

Takagari "DarkHawk" KogaRyu (264): snapshot
Bentre Sadow (14185): snapshot
Tasha'Vel Versea (14192): Snapshot

The trouble with these kinds of operations always lay in the ebbs and the flows. Most of the Force Sensitives saw as little as their Force blind compatriots in the Brotherhood. Even before the call had gone out, he could feel the disturbances in the Force. As his feet touched the floor, he experienced a moment of *deja vu*.

He had been here before. The layout felt both foreign and familiar, yet he knew without a doubt that he had been here before. It was like a childhood memory, lying at the very edge of conscious thought. He closed his eyes, wishing he could clear it.

"I hope you aren't falling asleep on us, already." There was a hint of forced humor in the words. "We have a lot to accomplish here."

"I have seen this place." Cimozen opened his eyes dreamily, looking sideways at his Ryn companion. "I bore witness to this day, in my dreams."

"Did you see how it ends?" Her amber eyes looked up to study the human, sparkling slightly as they alighted on his bearded face. Reydal saw the barest eye twitch in the man's otherwise calm demeanor. She did not outwardly acknowledge the falter, instead tilting her head a bit as Cimozen Kurios turned his head to meet the Shadow's gaze.

"I saw many things. Our job today will be to see how long we will manage to defy the Force's providence." The human Sorcerer turned on his heel to look back into the stolen transport. He gave a respectful nod to the rough and tumble Duros who stalked out from the depths of the vessel. "Though I expect these kinds of operations are really more of your area of expertise than mine, mercenary?"

Ty looked about before answering the question. "Depends, however in this case, you would be correct. Mercs will always find a way to turn the tables in their favor." Ty said adamantly.

"But you used to be a mercenary, correct?"

An occupation I was forced to endure. It was not by choice. I just happened to be rather good at it."

"So what is the best way to approach this?"

The Duros, rubbed his bald head for a moment. "What is their end game? If I were the Collective leadership, I would want heads to roll for losing Orian."

"Makes sense as to this current act of War against us"

"Indeed. Although besides their quest for total domination, I have not concluded as to what their ulterior motive is. Surely they know the might of the Brotherhood would dominate them on a mass scale such as this. Specifically, they are aware of the Grand Masters, but they have not dealt with their prowess in battle. Which leads me to believe they have a plan B," Ty replied.

Cimozjen contemplated what the Duros was saying for a few moments. "Valid point Ty, so how do we flush that out?" he asked.

"Well, I would surmise that the easiest way is let the GM's do what they do best." Ty replied almost rhetorically..

"And that is..." Cimozjen asked.

"Unleash hell. Even the HIVE Marines stand no real chance against them. With the GM's leading the front, our forces can overtake theirs. We just have to make sound decisions with our Battleplans. Once we break their forces, the veil of their true intentions should be exposed," Ty said.

"Interesting..." Cimozjen said with a slight smirk.

The Ryn glanced at the Duros and Cimozjen and shook her head. "Going in loud would definitely get us noticed and killed. How about a better idea. Why don't I sneak in set up charges to explode so we can get this operation done quickly and without immediate detection. I mean I guess if you want to be so loud you could always cause a distraction then for me to get in."

The Sorcerer mused, "Yes, explosives are so very quiet."

Seydal swished her tail angrily in response as the Duros laughed before speaking.

"I would rather go in loud and proud than quiet like a mouse. Besides, seeing a mass of troops at the front door would be surprising I am sure."

"Until you get your arse blasted by cannon fire. Which is why I would prefer to hack into the system, set it to explode and get out before everything blows up. So then gentlemen, how

do you propose then we go about this since we are having a bit of difficulty agreeing on how to work this operation?"

Scratching his bald head, the Mercenary thought a moment.

"Well since this was not unexpected," Cimozen piped up as he closed his eyes and crossed his arms. "I hope you two are done sniping at each other. I don't know about either of you, but I really do not want to be found by the HIVE marines because we decided to bicker too long."

The Ryn nodded in agreement. "Very well, then how should we proceed?"

The Sorcerer gave a half smile as he slowly opened his eyes and looked out towards the north. "How about we start with that one?"

"You couldn't have told us about that a half a moment sooner?" Tytus growled. "If you had all these dreams, why wouldn't you tell us about what immediate threat we would encounter once we were aboard?" The Mercenary lifted his X-8 blaster pistol, firing several in a staccato burst.

"I felt sure you would be up to the task." Cimozen unfolded his arms as the black-armored marine began to close the distance between themselves and the infiltrating party.

Moving with an air of laziness, the human Seer lifted his left hand in an offhand motion. Four of his fingers were splayed out while his right hand moved down to his slugthrower. A blaster bolt shot toward the Sorcerer, but its trajectory was halted as a shimmering barrier coalesced around the dark-haired man.

"What are you doing, Kurios?" The Duros growled as he moved forward. "Are you just TRYING to get yourself killed?"

"I told you, I have the utmost faith in both of you. Besides, in the dream, our mission was successful." The man pulled the trigger, causing his Reynolds D-21 to buck sharply once, and then a second time as it fired.

The report from the pistol in the relatively enclosed area made his Ryn companion wince. He could sense her unease in the Force. "Could you please *not* get even louder? This is supposed to be an infiltration!"

The Hive Marine gave a grunt of pain as they doubled over. Cimozen took careful aim, before pulling the trigger once more. The Seer walked forward, holstering his pistol and brushing imaginary dust from his hands. As the ringing in his companion's ears lessened,

he turned, a wide grin on his face. Raising his eyebrows, the human spoke clearly and slowly.

