*Surface of Capis*

*Ascendant Legion Task Force Vornskr*

“Come on you maggots, do you expect to live forever?” came the raised battle cry as the lead elements of Vornskr moved ahead at a trot, rhythmic footfalls broken up only by the occasional sounds of the armor as it moved along between the various groups. Breaking up the formations between the armor helped limit collateral damage to the troops and to the armor, ensuring that a majority of both would make it to the conflict zone unscathed. Tra’an Reith loped along easily enough, unencumbered by the packs and gear that weighed down the disciplined troops alongside him.

The hatch on a nearby ATXT popped open, to reveal General Benzayn beckoning to him. The Kaleesh dashed over to the gangly armor and waited for it to hinge closer to the surface.

“It looks like the resistance ahead is entrenched. We’re going to have to dig them out.” The General said. “Without the aid of orbital bombardment, we’re going to have to rely on you and the Spec Ops to go in and crack that shell.” Tra’an Reith didn’t say anything, he just smiled and flashed his razor teeth at Ranthe, who returned a tight lipped smile of his own. It seemed that no matter how long they worked together, the human never would get used to seeing the razor teeth.

Tra’an loped off, passing easily enough behind the units which had advanced while he was having his little chat. The tight knit group of the Special Operations Command came into view rather quickly, a small team already waiting for him. They took off running without waiting for him to join them, knowing that he would catch up en route. He quickly swung into place as tail end Charlie, eyes and ears alert for sounds other than that of the troops and armor.

The ground quickly grew tough, strewn with small debris and larger rocks, as they followed the rising elevation along the plain. As the troops moved closer to what was assumed to be the enemy’s fortifications, the small team quickly saw them dwindle into the distance. They said nothing, their breathing more or less in sync as the climbed the steadily growing incline with ease.

They finally reached a cliff face, where the leader held up his fist to indicate that they should come to a silent stop. Advancing forward, he withdrew a map that looked to have been transcribed from sensor sweeps, before gesturing to the explosives expert. They all drew back as the small Bothan placed a shape charge on the rock wall, tamping and carefully ensuring it was set the way he wanted. Only a few minutes passed before he pumped his fist. They all drew behind boulders and other various cover as the charge lit like a fuse, first burning into the rock, before disintegrating it with a muffled \*whump\*.

As they stepped into the newly opened passageway, a thin trickle of water running in a groov e along the floor revealed that it was a much-neglected aquaduct. As they moved further in, Tra’an could only be thankful for the failures of the Empire to make their men more efficient.