From the outside, Meridian Prime looked formidable. Granta Prackx rarely worried about an upcoming mission, but the Collective were such good fighters that she’d been more than a little concerned when she’d been given the mission to board the space station. Even as she and her team disembarked from their shuttle, the Iron Navy were continuing their attack.

The knowledge that Andrelious was leading a squadron of starfighters in the melee outside relaxed the Juggernaut a little. His heart belonged to another woman- indeed, the one who had robbed Granta of her original left hand, but surely he wouldn’t allow her to die?

“So what’s the plan?” one of the soldiers asked. Prackx had been given command over half a dozen Iron Army soldiers. Normally, the Inquisitorius liked for a few clan soldiers to accompany their agents on a mission, but Granta’s lack of clan alignment made things a little more difficult.

“Officially we’re supposed to make sure that this facility doesn’t survive the attack. Now that we’re here, I can tell there’s a little more to it. Ohnaka wants the computer core,” Prackx explained.

“That’s not going to be easy. We’ll need to locate it, get to it *and* get it back, probably under heavy fire the entire time,” another soldier commented.

“Best that we get on with it, then! I studied this class of station back in the academy. The computer core is located at the main command centre,” Granta replied, though she was decidedly less confident than her tone suggested.

**-x-**

The battle continued to rage outside. The Brotherhood’s best pilots, including many Force users who had talent in a cockpit, did their best against the seemingly never-ending wave of Collective starfighters. Slowly, but surely, the Collective were losing ships, but the battle was proving very expensive for the Brotherhood, too.

Prackx could still sense Andrelious out there, focussed entirely on the task at hand.

*You do your job. I’ll do mine,* the former soldier thought to herself, as she and her team reached a T-junction.

“We need to go right here. Find the main turbolift, then straight up to the command centre,” the Juggernaut ordered.

“Er…I don’t think we need to go quite that far,” a soldier declared, pointing in the direction of the turbolift.

To Prackx’s amazement, a small group of Collective agents were heading straight for them. They were clearly headed towards one of the hangars. One of them was carrying a small black box.

“Surely that isn’t what I think it is?” the Sith questioned. “Best we find out! Attack!”

Even if she were on her own, the site of Granta Prackx charging in her jet-black purge trooper armour was formidable enough. The fact she had backup providing covering fire made things worse. The small Collective team prepared themselves for the fight, but they hadn’t been expecting the giant armoured female to activate a lightsaber as she approached.

Prackx swung her lightsaber around, her pure hatred for the Collective and all it stood for driving her on. Her enemies did their best to hold her back, but in doing so opened themselves up to attack from the Juggernaut’s team.

“Somebody check to see if that actually *IS* the computer core,” Granta demanded.

A female soldier reached for the discarded black box, hooking her datapad up to it.

“Confirmed. But I can’t crack it here,” she explained.

“Then let’s get it out of here!” Prackx shouted.

**-x-**

Granta Prackx smirked as her ship left the doomed Meridian Prime facility behind.

She hadn’t been expecting things to be quite *THAT* easy.

*FIN*