

**Trepus Mining Facility**  
**Solyiat, Kaist System, Outer Rim**  
**36 ABY**

Men and women of the collective Hoth members began to run and shout across the ways as they prepared for the impending battle. A long Togruta woman stood in the mix of the running individuals until she could shake off the shock for the news of an attack. There had been hours of waiting, contemplating with regards to mobilizing the forces so we, the members of Hoth and the Dark Jedi Brotherhood, could defend ourselves. This lone woman waited until most of the long hall towards the loading bays appeared to be cleared of people. Small droids as well as a few assault droids began to make their way up the hall towards the bay as the sounds of metal scraping across the ground could be faintly heard. Muted sounds of an alarm system blaring which continued to cycle through an irritating noise, causing the Togruta woman to shake her shock and follow after the many warriors down the bay hall.

As she rounded out the twisted turn into a large opening with which light blinded the Togruta for a mere set of seconds, she came close to walking straight into her Quaestor who stood at the large door frame leading to the launching bay.

“Oof!” a disgruntled grunt came from the male Quaestor human of which his surprised expression caused an equal one to display across the Togruta female’s face.

“Sorry... Wait Edgar... what’s going on?” she questioned her leader’s presence in the launching bay, having to exclaim louder as a set of T-70 X-wing Starfighters launched out of the bay.

“We are at war, Vym,” his voice came out calmly, but in his eyes, one could see the increasing fear. “I need you to get out there and take to the skies and space to travel with us as we get to the stronghold.” He shifted in his stance, hardening his face and stare at the female.

A second passed by as the Togruta decided to speak up, with a demanding tone, “ Sir...” This denotation of formality changed the expression of Edgar’s face. “I need to stay behind and defend our planet... our home.” Her serious tone brought to light a call to defend something both of them preferred to keep protected.

“Vym... I need yo-” he stopped as the Togruta placed a finger out to hush his words.

“Edgar... I need to do this. I’ll be better use in staying on Solyiat. I will find other members who stayed and report to you if there is any changes.” She stated this with a firmative, removing her finger from the air and turned to leave back down the winding bay hall. “Good luck with the stronghold...” she smiled and walked away, “By the way, it is Ozosi. You don’t have to be so formal.”

Edgar narrowed his eyes and eventually closed them with a long sigh. "Check in with Celevon. He is set up in the mines at the point of command, down the hall, turn right, and follow the signs." He scoffed as Ozosi finally ran off down the halls and groaned a little at the prospect of losing one of his clan mates, let alone a member of the house under him.

**Trepus Mining Facility**  
**Solyiat, Kaist System, Outer Rim**  
**1 hours later**

Ozosi had gone down the halls and found Celevon. The memory of this action played in her mind as she meditated within the shadows of the mine halls, awaiting for everyone to clear out.

"Celevon!" her disembodied voice yelled in her mind as her vision took her back to just 45 minutes before. "I'm here to stay on Solyiat and protect our home."

Celevon looked up from his station within the command room and sighed. "Zos... you needed to go with the Wildcards... they are your team after all." Disappointment was a strong tone within these words, but the Togruta just sighed and cocked her head to the side with her hands on her hips in loose fists.

"Cel... I'm needed here just as much as the Wildcards need me", her voice pattern came off as annoyed. "Where do you need me the most?... And do not say in the Wildcards."

The half echani male finally relented after a moment of thought and brought up a small mission for Ozosi to do. "There is a rumor of a group of mercenaries setting up camp in the city on Krea, Baime. You know of it, yes?" The Togruta nodded and walked closer to the command table of which had a laid out map, displaying the many continents. She watched as Celevon moved his hands over to a pretty sizeable continent within the center of the hemispheres. A holonet picture started to display after his fingers touched a marked, designating a large city.

"Baime is a large city of about 250,000 people. It's mostly a center of tourism, but that doesn't mean that there can't be "questionable establishments" made... Go to this city, research and lay low.... No one needs to know that you are there. If you're caught, lie your ass off... And Zos? Do. Not. Get. Caught." He stated the last bit firmly of which Ozosi could understand his feelings due to the close telepathic bond.

"Cel... I will do my best. You know this," Ozosi seemed to merely shrug off the impression Cel made with their connection. After a moment of just staring at each other, Ozosi finally stated loudly "Fine! I won't get caught."

"Good... I don't need to lose an apprentice... Not you," Celevon's voice started to sound disembodied from the vision completing itself and a distracting sound of footsteps making their way down the mine halls with hard steps pressing against the metal flooring.

**Baime City, Krea Continent**  
**Solyiat, Kaist System, Outer Rim**  
**3 hours later**

“These Jedi know nothing of the wrath to come,” laughed a large male who corralled around a large table of various goods and holo-based electronic documents. “We’ll create a new era for the mercenari-” he stopped as his ears caught the sound of rustling.

The large human male turned to look to his small Aleena companion who jumped down from a high chair and began to look around while slightly sniffing the air. The human then turned to the female Chiss who narrowed her gaze and nodded towards who was assumed to be the leader of the ragtag group. A Nautolan female smiled as she stood from the shadows, closing her eyes as she began to sense with the Force.

“I know you are here little Togruta”, she spoke out, pulling out her blaster and pointed the weapon towards the ceiling. Where the group currently sat was a large building found down the storefronts of Baime. Many merchants chanting outside could be hear, but the Nautolan could still sense there was something off, which is why she silenced the human male quickly.

