Torin looked around the shuttle as it transferred his team of Melewati soldiers up to Sanctuary, the space station orbiting New Tython and the planets last line of defence against invasion. He was surrounded by six of the best soldiers the Melewati of both tribes could muster. There was Garik Ruellis, a huge bear of a man with snowy white hair and a scarred face from the forest trekkers. A man in his late fifties he was still strong enough to best men a third his age in unarmed combat that would be operating as the squad’s heavy gunner. Sitting beside him was his daughter Brith. If Garik was a hammer she was a scalpel. She could hit a two inch target over a thousand yards away and while her skills weren’t exactly suited to the mission Garik didn’t go anywhere without his “good luck charm”. The final member from the forest trekkers was someone Torin knew very well. Kiera Sallian, the woman he’d loved for most of his life. As their eyes met across the crowded shuttle she gave him a wink and a smile that made his spirits lift.

Across from them sat To Ocheron, a young man from the sand dweller tribe. He had dark ebony skin and a wide smile that never seemed to leave his face. Beside him sat a dour looking woman with a shock of bright red hair. Dayana Kardall was a former doctor who escaped Menat Ombo when the New Dawn took control and found herself with the sand dwellers were she put her medical training to work patching up wounded soldiers and would be the team’s medic for the mission. The final member of the team was a green skinned twi’lek man named Sim. Torin had heard stories of his skill with a blade and it was said that he had dispatched an entire squad of soldiers single handed. The story went that New Dawn soldiers had been combing the desert looking for the sand dweller camp when a sand storm hit. Sim emerged from the sand like a ghost and picked off the soldiers one by one without ever alerting the rest. When the sand cleared twelve soldiers lay dead and Sim had disappeared. Whether the story was true or not Torin wasn't sure but if the rumours were true than he was glad Sim was on the team.

As the shuttle broke through the atmosphere Torin could see X-Wings, A-Wings and Y-Wings flying through the vacuum of space like enormous metal insects around a decaying carcass. Suddenly the shuttle was rocked by blaster fire as an O’reenian X-Wing made a beeline for the shuttle its guns blazing before it exploded in a fireball as an A-Wing from Nobilis Squadron came in from below and cut it in half with a blast from its cannons.

“Sir,” came the voice of the pilot from the cockpit “where receiving a transmission from Sanctuary”

As he ducked into the cramped cockpit Torin said “Let me hear it lieutenant”

With a flick of a switch the frightened voice of a Sanctuary crewmember could be heard saying “This is Ensign Marek in Sanctuary control. O’reenian forces have infiltrated the station and are attempting to enter the control room. We require immediate assistance, I say again we req...”

“We’ve lost the signal sir” said the pilot.

With a look of determination on his face Torin turned to the pilot and said “Get us on that station now lieutenant”

“Roger that sir” replied the pilot as he increased the shuttles speed.

Turning to the Melewati soldiers behind him Torin said “I know this isn’t the kind of fight our people are used to. We hit and fade back into the shadows but we can’t do that now. The O’reenians mean to take Sanctuary and if we lose that station we lose New Tython. I’m not about to let that happen are you?”

“Hell no we’re not! “ shouted Garik as he rose to his feet and clapped Torin on the shoulder while the rest hooted and hollered around them.

When the shuttle had pulled safely into the hangar bay and the ramp descended Torin and his crew stormed out into a fire fight as O’reenian commandos traded fire with the station’s defenders. Once he’d cleared the shuttle Torin opened fire on the O’reenian flank taking the invaders by surprise. But the O’reenian commandos were good, quickly splitting their forces to meet the new threat while keeping the Sanctuary defenders pinned down. The fight seemed evenly matched until Garik came stomping down the boarding ramp with an antiquated by no less deadly Z-6 rotary blaster cannon from the Clone Wars and opened fire, the power pack on his back providing a near constant stream of fire. He began to spray the O’reenian position with a hail of blaster fire that ripped through the crates they were using for cover before shredding the O’reenian’s themselves.

With the hangar bay secure the squad of Melewati made their way deeper into Sanctuary. Along the way they encountered small squads of O’reenian commandos patrolling the halls but with one or two exceptions managed to dispatch their foes quickly at least until they reached a junction the O’reenians had managed to barricade with tripod mounted heavy repeating blaster cannons that had each of the four corridors leading to the junction and at least eight commandos manning the guns. Pulling back into a small room they began to discuss a way through or around the barricade when To pointed above them with a smile.

