Andrelious grit his teeth as he bore down on another X-Wing. The battle for Corellia, the latest in the Empire’s ongoing resurgence campaign, had been raging for hours without any sign of ending. Nearby, large Calamari vessels traded fire with the Imperial-III class Star Destroyers that made up the bulk of the Imperial fleet.

“Keep with me, two. Three, four, get ready to deal with those bombers. We’ve thinned out the Rebel fighters enough to give you a clear run,” Andrelious ordered.

“We’re nearly through. Just another few minutes and we’ll have boots on the ground. Then Corellia will be ours!” a voice announced over the comm.

The positive news seemed to galvanise Andrelious. He banked his Mark-IV TIE Defender with almost unnatural reflexes, giving him enough time to shoot down his target. Meanwhile, his wingmen started to mop up the enemy bombers. The Imperials were fast gaining total orbital supremacy.

Aboard the lead Star Destroyer, the *Zathura*, General Granta Prackx smiled.

Her beloved Andrelious had helped win the day once again.

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Prackx barely gave Andrelious any time to exit his fighter before scooping him up in her muscular arms.

“You better be joining me for the attack on the surface, babe. Once we have Corellia, we’ll have the base we need to drive the Rebels out of the core for good,” the large female declared.

“That depends. Will our children be joining us?” the pilot questioned.

“Of course. They’re both ready to end this war,” Granta answered.

Sure enough, Jongstram and Felicia entered the room, clad in their sets of customised Stormtrooper armour.

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The Galactic Civil War had never ended. After the Empire’s low point at Jakku, some in the Imperial leadership were mooting a surrender, but the hardliners won out and kept the war going, even at the cost of much Imperial territory. In the end, that setback had proven temporary; the Imperials fled into the deep core, but came out a decade later with new, improved war ships and a revitalised military. They hit the Republic hard, but, twenty years on, the two sides were still locked in a bitter war. Whilst the Empire, still without a new Emperor, held Coruscant, about half of the core and a majority of the Outer Rim, the Republic held firm in the remainder of the galaxy.

War was all the Prackx family had known. Andrelious and Granta married not long after turning eighteen, mostly at Granta’s insistence. Two children quickly followed, and, like many Imperial families, both were trained for service from an early age. What made the Prackx family a little different from most was the fact that they were Force sensitive; this gave both Granta and Andrelious a little extra leverage. Granta was now one of the Empire’s top Generals, whilst Andrelious, aside from being an ace pilot, could also turn his hand to ground combat. Jongstram, the elder child, was deadly with a lightsaber, whilst his younger sister’s mastery with the dark side of the Force was often compared to Palpatine himself. The two siblings complemented each other perfectly, but their lack of discipline often lead to unnecessary losses during battle.

Overall, the Prackx family were a vital cog in the revitalised Imperial war machine.

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“The shields soaked up most of our bombardment. This battle’s going to be one of the tougher ones we’ve faced in a while. We’ll be leading the assault on the Corellian capital. I want the three of you to be extra careful,” Granta ordered.

“We’ve been preparing for this for the last year. We’re ready. All of us,” Jongstram replied crossly.

A man dressed in a Colonel’s uniform approached the family, greeting them with a smart salute.

“General, we’re about to hit the surface. Intel are saying to hit hard, and fast. Aside from the Rebels we believe that a local resistance group are preparing for combat. Lead by a woman with black and purple hair. We don’t have much to go on, but we think she might be Force sensitive,” the Colonel explained.

“Good work, Colonel. You get the main battle lines organised. If there are enemy Force users, we’ll deal with them. Won’t we, babe?” Granta replied, patting her spouse’s thigh possessively. Andrelious blushed; even after many years of marriage he was still very much in love with the General.

“Of course,” he squeaked.

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The battle for Coronet City was as intense as the Imperials had been expecting. The Rebels seemed intent on making a stand, and many of their best legions were keeping an incredibly solid defence, matching the fierce resistance that the Imperial Navy had faced in orbit. The fight itself moved quickly away from the centre of Coronet; neither side wished to risk many civilian casualties, but several local parks were quickly laid to waste.

In the midst of the fighting, the Prackx family had become separated. Granta was, as always, leading from the front, whilst Jongstram and Felicia were likely among one of the many melees. Andrelious, who had elected to fall back a little, found himself facing a small group of what he had thought were civilians. As he’d approached them in an attempt to evacuate them from the area, however, they turned their blasters on him.

“The Empire is not coming back to Corellia. You stand here with the weapon of a Jedi, but you know nothing of them. Throw down your weapon, Imperial. Or we will be forced to destroy you,” one of the men ordered.

“I’m afraid that it won’t be *ME* who is destroyed today,” Andrelious hissed, charging at the group. He swung his lightsaber through the air, anger and hatred steering the blade through enemy after enemy. He was about to finish the group off when a purple lightsaber blade stopped his attack in its tracks.

The Imperial examined the lightsaber’s owner. She had long, black hair with purple tips that blew about in the summer breeze. She was a few inches taller than Andrelious, and her build was solid enough to show that she would not be a pushover.

“You’re just the General’s little bitch. I know all about you. You even took her name. Pathetic!” the woman snapped. “But, you are kind of..pretty. Perhaps she has decent taste in some things,”

“Please stand aside. You do not need to fight us, Miss. If you know how to use that lightsaber, we might even be able to find a place for you. The modern Galactic Empire knows that the Force is a tool to be used, not a myth to be ignored,” Andrelious responded, a little embarrassed by the comments.

“The Empire took my home from me! I will not rest until you’re just a horrible little memory. You *AND* your bucketheads!” the female answered.

Andrelious went on the offensive with his lightsaber, but his opponent was equal to everything he tried. “What home?” he asked.

“Alderaan. I’m from Alderaan!” the woman shot back.

The male raised an eyebrow. “That was a long time ago. I was eight years old! The Empire has changed. It’s all about order. As my beloved Granta has always said…”

“Yeah. Do as you’re told and you won’t get hurt. I think not. We don’t like to do as we’re told. And it won’t be you hurting anyone, little man!”

The black and purple woman attacked Andrelious with a ferocity he wasn’t expecting. As good as he was with his lightsaber, he hadn’t been expecting to come face to face with a hostile Force user, especially one so deeply driven by her hate for the Empire. He parried the first two attacks away, but, as he attempted to counter, the woman tossed her hilt from her right hand to her left, giving her ample time to slice straight through the Imperial’s arm, before kicking him straight in the chest.

Andrelious hit the ground, hard. The last thing he saw was the woman’s expression turning from one of hatred to one of delight.

*FIN*