

Battlemaster Evelynn Wyrm, #14344

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/14344/snapshots/35/912>

**Pride of Dakhan,  
Glottal System,  
Outer Rim Territories**

“Prepare to exit hyperspace,” Colonel Mark Drux said, standing tall on the bridge of the Pride of Dakhan. “This should be close enough to get us in undetected.”

The blur that is hyperspace slowly faded, and space got its normal morphology back. In the distance, a green planet could barely be seen, surrounded by a whole bunch of nothing.

“Make preparations,” Drux continued, gesturing toward a Private seated to his right as he moved slowly toward the window to have a better look at the planet, “Inform the Reaper’s Call that we will be monitoring their progress from this location.”

The Private nodded as he pushed a few buttons on the panel in front of him. He, as with everyone else apart from the Colonel, had no idea what they were doing here. The war was raging just a few systems away, and they were in the middle of nowhere without any information whatsoever.

“Also, inform the \*Sith\* that we’ve arrived. She wouldn’t like to be kept waiting,” the obvious irony in Drux’s voice made a few of the officers on the bridge laugh. The Bothan was not excited for the mission at hand, nor was he excited that Sanguinius decided to leave the flagship of House Shar Dakhan in the hands of its former Quaestor, the woman who listened to no one and completely disregarded any sort of conduct. \*We shouldn’t be here. We should be at Nancora with our brethren.\*

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**A few minutes later,  
Meditation Chamber,  
Pride of Dakhan**

Battlemaster Evelynn Wyrm sat on the ground in the center of the circular chamber, her legs crossed and her eyes closed. In any other situation she would be furious at her Consul for sending her off to some backwater planet on a wild goose hunt, but the fact she would be safely tucked away on a cruiser in the middle of nowhere, while the rest of her clanmates fought and most likely died at Nancora was a relief.

\*Bleep\*

“Come in,” she said, her voice barely audible. The blast door opened as Captain Drux made his way into the chamber, visibly agitated.

“Ma’am, we’ve just arrived at the marked location. A signal has been sent to the Reaper’s Call to move in...”

“I know where we are, Colonel,” she interrupted him as a smirk formed on her face. She knew full well what his feelings toward her were; the blame for abandoning the House when it needed her most, the disgust at her coldheartedness, and the utter disrespect of her capabilities as a soldier.

A vein formed on the side of Drux’s forehead, but he knew better than to snap out at the Human. “The Technocrat base is said to be located by the base of the only mountain on Glottal. We’ll have the troops down in no time.”

“Good, now leave me alone, I’ll be with you momentarily.”

The Captain of the Pride nodded and exited the room as the blastdoors shut behind him. Wyrn took a second to reevaluate her objectives. Scouts reported a large amount of Collective transports moving to the Glottal System. Upon further investigation, reports show that the Technocratic Guild set up a supply base on the remote planet, and that it was supplying the bulk of the Collective’s forces with weapons and implants from here. Her job was to lead a convoy to infiltrate the base and eliminate all Collective forces in the area.

Evelynn stood up and, taking a deep breath, slowly made her way onto the bridge.

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**A few minutes later,  
Bridge,  
Pride of Dakhan**

As the Battlemaster stepped onto the bridge, she could see the outline of the Marauder Corvette make its way toward Glottal, accompanied by two fighters from Searing Blade Squadron. As they approached the planet’s atmosphere, Evelynn sensed something was wrong. In the distance, she saw a squadron of red painted T-70 X-wing Starfighters exit the atmosphere and enter attack formation.

The response from the Reaper’s Call was swift. Twelve fighters emerged from its hull, entering a formation of their own as, combined with the two Searing Blade pilots, they made their way toward the enemy.

The fight was short, brutal and the result infamous. Within minutes, the defending forces picked apart the Dakhani ships one by one, until the Marauder Corvette was the only one standing. A few minutes later, it was blasted into bits as well.

“It was an ambush!” Colonel Drux said, a slight touch of panic in his voice. “Prepare to evac-”

“Belay that order. Launch the remaining fighters and prepare to intercept.” Evelynn cut the Bothan off as she quickly made her way to his chair, once again closing her eyes and letting the Force flow through her.

She could feel the minds of the remaining Searing Blade pilots as they scrambled to their X-Wings. \*Focus. You will not die today.\*

Mark Drux was furious. Not only was this the second time in the hour that she had interrupted him, but she allowed herself to take his seat on the bridge and take full control of his crew. However, a voice in his head told him to keep his calm, as he well knew what she was capable of if interrupted even the slightest bit.

Meanwhile, a brawl was preparing outside. As the ships moved closer to each other, Evelynn reached out and felt the minds of the Collective pilots, as well as the disarray in her own ranks. Letting the Force flow through her, she reached out to the friendly pilots, clearing their mind and guiding their focus. She could practically see through their eyes.

The fight was going better than anyone could have expected. Eight casualties on the side of the Collective, with only two Dakhani fighters being destroyed. However, Evelynn was having trouble keeping focus. The effort had gotten to her, and she was exhausted.

Suddenly, one Collective pilot started maneuvering like Evelynn had never seen before. The precision and weapon accuracy was jaw-dropping. One by one, the Dakhani ships got blown up, until all that was left were three Collective fighters.

Evelynn felt the strength leaving her. Just before she lost consciousness, she heard the Colonel yell an order at one of the pilots.

“Get us out of here, there’s nothing else we can do.”