

There was no other word for it, the staging area was total chaos. Sadow and Tarentum troops were having fits of insanity, attacking each other, themselves, or even things unseen. And caught in the middle was Satre Pelles, trying to make her way through the crowd of insanity.

On the prefab landing pad was a man in robes, and though Satre couldn't see his face, she could see a breathing mask line running from the cowl. He was standing there, watching the chaos, flanked by a pair of stormtroopers, First Order stormtroopers, who were also watching.

*Of course, it makes perfect sense. A chemical attack, likely a hallucinogenic agent. Colonel Jordan, you're not eluding me this time.* Satre thought to herself. Colonel Vin Jordan, the commanding officer of Imperial Intelligence Special Missions Division...her former commander. He had obviously tracked her down here to this place, and intended to tie up this loose end, but Satre was going to tie her own loose end up before him.

She pushed through the crowd, shoving a soldier aside that was swatting at unseen insects swarming him, just as another charged at her with his rifle held by the barrel, intending to use it as a club. Satre leveled her E-11D on him and fired twice, sending him reeling into the dirt. The chaos was keeping her from firing on Jordan, getting a clean shot would require getting close. Hopefully, the First Order's troops were like the old stormtroopers, and she could easily overpower them to get to Jordan.

A pair of hands crashed down on her weapon, a Sadowan soldier was trying to wrest it from her grasp. The soldier was laughing hysterically, but his grip was quite strong as Satre tried to wrestle it away. She let go and pulled one of her sidearms, a jet black A180 pistol, and shot him squarely in the face.

*Enough of this. They're all lost causes anyways.* Satre reclaimed her rifle, and started shooting her way through the crowd. Soldiers from both sides, regardless of what they were doing, began to fall to her fire. Finally, she was tackled to the ground from behind, her rifle scattering away from her into the chaos. A massive rock began smashing against the back of her helmet, causing the HUD to cut out completely.

She yanked the helmet off and then drew her vibrodagger. Rolling onto her back, she slammed the blade into his thigh, getting the soldier to drop the massive stone tablet he had in his hands. Without another thought, she then shifted up and plunged the blade into the side of his neck. Blood sprayed onto her face as he fell to the ground, helplessly clutching at his fatal wound. Drawing her other A180 in her off-hand, she resumed her advance through the crowd, slowly approaching Jordan.

Despite how close she was, the stormtroopers did not react to her approach or the swath of destruction she was leaving in her wake. Blood was now all over her and her armor, dripping from her vibrodagger and even some had landed on her pistol. She stopped at the landing pad,

right in front of Jordan, and yet the stormtroopers did not move. Neither did Jordan, for that matter. Satre leveled her pistol on him.

“This is what you came for, isn’t it? To deal with your wayward protege? Well, Colonel, I hate to disappoint, but you missed,” Satre sneered. But Jordan just kept looking at the carnage.

“Have it your way.” Satre pulled the trigger, and suddenly, Jordan and his stormtroopers were no longer there. She suddenly felt like she had been hit across the back of the head again and there was a bright flash. Satre staggered into the platform and turned around.

There was a battle ongoing, both Clans were working together, but one group was defending the temple, the other group was trying to advance. But there was a path of destruction that she had indeed caused. Turning around, she saw a Tarentum officer in front of a Lambda shuttle, dead on the ground with a single hole in his forehead.

*“Well done, child. Had they succeeded, they might have taken what was mine. Your revenge served me well.”* A harsh voice echoed in her mind as she hit her knees. *“But, you’ve broken free, and I can’t have you interfering. Kill yourself.”*

Satre looked down at her hands, dropping her vibrodagger and looking at her pistol for a moment. Slowly, she began to raise the barrel of her pistol up to rest under her chin. Her eyes then rested on the stone tablet she had nearly been bludgeoned with, or at least the vision had said she was.

“No. I don’t think so.” Satre shifted her aim and fired at the tablet instead, the crimson bolt shattering it. Her head felt like it was going to explode as something shrieked in pain. She dropped her weapons and curled up, clutching at her head and started to scream in pain as well. And then her world went black.

“...alright? Hey, can you hear me?”

The world swam back into focus, and Satre found herself looking into the eyes of a medic.

“Can you speak? Are you there?” The medic asked. Groggily, Satre nodded.

“Good. We were afraid we lost you. The fighting has moved elsewhere, we’re trying to save who we can. Now just lie still and we’ll get you back on your feet,” The medic replied.

*“You will pay for what you have done, you foolish mortal.”* The voice hissed, but even as it spoke, it was fading away.

*Come and get me.* Satre replied in her mind.