

Torn-A-Sunda  
Great Hunt VI  
First Blood  
By Shimrah/Tuuka

***Ravager***  
**House Deathwatch DP20 Gunship**  
**Bridge**

Hector, the seven foot Kiffar stood at the viewport upon the bridge of the gunship, his Aedile, Tuuka stood next to him with his arms crossed across his breastplate. The command staff aboard the *Ravager* were abuzz, making their final preparations and ready checks for the engagement against Clan Fero. Amidst the dull roar of the staff, the two house summiteers didn't hear the six foot nine inch Zabrak come up from behind them.

"I'm here to assume my command as Aedile," Shimrah said to Hector, joining the two in looking out the viewport at the oncoming Fero forces.

"Excuse me?" Hector said, turning while looking down at the Sith.

"Tuuka has been my agent all along. His every move and string pulled by me, of course the credits helped a little. But he's seemed to find a home here so he's going to be staying as well," Shimrah said without moving his gaze from the viewport.

"Why the whole charade?" Hector inquired.

"Galactic domination?" said with a chuckle, attempting to throw Hector off the line of questioning.

Hector laughed. "Then let's start here. We breach that station and shut them down."

Shimrah looked at Hector out of the corner of his eye and flashed him a cocky grin before pulling up his pant legs to kneel. He placed his hands in his lap, closed his eyes and opened himself up to the Force. The Force spilled through him like a river of pure malevolence poured from a flood gate. The combat alarms that began to go off didn't stem the flow of the Battlelord, commands to battle stations only helped the surge.

Tuuka pulled his eyes from the oncoming Fero forces and looked at the nav charts. "House Wren still hasn't shown up..." He let his sentence trail.

"We don't need them," Hector said, "they'll only get in the way."

Tuuka, Hector, and one by one the rest of the crew began to stand a little straighter and move more precisely as a sphere of calmness began to envelop the *Ravager* and surrounding

squadrons. Beneath the T-visor helmet, Tuuka stared at Shimrah like he was watching a magic trick.

“I want fighters in wedge formation, blastboats behind them. Push through to the station and neutralize their defenses.” Hector commanded.

A Charger Cruiser bearing the Clan Fero emblem blipped into the viewport nearly on top of *Ravager* as it dropped out of hyperspace. Proximity alarms shrilled for a half second before a junior officer silenced the audible alarms, the red lights still swirling on the command deck.

“I want all weapon stations firing at their reactor NOW!” Hector bellowed.

Officers shouted through their commlinks to their assigned weapon stations as the Deathwatch ship unleashed hell on the opposition’s cruiser. With pinpoint accuracy each of the weapon stations managed to find their mark. Turbolasers and missiles slammed into the cruiser overwhelming its shielding and punching through its armor in a spectacular explosion followed by the horror of decompression throughout the rest of the enemy ship.

Hector looked down at Shimrah, still using his battle meditation on the ship, then turned to the rest of the command deck. “Commence the assault on the station, I’m headed to the docking bay.”

Tuuka stared at Shimrah for just a moment before returning his gaze to the floundering cruiser that had just been systematically eviscerated by them. Tuuka thought about the feat he had just watched unfold and quickly fell in behind Hector to assault the space station.