***The Kraken Regiment of Begeren***

**Sith Space**

**Begeren, Surface**

**Late 38 ABY**

The northern hemisphere of Begeren was awash in violent thunderstorms and crackling lightning, as ominous reds and purples swirled on the horizon. The phantasm of color and elements filled the hearts of all assembled with great foreboding.

Battleteam Acclivis Draco remained bloody and battered on the rocky landscape. It had been a number of weeks and months since the team had arrived. Many times other crises forced them to leave; as many times they were forced to return to the desolate and hostile planet.

Sith warlords were long dead. Their armies long vanquished. The only threat left to haunt the besiegers was the few remaining flora and fauna; tormented and twisted abominations. Now, the main enemy was their fellow Dark Jedi forces. The strife was not limited to Clan on Clan warfare, as each team vied for glory and artifacts to deepen their pockets and offer more prestige.

Acclivis Draco was here on Begeren anew. Only recently the Battleteam had been awarded the title of “First Battleteam of Scholae Palatinae”. It was a hard won glory. Antenora had only recently been pacified and the team was preparing once more to set up residence in full pomp and splendor as a sovereign entity blessed by the Emperor himself. This time, Acclivis Draco had brought reinforcements.

The old indigenous companies of soldiers and hired guns were replaced with the traditional warriors of the Kraken Regiment. This force was now fully reconstituted and mustered on Begeren. As of late, the force was limited to static defense of key Antenora positions allowing the nominal control of Scholae Palatinae to remain unmolested. Now, a full three thousand strong force of Stormtroopers were at the team’s disposal.

It was true they were not traditionally trained Stormtroopers. It was only through the black market that the full force had been outfitted with the proper gear and weaponry. The Emperor himself was not even privy to this change, but it mattered not. The regiment was ready. The troops were skilled raiders borne on a hostile desert world and tempered with Dark Side energy inherent to Antenora. From the outcroppings overlooking a cavernous spire of a Sith Temple, the assembled men waited.

The new Acclivis Draco Sergeant relayed the situation to the Battleteam Leader. “Lucyeth, the Regiment is assembled. We are in position to take the spire. Three companies have been arranged as per the plan. The Company Commanders have received embedded Dark Jedi forces. All is ready. We move in five minutes.”

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**Five Minutes Later**

Sergeant Zagro Fenn studied the landscape between the rocky outcropping and the beginning of the spire. Perhaps four hundred yards separated the positions, strewn about between were horribly deformed trees and boulders. Alpha Company was at Fenn’s rear, the main assault force led by Jedi Hunter Kor Vaal.

Bravo Company was to the east of this position; retaining what limited artillery the Regiment was able to move to the surface in shuttles. They were old, obsolete field pieces but would be useful in this small engagement of close range support. GRD Ulfsark held the Company Commander in check.

Finally, the reserve of Charlie Company was behind the spire and some distance back. Here were the cream of the Kraken Regiment, the old units and the veterans and equates of Acclivis Draco.

“Kor, you may proceed at will. Ulfsark, once the enemy has mobilized open fire but minimize collateral damage at all costs. Charlie Company only move in once the battle is won. If retreat is required you will be the vanguard.” Ordered Zagro calmly.

The Company Commanders and the Dark Jedi that were to lead the assault complied and awaited the first blasts. The enemy was perhaps not as numerous, but they were well entrenched and far more battle ready and tested. Battleteam Caliburnus had secured the spire, but dared not break into its vault and take the prized artifacts until a landing zone could be established and air superiority gained. As an escort, several cohorts of the 509th Infantry Division had taken station on the spire.

The first blasts were from the sharpshooters of the Kraken Regiment, taking the nearest sentries by surprise. The temporary lull and confusion was heightened as elements of Alpha Company moved forward taking ground and covering behind the concealment offered by the landscape. The enemy sentries, overwhelmed, fell back as more soldiers stepped forward from the spire and took up position.

Both sides now taking withering fire, the solemn guns of Bravo Company rang out and pounded the lower approaches to the spire. Bolstered by the artillery barrage, Alpha Company poured forward in full force and had taken the midway point as the defenders were forced to keep their heads down. With the frontal assault ongoing and a holding fire on the flanks assured, the reinforcements of Charlie Company took their turn.

In small groups Dark Jedi and hand picked soldiers descended down the spire and caused mayhem along the enemy lines. The guns fell silent as the vanguard of Alpha Company reached the spire outcropping and were now engaged in melee combat. Charlie Company sprung down from their handhold on the spire, completely taking the enemy by surprise. The Stormtroopers of the 509th attempted to surrender, but were slaughtered in kind.

From his vantage point among the honor guard, the Sergeant appraised the field. “Bravo Company, the battle is won. Bring your guns to the spire and entrench them as we await dust-off. Clear a field of fire. Alpha Company, once bombardment is completed clean up can begin. Charlie Company is to hold the spire along with Bravo Company.”

**Battle Aftermath**

**Sith Space**

**Begeren Surface**

The Dreadnaught-class battle cruiser stood in upper orbit above the spire. Small flotillas of shuttles and transports hurried about taking valuable artifacts and personnel from the spire. This would be Acclivis Draco’s final departure.

“Lucyeth, please inform the Emperor no Dark Jedi forces of Caliburnus were killed. Rather, the Kraken Regiment has bloodied his elite 509th. The soldiers of Antenora make fine warriors in a pinch.”

The Battleteam Leader responded in kind, “Good work Fenn. The First Battleteam now has its military arm fully trained and expeditionary. I could not have asked for more. The Emperor will be pleased. How were our losses?”

“Sir, over 200 killed and double that wounded. Could have been far worse attacking an entrenched position. The military academy is brimming with students after our recent successes, we can afford to fill the Kraken Regiment with the best men of Antenora.” Stated Fenn.

Lucyeth studied these words and continued, “Understood…the Emperor will not allow any team to field more than a regiment for good reason…however we can augment this in due time…the war is coming and we must be ready. Return to Antenora at once with my forces.”