The air was heavy with sweat, emotion, and the worst of all, fear. Over the intercom the soothing voice of the base defense A.I. was almost maddening in the news it was repeating.

“Battle Stations, Battle Stations. All hands, man your battle stations. O’reenian forces detected within the system. All hands, man your battle stations”

The voice repeated the message over and over. Journeyman and Equite alike were moving through the corridors like ants through a hill that had been disturbed. Some were moving out to troop transports, some to support units, and others towards the Fighter bay.

As Seraphol marched down the labyrinthine corridors towards the seaward launch bay beings were scrambling to run around him. Though he was dressed in the mottled green flightsuit, he was a large man, and his troops knew their leader at a glance. At the current moment though he was only responding to a few of the respects and greetings given. He was mulling over the message he had received just before all this insanity began.

Something caught his eye as he walked though. The care of lives of his troops were in his hand and he did not take it lightly. “Stop” he commanded a young Rodian running the opposite direction. Freezing in place at the command, Seraph approached the green skinned being.

“Always make sure your flak jacket is zipped when you leave the armory. You dont want to be spilling needed equipment out of the pockets.” He zipped up the young soldier's armor. “Now go, and may the Force be with you.” The rodian began to run at a dead speed confused at how he just escaped a severe ass chewing.

Seraphol again proceeded towards the giant cavern housing all of House Hoth’s fighter and atmospheric craft contingent. As he entered the bay, his second in command Revak came running up to him.

“What in the hell is going on?! I didn't figure that O’reen’s would have the guts to try and invade.” he said

“I dont think its an invasion, I think they have come to retrieve their ‘lost property’. Our old Proconsul was a refugee from one their laboratories to my knowledge.” the Quaestor said. Grabbing Revak by the sleeve of his Battle Uniform “Come here for a minute, I've got something to tell you.” Pulling him under the wing of an old training Headhunter. “Just before the alarms sounded I received a message from Vorsa. Evidently we also have Arconan forces in the air. They were broadcasting a friendly Identify Friend/Foe, right now they are taking that at truth.

“What the hell, why? Arcona has always been one of our worst foes?”

“Because we also got an old friend back from their grasp a few days ago, though the news has not been released. Turel has returned to us, but is staying put at the Praxeum as an instructor training new Jedi and the KUDF. He is only cleared as a defender of the school as of right now.”

“According to him the signal is their normal green codes. Also since the ascendance of Atyiru as Shadow Lady they’ve been….quiet. A’Lora and Vorsa did not sense any deception from them during the initial transmission. They trust the Arconan’s, I will.” he paused “but not with my back to them”.

“I'm heading up in my fighter, to try and pick off any stray O’reenian fighters or transports heading to ground. I've got Salbecca heading up our troop contingent, you're more than welcome to join me in the air or him in the dirt.”

Placing his right hand on Revak’s Left shoulder. “Be careful my friend, we are surrounded on all sides by foes who have yet to show their true faces. In war, victory. In peace, vigilance. In death, sacrifice.”

With that the Quaestor walked away from his Aedile. A look of stunned surprise sat upon Revak’s face. Hurriedly he turned and ran towards the hanger bay door.

Seraphol marched towards his X-Wing clearing his mind of emotion. Noticing his astromech, D3-33,  had already prepped the fighter, he climbed in the cockpit. “Alright Dee3, light her up.”

As the fighter rose off the ground and out of the cavern overlooking the peaceful ocean he began to recite his age old creed to steady himself for combat and the inevitable betrayals that would be to follow.

“There is only the Force.”

“The Force will help me what I must to keep the balance.”

“The balance is what keeps me together.”

“There is no good without evil, but evil must not be allowed to flourish.”