Objective 2-Sabotage

Azmodius sat back in his chair with his feet propped up on his desk when an all too familiar sound brought his attention. “What now?” he thought to himself as he reached for his datapad. While the Brotherhood prepared for a war, it seemed he could never get a minute to himself without some officer sending him updates on everything short of their bathroom habits. His eyebrows raised as he noticed this wasn’t from some lowly grunt with a few extra pins on his uniform and an overly zealous approach to their position. No, this didn’t even come from within the brotherhood. While he didn’t know much of the clan’s network security, he realized getting this through was no easy task.

*Greetings Aedile, As I’m sure you are aware, the brotherhood has eyes and ears all throughout the galaxy, even, if not especially, within the Collective you are currently preparing a full scale attack on. The Collective has been investing a lot of credits into a top secret project, one I’ve managed to uncover. Attached are the blueprints of a Dreadnaught class Heavy Cruiser, Braga, the Collective has equipped with a prototype stealth system and composite beam laser. This ship has the capability to cripple the Brotherhood’s fleet in a matter of seconds and for this reason I need you to collect a team of your finest men and destroy it. I can provide you with an entry, however as soon as you board, the mission will be entirely in your hands.*

Upon reviewing the spy’s plan, Azmodius made way to the hanger, paging several officers to meet him there with their teams at the ready. To his satisfaction, the troops were lined up at attention upon his arrival. Azmodius spent the next minute selecting 15 Ravagers and 5 Wraiths for the operation in addition to 5 technicians. The crew boarded the transport as the rest were dismissed. Once the ship entered hyperspace, Azmodius began the briefing.

“This mission is of upmost importance. I want 5 teams. Wraiths, you will be responsible for getting your technician into position and defending them while they complete their sabotage. I want each of you to take 3 ravagers as support.” Azmodius continued with assigning each team to a location.

Before long the strike team had arrived. As promised, the ship remained undetected as they pulled onto the Dreadnaught’s hull and poured in through the airlock. Alarms rang throughout the Braga as soldiers shuffled up and down hallways looking for any signs of intruders. Azmodius took the lead as they made for the junction point. After several points of enemy contact, their position was broadcasted throughout the ship.

As the team approached their first objective, Azmodius saw they were blocked off by a much larger force than their previous encounters. The Aedile rushed down the hallway towards the enemy, dodging and deflecting bolts as he pressed onward while his troops fired from behind. As he began engaging the main force, his team was ambushed from behind. With no time to spare, the Arkanian began shredding through their forces as he whipped himself into a rage fueled whirlwind. Once the fighting had ceased, he saw two of his technicians and 3 ravagers lay dead on the floor.

Quickly adapting to the situation, Azmodius ordered the remaining 3 teams to continue onto their objectives while the rest would clear a return path. By this time, swarms of enemy soldiers began flooding the hallways. Wave after wave of troops slowed the Aedile’s journey back to the ship, he only hoped the others would be able to complete their task as he felt the ship shake as it’s engines failed. “Sir, we’ve set the charges, but there are too many soldiers for us to make it back”, his communicator buzzed. Azmodius carved through the last man standing in his path and primed the detonator as he crawled back into the ship with the only other surviving wraith. As the ship pulled away, the Arkanian detonated the charges, setting the Braga’s main reactor ablaze before entering hyperspace.