

## Pursuit

Mauro Wynter maneuvered his T-5 Deliverance vessel silently towards the wreckage of the IGV-55 Listener Ship. He looked over his sensors and made a quick analysis of his odds. The larger, attacking vessels had left the system, leaving the cleanup work to a cadre of support craft and what appeared to be spacetugs. The support vessels were unassuming, but purpose built craft. There were two spacetugs, appearing to be somewhat damaged and six close support transports as well as a handful of older Z-95 Headhunters. They did not appear to be taking evasive maneuvers or to be expecting an attack. The perfect opportunity for Mauro Wynter and his newly modified craft.

As a member of the Inquisitorious, who personally assisted the Voice in his commanding of the IGV-55 Listener Ship fleets, the destruction of one of their vessels required a response. Swift revenge would be a beautiful thing, however for a second Wynter weighed the need for gathering intelligence on the enemy and their capabilities. What was he to do? Prior to the recent events he would continue to stalk his prey, spying on them and running as much diagnostics on them as possible before breaking off and returning home. However, this day was not to be one of calm resolve. He turned on his weaponry and came in hot on an interception vector.

The Z-95 Headhunters picked him up first, and began to whirl around and form up to defensive formations. At first it appeared they did not take him seriously, as the T-5 was in theory a medical transport. Perhaps they thought the Inquisitorious had dispatched a rescue mission due to a damaged vessel and not an enemy assault. This was a costly mistake.

Wynter used his manual targeting, focusing his attention on the nearest Z-95. The two chin mounted heavy laser cannons made short work of the slower, ancient snubfighter. The second Z-95 went down just as easy. Now he had gotten their attention, indeed. The remaining four Z-95s formed up in a tight, defensive position and rapidly tried to envelope Wynter's craft from the periphery while he flew through the rubble of the Z-95s he had destroyed.

The sheer numbers of the enemy would take its toll on Wynter unless he was able to decimate them, or force them to abandon the support craft. Those vessels had yet to take off, illustrating to Wynter that the Z-95s would not leave them to their fate. Knowing the faster speed of his T-5, Wynter sped full tilt towards the wreckage of the IGV-55 and blared a trail of chaos through the troop transports and support craft. He failed to even analyze what vessel types these were, blasting them to slag one by one.

Seeing that their mission had failed, and that they had lost the engagement the Z-95s now had to decide to run for their lives or to sacrifice themselves for honor. Wynter almost missed the two spacetugs that were rapidly advancing on him from the rear as the Z-95s approached from the front. Wynter deftly dove his craft upward, and gasped as the spacetugs collided with the Z-95s in a far greater calamity than normal. Wynter began to transmit details back to Arx.