

The team's boots thudded softly against the concrete floor. Derek lead the way with his DC-17 ready for the first sign of contact. A commando team and an elite bomb squad backed him up. They had dropped in at the dead of night near the reported location of a secret underground facility. It had taken them hours but they had found the maintenance hatch and with some help from Excidiums sources were able to infiltrate the facility.

Derek had considered an all out assault but the Meraxis could have simply detonated the bomb and gauging from the intelligence reports, any friendly forces anywhere near the facility would be nothing in a matter of seconds. Pushing the thought of a violent and admittedly epic end, Derek continued forward through the scarcely used access tunnel.

"Horne, Access the terminal and see if you can get us a layout." Derek said motioning towards a dusty terminal set against the cold grey wall.

"Right away." He answered softly.

Moments later he turned back around and tossed a holo projector to Derek.

"Alright, Our primary objective is to disable the bomb. This is vital. Bomb squad, make sure the bomb is disabled in multiple ways. Make it difficult for them. Once accomplished Assault forces will attack the facility to hopefully capture the bomb but that's not our job."

"We'll need the schematics for the bomb." Sergeant Tyet, The bomb squad Sergeant, stated.

"Noted, We'll split up. I'll take Horne and Coylt and retrieve the plans. We'll rendezvous with you at the east security door. Don't be seen. This access tunnel will take you most of the way there." Derek said while studying the floor plans.

"Sir, that terminal is going to have so high level security that I won't be able to get through." Horne said, His worry evident.

"Don't worry, the Excidium spooks gave me this weird tube thing. They'll be able to access any terminal we stick it into so long as they aren't jammed." Derek said with a slight smile. "Lets move out, we only got a few hours before the facility starts waking up and moving around gets difficult.

Two Commandos followed Derek down a much smaller access tunnel, large enough to walk forward with a hunch. Derek followed the holo map carefully as he made turns in the maze of maintenance tunnels. Derek ignored his aching legs peered through metal grates against the side of the tunnel. He turned back toward the pair of commandos and nodded. Carefully and quietly removing the cover, Derek motioned the two into the control room.

The two guards chatted as they looked into a larger secure file room. Instinct and training took over as the commandos strangled the two guards until they lay motionless. As they moved the bodies into the maintenance tunnel, Derek moved to the security terminal and inserted the silver cylinder into the port.

Two short tones sounded in his headset, the agreed upon signal for receiving signal. Moments later one longer tone sounded and Derek removed the device. The doors hissed as the hydraulic locks released and the doors slid open. He glanced up at the camera's and hoped the spooks remembered to put them on loop.

"Give me two minutes. Lock the entrance." Ordered the Battlemaster. The two nodded in acknowledgement.

Running inside Derek spotted the control module and again inserted the rod and waited for the tones. Derek fiddled with his lightsaber as the second tone didn't arrive. Thirty seconds passed then forty, and then a minute. He looked towards the open security door pursed his lips. Another minute passed and just as he was on the brink of deciding whether he should get on his knees and pray to the Hutt gods or just try to hack the terminal with his lightsaber a long tone rang out.

With a sigh of relief he took out the cylinder and ran towards the open grate. His companions followed closely closing the grate behind them. Stepping over the guard's limp bodies they began making their way towards the rendezvous point. Derek breathed easier once he caught sight of his team.

"Didn't get into much trouble did you Sergeant?" Derek ask half seriously half jokingly.

"No sir, Been quiet except for sporadic patrols. The next one should be by in the next minute." the

"Good, We'll make our move then. Everyone good on the plan." Cinn asked. He smiled approvingly at the collective nods. Moments later a pair of Meraxis guards strolled past and turned the corner. The team emptied out into the hall, securing both ends as Derek once again inserted the device into the security terminal. The door slide open. Four guards turned towards them in shock at the sight of the intruders.

With a deep breath Derek focused his energy. It almost felt like it was rushing out of his raised hands. The four guards flew back before any of them could raise their weapons or raise the alarm. With hard cracking noises, the men fell lifelessly to the floor. One groaned and one of the commandos slit his throat. A much larger door lead into the laboratory where the bomb was being held.

“Lock the doors back up and clean up this mess.” Derek commanded as he stuck the silver cylinder into the terminal

“Block our only exit sir?” One of the bomb squad members asked.

“Keep it looking as nothing has happened. If a patrol walks by and sees an open door, we’re trapped anyways and it’ll be worse if they start taking a look around.”

The trooper nodded and began dragging a dead guard to the corner.

The door hissed open slowly as very audible clicks of the locking mechanisms disengaging echoed through the room causing the team to cringe and look towards the now locked door from where they came.

“Get in there Bomb Squad.” Derek instructed “Rest of you keep this room secure.”

*This is going surprisingly well*, Derek thought as he watched the bomb squad began sabotaging the so-called *Groundshaker*. It was an odd shaped bomb. It had the classic fin towards the end indicating it had the capability to be dropped by air but the nose was a misshapen bubble. Its point ended in a stubby rounded end but the base of the cone was lined with seemingly randomly placed and sized bubbles.

“The sergeant looked at it next to Derek and said “Looks like what you get after a night of hooking up with women in the streets Corellia.” Derek looked up towards the grey haired man with a mixture of confusion and disgust. He wasn’t 100 percent sure what the Sergeant meant but he knew it wasn’t very appealing.

Almost 20 minutes later, the Sergeant finally reported that the bomb was disarmed and sabotaged in multiple ways. IT would take them an entire day to realize why the bomb wasn’t working and even then other wires cut and parts damaged by the bomb squad would take another day or two to find and repair the bomb.

“Good work Sergeant, Let’s head out.” as the bomb squad exited the Laboratory, the door to the hallway opened up.

“Bloody hell!” Shouted one of the four guards entering the room. The commandos opened fire and the four men fell.

“GO GO GO!!!” Cinn exclaimed. The team began filing into the maintenance hatch as Derek and others covered both sides of the hallway. Two Guards responding to the shots and the commotion, foolishly sprinted down the hallway. Two quick shots and both collapsed, their weapons clattered to the ground, sliding past their bodies.

“After you sir.” The Sergeant said as he watched Derek’s back.

"I'm not arguing with you Sergeant." Derek stated sternly.

"Very well, as you wish." Sergeant said as he back in through the hatch.

Just as the Battleteam Leader began stepping in, a bone cracking blow sent him sprawling down the hallway. He looked up to see a large Devaronian advancing toward him. His mechanical arm raised and his human hand holding a blaster. Derek eyes widen as he scrambled back just in time. The Technocrats' enhanced limb slammed into the floor, severely cracking it. He smiled as he looked up at the Sith.

Derek reached for his saber and ignited it. Both ends blazed with red fury. The red glow reflected menacingly in his green eyes. His labored breathing was noticeably and it was obvious to the Collective minion that he had at least broken a rib. He gave a toothy grin towards his young opponent. The Battlemaster made the first move. The Devaronian, trained for such circumstances, dodged with ease.

Derek's saber twirled as he twisted and spun. He wasn't trying to land a blow, but only to make it seem to the horned man that he was. The opportunity finally opened and instead of trying to strike with his lightsaber, His foot swung around landing a solid blow to his chin. The Jedi hunter staggered in stunned silence. Taking advantage, the well trained Sith swung his saber around across the Devaronian's body and bring the back around for another.

Derek took shallow breaths as he tried to calm himself. The sergeant waved him towards the access hatch. He grunted in pain as he bent over to avoid hitting his head. Closing the grate behind them, the team began sprinting towards their original entry point.

"Alara, Begin the assault, The bomb is disabled." Derek said trying to avoid crying out at the sharp pain in his chest.