"Fate can be a fickle thing. I have found, however, that few peoples are as well prepared against the likes of a projectile weapon as they are those of a blaster rifle or a melee weapon. This piece may not be so refined as a lightsaber, but it certainly gets the job done."

He turned back to the not crumpled form of the Collective soldier in Purgetrooper armor. Nudging the combatant with a booted foot, he let out an appreciative whistle. "I suppose I should really do more than just skim through the intel reports. Well, at least before I go out to help attack a Collective ship. I didn't realize we would be coming up against this sort of thing."

The Ryn Shadow ceased pawing through her satchel to look hard at her human compatriot. She opened her mouth to say something, but then seemed to think better of it. Instead, she stalked off in the direction that the Hive Marine had come from. Mercenary and Force Disciple made a brief eye contact before Cimoszjen Kurios shrugged. Whistling a jaunty tune, he began to stroll after the Ryn.

The two proceed to follow the Sadow, Tytus cautiously followed Cimoszjen. Keeping his head on a constant swivel, Ty kept a watchful set of eyes scanning his environment. The last thing they needed was to be ambushed by those pesky HIVE Marines.

Cimoszjen paused his jaunty tune for a moment, "You should learn to relax a bit, all that tension is not good for you," Cimoszjen said.

Ty continued on his search, acting as if he did not hear the statement. Cimoszjen raised an eyebrow momentarily before he began to speak. "You know..."

Ty cut the Sorcerer off, "I know this good Sir, it is not tension you see before you. My diligence has kept me alive thus far. I intend on keeping it that way." Ty replied regally.

Cimoszjen studied the words, broke into a smile "Fair enough Ty. Shall we proceed then?" gesturing forward.

Ty nodded his head "Indeed." Ty kept his blasters at the ready, waiting for a firefight to jump off. The Sorcerer kept his eye on the Ryn, watching her movements, surely the sound of the projectile weapon raised an eyebrow or two. The last thing they needed was to run into a roving patrol alerted to the commotion.

The Ryn stopped short of an intersecting corridor, she raised a closed fist signalling her partners. Her fist transitioned to four upright fingers, before pointing to the right. Cimozen spun the DE-21 Slugthrower around his finger, "You ready?" he asked Ty.

"Indeed..." replied Ty.

The two moved up closer to the Ryn, she drew the saber and readied herself. The patrol consisted of two HIVE Marines and two rather salty looking humans. Judging by their standard movements, they were not alerted to their presence as of yet.

Ty, took a deep breath, "*Dear god this is absurd...*" the Duros thought to himself. Tapping both Cimozen and Seydal on the shoulder with the barrel of his blaster and a gloved hand. "You and Seydal stay out of sight and count to five," whispered the Duros. Cimozen raised an eyebrow at the Duros, not knowing exactly what Ty had planned.

Ty moved up ahead of the Sorcerer, the Seer was equally bewildered as the Duros took point. The clunk of heavy footsteps were intimately close, that is when the Duros made his move.

Ty bolted out and into the middle of the corridor, firing his blaster on the run. Three quick bursts landed on the unsuspecting Collective squad. The first human took a kill shot center mass. The second and third hit one of the HIVE Marines and staggered him back slightly.

Ty was on a dead run down the corridor, the Collective squad took chase. Failing to acknowledge the two other shadowy figures tightly hugging the corridor wall. "Well, well, the prey chases the hare...I like that guy," Cimozen said in a whisper.

The Ryn rolled her eyes. "What an idiot. Is he trying to get himself killed."
She looked through her explosive pack briefly before looking at the human.

"Well since he does have their attention, I suggest we use it to our advantage. What sort of skills do you have anyway Seydal? I admit that I usually never look at datapads on others."

The Shadow shrugged a bit. "Well if you want to find out then let's head out and find a data port."

She then began to concentrate a bit until she became practically invisible to Cimozen. He caught a faint shimmer coming off of her that gave her away.

"So she uses the force to hide herself, interesting."

The Shadow made her way towards a room down the corridor and peered in carefully. There were three Hive marines walking about the room and a data port to the far right. Meanwhile Cimozen was just about to walk into the room, until he was violently pulled back by the Ryn.

"Are you trying to mess up my opportunity? Can you just stay put, shut up and not get spotted while I do my thing?" She whispered angrily

He could have answered sarcastically, but the situation was a bit more dire. Instead he nodded silently and waited.

She then moved quietly inside the room and began to softly stalk the closest HIVE marine. She waited until the two others were not facing him, before taking her armory lightsaber out and sliced through the marine's neck, dropping him. As she became visible, she sprinted quickly to the second one and sliced through his body. As the second one fell, the third marine brought his slugthrower up to fire at the Ryn. He let out a slight cry of surprise as two slugthrower pistol shots went right through his chest and neck. Turning around, Seydal saw the Sorcerer in the doorway. He smiled sheepishly at her as he blew away the smoke coming off his pistol while she deactivated her lightsaber and put it away.

"Thought you could use some assistance."

Seydal shook her head and walked up to the data port. She began to type on the communication console and plugged in a set of headphones. After a few minutes of listening she stood up and dusted herself off. She then recounted the explosives she had in her backpack and turned towards the Sorcerer.

"I have the target's location."

"Let's go fetch our blaster sponge then," Cimozen mused, "I don't remember him dying in my dreams, so he must still have his part to play."

"Well I guess we can use someone to be cannon fodder." She grinned. "I certainly don't want my hide blasted to bits."

"He is a teammate. Think of this as a team building exercise for later." Cimozen replied.

"Oh what great joy, I can't wait."

"Oh," Cimozen chuckled, "I didn't tell you about the other part of my dream. You are really gonna hate this next part."

