#### [RoS: Meridian Phase II] Fiction/Graphics - Fiction II

Objective 3: Raid

Ethan Martes 14873

Meridian Space Station

Ethan sat in his ship with his feet up on the control panel, a freshly lit cigar burning between his lips. Petth was beside him, driving the ship that is notoriously known amongst Odan-Urr as Ethan’s Flying Bachelor Pad. “Hey honey, did Parf get into position with your M3-A Scyk Fighter?”

Petth looked down to a control panel on the side. “He’s awaiting orders to engage. You sure you want him doing this? He’ll likely get destroyed.” She didn’t overly like the sarcastic droid, but PA-R4 had his uses.

“I backed up his memory onto another drive, so if that body gets destroyed, I can just upload him into a new one.” Ethan puffed his cigar one more time. “It just cost me a few creds to convince one of the folks more inclined for that tech stuff to do it. And if your ship gets destroyed, I’ll buy you a new one.”

Petth scowled lightly as she caught a glimpse of him out of the corner of her eye, the human enjoying his cigar. “How many times have I said no smoking in the cockpit?”

Ethan stared back at her, “It’s my ship.”

“But I’m the pilot.”

After a few moments, Ethan sighed and put his cigar out on the bottom of his boot. “Fine, fine…” He put the remaining cigar in his pocket while muttering, “Jeez, it’s like we are married.”

“What was that?” Petth raised a brow, shooting a glare directly at him.

“Nothing honey, just thinking of this job we’ve got.” Ethan sat up straight and put on his headset. “Give the order to Parf.” Ethan waited a moment before opening a direct comm to the Meridian station that was coming into view. “This is Ethan, we are being tailed by a hostile unknown. We are just a couple on our honeymoon looking for a safe harbor.”

The M3-A Scyk Fighter piloted by the droid Parf began to open fire, mostly missing and any shots that did hit only did minor damage to the Flying Bachelor Pad. There was a moment of silence over the comms before Meridian responded, “Sending Security Team 2 out to you for escort.”

“Bless you greatly!” Ethan proclaimed as the ship shook for a second. He watched as three fighter ships came out of the Meridian and flew towards them, quickly engaging Parf.

Petth glanced over with a grin at the control panel, showing that Parf was now going to engage the three ships for a moment before escaping to the rendezvous. Parf was a capable pilot droid, especially with the memory upgrade it had. So it was no surprise that the droid quickly took out one of the Security Team 2 members and gave the last two a run for their money.

“Alright, hide your saber for now. We don’t need them discovering we are Force users.” Ethan took his saber and opened a hidden panel to place his in, Petth reluctantly doing the same.

The Flying Bachelor Pad landed in one of the hangars peacefully, only to see two more fighters fly out to engage Parf, who had now destroyed another one of Security Team 2. The Chiss and the Human exited their ship and were greeted by Technocrat soldiers. “Who in the galaxy is chasing you?”

Ethan shrugged before saying, “I have no clue! All we know, is that we bought this ship, all decked out for our honeymoon, we get on our journey and that psycho starts blasting at us!”

The one soldier eyed the two, “Where were you heading?”

“Spira.” Petth interjected, “But we had to jump off course a couple times due to that pilot.”

The soldier nodded, “Well, you are safe here. It doesn’t look like your ship has taken any major damage, but if you’ve got the creds we will look it over.”

Ethan smirked wide. “Hey that sounds great! We will also need some fuel to make sure we can make it to Spira, if you don’t mind.”

With a small exchange of money, they were told it would take little less than an hour to fill up the ship, as the damage was limited to the hull with no internal components compromised and was easily replaced.

Petth and Ethan decided to head to the upper level trading hub, as their object was to secure as much as they could from this station. This part was the easiest, as Ethan merely had to use the Force to Mind Trick a few individuals into signing over large sums of credits and goods that would be immediately loaded onto the Flying Bachelor Pad. Power Cells, fuel, a few blackmarket items, rare minerals, weapons, and even all the clothes off of one man. In the hour it took to refuel the ship, it had been loaded up to the point that it was difficult to walk through any part of the ship without bumping into a cargo crate of some kind.

Ethan and Petth went arm and arm back to their ship, running into the same Technocrat soldier they first met. “Oh, hey you two, they loaded a lot of stuff onto your ship. Big spenders for your honeymoon, eh?”

Ethan smiled, “Only the best for the woman of my dreams… Not to mention some of the stuff for the hunting lodge for when we decide to go on that exotic creature hunt next month.”

“Well, everything ready for you to go, our security team will escort you out of our immediate area in case that pilot comes back.” The soldier nodded to them as they got onto their ship. Just as he said, two pilots escorted them to the edge of the area but then broke off as they engaged their hyperdrive to leave. It was only at this moment that the one soldier was bombarded by numerous angry merchants, and one naked one, who claimed that the two who just left robbed them blind.

“Well… Frak.”