

## **A Song of Fire and Blood**

By Lexiconus Qor / #13880

Before Lexiconus' eyes was the city of Teyr, a monument of wealth, ancient maritime and a king of defence. Now the white washed brick and mortar was tainted by plumes of smoke, fire and screams. The coastal city didn't stand a chance against the advanced weaponry of today, and they needed help. Sliding down from the mound, the Quaestor landed in the sand and walked to the shuttle. He looked into Mune's eyes as he descended from the ramp, and saw worry flood him.

"Well," He sighed."I sense that the Teyr residents did not survive the invasion. More than likely, they fought for their city and perished." Mune slowly nodded, his ear flickering in the wind.

"Yes, I sense it too. A wave of cries for mercy, then silence." The hard clunking of durasteel against each other warned Lexiconus of Jurdan's approach from the ramp. Holding a bar of scrap metal in one hand, and his lightsaber in another, Jurdan watched the smoke from Teyr and grumbled.

"Well let's get in there and bring some justice down on them! I've been thirsty for New Dawn blood since Delak's death!" The Human roared as he stomped from the shuttle. Lexiconus quickly stepped in front of him and planted his hand into Jurdan's shoulder.

"If you'd take the time to think before you act, you can see that there's more to war than murder and gleeful bone-crushing. Also I wouldn't trust you to swing that bar to hit a sandbag, nevermind a soldier." The Quaestor said as he yanked on the bar. Jurdan felt the Quarren's feeble tug and even though he could take anything from Lexiconus, he let go of the bar.

"Agreed Lexi," Mune nodded as he interjected. "Those armies were our own, those cities belonged to us. But even though our assets were robbed, there are chinks in the armour of the New Dawn." Lexiconus nodded slowly, throwing the bar away and sitting himself on the ramp. His eyes looked up to the sky and saw hues of gray and black rolling from the ocean skies. Tendrils of lightning flickered as cloud rubbed against agitated cloud. He smirked.

"A storm is coming, Mister Cinteroph. One we can use to our advantage." The Quarren replied, licking his lips at the possibility of feeling rain again. "The clouds will give us the cover we need to sneak closer, without firing a single shot. The thunder and lightning will cloak our blaster fire and the screams for help. While the rain will mask boot against rock steps. If our scouts are correct, those pillars on the coast haven't been repaired or augmented since they took over the city. Several explosives to those pillars and the city will be swallowed to the sea." Lexiconus said, as he looked to Mune for confirmation that this was a good plan. But Mune seemed to be either ignoring him, or focused on something else. Seems he fell on deaf ears.

“That storm looks handy for us right now. We should call the legion to land soon.” Mune commented, the Quaester simply planted his palm into his face and sighed.

“A great idea, Mune! Let’s get on it!” Jurdan spoke out, as the two rushed passed Lexiconus and towards the shuttle’s console.

### ***Several hours later....***

Wind and rain howled through the narrow alleys of the city, flooding the roads as the soldiers of the New Dawn slowly patrolled. Through cunning timing, the main gates of Teyr slowly opened while the Imperial Legion patrolled inside. Autonomous in their kills, the soldiers took down each New Dawn guard they saw, leaving no witnesses or voices to call. As Lexiconus carefully followed the soldiers inside, he looked up to the rooftops and saw Mune and Blade sprinting their way across. In their natural habitat, the sword dancers killed those they reached. Jurdan slowly walked beside his Quaester, a blaster in his hand as his eyes scanned the turnings.

“I can hardly see in this thick rain.” He whispered to the Quarren.

“Good,” Lexiconus nodded, his breathe controlled and slow. “That means the enemy cannot see us either.”

“That’s where you are wrong, squid!” A loud voice called out from above, as the army stopped in their tracks. Looking up, Lexiconus had seen his face before. The clean cute beard, the pure orange eyes, the oily, straight white hair. Dressed in his pure white robes, Sadon Teraah stood proudly. Held tightly in his dominant hand, was a Saberstaff crafted out of the finest electrum, and with a snap-hiss two ruby blades appeared.

“You snuck in well, like city rats!” He shouted, as he slowly glided to the main city square. With a flurry of his Saberstaff, Sadon leaned back and grinned. “But now it is time to exterminate!”

“Fire!” Lexiconus shouted out. A wash of red peckered the rain as the battle of Teyr began.

The Quarren’s mind and vision spun into a blur as blaster fire and roars of confidence screamed around him. His numb body collapsed onto the floor, as his suspended breath struggled to escape. Trying his best to blink the blurred vision away, Lexiconus was falling deeper into slumber. He caught the sight of a long, ruby blade closing in on him, and settled above his weakened state. A wave of the person’s hand, and Lexiconus succumbed to the darkness of his eyes.

***The End***