

HSD: [CNS] REBELLION

Fiction by
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[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)
[Ty's Snapshot](#)

Aeotheran Orbit Orion System

A VT49 Decimator, the *Tãron*, raced towards the planet's surface. A trio of enemy fighters closing in on its aft. One fighter barrel rolled over making an aggressive starboard dive. Ellee the ship's custom pilot droid, picked up the fighter's movement on her copilot's radar screen.

"They are trying to flank our descent, I suggest using some of that pilot know-how and make sure we don't die." Ellee said in her best cynical tone.

Tytus ignored the droid's remarks. Keeping a cool demeanor about himself, the Duros barrel rolled the Decimator around avoiding a barrage of laser fire. Pushing the yoke forward leveling off the ship, Ty turned his head slightly shooting a quick wink at his copilot.

"If I could physically throw up in my mouth, I would." Ellee spat.

Ty chuckled, "Oh lassie, you love it."

DarkHawk activated comm's from his small terminal, "This is *Sepros One*, any available fighters want to clear our way right quick?"

"*Sepros One*, this is *Roughneck Seven*. *Roughnecks* inbound!"

Moments later a flight of T70 X-wings swooped in behind the enemy fighters. The lead T70 pilot lined up his shot, his HUD turning red as it locked on. Pulling the trigger he looked down the long nose of the X-wing watching the red laser fire turn his target into a fireball. The pilot jinked to the port avoiding the fireball before diving to rejoin his wingman.

The *Roughneck's* took no pity on these treacherous rebels. The more seasoned T70 pilots hunted down their enemies like a pack of Vornskrs. Chasing their prey into one of their flanking pack members. The kills are made violently but swiftly.

"*Sepros One*, this is *Roughneck Seven*. You have a clear path, we will see you planetside."

"Copy that *Roughneck Seven*."

Ty immediately went into an aggressive descent of his own. The advanced Ion engines of the Decimator pushed the *Tāron* quickly down into the crisp blue skies of Aeotheran's lower atmosphere.

"The Adept said the majority of the rebel forces were coming into the city from the north."

Ty dropped the ship into the east of the city over the Menaris Ocean. The ship raced ten meters above the water's surface leaving a plume of water billowing behind. The coastline was soon underneath them and Ty maneuvered the ship to make its initial attack run from the enemy's six.

Ellee made a few swipes of her console and brought up the ship's weapon systems. She activated the proton torpedoes then an audible alarm. "Torpedoes locked and loaded."

"Aye lass. Ready your position." Ty said, activating the ship's tactical jammer. "Scanners showing two mech units at the rear and ground forces in front. Should we see what's cracking?" Ty said over his shoulder.

DarkHawk did not hesitate to reply. "You're never supposed to show up to a party without a gift. Please Sgt. Major, give them their gifts."

"You heard the bloke lassie, let them have it."

If there was a time a droid could smile, it would have been now. Ellee's processors went into overdrive, such a jubilee this presented for her. The droid enjoyed a good flogging. Locked on to multiple ground targets, Ellee yelled in triumph as she pulled the trigger. "Hello Motha F..." she was instantly cut off.

"Decorum my dear. We are mere guest to Aeotheran," Ty said graciously.

The proton torpedoes impacted against their targets releasing clouds of high-velocity proton particles in a focused explosion. Mech units and ground personnel careened against the ground. The impact tossed debris and bodies flying throughout the narrow streets. Slamming against anything in their paths. Ty dodged and weaved away from the explosions and in between the city's towering infrastructure. Quickly maneuvering the ship around for another pass.

Once again opening his comms, DarkHawk contacted the orbiting Dakhanian forces. "*Light of Orian*, this is *Sepros One*. We have contact with northern forces and have engaged. Repeat, we have engaged. Task Force, *Aurek*, *Besh* and *Dorn* are clear for ground engagement."

The familiar voice of Quentinshadows, the newly appointed Aedile of House Shar Dakhan broke over comms, "*Sepros One*, this is the *Light of Orian*. Task force support inbound."

DarkHawk was already making his way to the lower deck when he called out to the Duros. “Ty, come in a tad lower on this one. I am gonna test out this new Synergy winged jetpack and hit the streets.”

“Oh bloody hell man!”

DarkHawk made his way down to the cargo door and opened it up. Without hesitation the assassin stepped out of the Decimator putting himself into a freefall. Activating the jetpack’s glider mode, the wings extended out allowing DarkHawk to control his descent into the streets of Seng Karash.

The End