

Prepare for Ground Assault -

Greven looked around to the rest of the team, giving Admiral La'an a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "Don't worry," he said softly, peaking over the bush in front of him at the Rebel barracks ahead, "the people I brought with me are 100% trained for this...trust me." La'an looked over the bush, then back towards the other members; Rejili, Mosh, Drachen, Klyn, all the senior pilots of the Relentless had gathered as a ground assault force directed at this particular Rebel base. Thier longtime enemy had stolen a ship the Relentless had stumbled upon, one that it had never encountered before. The kind of technology aboard the recovered ship could easily change the tide of the war in favour of the Empire. Transversely, it affected them as well, thus the sudden strike force.

The wrist-com Greven wore beeped at a somewhat muted volume. He lifted his other hand and tapped a button, "Go ahead, Varna."

"LT, we're in position," the girl's voice chimes in.

"Roger that, do a prep check," Greven said, picking up a pair of macrobinocular's to veiw the guards patrolling the barrack's perimeter.

Varna picked up her slug-rifle and peered down the scope as her assistant gunner, a middle aged man by the name of Edric, did her prep check. He picked up a datapad and read down the list of various readings the instrument took just seconds prior.

"Visibility : check. Wind speed : check. Suppressor : check. All clear on this end, LT." Edric spoke into his wrist-com.

Greven checked over his own weapon, a similar style of slug-rifle. They had chosen such outdated weaponry, hoping it would throw thier trail afterwards as to being a group of ship-thieves in for a new haul. "Roger that. Varna, green light, green light; fire at will," he said in reply. A pair of silent hisses, and the resulting grunts of pain from the guards on patrol below showed that the choice was a good one. Greven turned to La'an and Rejili with a smile, "Ready, sirs?" They nodded, and they made thier way around Greven, peeling away one by one down the shrubbed hillside. The team passed the dead guards, Mosh and La'an breaking off to drag them into a nearby line of scrub-brush. Klyn came up on the doorway to the barracks, looking over the lock system and shaking his head at Greven and Rejili. Rejili nodded softly, swinging his hand in a shallow circle, and the others of the team forming a loose circle around the door, making a perimeter for themselves. The Lieutenant Colonel shrugged off a small backpack containing the team's breaching kit, searching through it until he found a small rubber-like ball with a set of wires protruding from the sides. He mashed the ball into a flat waffer, fixing the somewhat sticky explosive to the electric lock, pulling out a small rectangular box with a lever switch atop of it.

He looked around, flipping the safety off the device as he ran to the nearby wall for cover, Greven coming up beside him with a pair of grenades, "Fire in the hole!" he shouted to his team, who hit the dirt and took cover from the blast as he depressed the lever. The explosion reverberated off the nearby forest, coming back to roll over the base like thunder. With the door a smoking ruin, Greven stepped up next, ducking his head into the T corridor. Arming the grenades, he tossed them into either hallway, into the scurrying feet of the oncoming threat, "Frag, out!" he screamed, ducking back behind the wall as his grenades detonated, sending bits of debris and screams up the cooridors.

One by one, the team made thier way inside, swiftig making way to the lower holds where thier limited Intel had told them the ship would be. Sure enough, several minutes and a delaying firefight later, Rejili's hands danced across the alien controls, attempting to prep it for launch. La'an landed hard on the squishy deck near the hatch, firing out into the bay as laserfire scorched the wall near his head. The Admiral scissored his legs, catching the hatch door with his foot and slamming it closed, hearing the coherent light bouncing off the hull. Greven and Klyn poked thier heads out from the cockpit, eyeing their superior laying on the ground, breathing hard, "Everything ok, sir?"

La'an let out a choked laugh, wiping his forehead of sweat, "Gettin' kinda sporty out there," he replied.

Mosh and Drachen had manned the weapons turrents, but they looked at each other in a sense of confusion as how to fire them, so they abandoned them, heading back to the cockpit. Drachen shook his head as he patted Rejili on the shoulder, "Get us out of here quick, we're not gonna be able to cover our backs." La'an

and Rejili looked at each other for a moment, but the ship started to rise, drawing the latter's attention back. He pushed forward on the strange control stick, and the ship lurched forward in response, heading out of the earthen tunnel it was hidden in. Defense turrents lining the walls turned inwards, unleashing a hailing barrage of turbolaser fire on the trajectory of the ship. Shot after shot ricocheted off the hull as it blasted forwards, breaking for space.

As they checked radar, ensuring that the tiny shuttle they had landed in had safely made it off planet with Edric and Varna and that thier tails were clear, Drachen pulled out a tiny cylinder with a little red button on top, smiling to himself. Greven looked back at him as Rejili raised his hands for the hyperspace controls, "Whats that?" he asked. The Major looked up at him as he pressed the tiny button with his thumb, the edges of the forward veiwing port shining with a dull light of a massive explosion in the distance, "Just a finishing touch," he said, tossing the cylinder asside.

They landed the alien ship in the docking bay of the Relentless, crawling out of the hatch to inspect the ship for damages they'd surely have to report to the survey techs. Amazingly enough, whatever damage the turbolasers that had raked them earlier had done was rejuvenated by the strange material comprising the hull. Greven came up to La`an and Rejili, handing them his version of a victory drink (icy cold spiced rum), catching the end of the conversation as his superiors looked outward to the craft.

"This is bigger than we first thought," La`an said, taking a sip of the rum, cringing afterwards at its potency.

Rejili downed the entire cup in a single swig, grunting and handing the container back to Greven, "Way bigger, sir."