*Unknown Regions*

*Aliso*

*The Pinnacle*

*Courtyard*

Tra’an Reith paced before the assembled troops of Army Force Vornskr, looking up and down the assembled rank and file of his troops. He paid no attention to the nearby assembly of the Special Operations Command, as he knew he could always count on them not only to be ready, but to be prepared. Vornskr though was a special breed of idiots though. A mix of the very best and brightest as command personnel scattered throughout, and the dumbest, most ignorant idiots as grunts. They knew how to follow orders and that was all, which is exactly what the Kaleesh liked.

With the unit and subunit commanders checking in that the ground pounders had managed to assemble with all their gear and nothing they shouldn’t have, they were almost ready to leave. All that remained was to remind them of who he was, and why they followed him when they ignored almost every other person stuck in front of them. He moved over to a nearby AT-AA and climbed on top of it, Amplifying his voice to get the attention of his troops.

“Vornskr, Ten-hut!” Heads whipped around as boots slammed on the ground and already near perfect lines snapped into place with a return shout, “Ascend Plagueis!”. Razor like teeth shown through a brief smile before hiding once again behind his scales.

“It’s been a while since I’ve had the pleasure of leading you as a single unit. Together, we will go in search of and shred to pieces the fools who dared to make us raise our heads from this, our new home. Together, we shall take them, foul their lairs, and leave nothing behind but corpses and feces. Follow your orders and when I see you next, we will be bringing the Dark Side to the enemy!” Boots stamped rhythmically on the ground, the only way they were allowed to show enthusiasm while in ranks. It prevented the issue of too many voices when voice commands needed to be limited to officers and non-coms only.

“Division Forward!” came the call from Major General Ranthe Benzayn, and it echoed on down the units as they moved out in an orderly fashion. The Seer stood with and beside him, as they watched the troops process pass, the officers saluting as they went. Having this proceed as if it were a review, even though they’d not spent the time and effort they normally would in one, helped to keep the eager troops calm and focused. They understood the penalties for looking sloppy in a review.

“Quite the change from Jusadih some years ago. They’ve really matured under your command General.” Tra’an Reith remarked quietly. The wizened, older man, stood a little straighter, held his head a little higher, and nodded.

“It helps that almost every time they go into battle as a division, you’re out there in front. You don’t play favorites, except with the SOC, but they expect that given the dangerous shit you get those crazy bastards up to. Every time you fight with them, you never leave them behind, never let them down, and never let them feel that they are useless.” Tra’an chuckled, but said nothing, knowing that this was the truth. It was how he led his mean, and it mattered to the men, which is why he did it. Loyalty had to be absolute, and absolute loyalty inspired not only devotion, but dedication and perseverance even in the midst of hell.

“I mean it sir. If it wasn’t for you, this bunch would be a hell of a lot harder to handle. They know you trust me to keep them tuned up when you’re not around, so they do it themselves so that I don’t have to. Even as they love you, they know to fear you.” Ranthe finished, his clipped tones helping to keep it short and to the point.

“As long as you keep proving to be the military genius in strategy, I’ll keep deploying with them. I know they look after me, and they love to fight with me because I trust them to watch my back. I don’t have to think very much out there because you do it for us.” He smiled, his teeth once again gleaming in the rising sun of the dawning day. “Just keep being you, and they’ll keep being them.” The general nodded, stepping out to follow the troops at the tail end with the rest of his command staff.

Tra’an Reith looked up at the Pinnacle, the new sun partially obscured even as it had cleared the horizon. It was time to return to what he did best, killing those who rose against Plagueis.