The Chiss female began to crack her knuckles and readied her gloves, activating the shocking nature of these weapons. She turned her head to watch the Nautolan female as her eyes darted left to right, still fixated upon the ceiling.

“Come out little Togruta...,” her voice called out in a sing-song tone and the Chiss smiled as she could get a message within her mind from the Nautolan. *She’s up to the right just towards the middle of the metal plates across this building.* A slight nod came from the Chiss to the Nautolan as she readied herself to attack when the time was right. “You won’t get out of here alive if you don’t come out... we won’t hurt you...”

Just as the Chiss woman moved towards the reported location of the Togruta, a shaking motion reverberated through the brick house which then a large crashing sound followed. The brick next to the Chiss woman had crashed around her as the female now visualized outside had forced the wall to fall. “Azir!” the human male cried out, glancing downwards to the fallen female now under the rubble of bricks. His gaze turned upwards, moving his body enough so he could see through the hole now in the wall. “Get in here you little rat!”

Ozosi, who stood now peering through the wall, cracked a smile across her face, jumping backwards as the Aleena male fired a blaster shot towards her head. “Farking lizard!” she shouted, checking herself quickly and assuring she had not been hit. “I see I found the group I needed...,” she spoke out with an almost laugh to her voice until she realized that now she needed to run... least she might run into more trouble... practically getting captured. As she started to push off from her position with her feet, Ozosi realized the large male human had crashed through the broken wall just to the left. *Frak...* she thought, huffing as she continued to

press her feet hard against the ground and continuing to force her way down the row of merchant stalls.

“Come back here you karking Jedi witch!!” the human male shouted, demanding in his voice the Togruta stop in her place, but had no power to make this happen. “Vadir! Get that puny Jedi back,” he screamed at the Aleena male, who made his way out of the building through the wall, stopped just slightly out of the alleyway, and raised his weapon to the side of his face with it slightly angled to shoot. He peered over the metal of the blaster, watching the Togruta’s movements via a small lens. Vadir was about to fire off his blaster as the Nautolan female pulled his gun away with a flick of her fingers behind him.

“Do not shoot around people... We can’t let them know we are here... not yet,” she spoke out with a harsh tone, reprimanding Vadir with a glare as he turned around to scoff at her action. “Let me follow her and we’ll see if she leads us back to Hoth...”

**Krea Continent, North side**  
**Solyiat, Kaist System, Outer Rim**  
**15 minutes later**

Ozosi had finally managed to make her way to the tropical beaches of Krea, just north of the Baime city after running through the city and almost crashing into several merchants on the way out. The lavish beach scenery added a conflict with the idea of which popped in her mind. *Could I call in reinforcements to help?* She needed to step a trap as she knew she had not removed herself completely from danger just yet.

Scoffing at the idea of asking someone for help, Ozosi finally relented, pulling her wrist up so she could begin to speak into the communicator after setting to a particular friend she knew could assist with her situation.

“Vym?” a male voice called through the comlink, almost half annoyed and the other interested in what reason Ozosi would be calling him.

“Tisto! I ne-,” she called out into her comlink and paused just short of missing an attack made against her backside. She tumbled to the left of the sands, flipping forward once and then swirling her body around to face the one who attacked her. She narrowed her gaze as now she was face-to-face with her attacker who stepped down from the last step onto the sands from the brick patio laid out for visitors to relax upon. “How quickly can you get to my location?” she stated as she pressed a few indicators upon her comlink and then sent the coordinates to Tisto.

“Vym, are you hurt?” he asked out loud, almost regretting immediately as he did not want to sound concerned. “Vym! Do not engage. Leave wherever you are and run.”

“Too late to run Tisto... I need you now!” Ozosi exclaimed into her comlink, tossing her hands to her sides with a quick flick of her right hand to grab her saber and ignited the blade.

## **North Krea**

### **Solyiat, Kaist System, Outer Rim**

#### **45 minutes later**

As Ozosi continued to run across the northernmost beach of Krea, she began to beg and plead within her thoughts, reaching out for Tisto to hurry up. She knew this fight between the Nautolan and her would not continue if she did not received help soon. *C'mon... Tisto...*

“Stop there you little witch!” The voice of the Nautolan mercenary called out as she fired a blaster towards the back of Ozosi, but as it fired from the barrel of the gun, Ozosi’s senses caught wind of the action and she rolled forward. She called forth a barrier to protect her back side, sweeping her body around in a quick set of movements.

“Who you calling a ‘witch’ when you use the Force yourself!” Ozosi exclaimed out, pulling her hands up to continue to utilize the barrier she called forth. She began to move towards the waters while maintaining the barrier.

The Nautolan woman screamed out with a barrage of blaster rounds, moving closer towards Ozosi’s barrier. “Drop that barrier witch and face me like a true warrior!” The woman continued to fire until she glanced to the right of her, realizing a new person had entered the beach via the water. As she turned her head, the Nautolan’s eyes widened and she began to stop firing at the Togruta and turned her weapon to the man who now arrived via his FC-20 speeder across the water from Ihera’s southernmost beach. “Fracking bastards!” She screamed out as she started firing the blasters again, now targeting the male.

----- To be continued!