

Sand Wastes
The Badlands
Nancora Prime

The sun blazed down on Jaedra Selkirk, the heat leaving her lips parched and her forehead covered in sweat. The canteen she had managed to salvage from the escape pod had long since surrendered its last few drops of liquid.

At least the space above her was providing some entertainment. The combined Brotherhood fleets and Collective forces were duking it out in low orbit, their turbolaser fire flashing between the distant points of light like fireflies. Here and there an explosion would appear like a small, distant sun in the sky.

"And me without anyone to bet with," Jaedra mused. "Nuts."

As she continued to walk in the direction of what she presumed to be whatever passed for civilization on this stupid rock, she thought about what had brought her here. The idea of being able to smuggle in some of those small, highly lucrative items that the Collective had placed on their restricted lists while the Brotherhood had distracted the Collective on the other side of the planet had seemed sound. The only problem was that Jaedra had chosen the wrong side of the planet, and had instead jumped right into the middle of the conflict. All in the name of a few credits.

"Good for you, Jaedra. Way to risk your life stupidly," she said to herself. "Way to crash into the center of a kriffing blast furnace with with no map sensor, no blaster, no commlink, and no more lifesaving water. And that's why I died in the desert of Nancora."

The last caused Jaedra to stop dead in her tracks.

"Emperor's black bones, I'm going to die in the desert," she said, and then gasped. "Just like that blind Miralukan nutter said!"

Prison Levels
The Pinnacle
Alsio

Six Months Prior

"And how in the moons of Coruscant will I die in a dessert?" Jaedra asked.

Vivakus Kavon, former Dread Lord and confirmed crazy person, simply shrugged.

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The Present

"Well, close enough," Jaedra said with a shrug.

Then, on the horizon, she started to be able to just make out a dust cloud that seemed to be trailing behind a vehicle of some sort. It was heading her way, seemingly at a few hundred kilometers per hour. Probably some form of repulsorcraft, she had to guess.

"Good," Jaedra said to nobody in particular. "Couldn't have that loon thinking that he had actually been write all this time."

The smear on the mirage-distorted horizon finally resolved itself into the shape of a group of three landspeeders of a type that Jaedra was unfamiliar with. Each was enclosed, offering no glimpse of who was riding within. They were, however, emblazoned with the three pillared circle logo of the Collective.

"No mistaking who these frell-brains are," Jaedra said with a sigh. "Still, better than dying."

The three vehicles slowed to a halt in formation around her, Jaedra smiling and raising her hands as they did so. The lead craft opened to reveal two rank and file hunters and one blue skinned Chiss with a cybernetic eye.

"Hold it there, intruder," the Chiss barked, pointing a rather nasty looking slugthrower right at Jaedra's head. "Make any aggressive moves and I'll put you down, orders or no."

"Nope, no aggressive moves here," Jaedra said happily. "Just us surrendering types."

"Excuse me?" the Chiss stammered, clearly confused by the turn of events.

"Yup," Jaedra continued. "Take me away."

Jaedra lowered her hands, holding each wrist out in front of her waiting for the cuffs. "Better than drying up out here and dropping dead."

The Chiss was still not entirely sure what was going on, but she slowly approached Jaedra, a set of stun cuffs in her hands.