

Nesolat Platform Evacuation In Progress

Warning klaxons echoed through the corridors as screams, blaster fire and explosions cut through the noise. In the midst of the chaos a small team worked their way through the evacuating students, professors and staff of the platform rushing to the nearest ships, fleeing planetside.

A massive Chiss clad in heavy praetorian armor pushed past his team, his towering frame lowered as he lifted a riot shield and flew forward from a burst of the DSP-5 rocket pack. The squad of collective Partisans raised their rifles too late as the monster of a man slammed into them, scattering and throwing them aside.

“Yes! As my father’s father taught me, going back a hundred years of the Garmis family! Come join me Kashiro and let us lay about our FOES!” One of the Partisans struggled to his feet only to be slammed into the corridor wall pinned between Strong’s riot shield and the durasteel wall.

Following in the bigger man's wake, a shorter yet nearly as broad form filled the hallway. An almost disdainful backhand dropped one of the stunned collective soldiers. The crimson scaled Barabel’s grimace of irritation was nearly masked in the flaring red of the emergency lights.

“This one thought we agreed there would be no use of your rocket pack to gain the advantage” Kashiro growled. A telekinetic push slammed another of the faceless collective back into the floor leaving the body unmoving.

“I really do question how you two manage to fit in the same space together. Your pride puts my Brothers to shame.” The lithe form of a blindfolded woman stepped over the bodies of the soldiers. Stark white robes covered her and though she gripped the hilt of a lightsaber it remained inactive for the time being.

“Pride in one's work and one’s family is only natural Atyiru!” Strong laughed as he brushed splattered blood from the front of his shield and continued advancing further into the station.

“As much as this one hates to agree, prestige is important in earning one’s place,” Kashiro shrugged slightly and kept only a few steps ahead of the former Consul. His pride still stung from his loss to Strong in a simple contest of strength to determine who would take the lead meaning he was forced to watch as the General enjoyed the first pickings of each group they came across.

For her part the Consul’s effort was being spent guiding the evacuees, her touch through the Force calming but intense to ensure they moved as orderly as possible. She could feel the deaths of each and every soul as they were cut down and disappeared. She allowed herself to

follow the Barabel nearly on nothing but instinct as she tried to guide and move those suffering out of harm's way.

Kashiro growled and resisted the urge to pull away from the Miraluka's hold. Instead, he stalked in the path the giant of a Chiss made through the hallways of the platform. The Barabel remained on edge, a tingling sense that something was coming. They had been tasked with clearing a path for the evacuating staff and students to make their way towards the few hangar bays still under Brotherhood control.

They passed another intersection, signs of a standoff having taken place as the floor was littered with bodies of both Brotherhood and Collective soldiers. The smell of seared flesh from blaster fire filled the area. As he moved to continue following Strong, he felt a tug at his awareness as Atyiru stopped and knelt. In and among the bodies, he hadn't noticed a soldier still breathing.

Strong had felt the same as the Miraluka unconsciously guided them as well, despite her nature the years of near constant warfare and conflict within her own Clan had molded the former Consul as a leader. One of the reasons that Kashiro begrudgingly gave her a limited amount of respect among her peers.

As Atyiru pushed away the debris and bodies covering the injured, the appearance of the Muun collective agent came into view. Its elongated head and features showed the being to be unconscious, its form covered in shrapnel, telling signs of a detonator explosion.

With a grunt Kashiro leaned down, his hand extending to finish the enemy off with a swift but merciful snap of its neck. He was surprised when he felt the firm but strong grip on his wrist.

"Don't, we're not going to kill him" Atyiru was struggling as she touched the Muun's chest and a pulse of the Force began to suffuse from her into the injured agent. Its breathing became somewhat steadier as the blood flow slowed.

"You intend to capture it, then? This one believed we were here to push back the Collective, not to aid them," Kashiro flexed his hand breaking free of the Miraluka's grip. He could sense the drain that the Elder felt. She was trying to do too much at one time. Guide the evacuating staff, heal the Muun, stay aware of their surroundings and signs of the strain were beginning to show.

"Come! What is the hold up?" Strong's booming voice could be heard even over the distant sounds of the retreat. **"We must hurry if we are complete our mission !"** The giant's enthusiasm could almost seem infectious at times.

