

## **[GJW XII Phase 1] Fiction - Multi-Objective Prompt**

### **Objective 2 – Sabotage**

#### **Caelus-System**

##### **Fleet Assembly Point Alpha**

The comprised fleet of Taldryan's fleet and the Caelus Defense Forces hung poised in space, ready to join the other clans of the Brotherhood in their fight against a new aggressor called *the Collective*. Ships shifted into their final positions within the faceted diamond shaped formation, orchestrated by the Taldryan Consul. While the Consuls of Naga Sadow, Scholae and Tarentum had decided for a direct assault, the remaining clans had settled upon a more coordinated strike. Meticulously and precisely planned, this coordinated strike required a stationary point, that was relative to the fleet's point of exit from hyperspace so that the combined fleets of Arcona, Odan-Urr, Taldryan and Tarentum would emerge from hyperspace surrounding the reported enemy fleet.

Dancing between the lines of transports, gunships and larger capital ships Rian Taldrya banked his personal starship *Noctis* from left to right as he raced his ship down the length of the fleet to ensure every ship was in the right position trailed by a squadron TIE/D Defenders following every of his maneuvers like a shadow. When he had circled at the end of the fleet and returned to his own ready position beneath the clan's flagship, Rian adjusted his headlink to war channel. "*Paragon*, this is *Noctis* all ships ready and in position."

Calling out to the fleet Rhyllances voice sounded over the Quaestor's headset. "Proceed with the countdown. All groups assume attack coordinates."

Tilting his head, Kasey, Rian's personal KX-series Security Droid said: "I calculated the odds of a coordinated hyperspace jump from four different sized fleet entering hyperspace from four different locations and them emerging back into realspace in a relative position to each other being successful onehundredseventyeightthousandfivehundredeleven to one."

"Thanks Kay, but for the sake of the mission, let's keep that from the rest of the fleet." Rian replied, twinkling one eye at the emotionless face of the droid when a light on the control panel flashed to live. The Consul had commenced the attack.

Rian pulled the conversion switch and the *Noctis* surged forward. Outside the stars around them began to stretch and warped into the unreal tunnel of hyperspace.

#### **Nancora System,**

##### **Planet Nancora**

Ship by ship, the Taldryan fleet emerged from hyperspace and fell into formation with their allied counterparts from the other Clans in close distance from the Clans already engaged into battle with

the Collective. Bearing down on the raging battle, Rian commenced his squadron to attack the incoming enemy fighters..

Banking to the left *Noctis* dove under the wreckage of a corvette bearing the markings of Tarentum when on his right another heavily modified *Dreadnaught*-class x60 Heavy Cruiser materialized out of the nowhere, unleashing an incredible burst of energy at a single nearby ship. The energy beam radiating from the Heavy Cruiser touched the ship for a brief moment and then the ship was gone, blown to a cascading ball of fire. Veering the *Noctis* hard around to avoid crashing into the much larger ship Rian let loose a curse that was only barely covered by the ship's internal dampeners growing.

"We are receiving a holomessage." Kasey suddenly said as Rian raced the ship into a spiralling maneuver.

"Who?" Rian demanded.

The droid didn't bother to explain but put the message through. A tiny blue figure appeared in the center of the conn with what seemed a devious smile on his lips. "I expected such maneuvers to come from someone from Clan Taldryan, but I would have never expected it to be you in person Rian."

Rian immediately recognized the person as well.

"Marick." He almost spat out at seeing the form of the acting Voice of the Brotherhood in front of him. "What do you want?"

Rian made his disdain no secret but either the leader of the Inquisitorious didn't notice or he simply ignored it. "I see, you haven't changed since we last met on the council."

"Marick, I am a little bit occupied at the moment so what do you want?" Rian said, dodging laser fire from an incoming starfighter squadron as best as he could jerking the *Noctis* down to gain some distance between himself and the heavy cruiser.

