

~Korriban after the Battle~

The wind whipped a dust cloud past the two Arconan's as they sat on the edge of a small outcropping of rocks. The entrance to Korriban's ancient Sith Academy lay before them. The two could almost taste the darker side of the Force, so strong it was here. Henymory turned his head to glance at Sorenn, his emerald eyes taking in the blood soaked Quaestor. The man had served with Mako's younger brother Sight in House Odan-Urr as well as Clan Arcona before the Krath's untimely demise.

"My Brother would have loved this," Mako said tentatively, breaking his usual emotionless state, a sad tone enveloped his voice as he noted the faraway look in Turel's eyes.

"So you do have emotions, or your incredibly good at emulating them," Turel snapped back at the Rollmaster. There had not been enough time to properly grieve Sight's death before the war began. The Quaestor was still in the violent stage about it, getting into bar fights and the such.

"I'll allow you to snap judge that yourself, as you always do Sorenn," his emotionless response made Turel cringe for a moment. "However you fought well today Quaestor."

"If you could call that a fight..." the Obelisks voice trailed off as they both began to remember the last 12 hours.

~12 hours prior~

The landing craft shook violently as Turel and Mako sat strapped in the cargo bay by the loading ramp. The other seats were filled with various Journeymen and members of House Qel Droma. They had entered Korriban's atmosphere and had almost instantly started to experience turbulence from anti air munitions.

Their mission was to lead the members of their landing craft and whatever House Qel Droma forces they could round up after landing and move to assist the Loyalist forces in taking the Sith Academy. A loud clanking noise echoed through the craft as superheated shrapnel punctured the its hull. Several of the passengers cried out in shock as blood splattered across the cargo hold.

Mako held a finger to his ear as he listened to the pilots explaining over comms that they had been hit yet the ship was still operating fine. Meanwhile Turel demanded a head count to find out who had been hit. Several passengers had minor injuries but two had perished.

Within a minute the shuttle touched down with a jolt. Straps were released and the loading ramp lowered. Free from the chariot that had carried them through the hellish descent the passengers rushed forward into the desert terrain of Korriban. The strike team rushed to the rendezvous point and took security positions.

Mako reported their position and casualty report over comms as Turel began to assemble their strike force. Several other landing craft from House Qel Droma touched down near by, each had taken some form of damage from the drop to planetside. The Quaestor was quick to gather his troops to to their rendezvous point.

With a tap on the Krath's shoulder Turel whispered quietly, "I don't know what happened to the rest this was all that touched down nearby."

"They will have to do we have orders to move out with what we have now. They need us at the Academy," the Rollmaster replied in turn. With a nod Sorenn turned and signaled to the troops to move out. They were a mere three kilometers from their target.

As they made movement toward the academy they encountered only one small enemy force which fell quickly before them. Three more of their team were killed in the confrontation. As they approached the ancient Sith Academy they could hear the bloodshed before they could see the blaster fire and flash of lightsabers. The violence amplified the darker side of the Force around the ancient site making an already large powder keg of dark side energy into an almost unstable tempest. With a quick scan of the battlefield they discovered they had approached from the separatists rear.

With a war cry the Quaestor ignited his saber, "To war my brothers and sisters. We are tasked with taking this place. We will not fail in this. **ARCONA INVICTA!**" His speech over the Obelisk began to sprint the last 500 meters toward the three way melee. A roar of defiance at their enemies echoed through the ranks of the Qel Droma forces as blaster rifles were brought to bear and lightsabers sparked to life.

The Rollmaster allowed the Force to flow through him giving him a slight boost of speed as he caught up with Turel. An onlooker would have seen but a stoic mask on Mako's face, yet internally his emotions were buzzing, his adrenaline spiking as he charged once more into a large scale battle.

"Stay in formation, we will plough through these traitors as a starship though a piece of flimsy, leave none alive!" Mako called out over his shoulder as they reached 100 meters away. Soon all that could be heard were the sounds of combat. troopers armor being crushed their lifeless husks of a wearer being tossed aside. The acrid smoke from burnt flesh and blaster fire. Crackles of Force lightning from Elders and the screams of men dying.

Hours passed as the tide turned against each side in turn. The ebb and flow of the battle moving at a dizzying pace. However when the dust settled the Loyalists stood victorious, though the majority of their forces had died upon the field of battle. From the sky Loyalist drop ships descended bringing fresh troops and equipment. The assembled Elders pushed forward behind the Grand Master as Muz entered the ancient Sith Academy. Mako and Turel took a seat on an outcropping of rock as the wind began to kick up.

~Present~

Both men sighed as they snapped back to reality and looked to where the few remaining troops of their strike force cleaned their weapons. Ceevon approached from another part of the battle field his clothing equally as blood soaked. Two troopers followed him, helmets off. Their faces told a horrifying story, a look that echoed across the majority of the troopers and younger Force users that had survived. The ground around the ancient Sith Academy was soaked with blood turning most of the dust into a reddish mud.

“And so the sigil of blood has been laid forth,” Henymory spoke his voice cold as Ceevon took a seat beside the two.

“That it has, yet our fight is just beginning. We have orders to gather what remains of our forces and move to Arcona Territory for follow up missions,” The Prelate spoke, his voice tired. A sigh issued forth from Turel and a nod from Mako as they stood once more upon tired legs.