“You have thirty minutes to reach the transport before we leave without you Ma’am.” the voice crackled over the radio. A snowstorm was kicking up and nothing of much was getting through. “We will attempt to hold on as long as possible, but hostile forces are in the area and we…” Nothing more came and Ophelia realised she was on her own. She snarled and shoved the long range receiver back into her satchel alongside the broken holocron she had retrieved from the Squid.

All in all the journey from the forward base had been less than idealistic. She’d had to avoid several patrols and at one point nearly ran herself into a CSP battalion moving towards the front lines of the heating conflict and now, well now the spawn saw nothing except white. She wasn’t even sure if she was going in the right direction and nothing but static now met her ears. She snarled again and shook her remaining hair free of snow achieving nothing of anything by the motion. Moving back to her speeder and kicking it back alive Ophelia was glad to here the familiar whine of it’s engine having worried that the snow might of killed it long before it killed her.

*Lucky girl, if you don’t ride fast you’ll die. We’ll die and I don’t want that to happen, not yet. Not now.*

“I’m aware. Now shut up and let me concentrate on what i’m doing.” She responded with a hiss to the voice. The voice that always seemed to arrive at the most inopportune times. She’d had little time to talk to Macron about it and she knew she would once she was home. Whatever he did to her...brought it along for the ride.

*Then hurry you wretch and get out of here.*

She rolled her eyes and kicked the speeder into forward motion. Not being the greatest of riders in the first place the limited visibility was causing her even more issues than usual and more than once she had to avoid a tree looming out of the snow. *Krith, why did I choose the forest route.* What made it worse was the darkness beginning to descend upon the area and the lack of functioning, well anything.

Another twenty minutes passed with minimal progression when she felt something give way. The front guidance fork of the speeder clipped a tree and sent her over the grips, colliding with the aforementioned tree and sending her sprawling into the snow with enough force to knock the wind from her twisted body. As the white world spun she pushed herself to her feet, scurried around for a few minutes attempting to find her satchel and when finally she felt her hand grasp the bag she spent the next few attempting to open it to ensure the contents all existed still. It did, luckily. Though she was positive the holocron had been shattered more.

*Well this whole journey is begging to come out pointless with your clumsy movements girl.*

“Shut up. I can’t drive very well. You would be aware of this if…”

*I am aware of this. Just get up and get moving.*

Ophelia snapped back something in Ancient Sith and the voice in her head simply responded by laughing at her. Moving across to the speeder she did her best to examine it and simply came to the conclusion based on the front that it was totalled. She swore several colourful phrases before pushing herself up, turning in the direction she had been traveling and began to march off being more than positive that whatever time was left to reach her destination it was running out or even long gone.

The trudging through the snow began to take it’s toll even on her advanced body. Cold ripped up her joints and each movement began to slow her down. At one point she stumbled and fell upto her waist in a snow drift. Dragging herself out she collapsed to her knees and sighed, sweat blossomed on her crown and as it developed it froze. Pain ached through her body, injuries from the crash being aggravated by the hard work she now undertook to get somewhere. Which to her at this moment was better than nowhere.

Lifting her head she saw a flash of something, then another and another. Confused and almost delirious from the cold she pushed herself on following the flashes as if following the trails of wisps in the night that would lead her to her death. Instead they led her to the edge of a conflict. A small squad of CSP troopers were hunkered down and being decimated by a larger squad of CNS. The vibrant glow of a lightsaber shone in her peripheral vision and she turned slowly to stare at the face of her Quaestor.

“Ophelia…? What on earth are you doing out here. Your meant to be at the landing strip….about four miles the other way.” Tasha spoke softly as she saw the gaze appearing in her Aedile’s eyes. She reached out in time to grab the falling Sithspawn before she fell face first into the snow. “Great, just what I needed.” the Questor muttered before dragging her wayward partner out of the snow and back to her own command vehicle, bundling her up with strict orders to get her back to base. “Bloody woman, maybe Macron can patch you up again.” she said as the transport doors closed and headed off into the dark towards safety. Tasha reignited her saber and went back to her own squad to rejoin the hunt.