. This, in turn, jostled his comm back on. “Crazy frackin’ women!”

“Pardon? Are we talking about my wife again?”

“Did I say your bloody sister’s name!? I gots them creepy, clone lookin’ women tryin’ ta turn me inta Ryn-kebabs down here!”

“Perhaps if you maintained a more stealthy approach, this would not have happened? Maybe you should listen more closely to my instructions.” Uji replied calmly.

“Keep moving, you have fifteen meters to an available exit.”

“Yea yea I bloody see it” Kordath grunted into the comm as he scrambled along, the grating ahead showing a faint bit of light creeping into the narrow tunnel ahead of him.

“This should put you into a maintenance room, the previous plan of disguising yourself is likely moot now that the Collective has arrived.” A sudden flurry of chimes and beeps echoing from Uji’s end of the comm silenced the man.

“Ye alright out there?” Kord said as he braced himself coiling his body to plant his feet against the grate to drop in below his feet crashing forwarding against the grate where he followed it down and into the room.

“Radar picked the ship up, the station is locking on” Uji replied a hint of worry in his tone.

Kordath landed in a crouch, a sudden concern knowing the station albeit a science station had plenty of automated defenses to eliminate their vessel. He stood quickly looking around what

was supposed to be the maintenance room. Instead, every warning in his senses began to fire as he found himself surrounded by a squad of marines, the lights on their vests having provided the glow he had seen earlier.

“Oh bloody hell”

“Get him!” shouted one of the heavily armed and armored soldiers.

“You should leave,” Kordath managed to speak into the comms, moments before the world erupted into blue flashes of stun bolts. His body spasmed, nerves misfiring, tail twitching wildly as waves of disruptive energy ran through him.

“Target dropped, securing for interrogation and investigation. Status on the vessel in orbit?” he heard a muffled voice querying. “Copy that, just means we’ll get to work this one over more to find out who that was too.”

‘Oh good, he got away. Now Satsi will nae have ta kill me,’ thought Bleu as the world went dark.