The tunnel was very dark as Obsidian slowly made his way down. The sounds of Droids and Geonosians all over the area kept him focused and trained on the task at hand. His blade has taken down nearly 20 Geonosians and twice that in droids. He has been weaving his way around the caverns that were only discovered a day or so ago.

 “I need to do this but the Clan might not like it. They decided it was too risky to come down and save the proconsul.” He says in his mind. This keeping him focused. Following a random pattern was keeping him from being caught so far but this tactic takes much longer to be successful and the risk is much greater. Fortunately Obsidian having trained himself extensively in the art of fighting in the darkness has helped him within these tunnels. They are illuminated very poorly but just enough to make out the way.

 The sounds of clicks and clicking sound throughout this complex. The Geonosians are in for a very unhappy surprise. The Clan above is preparing for a huge attack but not exactly from the front door. They have set up a ship in orbit to fire upon certain areas of the complex that they have gotten intelligence on to open holes within their perimeter. This will allow Clan shock troops to pour in and hit the armies hard from behind. Then as the Geonosians think they can turn and fight the real hit will happen through the front door.

 Obsidian almost wished he stayed and assaulted the Geonosians with the Clan but it is time to think of the one, Himself. I may get reprimanded but I will have proven his worth. “Click, click, the Togrutan will not make it through, click, click, the night with the click queen questioning him.” Obsidian hears from two ranking Geonosians that are walking by his hidden position. “Ha Ha, click, no he won’t. With our forces, click, surrounding this area of the complex, click, click, and the queen we will not be driven out easily.” The other Geonosian replies.

 “I need to contact the Clan and see if they can pull a shot into this area.” Obsidian breaths out loud as the two Geonosians passed.

 “Maybe if I can run across a communications system as I am hunting down the Proconsul I can send some coordinates.”

 Obsidian again begins to move his intentions of helping the Proconsul is meant well, especially now that his death is eminent. Slipping from shadow to shadow Obsidian weaves his way deeper. Taking another 7 Geonosians down and a hand full of Droids. He is encountering more and more of the enemy and it is because weather he is being seen his presence is felt with all the bodies piling up as he moves from place to place.

 “Click what is the battle plans Proconsul? Click.” Obsidian catches as he passes a doorway. Obsidian stops and listens. Using the force Obsidian darkens the hall area to give better hiding.

 “I would never tell you anything about what the Clan movements will be!” the Proconsul spits out from his mouth. Obsidian moves to get a better view and sees some monstrous creature looking over him. Very large compared to the other Geonosians around this place. Moving around the Proconsul are about a half dozen more Geonosians that are the ones responsible for the Proconsuls appearance.

 “Click, click, allow me to kill him my queen. Click, he isn’t going to talk.” One of the six ask almost pleading.

 With speed Obsidian couldn’t believe the larger Geonosian slaps the Geonosian hard sending that person flying across to the unseen portion of the room.

 “If I wanted him dead Click, I would have killed him already, click, click.” As the queen looks down into the face of the proconsul.

 Obsidian reaches out with the force and gives a small test of the strength of the chains holding the Proconsul. They are strong so will need to be cut. Obsidian reaches inward and focuses the force on his vision so that he will be able to see into the room better and see if he can find the Proconsuls gear. He will need it along with himself to get out of here.

 He catches a glimpse of what may be a two light sabers attached to the belt of the Large Geonosian. This will not be easy. The timing has to be right and hopefully the Proconsul is quick. Obsidian moves closer to the room, keeping the area darkened. Pulling his lightsaber from the small of his back he brings it forward. He then grabs the smoke grenade with the other hand and focuses the force upon it and with a flick of his mind sends it directly underneath the large Geonosian. It explodes with a bang and smoke pours everywhere surprising the large Geonosian.

 Obsidian already moving as the grenade sailed into the room. He activated his lightsaber in motion and it flickers to life dark and silent as the Geononsians attempt to gather their wits. Obsidian roles into the room and with an over the head helicopter swing takes the belt of the large Geonosian off. With a leg sweep he slides the sabers toward the proconsul. The smoke is doing its work but it is working against them as well.

 “Proconsul take the weapons and lets go.” Obsidian says near him. The proconsul reacts with blinding speed. Obsidian barely caught the movement but he hears the blades come to life as the proconsul takes a lightsaber into each hand and easily chops down the six Geonosians near him. The focus the proconsul has is amazing obsidian admires.

 Then out the fog a giant hand catches Obsidian by surprise. The world goes hazy on him and his balance is off. He stumbles forward and out of the fog another hit from the large being. This time the lights go out. He only hears for a moment longer as the Proconsul’s lightsabers are finding homes within the bodies of more Geonosians attempting to enter the fog only to meet their death and then come silence.

 It only seems like moments but Obsidian finds himself in the infirmary. The lights are bright and his head is pounding. The light dies down and now becomes normal levels and that is when he sees two of his leaders standing over him glaring at him.

 “Hunter!” One of them yells to draw my attention. The other shakes his head. “You will have some questions to answer once the hole in your dumb head heals, do you understand?” the other says.

 “Yes I do understand.”

 The two turn and begin to walk toward the doors when one casually says. “Good work Hunter; the Proconsul survived and dragged you out.”

 The door opens and they walk out in silence.