

Derek's Armor: <http://yulanfaner.deviantart.com/art/Commander-Devil-of-the-505th-445959381>

His head lobbed in his seat, the humming of the engines lulling the 13 year old knight to sleep. Derek shot up suddenly as the ship lurched slightly. He looked around the passenger compartment with tired sleepy eyes. He brushed his brown hair to the side and stretched his arm up and yawned. As he rubbed his eyes a tall freckled faced boy came into the compartment. He was no older than sixteen and was the captain's son.

"Uhhhh, Sir?" He started cautiously. "Uhh we've arrived, we'll be landing shortly."

Derek yawned again and waved his hand indicating he got the message. Once the boy left he took out his datapad and unlocked it and read over the mission report one last time.

*Classified Mission: Tacitus Athanasius Eyes Only*

*MISSION: APPROVED BY HOUSE SUMMIT*

*Target: Delcot Revror*

*Mission: Assassination*

*Knight Derek Cinn, This will be your first mission leading an elite squad of special operations troopers. They will be awaiting your arrival in a safehouse on the outskirts of the town. Staff Sergeant Kitus is the squad leader, He will report to you. They have been briefed on the mission and have been drilling for it.*

*Your Mission: Infiltrate the residence of Delcot Revror. He is the leader of the extremist group that goes by "Tears of Revolt" They have been consolidating power and we fear they may try to start an insurgency. The goal is to cut the head of the snake. They are not well organized at the moment and losing their leader would essential dissolve the movement. Do not fail, the security of the House and our people is at stake. Do not fail and try not to get any of you men killed, they are our best.*

*Password: Tom Hiddleston is Hot*

*Battle Team Leader Shadow Nighthunter*

Derek couldn't lie to himself, He was nervous. He had been waiting for the chance to lead a mission and he had finally gotten his chance, but now that he was here, he couldn't help

but imagine the faces of those soldiers when they see a 13 year old was leading them. He ignored this, He remembered what his grandfather had told him

*"It doesn't take a hero to order men into battle. It takes a hero to be one of those men who goes into battle."*

Calming himself a little, he reassured himself.

*Alright, It's okay. Just be confident and don't let them realize you're nervous.*

The ship shuddered slightly and hissed as a dull thud echoed around the compartments indicating they had just touched down. Derek strode over to the now opening hatch and pulled his helmet over his head. His armor was one of his favorite things he had acquired and was great because it was custom made to fit his smaller frame. It was the old Phase II Clone Trooper Armor. Derek's grandfather had shown him pictures of him wearing it when he fought in the Clone Wars.

This armor however, he had customized himself but had based it off his grandfather's design. The armor from the waist down, except for the boots and knee plates, were dark grey as well as all of the arm. The chest and stomach were dark grey with an unpainted area of white between them with teeth creating a fanged mouth on the chest and stomach. A jet black pauldron sat over the left shoulder. The helmet's vocabulator up to the V shaped ventilators were grey and the cheek hollows are painted in as well. the rounded top of the helmet was dark grey with red eyes painted on the front. A Black Kama wraps around the waist on which his prized DC-17s lay in their holsters.

He was proud of it considering he saw it as a memorial to his fallen grandfather. He walked down the ramp and out into the dark field they had landed in. It was night and the stars were hid by a dense grey cloud cover. He could hear thunder in the distance but noticed that no rain had started falling. He stepped toward the downtrodden house that sat in front of him, drooping like a soggy bread. Old floorboards creaked as he stepped in, a faint glow of a candle illuminated the room slightly, To his left was a small kitchen, and right beside it where the candle flickered was a ricketing table with two chairs that looked ready to collapse.

The young Sith swung his head to his right where a door was ajar slightly, He reached out with his gloved hand and grasped the handle and pulled. It croaked in protest as he pushed it open. Stairs went down into the basement and Derek entered carefully. He grasped the handle as the house began to shake violently and he wondered whether the building would collapse on top of him. It stopped suddenly And the specks of dust that had begun rising up started to settle once again.

*Ship must've just left.* He thought to himself as he continued on. He reached the final step and stood in front of another door. HE pushed it open and walked into a room slightly larger

than the area he had seen upstairs. 5 men in black armor grabbed their weapons and pointed them at Derek. Derek merely stood there watching them.

“Tom Hiddleston is Hot” Derek said through his helmet. They lowered their weapons but eyed Derek oddly

He removed his helmet and brushed his hair aside quickly.

“Who in blazes are you kid?” A Trooper asked. He was wearing the same black armor as everyone else but his had a dark grey wolf painted on his left breast. He was a professional looking man with shaved sides and trimmed hair on top. He was clean shaven and seemed very young but Derek could tell he was very experienced just by looking at his eyes. They were a dark brown shade and seemed to have a very dull intensity that would normally make people quiver.

“I’m Derek Cinn, I’m in charge of this mission. I assume your Staff Sergeant Kitus?” Derek said confidently

“Yes sir.” He said plainly still eying the child in front of him with unease.

“Good, Let’s move out. We need to be done with this before sun up.” Derek said, slipping on his helmet. He could feel the awkwardness in the room but he didn’t know how to address it. He began walking towards the stairs as the soldiers began gearing up.

