AT-TE Dropping from Orbit around Aliso…

The Drop Pod rattled from the turbulence of the upper atmosphere as the droid brain controlling the transport made corrections to ensure that it would land them on the beacon. Tra’an Reith reviewed the assault plans one last time, despite having gone over them several times in the last few days. Warning trickled through the Force and he braced himself. The cockpit seemed to swim as an upper jet stream flipped the pod almost sideways, leaving him temporarily suspended against his harness.

“This is why I hate dropping in these things. Fracking droids suck at piloting!” he exclaimed as the droid righted the ship and slammed him back into the uncomfortable seat with three times the force of his own weight. The Kaleeshi hissed, the sound particularly potent as it slithered through his teeth.

“Two minutes to impact,” came the robotic call from the droid. The waiting was always the hardest part. Unable to communicate until the interference from the heat corona had faded, by which time they’d be just about down anyways. Closing his eyes, the di Plagia sought to reign in his ever present anger and keep himself focused.

Hands unclenching from the arms of his seat, he was jerked against the chair again as the chute deployed right before impact, setting them down nice and easy. The explosive bolt could be heard from even inside the armored walker, and the darkness gave way to the overcast sky of yet another alien world. The com units began to crackle to life as everyone checked in.

“Tra’an, Eiko, clear the way and get us moving. I want to beat the Dread Lord inside.” Selika’s voice came over the com units crisp and clear, despite the natural static in the connection. Each of them acknowledged with a double click of the com, rather than returning a response. They opened a separate comm channel just for themselves as the coordinated their advance.

“Eiko, you want the right flank again? I’m betting I can take out more emplaced weapons than you can.” Tra’an sent over as his troops fanned out to the left of the approach to the base.

“Of course I want the right side. Right is better, but you wouldn’t know that being a lefty.” Eiko snarked back as his troops also deployed. “And none of those multi-kill shenanigans. If you blow up a bunker and it takes out more than one emplacement, it still only counts as one.”

Tra’an chuckled as he painted the first target with a laser and started to demolish it with the gund of the AT-TE.

“You’re not still sore over that job on Nar shadda are you? It’s not my fault that you couldn’t shoot the engines of the barge fast enough. That was a tasty bottle of whiskey though.” Eiko could be heard muttering over the open comm line, only increasing Tra’an’s mirth, before his rage snapped back into place as a glancing blow scored the side of the walker.

Carefully aligning the turret, the former Quaestor targeted the emplaced heavy turbolaser and triggered a precise volley that melted the barrels of the turret. It fired almost immediately afterwards and blew itself up when the energy couldn’t escape down the slagged barrels. A chain reaction seemed to follow as the turrets on either side blew up, whether from poor munitions control, or from power surge he didn’t know, and didn’t care.

“It still only counts as one!” spat Eiko over the comm as he continued to demolish the turrets one at a time.

It was routine, boring work, slowly clearing the defensive emplacements and having to wait for the engineers to advance every so often to make sure that everything was indeed demolished. Every so often, an unwary slave found itself in his path, and then not at all as it was squished.

“Move fool, get out of the way!” His pilot winced at the volume in the tight space, especially since he knew the slaves could neither see nor hear the angry Kaleesh. Tra’an ignored it, as he did many other such flinches, every day. He had long since become accustomed to others not being able to deal with him being himself, and this was just another example of that.

“Ok Selika. The way is clear. Eiko still owes me yet another bottle of whiskey. Selika laughed even as she acknowledged his response over the general comm, and Eiko muttered darkly about luck and wizardry.

“I’m sure you’ll beat me next time pal. It won’t be the first time I’ll lose to you, so cheer up!”

“Sure,” muttered Eiko. His luck hadn’t been so good as of late, but knew it was only a matter of time.