**Note: this is a continuation of the story in the Run-on Event. You can read that by clicking here:** [**https://discourse.darkjedibrotherhood.com/t/rosm-clan-naga-sadow-team-keibatsu/2077**](https://discourse.darkjedibrotherhood.com/t/rosm-clan-naga-sadow-team-keibatsu/2077) **or not as you choose, the story is self-contained.**

**Command Center
Meridian Prime Space Station**

Blaster fire erupted all around them as they darted to the doors, fingers finding purchase in the consoles that brought the metal together with a subtle grinding sound.  The echo of firepower scorching the other side of the doors still resonated through to them.

"Well, the party is far from over."  Shimura chuckled, nudging the dead Ithorian with a black boot.

"Did you somehow expect that they would let us just dance out of here like nothing happened?" Kojiro mused, then let out a low chuckle.  The four of them had fought their way from the shuttle all the way to the command center, started a riot, and in general caused a major nuisance to the Collective.  He laughed shortly, thinking of Rath Oligard screaming obscenities as he was briefed on their mayhem.

Muz flipped the artifact in his hand, feeling it with more than just his fingertips, careful consideration playing across his mind as they heard the blaster fire die down.

"How long until they get the cutting torches up here, do you figure?" Koji turned to the observation panel, trying to make out the security feed behind carbon scorching.  Ashia stepped to his side, trying to rub some of the blackened marks off of the monitor with the sleeve of her robe, finding instead that she was rubbing shards of the monitor screen off instead.  Ashia let out a sigh, before turning back to her husband.

Muz raised his left arm, the panel slipping open to expose the screen and holoprojector.  The static faded, leaving the image of their Consul, distraction playing across his face before he focused on them.

"We have it."  Muz spoke simply, the deep sound filtering through his helmet as he stared at the projection.

"Of course you do."  Bentre tapped away, his gaze shifting as he tried to track the dozen other crews he had engaging elsewhere on the station.  He paused, his fingers pinching the bridge of his nose for a moment as he closed his eyes.  "This is an absolute... Is there any way you can think of to just..."

Beneath the helmet, Muz smiled.  "Get your people off of here."  He waited a beat before closing the connection, the metal of his arm sliding back into place with machined precision.

Ashia sidled up next to him.  *You have a plan?*

"Well, if I had half a clue about computers, I could probably do some damage from here before they lock us out."  Kojiro snarked, swiping his fingers across the controls.  "And I doubt that power cycling the system would do much good this time."

Shimura stopped pacing in front of the sealed door, tapping the end of his saber against a horn.  "I am going to bet that when these doors open again, they are going to have a lot of new friends waiting for us."

The sizzle that snared their ears from the other side of the door caught their attention, a fine white light erupting at the top of the doorway, showering him in fine sparks.  Muz tilted his head, looking at the Zabrak.  "Don't give me that." Shimura sneered.

The cutting torch made its way down the center of the doorway.  Muz reached out his hand, pointing a pair of fingers at the bundle of power conduits that reached through the center of the room, feeding the consoles and the sensors alike.  Violet energy sprang down his wrist, arcing across his fingertips and screaming toward the bundle, the angry sound of lightning filling their ears as capacitors burned, then exploded somewhere beneath the floor and above the ceiling.  The lamps snapped overhead, the darkness in the room complete, save for the violet violence that fed from the Krath's fingers.  He let the power subside, letting the shade cover them all.

The doors finally slid open, emergency lights some distance down the hallway casting their own shadows into the deep darkness of the control room. There was a hush, a dozen of the Collective's finest staring into the void with blasters at the ready.

Muz stepped forward into the dim light, his sabers snapping to life and casting purple and crimson light across them all for a moment before Ashia's silver and purple and Shimura's blood-red blades joined in.  Chaos reigned for just a moment as blasters screamed their eulogies at them, their blasts shunted off by fast blades and iron wills before they were cast aside like unwanted playthings.  Shimura dove forward, tucking himself into a tight coil as he sprang up, his saberstaff spinning through enemies and rolling across his neck back into the ready position.  Golden blades danced through the air, carving men and women alike as the Lion wished them dead with the invisible hand of the Force.  Ashia worked her way forward, her blades flourishing as they separated flesh, cleaving lives from limb.  The piercing rattle of blaster fire seethed in the empty spaces between them, blaster bolts from the Nihilgenia-turned-Keibatsu at their flank, paving the way for them all to head out of the darkened chamber.

Muz drew his blades back to him, their golden tones evaporating into their hilts as they slipped behind his belt beneath the warcoat.  Ashia brought her own weapon down, the purple blade drinking deep of the meat at the last soldier's shoulder, dragging down into his chest before breaking free at his hip.  She spun her other blade in her hand before deactivating the blade. *Do we have a plan?*

Muz projected the image of the station into their minds, the three lobes surrounding the center, like spokes of a wheel.  He focused his mind on one of the narrow bits that attached one of the wings to the center. *Explosives?*  The word blurred through their minds as the image vanished.

