Jurdan stood upon the mountaintop, his cloak was blowing freely in the wind. The cultist army of Shar Dakhan has been at the house’s throats for a long time. Every blow was crippling them further. He was determined not to let the house fail under his, and Aul’s, leadership. Jurdan was waiting for a sign of better things to come. He stretched out through the Force and let it cover him in its warmth. The Battlelord could see something, were they images of the future? He wasn’t sure. The images were those of ships painted in the gold and crimson of House Shar Dakhan. But these ships were not the ships he knew, they were newer. They looked like they had just come off of the assembly line.

An explosion rocked the ground nearby, Jurdan snapped out of his trance in time to catch a glimpse of a rocket heading in his direction. He narrowly dodged the incoming projectile and propelled himself high into the air, his jump augmented by the Force. He flipped in the air and landed awkwardly as the ground started to crumble under him. The cultist forces were drawing ever nearer.

“Shar Dakhan forces fall back to the last checkpoint!” Jurdan yelled into his comm unit. “We will make our last stand there!”

All of the remaining house forces fell back into a tactical retreat. They used the rocks and cliffs as cover as the moved swiftly towards their last refuge. Early on in the fight with this rabble, the house had lost their ships to sabotage and fighting. Some of the ships crashed into the outskirts of the house headquarters. This was where they were making their stand. If they were going to meet their end, then they would make it such an end that it would be remembered by the clan for ages to come. Jurdan leaped over boulders and small crevices that were opening up in the ground. He moved with all haste to make it to cover underneath the hulls of their old fleet.

House Shar Dakhan’s remnant made it to the wreckage and took cover within the tattered hulls of broken durasteel. The Aedile peered through a hole in the hull, watching as the enemy forces drew ever closer to them. They had obtained all of the weapons from the armories in Shar Dakhan’s capital building. They rushed forward with lightsabers and heavy cannons moving quickly as they could. Like lightning striking the ground, the enemy rockets slammed into the side of the ship. Shar Dakhan forces returned fire through the now burning hulks of the ship. They were hitting their marks with the precision of a well-oiled machine, but that didn’t stop the cultists from pushing their attack. Jurdan watched as they pushed closer, and closer, and then they were almost right on top of them.

“House Shar Dakhan. It has been an honor to share the field of battle with you. Let us make this our last stand, our last defiance against the enemy!” Jurdan said passionately as he paced back and forth. “Let’s move!”

As surely as he had said it, there was an explosion in the middle of the cultist army. And there was a second, and a third. Suddenly the field was full of orbital cannon fire.

“Sang to Jurdan, the cavalry has arrived,” Sang said with a smile that Jurdan could hear through the comm.

“Sang you are a sight for sore eyes. You brought the clan ships to help?” Jurdan asked.

“No, we brought Shar Dakhan’s new fleet. We hope the danger close fire isn’t scaring you.” The Consul said with a chuckle. “Ground forces will be landing shortly, prepare for their arrival as we lighten the enemy ranks.”

“You heard him guys press the attack. For Naga Sadow, for Shar Dakhan!” The Battlelord yelled loudly.

The bombardment continued for a few minutes while ground forces began landing. Jurdan saw AT-ST walkers and legions of Stormtroopers touching down. He couldn’t believe his eyes. All of their losses, their anguish in recent months, replaced in mere moments. The enemy line had been broken and they were falling back. The new ground forces followed closely behind chasing them for as long as they could until rocky cliffs and canyons stopped their forward movement. This was the beginning of the end for the cultist army. This victory came at great cost, but the tide of war was changing.