***Pills & Potion***

The remnant of the Imperial forces in Ohmen City clung desperately to the Memorial Square. A single battalion of city defenders were able to escape the carnage. First the Scions of Cocytus had struck with embedded squads of soldiers rising from the populace hidden in plain sight picking off storm troopers left and right. Then the ominous toxin gas had crept steadily across the city. The once docile Ohmen citizenry were turned into shrieking and ravaging bandits overcome with fear and bloodlust. They were murdering Scions, Imperials, and their own ranks alike. Amidst this crisis the Emperor was not accounted for and communications with the Imperial Fleet were limited. Word of fire ships and suicide runs were coming through. The ground was unaware of the orbital battle-space and vice versa. Survival was the order of the day on Judecca and for the Empire as a whole.

“Elincia has been reached. Her lab has the antidote for this neuro-toxin. Issue we have is we cannot spare a force to reach her position, and if we could it would get slaughtered in the streets. Fleet has taken up positions across the system and are using all transport craft to assemble our ground forces.” Stated Kell Dante, the leading Dark Jedi at the Memorial Square, the acting field headquarters of Scholae Palatinae in Ohmen City.

The famous field lab of Elincia was on the far outskirts of Ohmen City, at the base of the mountainous valley that the city was built upon. It was several miles away with no direct path not fully guarded by Scions or murderous citizens. With no organic transports or speeders to offer, the Imperial forces were seemingly stranded from the cure to the virus.

“Unless we can get the people back on our side we will be cut to threads. Also, reports of scattered Imperials is that Kelac Lasha and his brutes are mopping up around the city. If we wait much longer we will be surrounded and cut off.” Answered Lucyeth.

“Damn. The lab is at the base of the valley…the only way that the Scions and the toxin wouldn’t have caused us an impasse is down. The sewers. I will go,” Fenn shrugged, “Can’t get much worse than this.”

The assembled Dark Jedi concurred. No plan for return was in place, if they could get hands on the toxin that might be enough hope.

Fenn accessed the sewers from a storm runoff pipe and was shocked at the roaring rapids under the city. He held his breathe and dove headfirst. The current did the rest. He recalled the lab was at the site of a water treatment plant. The sewer would take him exactly where he needed to go.

He swam and survived the rapids for what seemed to be twenty minutes when he came to the water treatment plant and used his abilities to climb up the sewer wall and enter the lab. Several guards raced to the scene.

“Stand down,” stated Elincia “He is here for the cure to this vile endemic. Now how will he get it back to our forces?”

“Good to see you too old friend…can I get a change of clothes please? Do you have any transportation available here?” Asked Fenn.

“Sadly we do not. But, in your absence the brain trust decided to send us Shadow’s dragon. That beast can take a rider and the package of antidote. We are in full production now once help arrives ensure a transport comes our way so we can distribute this stuff from orbit and cleanse the populace.” Demanded Elincia.

Fenn nodded and grabbed the bulging sachel as he raced for the hidden exit of the lab. It was submerged as a matter of fact, but even under water he could sense the dragon’s nearness.

The dragon, Fenn never cared to know the beast’s name, recognized him and braced for a rider. Upon seating himself Fenn was airborne soaring higher and higher into Ohmen City. He prayed the dragon knew not to get near the palace and its turrets. Fenn could see several shuttles touching down in the Memorial Square and jubilant cheers being raised by the beleaguered defenders.

Kraken Regiment soldiers pored off of the shuttles and assumed battle positions at the ready. Fenn arriving moments later distributing antidote was a welcomed second prize to cap off the turn of events.

“Good timing Hapan, but the shuttles were able to detect a large force of brutes coming our way being led by Kelac. The pilots have volunteered to fly low level discharging the antidote in the airstream to dissipate its effects and cure the citizens and also to cover Elincia’s lab. They are going to take losses.” Stated Dante.

“Zag, it isn’t going to be good. The Regiment got here just in time, over 500 brutes are coming at least. There is a wall of them storming down the main thoroughfare.” Replied Lucyeth.

“Kelac thinks we are defeated and is going with a frontal assault. If we turn our small defensive turrets and field guns toward their direction and arrange the Regiment in a mass wall blocking the entrance to the Memorial Square it will bottleneck the brutes. We will take horrible losses but we cannot allow the brutes to enter the Memorial Square we will be slaughtered.

The battle went as predicted. Hundreds of hulking brutes and several Dark Jedi forces loyal to the Scions of Cocytus charged directly at the entrance to the Memorial Square and were halted by the wall of storm troopers firing a withering small arms assault. The few old field guns and mottled defensive turrets the Imperial remnant had were trained on the Scions inflicting heavy losses. It was only this firepower that stopped the brutes from tearing through the Regiment and their Ohmen City defender allies. As the brutes thinned Kelac pressed the assault to the last man. Ultimately, it was Dark Jedi battling Dark Jedi when Kelac fell. The remaining Scions recovered towards the Imperial Winter Palace. The staging ground for the counterattack was ready. The Scions offensive arm was crushed.