Liika glanced back at his unit, his family. His personal circle of bodyguards kept immediate danger at bay, but one by one they were being roughly shoved back. There were too many, entirely too many. Still, he had to do his best. They all did.

They had their life debt to honor.

He saw an opening in their battle lines. "Delta squad, 10 o'clock, there is a small opening. Push hard, we may be able crack their line more to push through Beta company through. Break. Beta, push through to Delta's position and see if we can't get them reacting to us."

Words of acknowledgement crackled through the comms. Just a bit more. They needed to keep them, these sick graffers of the Dark Brotherhood, stuck in place just a bit longer so they could let their families get away, for all the other civilians they had sworn to protect to leave.

The comm crackled to life once again. "Sir, we've just got word. We have a Super Star Destroyer in orbit. They're engaging the rest of the Clan fleet."

Liika swore quietly to himself. They were no match for that kind of firepower. Hell, just the escorts alone could seriously hurt them. Time had run out. He keyed his comm to a specific frequency.

"Lad, it's time. Execute the plan. May the spirits of our ancestors guide you and the legacy."

"Sir," came back the pained voice, "I wish it didn't have to be this way. Good luck. May the Force be with you, or some such."

"We'll do you proud, lad. We'll make the name of The Chosen shine. Actual, out."

Liika softly clicked his comm over to the all-hands circuit. "Boys and girls, the plan is in play. Time to pay our debt, here and now. The legacy must be allowed to push through. Let's make it happen. There is no more tomorrow. It's only now and here. The Chosen *will* see this through! For the legacy.... For the Clan Odan Urr. For our families... Forward!"

The Chosen roared as one, and surged forward, virtually every weapon they had being fired. Their opponents, a full two regiments from what Liika could tell, actually staggered back at the sheer ferocity of the offensive, and started to give ground. With what rage and anger and passion at what they could muster was used up, and turned into a weapon of mass destruction, enemy troops cut down before their berserker rage.

This went on for some time and Liika, wounded, kept calling in fire and artillery. The enemy fled, actually boarding their dropships and departing. The Chosen roared in victory, although almost spent.

Then, from the skies, green lightning. Liika, a veteran of so many wars, knew what was to come.

The Chosen was indeed spent; The majority of them just didn't know it.

He signaled for an open channel and broadcast out to the open and in the clear, all channels.

"This is Liika, last remaining commander of The Chosen, sworn defenders of New Tython. You may destroy our bodies, but we WILL return and gut you from the inside out, you diseased vermin that is the Dark Brotherhood. You, as of now, sow the seeds of your own destruction."

He saw the turbolaser fire coming closer and closer at a faster rate. He knew they knew now.

It would be over in seconds.

"Just know... NEW TYTHON IS DEFENDED!!!" he roared, and they roared with him in defiance.

Then.... There was no more.

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Warden Lambow (Jedi) / Battle Team Knights Of Allusis of House Hoth of Clan Odan-Urr [SA: V] [INQ: III]

SCx3 / ACx4 / DCx9 / GN / BNx6 / Cr:2R-6A-9S-6E-6T-1Q / CFx96 / CIx20 / DSSx2 / SoFx2 / LS / SoLx2 / S:5M-2R-3Al-1C-4Rm-4P-5U-4B-3Cr-1Rv

{SA: MVF - MVH - MVL - MVLD - MVS - MVW}