



Sharapanel - Thrakerzog :: Unknown ::

The Mothership Dropped out of her wave form event, Kurdar had christened the ship a her in his own mind. It reminded him of a giant sand sailor he had once seen tied to the ports outside the city. They had timed the jump almost to the second this time, a very rare event, and Kurdar could almost picture the crew holding a minor celebration. His work however had just begun. Kurdar was a mineral pilot, and although this system was chosen for its remoteness and relative improbability that the Taiidan were here, the mission still posed emense danger merely because of the terrain. Kurdar paused before joining in on the tactical briefing.

" This is a D class system with one solid matter planet. For the un-initiated a D class system has two stars, the more massive of which is constantly stealing gas from the other to fuel itself. The stealing takes place because of the immense gravity of the star, and it leaves a huge thousand of kilometer wide band of vapor constantly flowing to the massive star. We are going to try to put our harvesters in this beam and collect the flowing gas." The mission commander stated with cold emotion. "We don't expect any trouble but....." Kurdar stopped listening, it was always better to stay out of the battle side, then you didn't feel any debt to the people who fell beside you.

The cool surface of the dark iodine oceans of Gool were begining to bubble with anticipation. The Goolesque stood poised to strike, perhaps finally they would have their revenge and their freedom.

The crystal blue engines warped the space behind them, creating small mirages, enough to trick you into thinking you saw something, and in this game the enemy could not know they were here. The pilots flew in a straight line, so tightly packed that the ion trails from the pilot ahead of them were still hot. And it was silent. That was something that Kurdar could not get used to, half of the visible world, the mothership, moving away from them in complete silence. The resourse collectors and a small contingent of frigates and fighters were about all that this group consisted of. This time the mothership would attempt to draw the fire by travelling towards a small asteroid belt on the outer edge of the system, then as the last resources were being collected, slingshot around the planet and engage a wave form event. And so almost the entire armada remained with the mothership, to defend it and draw the fire.

In the officers lounge Kiith Hraal's lead engineer paced back and forth, soon his new weapon would be under construction, and it would be up to him to prove it's usefulness. Soon he would have his chance, and that is what scared him.

Kurdar gave the order and his mineral team moved into position, the fighters formed a sphere around them as they came closer to the gas bridge.

HOLY MOTHER OF and the rest was cut off in an explosion and violent shock wave. "What was that?!" Kurdar Screamed breaking the radio silence. His question was answered as many abandoned mining platforms and tools decloaked on the small meteors around them. .. "What the....." He couldn't figure it out, they were still a few thousand clicks from Weverne, the only known planet, why would cloak generators be out here if not for a fleet, and if there WAS a fleet why weren't they under attack?

"Ferrin, take the small fighters and disable as many of the cloak generators as you can. They must be drawing power from somewhere, see if you can find the grid..."

The fighters broke off quickly and soon had found many more cloak generators, twenty or thirty. Kurdar saw a blink on his radar, and tried to scream to his men but it was too late. A blast ripped through another fighter.

"Get that automated turret, hit it when it decloaks to fire, and for don't die!!"

A The small nimble fighters easily outmatched the single gun, and destroyed it, and the nearby cloak generator, beneath them spread out a huge ring, or at least part of it they could see before it disappeared beneath more cloak generators, a huge ring covered in solar collectors.

Kurdar stared, never had he seen such a feat of engineering as this. It was almost sad he could not leave it in contact, but it was of Taidan creation, and therefore must be cleansed. an EVA team made short work of it, planting massive explosives along the visible panels.

A sudden blue wave shook all the ships, and when their sensors re-adjusted they could see the true scope of this ring, it was cloaking an entire planet, and as the ring was broken the entirety of its length began to collapse in being pulled by the now uneven gravity. And the Kushans could see how true majesty of Taidan power, as an entire planet appeared where none was before...

We gotta get outta here and fast, there's gotta be a reason that they expended that many resources on a small planet, and I really don't wanna find out. If there is a base down there, it will take them at least 2 hours to get any large ships orbital, that leaves us a 5 minute gap once we finish collecting the resources, lets pray the mothership is here.

Sensors began flashing bright red and suddenly all the view screens were lit up by one image, the entire sky falling. General Orish had only moments to issue a planet wide alert before their small outpost base was immolated by the falling thousands of pounds of steel.

Everywhere sirens were sounding, as the light fighters were sent out of the atmosphere to intercept, However command had already calculated that whoever they were, the fighters would not have enough fuel to reach them. They would have to activate all of the planets defence ships, and this

scared him more than the space born enemies ever could.

The Kushan Heavy corvettes floated into position like so many black phantoms, quickly deploying many defenders and mine layers to create a shielded area, that they knew would be put to the test if the homeworlds accuracy were anything to go by. Resource collectors quickly began soaking up the rich resources and breaking them down, and a gravwell generator was put in place to neutralize the two gigantic suns blazing gravity fields.

Seconds lapsed into minutes and everything was quiet, Kurdar sat, watching the drones move endlessly, nothing could ever compare to the complete emptiness of space. He almost yearned for battle to begin. And finally he got his wish as a Taiidan fleet approached, however it was not from the planet they had discovered, it was merely a scout party, this should be easy.

The nimble fighters road in a 2 dimensional box shape, the radio static from the suns blocking out their signatures. Finally they were around them, and the 4 waves turned in behind the fighters to form a continuous hail of fire upon the unsuspecting ships. The battle was won before it had even begun, a few remaining fighters were shooting around, avoiding their pursuers for the last possible moments, it was.....

An explosion rocked the fabric of space time as a renegade ship crashed headlong into the grav well generator. Kurdar could see the ripple of suns gravity closing in on them, like so many hungry fingers aching to pull them to their doom.