

## **Hangar Bay. Sanctuary**

### **37ABY**

A cruel thin smile played upon Tasha'Vel's blue lips as She climbed up into the cockpit of her beloved ship-The RavenBloodStar. She settled herself into the seat and closed the canopy. She turned on her dashboard lights and started up the engine. The ship roared to life as she waited for the hangar bay doors of Sanctuary to open up. With the all clear signal and the doors wide open, Tasha'Vel guided her ship into the open space. Using the joystick throttle, she pulled away and began patrolling alongside. Patrols had become the norm for the Naga Sadow fleet in both houses now due to the overtaking of their home. The blue-skinned Rollmaster didn't mind participating and helping out where needed. In fact, she enjoyed being able to fly around for periods of time. It was a great place for her to ponder a bit and enjoy some freedom. As she made her rounds, her comlink began to glow. She switched it on.

"Just making my rounds, what's up?" She asked.

On the other end, she heard the voice of one of the officers aboard Sanctuary.

"We received word that there are some Collective transports in the area and they have some bounty. If you are able, we would love to have some of those resources."

The Twi'lek grinned. "Send those coordinates and I will be on my way sir."

"Sending them to your computer now."

The Marauder glanced over at one of her monitors and punched in the last known coordinates. She kicked off the thrusters and sailed towards her destination.

"Today is a good day for spilling some blood."

## **Open Space, Onboard RavenStarBlood**

### **37ABY**

Tasha'Vel had arrived and could see one of the Collective's transport ships. There were two other small fighters guarding it.

"I love a good challenge." She steered the ship over towards the transport and opened fire upon the fighters. She watched one of the fighters explode in a fiery ball of ship parts as she moved onto the second fighter. She quickly began tailing it, as she locked on and fired a concussion missile, quickly destroying the last fighter guarding the transports. With the transport now helpless, she used her quad linked laser cannons to incapacitate the transports and began to

scan for cargo. The two had some fuel and ship supplies on board along with a few other building resources. "Jackpot today, the Collective won't be using these anymore." She turned on her communicator and broadcast to Sanctuary. "Tasha'Vel to Sanctuary, I have a pair of downed transports ready for pickup whenever you are ready."

The control operator came over the comm link. "Roger that Tasha, we will send someone over to harvest the transports soon. Hold tight."

"Over and out." She answered as she turned off the communicator. She sat back in her seat and looked out at the transports. It was a nice bit of fun and gave Tasha a bit of a battle rush. She revelled in the feeling as it started to subside a bit. She had missed flying. Today was a good day. Soon another Marka Ragnos ship came into view. She had finished her mission and now it was time to return. She waved as they passed by and made her way back towards Sanctuary. "I will have to do this again sometime." She grinned as she came up alongside Sanctuary and began the standard docking procedures. "Hopefully, it will be sooner than later."