

Ragnath, Maqor
CSP Command

The inside of the command tent buzzed with activity as comm operators received, relayed, and responded to incoming transmissions. Analysts and low level officers moved between tables at a brisk pace, updating the battle map. The corner of the tent that Raiju Kang had claimed stood out in stark contrast, to such a degree that the lower ranking personnel went out of their way not to even glance anywhere near to it.

The Grand Vizier glared in silence at the Dark Paladin and his companion. The fact that the Empress' hand had come to Maqor uninvited troubled the Battlelord. Not that he didn't mind having another experienced warrior among them. No, it was more the fact the Human wouldn't say why he came. Was her highness keeping tabs on him? Pushing his doubts aside Raiju steeled himself and began.

"Mako I asked you here as I have a mission I think would suit the two of you perfectly."

"Oh, pray tell water dweller." Mako's flat, emotionless voice caused a slight twitch in the Nautolan's eye. The Battlelord recovered himself quickly, as the Warlord's emerald eyes gazed up from his datapad to bore into the Proconsul's black ones.

"Elaya has made their move. We can not afford to fight on two fronts simultaneously. I nee-" Raiju stopped mid word as Mako held up a hand.

"Do you want them dead or just run off?"

"Preferably run off."

"I already saw the updated holomap, and anticipated this order. Give me two full platoons of troops, brief them for me, and station them in a half perimeter ring around the Elayra line. The troops will provide cover and help to, guide, our unwelcome guests away. If you can do that then consider this problem solved."

"And what will you do?" The Proconsul probed.

"Take Vestril with me and assault them of course."

The slender Sephi beside the Paladin smile from underneath her mess of hair. Raiju couldn't help but shutter a bit inside at the woman's bloodthirsty grin. The Grand Vizier had been on the receiving end of her blade in the past once, before Mako had arrived. She had seemed tame then compared to now.

“Just leave most of them alive, Henymory,” the Nautolan sighed, and his eyes closed for but a moment. The feeling of hot breath on his face and thin yet powerful fingers gently stroking the bottom of his chin, caused his breath to catch in his chest and his eyes to snap open. Reddish orange eyes stared at him from mere centimeters away.

“You...take...my fun...away, fish-man,” her strained yet quiet words were accented by the sudden and still silence that filled the tent. Then with a gentle yet forceful push on his chest, she was safely away from him, a trail of deep flowing green hair at Mako’s side.

Ragnath, Maqor
Elayra Front Line

Mako gazed quietly at his chrono, as the light had faded Vestril and himself had managed to slip, tunnel, and crawl into a crater a mere few meters from the Elayra front line. That had been hours ago, since then they had sat quietly waiting for the time to advance. As time advanced another minute, the parameter platoons opened heavy fire upon the Elayra line. Confused cries of surprise and pain filled the ears of the two Warlords. Mako keyed his comm link twice in quick succession and nodded to Vestril.

The pair sprung over the edge of the crater as the blaster fire silenced as suddenly as it had begun. The Elayra soldiers had no time to react as the two sprung over their defenses, lightning flinging forth before their feet made ground once more. The Human and Sephi wasted no time as they sprung forward in perfect synchronization, lightsabers ignited snapping to life. The glow of the blades flickered across the defensive walls as quickly severed flesh blocked the light.

The soldiers had light to no time to react as the Krath and Sith cut a path into one of the command centers. The blaster fire from the Platoons kicking up once again. Blocking the path of the troops and pinning them in place, then once more stopping suddenly only to be replaced by offensive Force powers and lightsabers. This pattern repeated for an hour before the call for full retreat came to the surviving troops.

Dawn broke once more on the horizon revealing the dead piled along the eastern side of the fortifications. Not a living defender was left, having been forced to flee in the night. As the CSP troopers strode into the center of the former Elayra camp, they noted Mako and Vestril sitting back to back on top of the central generator.