

# GOING VIKING

## ***SWORD BROTHERS & SISTERS***

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[Hades Snapshot](#)

[DH Snapshot](#)

### ***Aldor System***

#### **Kinestia**

The LAAT/I excited the ACC's hangar bay with ease. Hades looked behind them and saw two flights of the same type follow suit as well as another flight of LAAT/c following carrying the assault vehicles in tight formation. With the suddenness of their attack, little resistance is being offered. The Sith looked to his right at the other Dark Jedi leading this element of the landing force, Proconsul DarkHawk. If the Shaevalian were capable of a grin, he would be doing so. Him, like Hades himself, were just slightly eager for the upcoming fight even if he did not show it.

The trooper with the comm gear held up two fingers. Two minutes until their LZ. Each trooper and Sith alike holds up two fingers so everyone can get the message. Unlike other Dark Jedi in the brotherhood, Hades does not hold himself above the average member of the military because that is his background. Working his way up in the TIE Corps steadily for years, he views these troopers as his brothers and sisters. He will do anything he must to complete his mission, but he will not toss their lives away as pawns to achieve it. Moreover, these troopers with him today know it. Hades selected the Ragnosian's 1<sup>st</sup> Tactical Mission Battalion to accompany himself and the Proconsul on this mission. The Battalion's varied troopers and specialized training made them an asset to this mission. They are also being led in part by their former Quaestor who they know has their back in a fight.

There, in the distance the Northern distribution hub. Their target. This particular hub handles half of the incoming ore from the mines on the moon. It also has a small spaceport which is a primary target for the entire raid. They are mere seconds away from landing. "Here we go! Get inside as fast as you can. Take that security node and disable outside security measures. Clear the area for your brothers and sisters behind us. For Sadow!"

The LAAT/I barely touches down before the troopers and the two Sith have their feet on the ground. The few external guards could barely begin firing before being cut down. As the next wave of LAATs began to touch

down the Ragosian troopers made their way inside where the fighting was only a little more intense. It was obvious that the defenders were not prepared for an immediate fight whatsoever. Within 90 seconds the security node was secured. The Sadowans had full control of the hub's security system.

"Listen up! Begin your assault on the spaceport! Prevent any ships from escaping and attempt capture and restraint of all hub personnel. MOVE!" The Proconsul's orders were heeded by every trooper there as the line companies began to push forward. The Special Missions Company called Hydra, began to deploy in a defensive position around the Hub as the LAAT/c's touched down, unloading their complement of AT-TEs. The next wave should bring more troops and equipment, including AT-STs and 2-M Hover Tanks. A major objective requires major hardware.

Hades looks at a datapad while monitoring the security holofeeds. Slightly ahead of schedule, excellent. Once the spaceport is secure, GR-75 transports will land and begin loading up on all the ore they can carry.



Hades immediately identified the distinct sound of the LAAT's engine's coming roaring towards their LZ ferrying AT-ST's and 2-M tanks. Stowing his datapad away, Hades looked up to the sky and enjoyed the scene before him. The Clan Warhost was about to wreak havoc on this incursion.

Walkers and hover tanks began being unloaded and breaking off into their assigned patrols heading north on both the east and west sides of the spaceport.

One by one LAAT's executed combat landings, quickly unloading troops and transports before rapidly taking back off. Reinforcements jumped out as soon as squad leaders gave the order. Disembarking their transport troops fell into formations. Each formation broke off into five man teams once being assigned their assigned quadrant of the city.

Muffled blaster fire could be heard from blocks away. Tanks and walkers cleared the streets as the teams methodically cleared buildings. Hitting their resistance hard and fast when encountered. One group of undesirables collapsed a large section of catwalk blocking the incoming mechanized units path.

The tank turned the corner and had to come to a screeching halt. Tons of catwalk blocked its way, the tank pilot began to assess the situation. Before a solution could be addressed three explosions could be heard outside the tank. The rebels had thrown three large molotov cocktails engulfing the top section of the tank.

"Get us out of here!" the gunner yelled.

I can't move! I can't see over the flames!"

The gunner began moving the turret with his controls. Frantically trying to lock in on the steel wreckage through his HUD. The flames continued to block most of his view, however he managed to get a small reference snapshot for a firing solution.

“LOCKED AND READY! GO! GO! GO!” the gunner yelled.

The tank pilot pushed the throttles forward just as the gunner fired his weapon. The shot was true and the heap of metal exploded with a huge **BOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!**

Shards of metal cut through the air and any organic material within its path. The small gaggle of resistance fighters were immediately cut down in the wake of the explosion. One shot cleared the debris with enough room for the tank to make its way through.

Hades comlink began to beep, “Sir, we have a transport ready for you and the Proconsul.”

“Copy that.”

“DarkHawk we have a transport.”

“Go on ahead I am gonna take to the rooftops and clear out what I can. These dirt merchants have already begun to go after their own. The boss wants the resources, not their blood.”