“To you’re a genius” said Torin.

As they all looked up they could see an air duct large enough for a man to crawl through running out in the corridor. With a quick peek outside Torin could see the duct running the length of the corridor directly above the barricade.

Handing his A280 to Kiera he said “Sim you’re with me. Wait for my signal then distract them.” before turning to Garik saying “I could use a boost”

As the big man lifted Torin onto his shoulders before the Jedi pulled his lightsaber from his belt and ignited the violet blade, carving a hole into the duct before sliding his body into the metal pipe followed closely by Sim. The pair crawled through the duct as silently as possible until they were directly above the barricade where Torin gave the signal, two quick clicks over the radio, and waited a moment as the sounds of blaster fire were audible below before he ignited his lightsaber and carved a hole in the duct. As he hit the ground he thrust his lightsaber through the closest commandos back before removing the blade and slicing through the next O’reenian in one fluid motion cutting him from hip to shoulder. With a quick spin and a slash he removed the head on his next opponent before his blade pierced through the chest of the last O’reenian.

Less than a second after Torin had dropped Sim made his move, daggers at the ready. As he dropped to the ground he drove his blades deep into the neck of his first victim before slicing the throat of his closest compatriot. With two down Sim threw his dagger with unerring accuracy as it punched deep into the chest of the third commando before he pounced on the final soldier stabbing him twice in the stomach before cutting his throat from ear to ear.

With the barricade taken care of Torin said “We’re clear, you can move up” into the radio.

As they made their way to the control room they encountered very little resistance as the O’reenians seemed to be occupied in other parts of the station, the sound of running battles audible from other areas of the station. When they finally arrived at the doors to the control room they found it guarded by two O’reenian guards who were quickly dispatched by a pair of blasts from Torin and Brith.

Turning to Kiera Torin asked “Can you get these doors open?”

“Please” was all she said as she popped the cover off the controls and went to work. A minute or so later she looked up from her work and said “Ready when you are”

“Hit it” said Torin.

As the doors slid open the squad moved in and were greeted by a flurry of blaster fire. As they dove for cover Garik leaped for his daughter tackling her to the ground but taking the full brunt of the blaster fire that had been aimed directly for her. With a scream Brith cradled to still form of her father in her arms while blaster bolts flew around her some coming within inches of hitting their mark.

“Brith!” Torin screamed trying to get her attention. “Brith!” he shouted again but again she seemed not to hear him. Deciding on a different approach Torin screamed “Dayana help Brith get her father out of here and see what you can do to keep him alive. Everyone else cover them!”

As Dayana scurried over to Brith and her father Torin, Kiera, Sim and To opened fire on the O’reenian invaders forcing them to duck for cover behind the consoles of the command centre. When Dayana and Brith had managed to drag Garik clear Torin and his squad began to spread out attempting to flank the enemy, picking them off when the opportunity arose. After what seemed like an hour Kiera managed to eliminate the final O’reenian commando before they all rushed out into the corridor to check on Garik.

“Dayana?” Torin asked.

“He’s holding on but I’m losing him. If I had better equipment I could save him but there’s nothing more I can do here” Dayana answered dejectedly.

“Move” said Torin as he knelt down beside the big man. Taking a few deep breathes he closed his eyes placed his hands on Gariks chest and focused, channelling as much of the Force into Garik as he could muster hoping to keep the brave warrior alive. As if from a distance he could hear Dayana’s voice saying that Gariks pulse was getting stronger and that his vital signs were slowly improving. Torin knelt there for an unknown amount of time until a hand on his shoulder and a soft voice in his ear told him he could stop. As he returned to full attention he could see the face of his love smiling at him tears in her eyes.

“Whats wrong?” Torin asked “Did it work?”

Nodding her head she said “It did, he’s stable”

When an exhausted exhalation of breathe Torin said “Someone find out if the med bays been cleared, we need to get Garik there now”

“Yes sir” said To as he turned and began talking into his radio.

As Torin tried to rise he stumbled as a wave of exhaustion overcame him but he was quickly caught by Kiera and Sim, the pair holding him up so he wouldn’t fall. Turning to Kiera he aksed “So, did we win?”.