

Scion's Word

The Shadow's Promise

Orbit Over Nancora

35 ABY

The Shadow's Promise listed to the starboard side, the crew of the command bridge doing everything possible to stay at their stations. The repeated siren echoed throughout the bridge and hallways of the vessel as the crew began evacuation protocols. Panic levels were on the rise, the enemy's unorthodox tactics having caught the Arconan fleet, despite the preparation, despite the temporary alliances of many of the Clans coming together, in the end it hadn't mattered.

The suicide tugs and oppressive firepower of the Collective's fleet had left their forces in disarray. The last reports stated that they had punched through the blockades curtain surrounding the planet's orbit. Now the remainder of their fleet had to pull back and pray their ground forces could finish the job.

Another impact struck the ship, further listing it to the side just as Uji Tameike made his way onto the bridge. All around the crew were shouting information on the status of the evacuation. Though well-trained the officers were beginning to panic themselves, frequently glancing towards Captain Ri'tiera. The Duros sat, seemingly stunned as he attempted to determine the best course to take.

The Quaestor's presence brought a sense of calm to the crew as the man leaned hard on his cane and took account of the situation. "Sir, you should be evac-" Ri'tiera's voice broke over the den of the alarm, his words falling off as Uji interrupted.

"Our escape pods are being targeted, Captain, the Shadow's Promise will need to re-engage the enemy and provide cover for the remainder of the withdrawal." The calm that had been brought by his presence became suddenly panicked again; to maneuver the vessel, provide cover and hold off the enemy forces would involve the likely death of every officer who remained at their stations.

"Sir, we've taken extensive damage. At best we would be left derelict and captured, at worst..."

"We will die, that is correct." As the Quaestor spoke he held the railing nearby with one hand, his other still holding weight upon his cane. His eyes closed for a moment, his concentration allowing him to reach out and touch the minds of the entire crew, each of them filled with concern, fear, a desire to survive and among many of them a willingness to die for their friends, compatriots and Clan.

It was this particular feeling he used, connecting with each member of the bridge crew, focusing that desire, that want to connect each of them and allow them to coordinate in a way that only the Force could allow. They began to move at once, the Captain taking his seat with a renewed sense of purpose.

“Use maneuvering thrusters, bring us around to provide as large a screen as we can. Inform remaining crewman to launch away from the enemy and to use the Promise’s shadow in their escape. Bring what remaining batteries we have online, prepare to fire.” Ri’tiera looked to the Quaestor for a moment, curious as to how the concerns he had just moments before were gone and instead filled with pride as his crew went about their duties without hesitation.

His eyes flicked across the tactical readout on his console. The sensors were picking up a massive distortion from one of the enemy vessels; the “Jamai” heavy-cruiser was charging its primary weapon. With the limited maneuverability left to them they couldn’t hope to avoid the weapon once it was fully charged.

“Sir, the last of the pods have disembarked.”

“Give them as much time as we can, open fire!”