

# CNS FLEET TRAINING

Fiction by

Warlord DarkHawk Sadow #264

Prompt #2

[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)

[Tytus' Snapshot](#)

**Aeotheran**

**Orian System**

The VSD *Immortal* maintained a steady course just outside the planet's outer atmosphere. Conducting routine patrols of the surrounding sectors, she was unaware that she would take on a few uninvited visitors today.

As the capital ship continued its patrol, a lone X70b Phantom shuttle emerged from the depths of space. Ellee the ship's pilot droid, serves as the *Fantazumu*' copilot. From her left copilot station she began quickly activating a sequence of switches on one of the upper panels. Turning towards the captain of the ship, one Tytus O'Baieron, her aristocratic speech pattern was drowned in an ocean of condescending sarcasm.

"Deflector shields are up and tactical jammers are well, er...are jamming, oh Sultan of space travel."

"Copy that lassie. Cloaking device engaged." Tytus said while activating a large switch on his countermeasures panel.

The interior of the bridge went completely dark except for the amber instrument panel lighting. Ellee sighed loudly before turning around towards DarkHawk, "You do realize he has been jonesing to say that right?" Ellee said in bitter contempt.

"Are we invisible?" asked DarkHawk.

"Theoretically yes, realistically not in the least." Ellee snarked.

Ty twisted in his chair a bit and talked over his shoulder, "Even to the *Immortal*'s avant-garde sensor arrays, we are nothing but space to them. However, that only lasts for about fifteen minutes before we overheat the cooling tubes. Not to mention overloading the power system. So chop-chop man lets shake a leg! We've got loads to do today."

"Well Sgt. Major, shake your leg to the *Immortal*'s aft airlock and we will get this show on the road." DarkHawk said smirking.

“Well, yes there is that. Hold your bloody horses would you.” Ty responded in a gravelly undertone.

“I will head down to the hold with the strike teams. Try not to kill us with what you're about to do.”

Ty scoffed at the remark.

The X70 went into a corkscrew dive gaining some additional speed. As it approached the aft of the VSD, the X70 transitioned into a zoom climb. Avoiding the VSD's engine wash Ty maneuvered the ship between the engine nacelle structures. Up midway of the structure, Ty drifted the ship pivoting the nose of the x70 around to their six.

Ty began positioning the *Fantazumu's* airlock over the *Immortal's*. From Ty's control panel a large video screen and flight stick allowed him to guide the ship directly onto the VSD's airlock.

The airlock's control panel lights switched from red to green. The doors slid open allowing DarkHawk and two strike teams to board the *Immortal*.

### ***VSD Immortal***

#### **Aeotheran**

#### **Orian System**

DarkHawk instructed one team to make their way to the engine room. “Bravo, disengage the engine control cores and power cells. Weapons on stun, stun only” he growled.

“Alpha, Systems Control and Command Section. Let's see what you boys got.”

The teams broke off and moved in toward their targets. Bravo made it all the way past the ship's detention center before encountering any resistance. Three roving sentries covered the perimeter of the detention center. Bravo moved in stalking their prey waiting for that perfect time to strike. Walking aimlessly the sentries paid no mind to their surroundings. Then almost in unison three suppressed blasts rendered the sentries unconscious.

From there it was down two floors to the power cells and engine cores. Utilizing the stairwell Alpha cleared both areas of any armed patrols. Leaving only maintenance personnel. Bravo team moved in complete silence, incapacitating those remaining workers one right after another.

The power cell doors required a level five security card to open. Bravo team's resident slicer callsign “*Mainframe*” made quick work of the door. Quickly entering the room the team began disengaging each power cell. From there it was just across a ten meter sky bridge to the engine core control panel.

*Meanwhile...*

Alpha team encountered heavy troop movement near the operations center but managed to work through that resistance quietly and efficiently. Alpha's slicer, callsign "AI" discovered very nasty encrypted security protocols. He managed to circumvent the situation by uploading one of his own special \*firmwares" before being able to take control of the ship's systems grid.

As they made their way to the command section the strike team paused at the entry doors. Positioning themselves for standard breaching procedures, the Alpha team leader whispered "Kill it." AI tapped away on his datapad and then the ship went total lights out.

They moved into a dark command section and were surprised there was no commotion, not one confused crew member. Seconds later a plethora of red dots began to illuminate all over Alpha teams tactical vests. Power returned to the ship rebooting all the systems. There in the command section stood Moff Araic Simonetti and about fifty heavily armed troopers from the ship's security detail.

Alpha team lowered their weapons and raised their hands and yielded. The Moff stood stoically with his hands behind his back. "Impressive how you bypassed my security protocols trooper. I will make sure to highlight that skill in my report."

The sound of footsteps could be heard coming closer. DarkHawk entered the command section assessing the situation before him. "Gents, this is why Moff Simonetti bears such a prestigious reputation. Trust me when I say, he has seen a thing or two in fleet operations."

DarkHawk signaled the security team to lower their weapons. "Expect the unexpected gentlemen. We need to think outside the box, we only get one shot at these should the contingency arise. And I assure you it will. It is a matter of when, not if. That is why we practice, this is just the first run. We have several more ships to target. Select our next mark and let's dissect the deckplans.

"Moff Simonetti, thank you for your cooperation in this."

"Pleasure is all my Consul Sadow. We will change up the gameplay on our next training endeavor."

"I would expect nothing less sir," replied DarkHawk.

*The End*