Tra’an Reith was having an interesting day.

Having landed upon Florrum with the first wave of his strike force, he had been in the vanguard for each step forward. The Weequay pirate base had been the most interesting thing to happen today until now.

As the Kaleesh stood around the planning table with the Overseer and his retinue, a scout burst up the ramp of the shuttle, panting from exertion. He saluted half-heartedly before falling to his knees.

“General Reith, a sniper has some of our men pinned down in the final canyon approach to the camp of the Undesirables. We managed to get a sapper up to the wall and get an explosive rigged, but he was killed by indirect fire before he could execute it.” Dracaryis looked at the man and then back at the former Dread Lord, raising his eyebrow in question.

“Well, yet another adventure for me. It seems like choosing to come with you was the right choice after all.” The Juggernaut nodded to his superior and turned to leave.

“Try not to get yourself injured again. We don’t have enough bacta to keep healing you because you decide to throw yourself into suicidal fights.” Dracaryis’ words followed him down the ramp, acknowledged by a flippant wave of the hand.

Walking slowly, Tra’an planned out his approach based on what he knew of the area in which his forces were being suppressed. Approaching one of the speeders, he waved at the pilot and hopped on, holding onto the side handles as the bike lifted and accelerated at speed through the narrow canyons between the landing area for the shuttles and the front.

As the canyon walls whizzed by, there seemed to be only one real and sensible solution to the problem at hand. It was certain to get him yelled at later, and yet, it was what he was known for.

As the speed bike slowed, the red-scaled alien threw back the cloak of his hood, and dismounted where he could be seen by his troops. With the flick of a wrist, his distinctive lightsaber dropped from its place and settled into his hand. Tra’an advanced carefully and deliberately through the temporary earthworks, one of the scouts waiting for him at the last turn.

“Sir, he’s got line of sight right down the gullet. If you make that turn, he’ll easily be able to see you. On his side, he’s behind a ridge of solid rock and we can’t reach him with the guns of the ATAP’s.” Reith nodded, clapping the scout on his shoulder.

“Have a little faith my friend. I’ll see you in a few minutes,” he said with a grin that revealed several rows of razor sharp teeth. The scout shook, nodding quickly and trying not to run.

Hissing softly to himself, the former Obelisk activated his copper blade, the lightsaber hissing into existence in harmony with his own sounds of menace. It led his way around the corner, almost immediately dodging to the side as a blaster bolt hissed past from a sniper rifle. A few steps more, and the molten orange blade whirled into position and deflected the crimson streak into the rock directly next to the barely exposed muzzle that had just released it.

Every few steps as he advanced, it swatted away the red death that came for him, always sent back, just a little too wide of the muzzle. It took what felt like hours to cross the exposed, open ground while under fire.

However, when Tra’an finally reached the console, the time stamp on the control panel indicated it had been just minutes.

As the final execution commands were entered for a 30 second countdown, the Equite rolled to the side to avoid a near vertical blaster shot. Taking advantage of the exposed position of his enemy, Tra’an yanked the rifle from the extended grip of the sniper, right into his hands. Without waiting, he turned and dashed for the entry of the canyon, from which he had emerged just minutes before.

Listening to the Force, he dodged as he ran, bolts from a blaster pistol melting the ground where they impacted. Just before the explosives blew, a tingle went down his spine. Pivoting, the Kaleesh threw himself backwards, palm outstretched to deflect the incoming blaster bolt barrage. The shock wave from the explosives slammed his back into the temporary earthworks, small pieces of shrapnel cutting into his face and hands.

Picking himself up, the Seer dusted himself off and smiled, having accomplished yet another interesting part of his day.