The sounds of battle echoed off the duracrete walls and streets of the city. Where there had once been calm, peaceful citizens, thousands of troops and the sounds of battle reigned. Formerly manicured civil structures were now scarred with scorch marks and littered with rubble while hastily placed defensive structures lay crumbled at the capital’s chokepoints. The occasional sounds of heavy tanks rumbled on the ground below as the occasional whistles of artillery shells and bombing runs sounded above.

To Furios Morega, the assault had been slow and difficult, a battle of attrition, yet he pressed on with the few troops he had left. Soldiers from each of the three clans had regrouped with his as each of their assorted military units had been torn apart in the previous hours of fighting. It had been difficult but the Plagueian knew that they’d only fought a fraction of the Iron Throne’s forces. They were holding back but this knowledge made no difference. He had to press on to the citadel where Pravus remained, hopefully engaged by the assassination team by now. The final approach was empty when the Epicanthix and his forces arrived. Other groups joined him as Tarenti, Arconans, and fellow Plagueians approached the citadel with their own remnants of the formerly mighty armies. A sense of uneasiness could be felt among them all as no further resistance stood between them and their goal.

Suddenly a lone figure appeared at the battlements of the citadel. It was Darth Pravus. His armor was lightly singed in places but he otherwise seemed unharmed. A pit formed in the bottom of Furios’ stomach as he realized that the assassination had failed. He readied his saber, preparing for his final fight. Pravus simply held out his hand toward the resisting forces. For a moment nothing happened. Then the overwhelming pressure covered them all. Furios tried to remain on his feet as dozens fell to their hands and knees around him. He tried to draw from his hatred but that strength drained from his body as he felt himself nearing collapse. Then everything went black.