

Smash & Grab

SAV Kordath Bleu
#13593

AGV Nighthawk

“Seriously?” asked the Commandant of the *Nighthawk*’s special forces.

“Yup, that’s the mission at hand, Mako,” replied the Captain.

“Sir...is this a good idea? I mean, our intel is shaky at best here.”

“We deal with the orders we get, eh, Commander?”

“Well, yes Sir, but that doesn’t mean we should commit suicide, does it?” asked the Sephi Commander.

“Suicide? It’s a bloody ship driftin’ out in open space, damaged and torn to hell,” stated the Captain. “It’s got repair droids on it, and a token security force, eh?”

“But...Sir, we intend to trust the intel we’ve been given?”

“Look I don’t like that it’s not intel we got ourselves, because I trust you lot way more than whoever brought this in, I do. But that ship might have information we can use, so. We get in, we clear the security forces, we dump the mainframe, we get the kark out, eh?” The Ryn shrugged, looking at his two Officers. “You want to go back to Uji and say ‘Sorry, mate, seems to dangerous for us. Get somebody else?’”

“Still think it’s a bad idea, is all,” muttered Mako.

“Tough poodoo, mate. Get yer Talons ready, they’ll be leadin’ the assault, with the big guns behind ‘em. Baxir and Ood could use the workout anyways, eh? After that, the rest of us’ll be comin’ aboard and--”

“You’re going to participate in the assault, Captain?” asked Rulvak, cautiously. The Captain’s ‘issues’ in space were well known to his Officers.

“Yes. I’ll be helpin’ track down stragglers and such, and seein’ if we can’t find any other data caches or paper files. Stuff like that, I’m best suited for trackin’ that sort of thing down, eh?”

“Yes...Sir...but, what about, you know, your condition?”

“Stow it, Rulvak. I’ll take a bleedin’ baggie with me, alright? I’ll be takin’ Egregious and Kalon with me as backup, anyways. I’ll be fine, you just worry about gettin’ all them security forces off the bleedin’ ship, eh?”

“Sir, yes Sir.” replied Rulvak, sighing as he looked over at Mako, who was shaking his head.

“We’re all gonna die, aren’t we?”

“Might,” stated the Ryn, shrugging.

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“Docking in 3...2...1...airlock cycling up, pressurizing, please wait....we are green!”

“Alright, Talons! You know the mission, find the enemy forces left to defend this heap of junk, and take them out! Extreme prejudice, we are NOT looking for prisoners on this op! Go! Go! Go!” screamed the Commandant as he ushered the Talon special ops troopers through the airlock. He followed behind them, the sound of blaster fire filling the air already as the defenders tried to put up a resistance.

Kordath watched with trepidation; there was a decent chance that all of the Talons would come back alive, and a better than average shot that any of his more ‘gifted’ crew would come back fine. Still, he disliked this part of the job. As the last of the shock troopers piled through the airlock, Kordath looked at his two escorts and sighed.

“Best be gettin’ on with it then, eh?”

Ernor and Kalon glanced at one another, the discomfort and annoyance of having to babysit the space fearing Captain evident on their faces. Said Captain affected not to notice, stepping through the airlock and choosing a direction at random. The two Galerean’s followed close behind, noting that the sound of blaster fire was fading in the background.

“Captain, where are we going?”

“We’re goin’ this way, Kalon.”

“I see, Sir. But where are we heading to?”

“Don’t complicate matters. We’re headin’ this way”

“Guys...does anyone else sense that?”

“Aye, somebody up ahead. Good. There, Kalon, we’re headed there, happy?”

“Uhh, sure Captain.”

The trio stopped before a door, it was in one of the more well appointed areas of the ship. Compartments were spaced further apart than they were near the airlock, suggesting larger areas within. Kordath scratched his head, wondering what the proper protocol was for breaching a door on an enemy ship before shrugging and palming the entry panel. The door surprisingly slid open, showing a man in a rumpled naval uniform, holding a glass of amber liquid. He was sitting in an over-stuffed leather chair, a blaster pistol sitting on the end table next to him. The Officer made no move to grab the weapon, instead lifting his glass in salute before draining it with a sigh.

“So, here to finish the job, Scepter scum?”

“Eh? Who the bloody ‘ell are you, mate?”

“I’m Captain Farcin. I sincerely doubt you’re the ones who actually put my dear ship in such disrepair.”

“Wot, think we couldn’t pull it off?”

“To be fair, Captain Bleu, there’s no way the *Nighthawk* could have done enough damage to do this, not alone, anyways.”

“OI! Quiet you!” the Ryn shot a glare at Ernordeth, before turning back to the Captain of the cruiser. “So, you just waitin’ on a repair crew or somethin’? Most of your crew is gone, can’t see why you’re still abouts.”

“My god, you have no sense of honor, do you? What kind of man would abandon his ship? What kind of Captain would I be if I’d just up and ran?”

“The kind that wouldn’t be goin’ to see our friend Nath, and all her pretty little interrogatin’ toys. Ernor, Kalon, take ‘im back to the *Hawk*, I’m gonna toss this place. See if I can’t come up with somethin’.”

“Yes Sir!”

“Wait! This is just disrespect--get your hands off me!”

Kordath whistled to himself as he heard his two Officers knock the Captain of the cruiser out while he himself started opening drawers and cabinets. A few bottles of rather good liquor were scavenged, as well as a couple of datapads.

“Good day. Good day.”