*Capis*

*Imperial Remnant Stronghold*

*Aquifer*

Tra’an Reith and the handpicked contingent of the Special Operations command emerged from the old aquaduct high above a partially filled aquafer that had seen better days. Pitons were driven into the wall as they rappelled down the wall, coming to a stop by a walkway. Chuckling, Tra’an observed these highly skilled operatives swinging from the wall on a midpoint pinning of the synthrope, and jumping the gap to land on the walkway. Each time, he wondered if the rusted structure would hold, and miraculously, it did.

His turn came, and he jumped without fear, sticking his landing with a minimal impact, belying his solid frame. His grin was answered by their own. Weapons were prepared as they moved out further into the bowels of the citadel’s understructure. The further they went, the more well maintained everything seemed to be. The infrastructure told the story of an ancient citadel that had been supplanted by the Imperials at some point. The demarcation was rather obvious as they passed from ancient stone into immaculate pre-fabricated corridors.

The security doors proved to be no match for the team’s primary slicer, falling to standard decryption algorithms that had been outdated twenty years prior, much less, against current technology. The corridors weren’t well laid out, probably owing to the fact that they had been limited by taking over existing infrastructure. When they came to an information terminal near a turbolift, the slicer was able to pull a map from the system and identify the three targets they needed to hit.

Tra’an Reith went with the Slicer, down the turbolift towards the central information storage. The remaining members of the team split into two groups, one headed to the security center, the other to the entrance of the fortress and it’s mid-sized hangar.

With each successive security portal, the slicer began to sweat as the security got closer to modern, and better as they went. It seemed that the powers that be at least understood basic information security protocols, and had worked to keep the more sensitive areas of the installation away from casual prying eyes. They turned a corner near the end of their journey and the scales on the back of the Kaleesh’s neck lifted, causing him to sweep around and push the Slicer back around the corner. Seconds later, blaster fire from hidden turrets peppered the hallway that had momentarily stepped into.

Seething from being careless for not thinking ahead, Tra’an Reith ground his teeth louder as the first klaxon began to wail. They had made it this far without being spotted, he’d have to hope that the other teams had managed to make it near enough to their objectives before the base went on alert. Shaking himself out of his reverie, with a twist of the wrist, his copper lightsaber dropped into his hand and flared to life.

Striding around the corner, the Kaleesh rushed the turrets, utilizing the Force to harden the air around himself to absorb the few bolts they managed as the spun up, before falling to his Lightsaber’s molten blade. The remaining motors whirred, trying to spin barrels that no longer remained mounted to it. The slicer quietly emerged around the corner, jacking into the control panel and launching his programs, right as droids emerged from crèches at the end of the hall.

Sighing, the former Quaestor dashed down the hallway, doing his best to distract the automatons from the huddling slicer.

It worked, as they focused on his eminent threat, to their own imminent demise. Squawking droid heads rolled along the floor as they became severed from their bodies, losing control of the mindless forms of metal that heaped upon the ground. The entry into the data core slid open, revealing the chilled room, devoid of souls or the soulless. The Lieutenant tossed a small device into the room, watched as it rolled across the floor to rest against the center podium, and then released a fine mist into the air.

As the mist began to settle, eight turrets slid from the walls and swiveled to look for targets, but could not find any in the settling mist. Tra’an watched as the slicer sighed and resumed work on his pad, and suddenly the four corner turrets swiveled to their right and took out those directly next to them, before targeting each other across the room. In a matter of seconds, all that was left of the deadly machines were burning scrap.

As the Kaleesh made to step into the room, the slicer shook his head, before causing the tossed projectile in the middle of the room to extend a thin pole upwards. A small protrusion above the center data console arced lighting at the pole. Tra’an sighed and lifted one of the droid carapaces from down the hall and summoned it. The chest piece gained speed as it accelerated down the hall and through the open doorway, slamming into the arcpoint. With a crunch, it stuck in place.

The commando turned to look at him and he shrugged. They advanced into the room and the human plugged into the console to retrieve the information he needed. At a nod, the former Obelisk activated his communicator.

“This is Scales. Bring the Rain.”