(Insert Title Here)

OT Furios Morega, PIN 11513

Vaiken Spacedock

37 ABY, Post-Kalsunor

The station waded silently in place. Several capital ships were docked to it, all specked with engineering and maintenance crews, slowly repairing the damages each vessel sustained during the recent brotherhood occupation of Kalsunor. That stretch of the campaign had been quite costly for the Ascendant House, but when ships are limited, repairing and saving them is imperative. From an empty hangar on the space station, two figures sat together, gazing upon the results of Plagueis’ loss on the formerly Sith planet.

“What’s the point of all this?” Furios muttered under his breath.

“Point of what?” the Firrerreo woman sitting next to him asked.

“This Crusade, this series of small wars we’ve been fighting, does it have a point?”

“Since when do you need a point to fight?” she asked in reply.

“The Obelisk in me has no problem with fighting,” the Epicanthix paused for a moment, “but this series of planetary campaigns is becoming a real drag since we’re not able to requisition more than a few measly ships in return. That’s not enough when you have no planet to call home.” They both stopped for a moment, thinking about the loss of Jusadih no more than a year ago. He took a sip from his flask, still keeping his eyes on the repairs to the NSD Ascendancy. The whiskey went down smoothly, burning just the right amount in his throat. His companion held out her hand. Furios gave her the flask and she took a drink. “What kind of whiskey is that?”

“It’s called Whyren’s Reserve,” the Obelisk replied. “It was left here by the last two Quaestors.”

“Doesn’t seem like most of them stay in position long.”

“No they don’t, but time is a funny thing when you use the Force.” Silence ensued for a moment.

“I don’t pretend to know what most of you Sith are thinking but I know you,” she said, “and I know that once you get back to this crusade, you’ll forget all about the point of it all.”

Morega thought for a moment before replying. “We’ll see about that, Zandra.”

Ziost

Five Kilometers South of Ajunta Pall’s Citadel

37 ABY

 The three MAATs screamed over the frozen wastes, headed toward a raging battle on the horizon. Flying in a triangle formation, each transport contained one squad of Plagueian Ravagers, heavy troops, slaves to the command of the Ascendant House. In the lead vehicle, the Underlord Lieutenant of the 1st Platoon of Cresh Company opened his communication link channel. “First Platoon, Cresh Company inbound. ETA three minutes,” the Underlord stated.

 “Acknowledged,” replied the Battlefield General on the other end of the line. “Initiate flanking tactic Forn Herf.”

 “Understood.”

 The clicks and hums of ten drop thruster packs activating was followed soon after by the click-hiss of the transport doors. Cold air blasted through the MAAT with deafening roar, peppered with the sounds of artillery impact from the battle below. Without missing a beat, the first squad leapt from the transport, immediately followed by the other two squads of 1st Platoon, Cresh Company. While the troops dropped in on the opposite flank of the One Sith forces, firing upon them all the way to the ground, the MAATs continued flying through the skies above the battle, burning black scars into the frozen terrain below. A moment later and they were gone from the battle, escaping any chance of being shot down by opposing anti-air.

 From the ground below, Furios Morega watched as the tactic he had used several times before was executed properly once again. He allowed himself a short smile of satisfaction before returning his focus to matters at hand, the push against One Sith forces at the Citadel of Ajunta Pall and the other Clan and House forces trying to push House Plagueis away from its prize. With as many as four fronts to face, One Sith forces would be easily wiped out by the Brotherhood, but instead the brothers and sisters insist on quarreling before achieving the common goal. So far, the Plagueian slaves, droids, and vehicles were doing a commendable job holding their own on this battlefield. House Tarentum and the Jedi House were barely hanging on to the battle while Clan Arcona was proving to be almost as big a threat as the One Sith themselves. The Epicanthix gave another order over his communication link, this one resulting in the Plagueian AT-TEs targeting a group of One Sith light tanks that had begun firing on the Ascendant ground forces. The enemy vehicles stood no chance. The Obelisk let out a sigh as the One Sith forces were still not backing down. With the possibility of them using the citadel to hold steady, he began to fear that this might turn into a siege, a contest of warfare attrition.

 As the hours wore on, enough cooperation between the collective Brotherhood units had forced the One Sith to hold fast inside the citadel, bottlenecking the entrance. Forces from House Odan-Urr and House Tarentum had been forced to retreat but the Arconans and the Plagueians had begun to grow tired of focusing on too many fronts and formed an uneasy truce just long enough to hole up the One Sith. The night began to darken Ziosts skies as the first day of battle ended. The heavy artillery was repositioned and the bombardment began. Arconan and Plagueian forces began to set up camps. The siege was now a reality.

Furios Morega sighed as the night chill set in. This was becoming even more pointless.