<Redacted> Bar

Aliso City

Tra’an Reith di Plagia, Sith, General, and all around formerly important person was having a good day. Probably the first time in some months that he had managed to have an entire day go right, without some nerfherder or failed acolyte ruining it with stupidity or acute idiocy. It was perhaps then, too much to ask for that he should be allowed to finish his bottle of Whyrens in peace. After all, it’s why he paid a membership fee for this bar, to enjoy peace and quiet, good food, and good alcohol that was almost impossible to obtain elsewhere in the Force forsaken backwater that was Aliso.

Not entirely sure why, the Khaleesh stopped mid drink, bottle half way to his mouth. Something had grabbed his attention, but it wasn’t entirely certain what at first. Shrugging, he finished the sip and recapped the bottle in time for the just barely audible \*whump\* to be heard. The distinctive sound finally registered as an explosion, and not just a bass beat.

Before another one could be heard, he was already moving, robe settling around him, and his limbs fully extending as he walked, stretching to loosen them. His comlink chirped right before he went to step outside, causing the exasperated sigh that scared patrons streaming into the bar.

“This had better be an emergency,” he hissed into the communications device.

“Sir, we’ve got reports from all over the city of B1 Battle Droids emerging from beneath the city. They’re blowing holes in the ground from below and showing up in the oddest places. There’s report of blaster fire and additional explosions. You’re asked and authorized to engage however you can.” The soldier on the other end closed the link without waiting for a reply, aware that the di Plagia had better things to do.

Letting loose a growl of frustration, traffic into the bar stopped, and the frightened civilians parted long enough to allow him to exit onto the main street, almost immediately summoning the Force to intercept a hail of blaster bolts. The ruby scintillations bounced off an invisible barrier, leaving the droids momentarily confused, before the Sith reached out his palm and fried them with a surge of lightning, even as his lightsaber dropped into the other hand and activated.

Turning, he deflected the next batch of incoming bolts with ease, the copper hued plasma returning the red death the direction it had come in, scoring several hits.

“Another Jedi in Sector 8. Dispatch re-enforcements.” The chatter of a command droid caught Tra’an’s attention. He reached out with the Force and stepped to the side, allowing a rocket to flash past him into the city. Crouching, he dashed forward, into the nearest batch of droids, slicing them into spare parts, before blowing open a doorway into a bland looking shop. A small group of droids panicked as he entered, dying as he dispatched them, before turning to look at the lone droid remaining.

“You will tell me what I want to know, or I will dismember you, droid!” snarled the di Plagia. If a droid could show fear, the command droid did just that, turning to flee, only to lose its legs in the process.

“Did I say we were done here?” the Sith quipped, right as the droid began to scream.