The Proconsul quickly scurried up a fallen pile of fallen building rubble, then jumped to some support scaffolding. Within seconds the assassin was on the roof and racing towards another building.

The assassin leapt from building to building until he caught up to the Warhost on the east side of the starport. They had already breached the east entrance and were making headway clearing that entrance out. The AT-ST's were engaging two different groups about thirty meters above and to their left.

One of the groups was mounting a laser bazooka to a tripod. That little noise maker could make very short work of the tanks and walkers below. The Proconsul made a hard left amidst his sprint, then leapt over to his target building.

Pulling the Nightsister bow from its mount, the assassin dropped to a knee and brought the bow up to firing position. He lined the reticle up on his first target, an unsuspecting Feeorin male locking the weapon to its mount. DarkHawk's reticle turned red and he let the plasma arrow go. The bolt of pure energy raced across the rooftop and slammed into the chest of the Feeorin. Careening backward, the Feeorin crashed into a pill box of ammo canisters.

Before anyone could react to their comrades' demise, the assassin was already bearing down on them. The first took a flying side kick to the face, the blow knocked the assailant violently against the concrete pillar behind him. His head cracking open like a Tip-yip egg of Endor. Blood poured out like slow moving yolk. DarkHawk landed on his feet and went right after the other two assailants.

The first one through a wild right haymaker at the assassin's head. A quick left hand block, DarkHawk stepped slightly forward as he simultaneously grappled the arm. Turning his hips counter clockwise towards his attacker while bringing his right arm under the man's armpit. The assassin took the man off his feet, tossing him over the edge of the building.

The last assailant took off on a dead run across the rooftop. Seems seeing his partners in crime, dispatched quickly and handedly was enough for him to endure. Scurrying away from the fight seemed logical to him. That logic quickly turned to gloom. The assassin unsheathed one of his throwing knives, then with a fluid side arm throw, let the blade fly towards his target. Thrown with deadly precision, the knife whistled as it cut through air. Sinking deep into the base of the man's neck, protruding out the front of the throat. Soaking his ragged clothes in blood before crashing face first, dead in his tracks.



*Meanwhile...*

Hades jumped into the walker, strapping himself into the gunner's seat. The pilot grasped the walker's control and began maneuvering through the streets of the city. Taking the west side route towards the starport, the pilot had a pretty clear path. Hades readied his weapon, using the walker's screens to scan for possible targets. Unfortunately for the Warlord the previous mech units cleared the streets on their march to liberate the starport. Once the resistance got a taste of the Clan's Warhost they did not put up much of a fight. Most dropped their weapons and surrendered immediately. Turning the raid into more of a humanitarian mission, evacuating civilians caught in the onslaught.

Two muffled explosions could be heard from outside the walker's cockpit. Hades quickly moved the turret in the general direction of the explosions. Scanners picked up a moving object, then Hades saw a black wraith jump from one side of the street to the other. Another explosion and Hades could see the plume of smoke filling the rooftop. Scanners on the Warlord's control panel began to light up with multiple target designations.

The sound of blaster fire began echoing through the streets. The rooftop lit up from heavy repeater muzzle flashes. Whatever was being targeted was moving all over the rooftop. That is when Hades saw the machine gun nest embedded in the corner of the building. Moving the turret to the port while elevating the cheek-mounted Yaove Gunsmiths 88i twin light blaster cannon, Hades zeroed in on his target. A gaggle of insurgents were nestled behind a makeshift pillbox firing a E-Web heavy repeating blaster.

Hades locked on to his target and unleashed a barrage of blaster fire shredding the barricade protecting the blaster's nest. The gunner dropped behind cover and then began aimlessly shooting below towards the walker. Hades quickly adjusted his sights and let another volley of blaster fire go. The pillbox exploded from the direct assault, the walker crew watched two bodies flailing about as they crashed to the city streets.

Just then Hades comlink began to sound off. Hades patched his comms into the walker's system. "This is Hades, how copy?"

"Sir, the insurgents have either surrendered or fled. We have the starport secured."

"Excellent. Radio the fleet and inform them. Form a perimeter around the starport and begin secondary sweeps. Do not allow them to execute a second wave of attacks. Clear all non players out to shelter areas. No collateral damage here."

"Understood sir."

Hades switched his comlink channel, "DH did you catch that? Ground forces have secured the starport."

"I did. They are running to the city outskirts. I will keep an eye out from up here and help clear out the civilians. I can make my way to the outskirts and see if we can find out who is in charge of this little incursion."

"Copy that. Maintain radio contact please, I have your tracking coordinates uploading now.. We will continue to patrol around our perimeter here and make sure we have no stragglers."

"I will set them up and you can knock them down," DarkHawk replied.

"The first wave of transports are already enroute to evacuate wounded and women and children. We are moving in to provide additional support, then will move up towards you."

"Let's snag our prize and get the hell off this rock, shall we..." replied DarkHawk.

*The End.*