

Warlord Selika Roh di Plagia (Sith) / T:W-CON / Clan Plagueis

As the molted blue sky of hyperspace gave way to the stretched starlines that signaled the ship's reversion to realspace, Jaedra Selkirk realized that she might have made a mistake. The space around her was filled with angry looking laser blasts and the powerful warships that had fired them. Starfighters darted through the maelstrom, seeking tactical advantage of position against their foes. Where laser fire found one of those streaking fighter craft an eruption of fire blossomed, each one fueled in part by a life. The space above Nancora was pretty close to being hell.

So of course that was where Jaedra had taken the *Fellbright*. When word had started to filter through the streets of Aliso City that Plagueis was going to launch an assault against the Collective, Jaedra had figured that she'd smelled profit in the wind. With the Collective's forces distracted, she'd finally be able to sneak into Nancora and deliver her cargo. So, of course, the Clan's forces were attacking *here*.

Jaedra threw the controls to the side to duck below the hull of one of the midsized warships that were serving the Plagueis fleet as an outer screen just in time, as the gun decks above her detonated in a spectacular fireball. Her *Lancer*-class ship shot out into clear space beyond it, but Jaedra found herself heading for the Collective battle line.

Well, the riskier the road, the greater the profit, she thought to herself.

Setting a course that would bring her toward the enemy flank and, hopefully, around them to the planet below, Jaedra kept her eyes on her sensor displays. She seemed not to be attracting too much attention, at least until she saw a quartet of blips peel off from the main force of Collective fighter craft and head her way.

"Rose Leader to unidentified freighter," the comm system squawked to life. "Cease maneuvering and prepare to be boarded."

Jaedra's heart sank as she saw that the fighter craft were T-70 X-wings, and that behind them an assault shuttle was making its way toward her. One Imperial vintage pursuit craft against four modern starfighters and an assault shuttle? The odds certainly weren't in her favor. There really was only one choice: Run back and hide behind the skirts of the Plagueian fleet. Not the most palpable option for a smuggler such as herself, but Jaedra decided that it was preferable to spending the rest of her life in a Collective prison camp.

Reversing thrust in her port engine, Jaedra pushed the starboard to full thrust. The ship spun around like a top, and she gunned both engines forward once the vessel was facing back the way it had come. The sudden change in direction had caught the enemy flight flat footed, and it took them a few moments to react. Given how much faster their ships were, every moment counted. Jaedra angled her deflectors to the rear just in time to disperse the long range fire that splashed against them from the pursuing ships.

The sky around her lit up as emerald turbolaser fire streaked in from the Plagueis fleet in front of her, some of it getting uncomfortably close to her ship as it attempted to hone in on the enemy targets behind her. Following close behind, a squadron of Plagueis's own X-wings streaked by, one, carrying the markings of a squadron leader that Jaedra frequently drank with at Hak's Hideout in Aliso City, wagging its wings as it shot past.

As Jaedra made it behind the Plaugies line and began her calculations to jump to hyperspace, she reflected that sometimes it paid to make friends. Even if they were starfighter jocks.