



*I don't wanna take my time, don't wanna waste one line,
I wanna live better days, never look back and say,
It could have been me!*
- *Could Have Been Me, The Struts*

The Ethereal Realm
Corpse Fields
41 ABY

War never changes. Battles never do. It's a wreath of chaos over the neck of horror.

Yet, amongst the fray, each battle had individual fights. Beats that moment by moment, a victor would break free to swing into the next duel.

Zuza bit back a laugh as she twisted round, swinging wide with her lightsaber. It cut through the torso of another cultist. She'd lost count hours ago, even with the brief pauses.

It was during one of those where she'd left some members of her Battleteam on the back ranks. It was safer there and they were exhausted. She'd been given the call to move onward, they needed everyone on the front lines.

She'd been exhausted but the Force was with her. Her body felt abuzz with an energy she couldn't place.

The energy was a guiding hand, it pushed on her and she followed, watching the lances of light and blades miss by a hair. More allies and foes alike joined the fray. It was a valley, one of the ways to the fortress. High walls cut off their flanks.

The Force allowed Zuza to move forward, to press with the crowd but the crowd pressed back.

There was a ledge above, it was too high but up was the only way out.

She inhaled, gathering herself, a burst of energy followed as she *leapt*. The Human arced through the air, catching the ledge with her arms and deftly pulling herself up, rolling onto her

stomach before hopping up. There were more enemies but they were the shooters. All in a line.

The crystal enhanced blasters swept past her as Zuza dove forward, swinging her lightsaber at one. They fired, her armour protecting her skin from being burned but not the pain of the strike itself. The Knight's lightsaber she'd treasured since her knighthood was knocked out of her hand. It went over the edge.

The Arconan didn't have time to hesitate, gaze snapping back to the next marksman. She drew her *Vibro-Arbir twin blades*, the pair currently joined together as Zuza dropped, slicing the back of the cultist's ankles. They screamed, dropping down and allowing her to move forward, driving the end of one of the blades the neck of the neck.

Blood spurted as she wrenched the blade free, energy still pulsing through her. Energy that wasn't hers but it made her heart sing. She laughed, the sound bubbling up from deep in her chest as she ducked under a barrage of fire. Some of the blasts still caught her but her armour absorbed enough to finish her approach on the last three marksmen. She sliced up, down. A sharp stab forward. Twist and then-

Zuza swung, letting the momentum drag her along as it slashed the stomach. They were still crying out in agony so she finished it off. Even the enemy didn't deserve to lay there to bleed out.

The ridge was clear. It didn't abate the pressure on the crowd below but it allowed her to move forward, to get behind the Children of Mortis' lines.

Even one small push in the right direction, a weapon taken down or just a hole opened up would be enough to allow a surge to press through.

It might just be enough.