Pinnacle Hangar

Mid-Assault

Tra’an Reith ducked back around a corner as a plasma bolt \*whooshed\* bye. Yet another narrow miss for the bugs. The sickly wash of fluorescent plasma littered the hangar as the defenders worked carefully to avoid it, even as they returned fire against the invading bugs. They had been lucky in that the Geonosians had no armor with them, or had yet to deploy it on the field of battle.

The hangar doors still stood, though the bug presence in the Pillar stood in stark contrast to Plagueis usual efficiency in fighting the battle on its own terms, instead pf those dictated by the enemy. It was rare for an enemy, even a surprise one to have this advantage. It had certainly made fighting off the advancing forces troublesome to do without damaging the infrastructure.

“Send in a grenadier. I want them to blow the hole these fuckers are coming out of back to Tattoine!” He heard a double click in acknowledgement from his newest second in command, yet another in a string of nameless people who failed to impress him. Zuser was nowhere to be found, having been ascertained to be in the hands of the Overseer.

A grenadier raced forward and stopped around the corner, only to lose his head to a plasma bolt. Seeing his opportunity, Tra’an reached down to snag the bandolier, carefully removing it from the corpse. Rushing forward in a zig-zag pattern, he managed to make it to the limited safety of two opposing vehicles that had crashed into one another during the last deployment. Or perhaps it was during the assault. Either way, he didn’t know and didn’t care.

As he peaked through the space between the vehicles, he saw the collapsed portion of the floor where the bugs were flittering up and landing. They had established what appeared to be a basic perimeter, with somebug facing all directions at all times. It was smart, but not terribly effective against surprises.

Reith activated his comlink and sent a coded command to the autopilot mech aboard his Firespray, the *Onyx*. As her engines lit up and she undocked from her horizontal spot up top, the bugs began to take notice. When the laser turrets at the front of the ship swiveled down and began to spray the floor, they \*really\* took notice. The sound of chittering increased to the point where it was almost like a million nails scratching on duracrete at the sametime. It was enough to set any being on edge.

While they were distracted, Tra’an armed all of the grenades with a ten second timer and hopped up to the top of the vehicles. He let out a piercing whistle sound that temporarily drew all attention to him.

“Catch!” was all he had to say before he threw the bandolier of grenades over hand towards the hole. He hopped down and hunkered into place as the makeshift explosive device sailed towards the emergence point, only to be blown up by a well-placed plasma shot.

The Augor took the opportunity to run back the way he’d come. Once safely into the hallway, he closed the blast doors and initiated a command on his comlink.

The Onyx swiveled in place from horizontal to vertical, brings its concussion missile launcher to bear, and let loose a single missile. The weapon plunged the hundreds of meters into the bottom of the hangar, and the hole in the middle of it. The detonation that followed splattered every bug within, and closed the hole, even as it rocked the building.

“Well now,” he chuckled to himself. “That makes for effective bug control!”