

Truth

Kasiya
Karufr Highlands
41 ABY

Anders had *warned* Cassandra...

No amount of planning could prevent the massacre that took place before his eyes. Blaster bolts soared across the wide-open field like heat-seeking missiles crashing into their targets. Some flew above from the ruins of fallen buildings as many trenched themselves within the dirt.

He had to wonder if anyone had figured it out yet, or were they so engrossed in the *mock war*? Had the Force-Sensitives amongst the two teams felt the danger around them? The pain, the suffering...

The *death*?

Maybe they did, maybe they didn't. Either way, those who failed would die, and those who survived would have experienced first-hand the flaw of having a *public* affair out of testing the Clan's might.

Cassandra and Koda would have a lot to answer for, and a lot of questions that needed answering for themselves.

Anders and Draca stood atop the hill that was the base of operations for the Red Charhounds. General Zentru'la had a solid plan. He split the team into separate small units, Anders and Draca forming one of those units. They were a reserve team designed to head into the battlefield and flank the enemy when the opportunity presented itself.

They weren't doing that now.

Draca watched the slaughter before them with a look of abject horror. Anders had rarely seen the young Jedi go pale before, but this was supposed to be his first experience on an open battlefield.

He did not like what he was seeing.

"They're dying..." Draca mumbles the words out of his mouth.

"Very astute as always, Draca," Anders had to lightly chuckle to himself.

Draca's eyes dilated, his fists clenching at his sides, trembling. He was about to charge forward when Anders grabbed his shoulder.

"What do you think you are doing?" The Chiss tightened his grip on Draca's shoulder.

"I need to help them! I need to..."

"You will do no such thing," Anders shook his head. "Rushing into battle without a plan is a surefire way to get yourself and those around you killed."

"Yeah, but..."

"No buts," Anders raised a finger to him. "There is little else you can do here. If you go down there, you will be swarmed, and you will die. They think this is all a *game*. They will act recklessly. You will be forced to kill them, or die. Do you want that?"

Draca bit his lower lip. He hung his head low and closed his eyes. "No..."

Anders released his grip on him, placing his hands behind his back. He gave Draca a small nod. "Good. Let us make our way back to the city. We can do damage control there once the teams come to their senses."

Draca gingerly followed behind Anders. Technically, he hadn't lied to the young man. He simply didn't give him the full truth.

He didn't know if he was going to tell Draca that the reason for the bloodshed is because Anders had authorised for the ammunition to be switched in secret. Being the Spymaster for the Office of Secret Intelligence had its perks.

Draca would understand one day. It was for the greater good. For making Cassandra see the error in her decisions.

Anders had *warned* her, after all...

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