

Hunter's Respite

[Part 1]

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-=[Location: Culot Sector, Inside Hyperlane to the Stirrs System]=-
-=[Time until Arrival: 41 Hours Galactic Standard Time]=-
-=[Date: 42,029, 3rd GYC / March 14th, 3593 AD]=-

Particles zoomed past the windows. Reds, Blues, Purples, Greens, a rainbow of colours parading through the Command Center of the Patrol Craft as light from the Hyperlane walls flowed in. It was almost deathly quiet inside, the only sounds coming from automated devices attached to what would normally be manned by a crew of seven. The captain of this vessel was nowhere to be seen, having left the bridge hours ago after turning on the Autopilot, unneeded until the ship was out of the Hyperlane.

Instead the Captain, the only crew member on the craft, was down in the Hanger Bay, where the hissing, whining, and popping of an Arc-Welder could be heard. The small 101cm Elion Fox was hard at work making repairs on his modified Shuttlecraft. It's faded yellow paint now adorned with newer, cleaner Durasteel armour plates that covered up holes where needed. His recent mission was much harder then he was led to believe, and though he somehow succeeded, it still rightfully irritated the fox as he slapped another Durasteel plate over yet another hole and started to weld.

"If I hadn't installed the shielding last month," He thought out loud, solemnly. "I don't think I would have made it... Damn Sec-Forces. They never seem to know what to label their missions." The Arc-Welder fizzled as he finished welding the last plate, it's tip slowly cooling from white hot as he placed it into its holder. The shuttle would require actual repairs once he docked with the nearest station, but his patch job would work until then. "That was clearly a Class Sixteen mission, But whichever numbnuts was in charge labeled it a Class Nine! Mother fuckers had Weapon Platforms around their station!" He shouted to no one, his ship devoid of any life besides his own as he reflected on his mission more.