

Ready Room
Damnation
Approaching Amphor
Orian system

The Sith Warrior paced as the holographic image of the blonde human spoke, his helmet hiding his obvious irritation. “I understand this is not normally how you operate, Maelous,” she said calmly, “but you will serve as General and oversee the battle.”

“I do not command, Quaestor, I lead,” he growled through the vocoder, “I do not like the idea of standing in this room giving orders.”

He scowled at the flickering image of Teu, though she never saw it. She shook her head and ended the transmission. The Sith’s eyes burned with fury as he stormed toward the holoprojector, his hand reaching out and bringing up the radar display. His eyes scanned the data as it populated the projection; 5 minutes remained until the Damnation reached Amphor. He would have to act fast if he wanted to avoid being stuck on the bridge giving orders instead of on the ground and part of the mission.

He could not understand why others would not want to be part of the battle, why would they prefer to rule from a far while the soldiers had all the fun. He had taken to the Death moniker with great pride. Maelous had already seen himself as an engine for ending life, and with the Horsemen bestowing the title of Death, it only solidified the belief. Death must be given at his hands, not just the hands of those he controlled. He would do what he must, but would not miss the chance to clash with the scum he was sent to defeat.

Maelous moved to another terminal and brought up the list of combat units on the Cruiser. He had 640 troops on board, the maximum that the Damnation could carry. They would not act as a marching infinity. Instead the Battleteam commander started assigning initial objectives to each unit, based on their strengths. He then went on assigning secondary and tertiary objectives based on the locations of previous one. He would not allow himself to miss the carnage.

He felt the vibration lessen in the vessel as he looked up at the radar projections. They had entered orbit of Amphor and were slowing. One minute until operations would begin. He took a single step and stood in front of the projector. [i]How long before they will attack us,[/i] he wondered.

He let his eyes fall to the terminal in front of him and scanned over the reports that were now coming in. Shar Dakhan had already arrived and was attacking the city with its bombers. He nodded, it was a smart move for them but would aid his troops in their assault as well. The opposing House would occupy the enemy forces, reduce their defenses, and make his landing attack much easier.

He made note of the Shar Dakhan forces and pressed a button on his console. A high pitch chirp was the only confirmation that he was connected with the bridge of the ship. "I am transmitting coordinates. I want you to place us here before we launch our attack."

"Yes, Comm.," he ended the transmission before the ship's crew could complete their response.

He would have them on the opposite side of the floating city from the other House. The enemy would be focused on Shar Dakhan's initial attack. This would give him an easier entrance into the city, and a greater chance of success.

He felt the huge ship maneuver itself into position as they reached the low orbit. They would need to quickly land on the platform. He pressed another button, issuing the command to prepare the fighter squadrons for launch. He moved his hand to hover over the button that would signal them to take flight. A chime sounded to let him know the fighter pilots were ready. His eyes moved to the radar again and waited. He smiled grimly as the blips appeared moving toward his force, he let his hand fall.

Maelous watched the radar feed on the holoprojector as the Damnation's fighters rushed out ahead of the Majestic-class vessel. The formation quickly engaged the enemy fighters and split into attack maneuvers. He folded his arms across his chest as an indicator blinked out. [i]The first of many,[/i] he thought.

The Sith turned his helmed head slightly as the door opened, the hood of his cloak masking most of the view from the Ensign that entered. The young human male came to attention several paces behind the Warrior.

"Commander, the troops are standing by and waiting for your orders."

Maelous smirked to himself as he turned and began to head toward the door of the room. He had decided he would be on the ground, and nothing would stop him.