Strong emerged from a haze of smoke, his shield held firmly at his side and the massive hammer he referred to as “big blue” gripped in his other.

“Why have we stopped?”

Kashiro simply shrugged and pointed to the woman as she worked. Atyiru remained too distracted to answer. Moving to stand beside the Chiss, Kashiro continued to have a nagging feeling that any delay would be costly and turned back to say as much.

In that moment the haze of the corridor lit up with crimson fire, simultaneous bolts slammed into Strong's shield as more scoring glancing impacts across Kashiro's body as he instinctively drew a barrier around his body. The Chiss for his part bent low ensuring he covered Atyiru's kneeling form.

The three acted immediately in response, Atyiru's concentration broken she grabbed hold of the stabilized Muun and dragged it from the intersection moving towards the first door she could and dragging the body inside. Strong stepped forward holding the shield aloft and providing a semblance of cover for the group though the sounds of the shield cracking under each stray blaster bolt began to grow.

As the fire concentrated on the Chiss, Kashiro dropped the barrier and instead focused with a deep held breath reaching out with the Force to collect every fallen weapon, fragment of debris, any object he could reasonably put weight behind and with a roar sent the detritus hurling down the corridor at their attackers.

The act bought them a few seconds, not a single cry of pain or confusion but the hail of blaster bolts halted, giving them the moment to retreat. They found Atyiru waiting, the still unconscious Muun now safely secured in a storage closet. Strong discarded the nearly shattered riot shield, unwilling to risk its integrity.

Kashiro concentrated on his wounds. Though only glancing blows he was standing only due to his iron will and determination. Anger seethed through him as he wondered how their attackers had bypassed both his and Atyiru's senses.

“Something isn't right with them, it's like a single consciousness coming from all around. Their closing in from every direction.” Her eyeless features contorted in concentration even as she gripped the lightsaber she held.

The sound of footfalls in perfect unison, overlapping as the soldiers advanced in covering steps moving ahead, stopping, then moving ahead again. They only had seconds before they would be pincerred.

They set off at a run, moving back the way they had come before the passing familiarity ensuring they could move with less caution. Kashiro desperately wanted to take the lead, he knew he could outpace the goliath of a General with ease, but his injuries meant he could be more of a liability at the front and as a Soresu trained combatant Atyiru would be best placed in the rear guarding their retreat.

“Which way!?” Strong shouted from the lead.

“Left!” Kashiro shouted his survival instincts ensuring he could trace back the route they had taken previously.

Strong pounded ahead with Kashiro on his heels. They heard the *snap-hiss* of Atyiru’s seraphim saber activate. The myriad rainbow of colors from the beams flowed in a seamless flow as blaster fire from their rear was batted away. She slowed as she concentrated on deflecting and sending stray bolts back in the direction from which they came.

The trio entered a display hall, filled with various shelves and displays of items, records and every imaginable trinket the Brotherhood would be bothered to collect. The doors sealed shut for the moment providing them a second of respite. Atyiru dragged the blade of her saber along the seam of the door, binding it shut.

“They are coming from ahead of us as well, I can’t gather their exact thoughts but I can feel the physical forms moving. They have us pinned.” Atyiru gathered herself, her voice strained from expended effort as she took calming breaths to gather the Force into herself.

Kashiro stalked the chamber, focusing his breathing as he felt the anger and frustration of his near uselessness in this situation. He was a hunter, he stalked prey and yet he felt very much like a caged animal soon to be slaughtered. His anger fueled the Force as it suffused him, his prior wounds knitting and sealing for the time being.

“Pinned? I believe they have made a vital mistake,” Strong laughed as he hefted his hammer in both massive hands.

“They underestimate what we are capable of. In a thousand years no man, no beast or creature has ever been able to stop a son of Garmis from reaching his objective so long as they still drew breath!”

“This one does not know what these beasts are who hunt us, but their blood will stain the walls of this station before this is done.” Kashiro hissed.

The three stood as pinnacles of pride, anger and calm in a storm of chaos around them. The evacuation was almost complete, they knew that if the Headmaster chose to separate the platform to fall planetside anyone left aboard would be left to the Collective.

Strong and Kashiro both looked to the senior among them. Atyiru's face drew into a frown for a moment as she considered the options. They knew their time was short.

