**LAAT/i drop ship
ETA: fifteen minutes and counting…**

He hated drops like this.

From the viewport he was next to, he couldn’t see a thing. There was too much dust and cloud coverage. Probably why there was so much turbulence as well. These LAAT/i’s were not the most stable, but they got the job done. Further ahead, his squad Captain was barking orders and looking through the open slots at one side of the ship. Suddenly the internal lighting changed to an eerie red.

It was time.

“Corporal! Get your ass up here and prep the rest of the team. I want three men…” the captain trailed off as the corporal stopped listening after his orders were issued.

Pushing past many heavily armed soldiers, the corporal inspected the few at the front, ensuring all their gear was sufficiently stocked and placed. After making a full round through every trooper onboard, the corporal turned back to his captain.

“Sir, all troopers are ready and standing by.”

“About damned time, soldier! Now get back there and prep yourself for drop.”

The corporal remained silent as he pushed past the troopers once again, placing himself back into ranks and waited for the delivery to commence.

**-:X:-**

 “Go! Go! Go!” the captain bellowed as he swung his arm in a circular motion.

The troopers all filed off of the drop ship in unison the second it landed, weapons ready, ever aware of their surroundings. They were in the valley now with their destination, the Academy, dead ahead. The fight between them and their goal, however, was ruthless. Blaster fire erupted from their drop ship, targets being located towards the entrance of the Academy as their group pushed forward.

“Move it, Charlie! Go! Go!” the captain once again.

The corporal followed Charlie One and Charlie Five as they swung to the side in a flanking manner. Both were part of the recon group and would quickly disappear if the corporal didn’t keep a close eye on them. They were the best at what they did, which is why they always had drops available to them.

As the corporal followed the two Charlie squad members, he studied their armor. It was simple and effective; everything a trooper would need to survive in a firefight. The only thing identifying them was their letter/number designation and the emblazoned logo of Clan Taldryan on their shoulder. Clan Taldryan; leading the accusations against Ashen and his traitorous followers.

*We’ll be victorious today, I know it,* the corporal thought to himself.

Suddenly his world lit up in a flash of light. He found himself lifted off the ground against his will, sent back in the direction he came from. As reality seemed to catch up with him again, he felt the ground crash into his back, knocking the air out of his lungs. With a grunt, he clumsily rose to his knees and looked around. Charlie One and Charlie Five were nowhere to be seen, only a large crater where some sort of explosive had been triggered.

Shaking his head to clear his mind, the corporal continued his mission and headed towards the Academy entrance…

**-:X:-**

It was quiet when he finally made it into the large structure. He wondered where the opposing forces were, since he could hear no chatter of any kind. Did any of his people even make it in yet? Then he froze.

To his right, the corporal heard enemy chatter. It sounded like a Sith and a soldier talking back and forth about orders they were given, and how much they really did not want to carry them out. Pressing his back against the wall, the corporal slowly edged himself closer and closer to the corner, giving him opportunity to peek around and see what he was up against. The soldier was clad in black armor, a style the corporal had never seen before. The Sith was covered in dark robes, holding a silver cylinder in their right hand.

They were getting closer…

Taking a deep breath, the corporal figured it was now or never. Grabbing his E5 carbine, the corporal disengaged the safety and spun around the corner, opening fire at the Sith. In a blinding flash of light, the Sith ignited his Jedi weapon, deflecting the blaster fire in a swirl of magenta. Quickly reassessing the situation, the corporal turned his fire towards the other soldier that was still priming their own weapon. Three solid shots impacted into the enemy soldier’s torso, causing him to fall backwards, dead before he hit the ground.

Before the corporal could retrain his sights on the Sith, however, he felt something around him. It was like a pull, a tug. Then in an instant, the corporal was launched through the air and into the waiting hand of the Sith before him. Something hot and stinging creeped from his mid-section as he looked down to see the magenta blade of the Sith’s lightsaber running him through. With a final cry of desperation, the Sith jerked upwards and sliced the man near in two, pushing the remains of the body away with the flick of their hand.

**Korriban Academy
Grand hall staging area…**

*Just where did that little toy soldier come from…and where is the rest of his squad?* she thought to herself as she entered the meeting hall.

As she passed through the grand doorways, spread before her was a very large force of soldiers and Dark Jedi. This academy was theirs and no-one was going to take it from them. Looking from side to side, she tried to locate someone in particular, grinning from ear to ear when she found them.

“Master,” she spoke, approaching a large masked man. “I killed a slinking spy in the halls not far from here. It looks as if our company has become bold.”

The man breathed heavily through a respirator built into the mask. “Send a squad to investigate further. They mustn’t find our staging point. I won’t let this academy fall into their hands.”

“Yes, Master. At once, Master.”

Turning to walk away, she pointed at one of the squad captains, who quickly ran towards her a little faster than he should have. “Yes, my lady? What can my squad do for you?”

She pointed towards the hall she had come from. “I found a spy down that way. Please investigate further. I would be oh so upset if our little party was wrecked.”

“Yes, ma’am!” the captain bellowed with a clumsy salute and sprinted back towards his squad to relay the orders.

