

Holding the Line
Mako-7640

Florum

Mako sat brooding in the Odan-Urr trench, around him soldiers of the displaced clan scurried back and forth as they sussed up the defensive line. Across 500 meters of flat, barren, and blood-soaked desert the Plagueian forces were most likely doing the same to their trench. The two forces had been locked into a stalemate for the past week, each taking turns storming the other sides trench, each never gaining any ground. Life had become an ebb and flow of attack, retreat, wait, defend, rebuild, and attack again. Mako had lead his forces across the field last only to be once more pushed back by a man Mako knew from his work in the Fist's staff. Dracaryis Sunstrider, the Plagueis Rollmaster.

The Quaestor's thoughts stopped for a moment as the crack of a sniper rifle rang out.

"Got'em," one of Odan-Urr's snipers spoke with excitement.

"Stop taking my kills," the radio squaked out as Antar conveyed his unique form of congratulations to his fellow sniper.

"Next time be faster on the trigger, spark fingers." The retort was brief as the victorious sniper defended his claim.

Mako suppressed a grin, the man had used one of Lilly's phrases. It showed just how much time his companion had been spending training the mundane troops. The air grew stiff with anticipation as the waiting period came toward a close and the Plagueis trench grew eerily silent. The idle chatter of the Odan-Urr troops ceased as well, they had learned this pointed toward an eminent attack. The trench began to hum as the racking of bolts and the charging of crew served weapons began. The Quaestor stood on a shooting platform and leaned against the trenches wall to observe.

It started as quickly as it always did, with war screams amplified by helmet speakers, the Plagueis force emerged from their trench. Leading the charge from the front was Sunstrider, dual sabers ablaze. The front line was only three steps out of their trench when the heavy blaster bolts and slugs tore into them. The Plagueis troops continued their charge, the fear they held toward their Force using master's greater than the fear of dieing in this desert. Overhead the air battle began anew as both sides desperately desired control of this one strategic spot of nothing. *500 meters took such a long time to cross when exposed, but when defending it seemed to take no time at all.* Mako thought as his sabers ignited and he lead Odan-Urr's troops onto the field of battle once more.

Sweat and blood, screams of the dying and injured all mixed together with exhaustion and adrenaline to form the haze of war. Mako's job was simple in the defense of his position, cut his way to Dracarys. If this was a one on one battle Mako would have little issue beating the Plagueis Rollmaster. However this was an exposed battlefield with all the hazards that came along with it. Men and women fell around the Quaestor both friend and foe alike as the sides engaged in open combat. Then a bubble formed as the two Force users found each other. They had already said their peace to each other over the course of this dragged out engagement, only one thing was left to exchange now, saber strikes.

A flurry of red, white, and yellow coursed between the two, each holding their own. Avoided and redirected shots found homes in non-intended targets. Sunstrider pulled away first giving the signal for retreat.

"I will see you in a few hours," Mako yelled after the Rollmaster as the Plagueians fell back across the field to the safety of their trench. The Odan-Urr forces matching suit. The cycle would continue, yet Mako wondered for how long, eventually one side's troops would be unable to keep up with the pace of this fight and that would be what determine the outcome of this fight.