"Go for the evac ships, if you get hit, keep going. We do not stop, we don't leave anyone behind. Once we're off station we can figure out the next steps." Atyiru's voice was firm, but almost serene. There was every possibility they wouldn't make it far considering their circumstances but she knew there wasn't any help coming.

They crossed the chamber just as the brilliant glow of a plasma torch began working through the opposite entrance that Atyiru had sealed.

"I can't tell how many, but they're waiting outside."

Strong lifted his hammer and moved to the entrance. Kashiro shoved ahead of the bigger man. The doors opened suddenly as a group of soldiers began to breach. A pair of metallic objects arced into the room, the circular lights counting down on each of the stun grenades. With an instinctive grasp Kashiro reached out with both hands, power invisible to the naked eye grasping both grenades and throwing them back into the pack of marines outside.

The brilliant blue expulsion of charged particles exploded within the hallway outside, the squad of marines outside fell back, stumbling and faltering as their senses were overwhelmed. The three Arconans pushed forward moving between them. Towards the back of the assembly two of the Collective marines stood on unstable legs beginning to overcome the disorientation and raise their rifles.

Kashiro cleared the distance to the furthest, his hand palming the soldiers helmet and with brutal force slamming it back against the wall with every ounce of Force fueled rage. A sharp crack echoed over the din of noise and the soldier slumped to the floor. Glancing behind the other soldier was taken off his feet and crumpled as Strong's hammer swing crushed the mans torso.

Atyiru kept pace allowing the two of them to clear the path, surprised Kashiro watched as her lightsaber swung to either side ending the lives of the remaining Marines. He could sense her determination despite the guilt she felt.

"Go, the last of the ships are preparing to leave. I have contact with one of the captains and they will wait as long as they can for us." Atyiru said as the three began to move in unison. When the entire station rocked from an explosion, simultaneously warnings began to sound as sections of the Nesolat began to break away.

The explosion left his ears ringing, his senses heightened from the Force left him stumbling as they began running in a desperate attempt to get off the station. They took up formation again with Strong leading, Kashiro following closely behind and Atyiru guarding them at the rear.

Shouting came from ahead along with the sounds of blaster fire and rang out as the last of the station and assembled Clan forces fought to hold the Collective from taking the hangar bay back. The hallways were filled with smoke as the lights began to dim and flicker as the station's power grids were overloaded with the departure of the various sections breaking away to descend planetside.

As they neared the sounds of fighting began to break off, the Brotherhood driven back as the Collective took the main entry into the hangar. Strong roared as he came into view of the entryway, Collective soldiers were pouring into the bay and with precision cutting down the last of their fleeing allies.

With a burst from his rocket pack the Chiss slammed through the collective clearing a path. Kashiro followed into the breach, lashing out at anything that came within range with his fists or their extension within the Force. A group of the Collective forces turned towards them, a heavy weapons team who were assembling the heavy blasters necessary to penetrate the hulls of the Clan Transport ships that had yet to take off.

Before Kashiro or Strong could react as they struggled with the core of the soldiers around them, Atyiru's lithe form slipped past and her saber severed the gun emplacement at the tripod sending the weapon scattering aside, shifting her weight she brought the weapon in a wide arc the staff striking down each member of the squad in turn.

The three had only a moment to catch their breath before blaster fire began erupting from other entrances towards them. More and more of the enemy poured into the upper and lower bays of the hanger to lay down fire on the retreating Brotherhood. In desperation they gave up any semblance of fighting back and simply ran for the nearest remaining evacuation ship.

What remained of the Brotherhood forces fired back, the entirety of the bay becoming a glowing cacophony of energy and blaster fire. Kashiro felt himself slowing as his wounds reopened and he felt new burns, new pain as they closed the distance to the transport. Then he felt a massive hand take hold of him, a second grip smaller but no less firm from Atyiru.

Strong used the last of the fuel in his pack, the General refusing to slow despite the scorched and dented plates of his armor showing his own wounds. The pack fired and the three cleared the distance landing in the entry of the transport as the crew inside took off.

The transport rocked as another heavy weapons emplacement began to open fire, but holding together the transport's bay snapped shut as they cleared the station and began their descent down into Arx.

"Two minutes until we pass the Planetary shield and begin our descent." came the pilot's voice over the comm.