She giggled to herself. All of these soldiers treated her like a queen and she loved it. With a smug smile, she watched as the group of troopers quickly geared up and sprinted single file towards the entrance to the hall and out of sight. As she turned to inspect the remainder of the troops, an explosion rocked the opposite side of the hall, causing smoke and debris to billow out from the door cracks. Within an instant, she had crossed the chamber and positioned herself to one side of the door, while a group of troopers maintained position on the other.

“Let’s have some fun, shall we?” she asked as the doors opened, her magenta colored saber flared to life, and chaos ensued.

The first person her eyes locked onto was short. He didn’t seem too intimidating, but the heavy repeater he toted said otherwise. With a great leap, her lightsaber entered through the man’s right collarbone and exited cleanly on the other side. With a soft landing, she yanked the weapon upwards causing the blade to slice effortlessly through the man’s neck, severing his head from his body. Her eyes locked on another target, not daring to slow down as the troopers behind her opened fire on the opposing forces.

She saw it in his hand; a thermal detonator. This one was fast, having triggered its time delay and lobbing it into the air towards her. *What a charming gift!* she thought, reaching out with the Force as if it were an extension of her own arm. She felt the cold metal upon her own skin as she gripped the detonator tightly and slung it back towards the enemy troops. It only took a few more seconds for the weapon to explode, taking three troopers with her.

“Ohhh, this is such good fun!” she yelled out loud as she cart wheeled over the dead and charred bodies of her victims.

Far above, in the rafters of the hall, she saw two lekku toting females. They were watching the battle with disgust and shook their heads sadly. With a girlish wave of the fingers, she landed back on her feet and held her saber up close to her face in reverse form. Most of the remaining troopers had been dispatched by her own soldiers, but she felt something odd in the room still.

Then it hit her.

It started off as a cold pin prick but quickly warmed up to overtake her entire body. Her eyes flared open as far as they could as she attempted to scream. Unfortunately for her, there was nothing left of her body to offer a scream, since her lungs, wind pipes and everything else was disintegrated by the precision shot from a Tenloss Distrupter Rifle. She didn’t stand a chance.

**Korriban Academy**
**Academic courtyard…**

He ran for his life. He couldn’t believe it was *that* easy. The Dark Jedi he had just perfectly sniped was an articulate planner, so he couldn’t understand how she just took the shot right to the chest. But it didn’t matter. He had to return to base and inform his superiors. It only took a few minutes to reach the secured door way of the courtyard and he pounded on the doors.

“Sound off!” a muffled voice came from the other side.

“It’s Delta Seven, let me in,” the man muttered.

The doors quickly opened and sunlight greeted him. “Sergeant! Where’ve you been? The Major has been pissing metal looking for you.”

With a grumble, the sergeant pushed past the two privates and made his way to the command tent. If the Major had been looking for him, that meant the Arconans had just arrived and would be at the facility at any moment. That would be good news, at least. They needed Jedi to fight off the ones already here, as more conventional means of warfare didn’t seem to cut it.

“Damnit, Sergeant! Where have you been? We’ve received word fifteen minutes ago that reinforcements have landed and will be here shortly. So? Where’ve you been, boy?” the Major was a vocal one.

“I killed her, sir. The Dark Jedi that took out our squad yesterday is dead,” the sergeant said with pride.

“You should have left that for ‘Tusken,’ I’m sure he would have rather taken her out…good job though. I’ll put that in my report.”

The sergeant grinned and offered a salute before exiting the command tent. ‘Tusken’ was a Dark Jedi that had been staged with the rest of the troops as a hold over support until the real reinforcements arrived. He never saw ‘Tusken’ fight, but heard he was a Jedi as well, but preferred to use blasters like the rest of troops.

Taking a quick look around the camp, the sergeant slid into the shadows and back into the facility halls. The darkness felt nice on his hot skin, but not being able to see disturbed him. The he heard it. Several beeps and gyros whirring to life. He must be close...

“Where are you? I can hear your droids,” the sergeant yelled out into the dark.

“Do you have anything for us today, sergeant?” an odd yet sinister voice answered.

“Y-yes. The Arconans will be here soon. They are sending reinforcements to take care of the Jedi in the Academy. Unless something is done, you won’t hold the facility for long.”

“Yes yes yes, we know of this. Leave! Don’t come back unless you have information that we can use!”

Without needing to be told twice, the sergeant turned and ran as fast as he could towards the loyalist camp. After only a minute or two of running, he collided with something hard and slipped off his feet. Landing hard on the floor, he struggled to breathe when he felt a boot on his chest and a figure slowly crouched down and into the light from his armor.

“You should really be more careful when you betray your friends. We heard you a ways away, sergeant,” a cool female voice spoke to him.

“Captain, we’re late. The camp is this way,” a male voice piped up.

The woman rose back to her feet, one still placed firmly upon the sergeant’s chest, when she signed and pulled something from her side. “I hate traitors. Let’s go, Locke. Zakath, keep our rear secure.”

The ‘Captain’ aimed something at the sergeant and he heard a click before fiery light enveloped his vision and everything went black…

*With Arconan reinforcements, the loyalist troops stormed the Grand hall and a great fight commenced. Survivors state that the fight was the worst of their life, and by far the bloodiest. When everything was said and done, the death count was in the hundreds and the weak of stomach would never be able to set foot in the grand hall. Depending on who tells the story, one side won over the other. But in the end, nobody truly won the battle that took place within the Korriban Academy.*