The battle on Florrum’s ground was just another part of the gruesome war. The ground was covered in the blood of Forces users, Jedi and Sith alike. It was another thing they shared, the Force and the blood they spill for it. Cries of Victory and Defeat could be heard but it was the Force it’s self that was the loudest, no man or machine could block out the horrors of death the Force screamed out.

Amidst this battle of many that took place all over Florrum, two stood mighty in the center of it all. Tonraq the Grey Jedi, this one at one time walked both paths of the Force. The white fur that covered his body, the sharp fangs within his elongated snout and even the sheer bulk of him proved a remarkable sub-species of Cathar. Even if he was not one to wield the Force he still would have been a tremendous fighter.

The other fighter was Battlelord Silent, he as a Shi’ido could change into just about any shape or size but took to a Black skinned Pure Blood Sith. He like Tonraq both hated that the Obelisk order fell and never gave up on their teachings and techniques. Battles continued all around as these two faced off, light sabers ignited they rushed toward each other, Tonraq increasing his speed using his own body as a battling ram and Silent seeing the freight train coming his way side steps at the last moment releasing a burst of force lighting at the white lion.

The damage minor causing only a minor burn and major hate with Tonraq turned back to the Battlelord as Silent was already retreating back to a safe distance charging for another attack with his lighting. Tonraq looked deep within himself seeing the force as a weapon, packing all together like a Repeater rifle, his hand as the rifle and his control of the Force as his trigger he began to shoot them out at the Shi’ido as he closed the distance between the two.

Silent redirected his force from outward to inward absorbing the telekinetic blast from Tonraq and using it to fuel his next lighting attack. As the Grey Jedi closed the distance their sabers clashed a Silver Blue on White energies converged sparking a bright light as they touched. Tonraq continued to press down on his attack, the strength that he carried showed his drive to win and Silent was not one to match such drive. Holding his own with one hand keeping his saber in between the two, the Shi’ido continued to focus all the power of his mastery over the Force and that which he borrowed from Tonraq’s attack.

Lighting cracked over his left hand as he shifted his body to his left allowing the two of them to fall to the ground. Silent reached up and grabbed hold of the White Lions throat on the way down flowing the lighting straight into Tonraq. The intensity of the attack was over welling as it was deadly, as Tonraq breathed his last breath Silent passed out from the drainage of the Force.