“A kid? They sent a kid? We aren’t babysitters sarge, we’ll follow your lead not this kids, who knows if he’s even potty tra-.” He stopped suddenly. His voice had suddenly escaped him. The others looked up to see why he had stopped talking. The watched him grasping at his neck as if he was trying to loosen an invisible noose. He rose in the air and spun around towards the now very angry Derek. He’s awkwardness was gone. He expected awkwardness but he would not stand for insubordination.

The trooper flew toward the Knight whose outstretched hand wrapped around the troopers neck firmly.

“Do not underestimate me, You may feel odd with me in charge but I will not tolerate disobedience am I understood?” Derek said very roughly. The trooper nodded vigorously as he gasped for air and his pale skin began turning a light shade of blue. He tossed the trooper against the wall, looked at the others, and turned around and began walking up the stairs. He could hear coughing behind him and voices.

“You had that coming Nill.” He heard a gruff voice say chuckling

“That’s one hell of an introduction wouldn’t you say Sarge?” Said another voice also trying to stifle his laughter.

Derek waited outside building as Sergeant Kitus walked outside.

“We’re ready to go sir.” He said stoically

“Very good, we leave immediately, we have 6 speeders but they’ll only take us to the perimeter of the property, from there we’re on foot.” Derek said turning around to look at the NCO.

“Very good sir, by the way sir, It’s pleasure to meet you. I’d heard rumors of you but no one really believed someone so young would be assassinating people he said, smirking slightly.

“I appreciate that but I’ve still got a ways to go, This is my first time leading so I’m going to have to rely you on. And I was meaning to ask, what your names?” Derek replied, smiling slightly

“Well you know me, the trooper you nearly killed is Nill, the one with the blond hair is Telly, the one with the beard is Klacks, and the lady is Erinn.” He answered

Derek nodded his approval. The rest of the squad walked out with their helmets on, the black armor blending in the night.

“Let’s move out, let’s get this done.”

An hour later the speeders stopped on the perimeter. The Mansion seemed quiet, almost as if everyone was asleep. They dismounted the speeders and began jogging quickly towards the building. It was a decent sized mansion. Two stories with two wings the extend forward from the main building, flanking a large roundabout and plaza.

“Alright here’s what we’ll do. Klacks, Erinn, you’ll stay out here and secure the perimeter, warn us if something happens here. Sarge, Nill, and I will enter the west wing and work our way to the targets bedroom. We’ll take him out, and exit from the back, from there we’ll tell you to get back to the speeder, we’ll meet you there.”

They nodded silently and began moving out. Derek led the way flanked by Nill and Kitus. After carefully breaking the lock, Derek jumped in and pulled out his Zhaboka. It was the best weapon considering the circumstances. Silent was paramount until they could get to their target. They snuck forward, the two behind him watching their flanks with E-11 blasters. Their boots softly tapping against the marble tiles. They reached the end of the wing without trouble.

As they turned the corner they could see two guards standing chatting softly. Derek raised his hands and both the guards began gasping for breath. He heard a slight sniff come from his right where Nill stood aiming his blaster at the guards.

“Kill them quietly.” Derek whispered through gritted teeth.

The two ran up and slit the guards' throats quickly and Derek eased them onto the floor, their blood pooling on the polished floor. He nodded and pointed towards the spiraling stairs to their left. They ran up quietly. Nill grasped the guard at the top of the stairs instantly and snapped his neck. Kitus and Derek ran passed him. A single guard stood dozing dreamily but lurched awake at the sound of footsteps. He looked around wearily and barely registered the two figures running toward him. The dimmed lights of the hallway masked the two as the guard struggled to make them out. As he realized what was going on, he began to cry out but was tackled expertly by the experienced Sergeant and swiftly impaled by the polished blade of the Zhaboka.

“I really need to get me one of those, Kitus said looking at the young leader.

They looked at the door the guard was protecting. Derek pressed the button and Derek entered. Nill stayed outside keeping watch. A figure lay in the large bed, snoring softly. The Dark Knight raised his Zhaboka but froze at the sound of blaster fire.

“THEY FOUND US!!!!” Nill screamed

Startled awake by the sudden explosion of sound, Delcot Revror awoke gasping at the sight of the zhaboka pointed at his neck. Derek looked back down at him and yelled out to Nill

“Let's go, blast the window, we're jumping out.” He turned to Sarge tell the others to distract some of the guards so we can get away and to meet us at the speeders.”

The Staff Sergeant nodded and began speaking into his helmet's communicator. Derek looked back down at the target who was still staring at the blade in confusion and fear. His eyes followed the sharpened edge as the young sith raised it and impaled it into Revror's neck. Only a slight sound of pain escaped his mouth followed by an odd gurgling sound as blood flowed from the gaping wound.

“LET'S GO!” Derek yelled at Nill who backed away, still firing his blaster. Derek waited for him to jump out the window and followed closely after.

The team ran into the forest, listening to the blaster fire still ringing in the night air behind them. A voice came through the comlink.

“Sir we've escaped and are waiting for you by the speeders.” a female voice said

“Roger Erinn, we’re on our way.”

Reaching the speeders, they mounted and sped off, leaving the confused and angry voices behind them, every so often they could hear isolated blaster fire from the mansion. Derek sigh an internal sigh of relief. He hadn’t gotten anyone killed, and his soldiers didn’t think him a child anymore.

“Nice job soldiers.” Derek said “I’d buy you drinks, but I’m not sure if you’ve noticed, I’m a bit too young.” This garnered some chuckling from the soldiers speeding behind him.