"Only one."  Koji spun his blaster around his finger before holstering it and drawing forth the fist-sized sphere of a thermal detonator.  Shimura reached around his back and produced a single proton charge with a smile, then pushing back a sleeve to show off a wrist rocket.  Koji nodded.  "Not sure that will be enough."

Muz lowered his head a little, raising his left arm again and exposing the holoprojector.  "Blackwind."   The image came into focus, the dark haired man narrowing his eyes.  "How far are you from the station?"

"Not far, sir."  He cleared his throat.  "There's some action in the area, but I could sneak in and extract..."

"That would be after.  Kojiro will send you the areas we want targeted." He watched Blackwind's eyes widen, a smile creeping up the corner of his face.  "We'll make our way back the way we came and call for pickup from there."

"What, no spacewalk?"  Koji laughed as he produced his datapad, tapping to send the downloaded schematics with marked targets to the Fallen Spear.  Shimura shot him a dirty look that he ignored.

Muz turned back to them.  Between the barrage outside and a timed explosion on the inside of the hull, that section of the station would break loose, crippling the station and giving a ready made target for the other Brotherhood ships that were no doubt waiting in the wings for their time to shine.  He nodded once, then turned, back the way they came, the trail of death and destruction they had already wrought eerily calm and quiet aside from the klaxons and alarms of the Collective.

**Fifteen Minutes Later
Concourse 3
Meridian Prime Space Station**

The corridor narrowed down as it reached out to one of the outer lobes of the station, thick conduits framing the maintenance walkway, ushering communications, fluids, power from the core of the station.  Muz paused, watching Shimura and Kojiro pull out their explosives, connecting the tools to a section of wall where it seemed that the hull was thinner.  Shimura dusted his hands off on his pants before fishing the remote detonator from his belt with a cruel glint in his eye.

*We'll need to time this just so...*Muz nodded at them as they finished their work.

*Was that enough time for our boys to get off this heap?*Shimura's voice came through their heads as he stowed the tool on his belt again.

*We gave them enough time.*  Ashia's silent reply sang behind their eyes. *If they dawdled, that is on them.*

"It'll take a few moments for us to get to the bay anyway and get out of here."  Kojiro responded aloud.  "I don't know about you, but I would rather not be on anything that the Spear is firing on."

Muz chuckled quietly.

Koji looked up briefly, mumbling "I'm just saying..." before turning back toward the bay where their transport had been waiting for them.  Hopefully the Collective hadn't decided to scrap it, because then they would have to steal one of their cheap, bashed up things, and risk getting shot to hell because of the IFF codes.  He shuddered, thinking of a death by friendly fire.

They moved quickly back the way they had come, the corridors seeming to blend together with time and speed, with only the occasional destroyed sentry droid and the blinking light on Koji's datapad keeping them on the right path.  The docking bay opened up before them, a few Iron Forces soldiers covering the exits, patently anxious about the blue Twi'lek that stood next to their transport.

"Tasha?"  Ashia stepped through first, the soldiers stepping aside as they approached.  "What are you doing down here?"

"It wasn't my first choice."  The rollmaster managed a weak smile, and Ashia noticed the carbon scoring and tears in her normally pristine black armor.  "But I figured this would be the safest bet to get off of this dung heap.  And I am a passable pilot."  She nodded at the transport.

Ashia nodded at her, and then turned back to her husband.  Kojiro lifted his head, addressing the handful of soldiers.  "May I suggest all aboard?  The show is about to begin."  A couple of them looked at each other, then at Muz before falling in line.  Muz placed his hand on his wife's back, gently nudging her toward the ship's ramp.  Tasha and the soldiers followed them aboard the transport, the ramp folding in as the ship lifted and spun, preparing to leave.

"How long should we wait?"  Shimura held the remote detonator in his hand, staring out the windscreen as the ship cleared the transparent blue airlock field.  Muz tapped at the comm array, opening up a channel to his ship as he nodded at the Zabrak.

He pressed the button and the plume of fire and smoke erupted from the side of the station, a fist sized gap in the hull where the station was at its narrowest.  The glimmering shadow of the Fallen Spear disengaging cloaks fell into view a moment before the ship unloaded on the weakened spot, their minds creating the sounds they would not have been able to hear in space.  The branch of the station wobbled, breaking free of the rest of it before listing to one side and gliding down toward the center of the station, rough edges gouging against each other before it collided with the main power generator, a moment of calm before the wreckage exploded in a gout of escaping atmosphere and plasma.

In holovids, they never look at the explosions, walking away calmly as if this sort of thing happened every day.  No one aboard the transport was a holovid star, a cheer going up as the Collective station shattered into chunks of itself.

It was a good day.