"I'll skip the pleasantries for later then." Marick remarked calmly. "That heavy cruiser you just saw destroying one of our listener ships is called the *Braga*."

"And?" Rian asked impatiently.

"I want *you* to take it down."

"*Me*?" Rian's impatience gave way to a flash of anger. "You sure have noticed that the combined fleets of all clans barely match the size of the Collective fleet. Thanks for yours and your Inquisitors efforts in that matter by the way. Why don't you send one or two of the Council's lovely Star Destroyers to do the job?"

"Well for various reasons, the Iron Fleet needs to remain in the Arx system. But we have an inside man aboard the ship who has created a loophole in its systems that will allow a small boarding party to enter it through an airlock unnoticed and sabotage it. "

"So you want us to board an enemy starcruiser, in the middle of a raging space battle, based on nothing but informations that require me to trust you?" Rian counted down the facts.

"Yes. Rian, believe me, there isn't much else you or anyone else can do to bring that ship down.

"I fear the voice is right." Kasey chimed in from the co-pilot's station. "I calculated the odds of an combined starship assault from our fleet to be less successful than an act of sabotage."

The Taldrya glared angrily at the droid next to himself, if they'd survive all this he would have to have an argument with the droid.

"Fine then," Rian gave in. "How and where can we board it?"

"There is an airlock near the struts that connect the engine module with the main structure of the ship that has been modified so you can open it from the outside while in space, i send you the coordinates now. Good luck."

"Wait, what about an alarm that will surely triggers when we board-" Rian couldn't finish the question as the tiny hologram of the voice had already vanished.

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"You know this is totally insane." Kara said from her gunnery station.

"Yupp."

"And you know too that he has probably given you only the tiniest piece of informations necessary."

"Yupp."

"Fine then, I'll get ready." She said rising from her station to strap into her life support as such tasks fell into her specialties.

"Fine, I'll get us there. Kasey, take her station." Rian replied.

"Always a pleasure watching you two." The otherwise silent Aryn chuckled from the second gunnery station. A stare from Rian ended the conversation before its very beginning. "Alright, alright, it's your relationship not mine."

Below the Noctis command bridge, Kara checked the seals of her suit and stowed her equipment.

"Switching to callsigns now. Sixty seconds to the drop-point, I'll get you as close to the *Braga* as possible but you will still have to jump."

*This is going to be so much fun.* Kara mused to herself. "*Sparks*, come on, we got a mission." She called for her ID9 Seeker Droid while checking her Westar-35 to be fully loaded before sheathing it again. Exiting the armory for the airlock, the squeaky droid attached itself to the back of her armorsuit.

"*Armiger*, this is *Blaze*, I am ready." She said opening the doors of the airlock, watching the raging battle through the containment field that became the only thing between her and the vacuum of space.

"Copy *Blaze*, drop in ten, nine, eight, seven..." Rian's voice counted down over her headset and once he had counted to zero she pushed herself outside.

For a brief moment there was nothing but the sound of her calm breathing as she floated in space. Compared to herself, her target seemed immense, dwarfing her by more than three-hundred times.

Grabbing a small handle next to the *Braga's* airlock, she pushed for the opening panel and, as it was told by the Voice of the Brotherhood, the door immediately slid open.

Swinging herself in, she immediately worked through the controls to restore the artificial atmosphere and opened the inner airlock. Peeking to both sides she left the airlock and aimed for the nearest interface to get a hold on her position. Luckily the interface wasn't encrypted and followed galactic standards making it easy for her to go through the ship's specifications in order to find the best place for her explosives. Finally she settled for the ship's main reactor, and just when she was able to determine her relative position to the engine bay, the terminal was shut down and the air was split by the klaxons of an alarm.

"Fuck." She cursed to herself. Dashing from one corridor to the next always seeking every cover available as she worked herself through the ship toward the engine section. A few corridors later, she went face-to-face with the first squad of sentries pinning her down between the connection tubes and a small corridor ending in a turbolift shaft. Staring at the display of her helmet, she was outnumbered three-to-one, not really a challenge for her but there could be more cover behind the corner.

