



PURSUIT

Written by Alara Deathbane (12681)

**08:00, aboard the ARC 170-Starfighter
Orbiting the Planet Randa, Kessel Sector**

“Damn it, Vance,” Alara growled under her breath. “You just had to get me lost in some Xen-forsaken sector in outer space, didn’t you?”

“Actually, Alara. We aren’t lost. These AIN coordinates are super helpful. And you’re not the one driving anyways. I am.” Gregryck Thunderbreath, her Ewok Master, added.

The Sephi rolled her eyes, “Driving or not! This is way out in the middle of nowhere!”

“We are actually pretty close to the Kessel Run, which is pretty cool if you ask me.” Jae’lle, Alara’s apprentice, giggled from around the cab. She was lounging on a recliner that was drilled into the floor with her legs hung over the arms.

“Just relax, eh Quaestor? We will get there in no time. The AIN is pinpointing right where Mr. Vance is hiding. He’s just on the planet below. We’ll go down, get em, bring him back, and we will be out lickity split.” Gregryck grinned up at his apprentice from the pilot’s chair.

“You’re forgetting who is down there... Waiting for us.” Alara turned away from him and crossed her arms. She blew a stray golden hair out of her face.

“Kendra Icasta. And those other huntresses with her.” Jae’lle looked up from examining her cuticles.

“You’ve faced her before when you were captured by Daggo. I don’t think we need to be too worried about her now.” Gregryck scoffed.

“There were more of us,” Alara glared as she reminded the ewok.

“But you didn’t have a fuzzy ewok or a gorgeous Mirialan to help you last time.” Jae’lle winked at her master.

“Hmmpfh,” Alara gazed at the planet below, “We’ll see how this goes.”

**09:00, Planet Surface
The Planet Randa, Kessel Sector**

“This place doesn’t seem too inviting, does it, Alara?” Jae’lle tiptoed behind her Quaestor as she felt the dry, famined surface crackle below her.

“Well there’s a reason the Huntresses must have brought the guy here. They wanted to keep as many people away as possible, so they picked the dreariest spot.” Alara finished talking just when another sharp gust of wind blew sand directly towards the travellers.

Each pulled their hoods tightly over their face and squinted towards anything that might indicate where the Huntresses could be.

“Over there! I see some sort of temple sticking out of the sand. Onwards!” Gregryck Thunderbreath knocked his vibrolance against the rough ground which caused the kyber crystal atop to emit a bright crimson stream of light through the dense sandy winds.

The group followed closely to one another until they reached the ruins. As the ewok noted, the ruined Sith-like temple just barely peaked its entrance through the sand. It was like the temple was slowly sinking diagonally into the sand waves that overwhelmed the planet. Everyone rushed into the entrance through coughs and sneezes to get away from the awful windstorm.

“It’s a shame you have to make such an entrance, we might have just missed you.” A familiar voice echoed from around the corner of the dusty, topsy turvy room. At the far, most tipped point of the floor, Alara could see the Huntresses’ hostage tied up and unconscious. Kendra’s red and blue locks flicked from around a pillar and flew behind her face. The Kiffars’ leader quickly pointed her slugthrower pistol directly into the Quaestor’s face. With a scowl, Alara faced the woman and appeared unalarmed at the attempt on her life.

“Jae’lle, now!” Alara hollered and ducked. In obedience, the young Mirialan threw a grenade towards the Shikari Huntress and quickly grabbed onto the ewok standing next to her.

“That’s all you’ve got?” Kendra laughed maliciously. She grabbed the grenade in hand and rapidly chucked it outside the entrance. It erupted within the sand and shot a storm through the entrance door to slam the temple’s occupants into its walls.

The room was filled with sounds of screams, gasps, and coughing. The Force-users knew well to control their sounds, breathing, and movements from the foolish cyborgs. When the sound of a pistol reloading rung in Alara’s sephi ears, she instinctively lashed out in the Force and shot lightning towards it. A loud “**AAHH!!**” resonated from the sandy smoke as the satisfactory smack of a body hitting the floor echoed afterwards.

“You’ll pay for that, Sephi!” Kendra’s voice roared once she noticed her colleague had fallen.

That’s one down, how many more to go? Alara couldn’t quite remember from last time she had run into these bitches. She focused and sensed the presence of two other huntresses apart from Kendra. One was to the right of her, the other fallen by her friend’s corpse.

Without a response to the Chiss, the she-Marauder ignited and shoved her amber-bladed lightsaber through the grieving huntress’s forehead. The body collapsed to join its friend and caused Kendra to let out another roar of excruciating pain once the dust finally began to settle in the room. The Shikari leader lunged at Alara with as much angry exertion as she could muster.

Alara didn’t bother to get away. She knew that the woman she faced was far too fast and strong for her. Instead, she hollered back and channeled all the anger she had been holding towards the Collective towards her left fist and knocked the Chiss square in the jaw. This hurled the Eminent into a pillar which crumbled over her.

Just enough time to finish off the other.

Alara’s Sephi eyes darted towards the right where a huntress already had her energy bow aimed straight for her. She quickly leapt towards what was left off the pillar, jumped off, and kicked the bow right out of

the huntress's hands. The woman let out a cry of terror and reached for her stun baton. Unfortunately for her, Alara already had her saber out in her right hand and chopped off the huntress's head before it could make another sound.

Feeling rather cocky, the Quaestor grabbed the girl's head and threw it down at the pile of rocks where Kendra was attempting to dig out from. Once she burst her way out, tears, sweat, and blood trailed down her face as her demonic-like, angered eyes glared at the Quaestor.

"You will **NOT** get out of here alive. I will make you pay for what you've done!" With a flick of her wrist, she cracked her electro-whip off of her belt and snapped it in the air towards Alara.

The Seer chuckled, darted back, and toyed with her enemy. "It doesn't matter what you do to me, Kendra. You've already failed."

Kendra screamed out in agony and charged towards the Executor with what strength she had left.

**12:00, aboard the ARC-170 Starfighter
Leaving Randa's orbit, Kessel Sector**

"Man! Those moves were absolutely amazing! The way you spoke all that crazy ewok joojoo talk and caused those giant sandworms to come out of nowhere?! And the look on those two girl's faces when they got gobbled up!" Jae'lle spat out giggle after giggle and congratulated her friend on his successful combat.

"Just wait til you see me *actually* fight someone, little one. Then you'll really be impressed." Gregryck smiled to himself and continued steering.

"Are you sure your friend will be alright down there? Kendra's a tough one. I may be just a scholar, but I know a fighter when I see one." Vance Kordall stared at the planet surface below with a worrisome look.

"I wouldn't be worried about 'Lara! She's gotten through much much worse. And she came across that woman before and still made it through! She'll make it through this too. I'm sure of it." Jae'lle crossed her arms in surety, until a small voice of doubt entered her mind which flicked her eyes towards the ewok for comfort.

Gregryck sensed her fear and nodded in response, without losing his smile. "If I know Alara, she tends to survive even when she really shouldn't. That's why I called her Deathbane, after all."

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