“Strafe the area, then land, with the nose pointed towards the enemy. Weapons are free to fire on any enemy. Use the Ion turret on enemy armor. Broadcast my ident code to friendly forces.”, Aeternus instructed the droid brain flying his ship. When heading planetside, he had noticed a group of Iron Throne military about to be overrun, with a lack of heavy support. He planned to strengthen their position, and use his ship as a fortress and anchor.

His gunship would manage that task easily. With ample of cannons, as well as plenty of shielding, it would be impervious to what they were currently facing: regular infantry, with small amounts of mechanized forces, and not a great number of heavy units. Those were apparently delegated towards more key positions, but if this force managed to break through, they would be in a position to wreak havoc in the rear.

The Sith Lord headed to the rear of the vessel, to disembark as soon as they touched down. While not a great pilot himself, his gunship had been retrofitted with various means of automation, as well as a pilot and navigation droid, leaving him free to perform other tasks. It suited him fine, he felt more at home with a saber in his hand, not with a joystick.

Even before the ship had actually touched down, he hit the button to open the airlock. Air rushed in, along with the scents and sounds of battle. A slight grin washed over his face as he took it in, only barely noticing the officer who came rushing forward, no doubt spurred by the ident code sent out previously. Aeternus had come to realize that when he gave a bit of notice that a Sith Lord was arriving, he did not have to go look for anyone in command: They would usually seek him out as soon as they could.

“Lord Aeternus! Thank you for the assistance!”, the Major yelled at him.

“Get down, fool!”, Aeternus returned. “Unless you want to have extra ventilation in your skull. Have your men move forward, and take up new positions here. A new wave will soon follow!”

The Major nodded, properly chastised, and began issuing orders to his troops. From the speed with which they were followed, it was easy to see this was not a main line unit, and not used to fighting together. Probably a unit normally used to fortify, not to conquer. No matter, he had not been able to reach the Dark Council and request more troops. These would have to do.

Incoming fire started picking up again, and was answered by the canons of his ship. The next wave was here. Aeternus headed down the ramp, and walked by the troops taking cover around his ship. He ignored the looks he received, and instead surveyed the scene around him. A large enemy force was again pushing their way against them.

“Hold fire!”, he ordered as he heard some blaster rifles going off. He lightly touched the hilt of his saber against his side. His saberclaw was already on his other hand, but the first wave would not be dispatched with sabers. As they neared, he raised his hands. “Open fire!”, he commanded, and as a barrage of blaster fire left their position, he added white lightning to the red and green blaster shots. Enemies began to scream. But still they came nearer and nearer. Only once he could look the enemy in the eyes properly, did he grab his saber, jumped into the enemy, and started slaughtering them.