Bursting from her cover between two salvos from the sentries, she slammed herself into the closest of them, using him as human shield after shooting into his foot to distract him, then firing around him at the next sentry leaving two smoldering holes in his chest while her unlucky shield got his back covered in blaster-fire. Spiralling from her makeshift shield, she shot at the last guard twice, first into his knee then straight into the face. Just when she had finished them, she saw lights above the lift-doors flashing up... more sentries.

Thinking through her options, she opted for a different approach, grabbing both of the Proton Charges from her pouch she set them to remote control. "*Sparks*, I need you to place this onto the Main reactor, while I will distract the sentries. That's our only chance."

The droid beeped in response, releasing itself from her back and grabbing the set of explosives from her hands before hovering away.

Just when the droid was out of sight, a ping announced the arrival of the liftpod. *Let the fun begin.* Kara waited until the doors slid open far enough so the arriving sentries would see the direction in which she would head, leading them away from her droid. She dashed from left to right, changing directions as often as possible while blindly shooting behind herself to let her pursuers keep track of her, when she reached a cargo bay stuffed with containers of all sorts.

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*Sparks*' sensors picked up the sound of the blaster-fire probably aimed at her master from behind and paused in his tracks. As much as he would have wanted to aid her in combat, he was given a

specific order and he would never dare to fail her. Rotating his head to scan the vicinity he continued forward when he picked up a group of sentries checking for more intruders. Hovering up under the corridor's ceiling, the droid hid himself behind a set of tubes running down the length of the corridor. Once the sentries have passed him unnoticed, he continued on his way now crawling along the tubes until he reached a closed door bearing the symbol for radiation and letters reading the words: reactor control room. Looking for a way in, he found a small maintenance shaft near the floor.

Crawling down the wall he slid into the small shaft and into the reactor room. The room was enormous, like a cavern with the reactor taking up almost the entire rear section of the room with only a handful of workers controlling it. Hovering through the room along the ceiling, Sparks safely passed the room hidden from the eyes of the technicians. Scanning the room, he placed the explosives at the points with the highest concentration of radiation before hovering back to the maintenance shaft and leaving the reactor control room again through it. Once outside he scanned for a nearby computer interface to find his master.

He found one in a nearby maintenance room, hovering inside he waited till the automated doors had closed again before connecting to the interface. Bypassing the initial encoding he sneaked past the security settings and dugged into the internal sensors locating his master in the forward cargo room. Closing the application he shut down the console and left the maintenance room, scanning for his master position.

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The cargo bay was the ideal place for Kara to set up a trap and get rid of a few of her pursuers. Hauling herself up onto a larger container she crawled over to its edge to watch a group of six sentries entering the cargo room in search for her. Their leader, a broad-shouldered male, raised his hand, giving order to the others. Indicating the first three should pass the cargo room and search the following corridors while the others would set out searching for the intruder in different directions within the cargo bay. *Too easy.* Kara thought. Picking the sentry that came straight for her direction to be her first victim she let him pass before sliding gracefully from the container to end up behind him. Sneaking up on him, she kicked him into the back of his knee, making him lose his footage. Before he could make any noise, she was on him with her arms folded around his neck to bring him down. He tried to resist but with every move he made, Kara tightened her grip around his throat, eventually suffocating him till he was unconscious. Leaving him where was, she crawled back up onto the container, looking for the next prey when she received a message from Sparks.

"I'm alright, I'll meet you at the airlock in a bit." She whispered, jumping onto the next container and from there onto the shoulders of the next sentry. The surprised sentry toppled over and Kara rolled from the shoulders, coming up and spinning around while drawing the Night Sniper from her left

thigh. The weapon let loose two muffled hisses as the Loyalist released the trigger twice at the chest of her opponent who was just coming up again. Looking past the dead sentry, she now stood eye-to-eye with the last remaining sentry of the group – the big guy. Standing at at least two meters height, he stared at her for a brief moment before throwing away his blasters and letting loose of his long coat, revealing a body plated with metallic armor breaking through his skin on various spots. Then he came for her with long strides. "You are big. I had bigger." Kara stated, releasing another set of bolts from her blaster that simply dispersed on the big guys chest armor. Seeing the weapon useless on him, she sheathed it back and met him close-quarter.

Dodging his first swinging blow she accidentally opened herself to a low kick from the cyborg, with his large combat boots, type you can kill forest fires with it, connecting violently with the armor-plating of her suit, making her stumble backwards. That big guy wasn't only big, he delivered quite a punch as well. "You sure we can't talk this through, can we?" She replied, shaking mentally from the heavy hit into her gut.

Her question was met with another swing at her that she dodged, this time more carefully. "Fine then." She replied, drawing her mandalorian style lightsaber that sprang to life with a high pitched whistle that set the silver blade apart from other lightsabers. Slashing at him with her blade, the big guy growled in pain when it burnt through his skin and brandished the armor on his arm. Again and again she rained the silvery blade on him with not so much of an effect than leaving scorches on his arms where the plating was visible while dodging the blows of the cyborg.

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Sparks waited in front of the airlock for several minutes. By now his master should already been here, petting him for having done such a good job, but there was no sign of her at all. Scared he might have lost her, he connected to the very same computer interface his master had used at the beginning of their mission to check the internal sensors for her.

There she was, the internal sensors still picked her up in the cargo bay. This time the droid didn't hesitate a single second, his master must be in danger and he will help her. Hovering to the cargo bay as fast as he could, he arrived at the cargo bay after what felt like an eternity for the little droid.

Hovering inside he found his master pitted against some sort of an cyborg. How could such an abomination dare attacking his master. Rushing in to assist her, he aimed at that cyborg with his shock-prods. Unleashing a beeped warcry along a bolt of electricity onto the neck of the cyborg he threw himself into battle.

The cyborg turned for that annoyance of droid that had just tried to shock him, swinging wildly at *Sparks*. But this exact distraction was all that Kara needed, aiming at the cyborg with her modified wrist-launcher, she unleashed a concussive blast of compressed air at him, making the cyborg

stagger and eventually toppling over his own massive feet. Jumping over him, she called for her droid. "Thanks buddy, now let's get out of here."

Beeping joyfully he strapped onto her back, finally re-united with his master. Together they ran through the corridors back in the direction of the airlock, the cyborg in their back.

"*Armiger*, I could need a pick-up now." She called, running through the corridors.

"Copy that *Blaze*, I'll be there in two minutes." Came the voice of Rian over her headset.

"I don't think I can wait that long, you need to pick me up underway." She replied dashing around the last corner before finally stepping into the airlock. Sealing the inner door, cyborg arrived as well, immediately crashing down his massive fists at the viewports of the sealed door.

Backing from the inner door, Kara punched the controls to devacuum the airlock. The screen above the controls showing the percentage of breathable atmosphere already down to forty percent when the cyborg arrived and immediately started to throw himself against the inner airlock. Kara grinned within her helmet when the percentage fell to zero and the outer door burst open, catapulting her into the vacuum of space. Once outside she triggered the remote control of her explosives and the heavy cruiser began to shake from follow-up explosions caused by the chain reaction that started with her explosives on the Braga's reactor core.

Kara cherished the view of the beginning destruction before her view was cut by the form of a small assault ship covered in a painting gradually shifting from a bluish to greenish dark-gray whose cargo-bay doors slid open while floating over her. A small burst from her thrusters was all it took to give her enough momentum to enter the cargo bay before the doors slid close again.

The End

*Rian Taldrya, #10701*

*Son of Taldrya*

*Quaestor of House Ektrosis of Clan Taldryan*

*Magistrate to the Herald*