

[Emere Galo #15114](#)

[Alara Deathbane #12681](#)

[Alaisy Tir'eivra #15526](#)

08 00 Hours

Estle City Meeting Hall

Arconans gathered around the large table, awaiting further instructions from their clan consul — the Ryn known as Kordath Blu. The members glanced around impatiently while their consul called out names of operative team members. The more prominent leaders in the clan, Satsi, Kelvin, and Skar to name a few, were listed right away.

Alara crossed her arms, but her lip, and tapped her fingers against her arms in annoyance. Her mind began to drift as she imagined what role she would play in this war. Perhaps she would be on the front lines, much like she was when she was with another clan. Or perhaps they will have her on a special ops mission for intel. Whatever it was, she was ready to take it on.

I wonder if this is the war which was prophesied to me. The war where I'll be fighting alongside Artemis, she thought to herself.

Ever since the Seer had a vision of herself fighting while mounted on her beautiful tusked cat, she hadn't been able to get the image out of her day-to-day thoughts.

Suddenly, the click of the meeting hall doors awoke her from her daydream. She blinked her eyes open to realize that everyone was gone from the room except for herself, Alaisy, Emere, and Kordath. The women began blinking at each other until someone finally had the gumption to speak.

"Pardon me, Consul. But is there any particular reason why us three were left off of the list?" Alaisy met eyes with the Ryn in solemn curiosity.

"Yes, actually. I'm glad ye asked. Ya'see. Ye three women be stayin' back from the show. Yer not needed."

A growl came from the other side of the room while Alara's ears began to spin in anger. "Not needed? What gives?" Emere glared at the Ryn. There was no need to be idle during a war.

"Simple, 'un. Arcona doesn't require your services at this time. Alaisy, yer careless methods get in the way of diplomacy, lass, simply put ye scare the kark outta potential allies. We cannae 'ave that. As for you, Emere, yer battle team is fine wit'out ye. Alara, you are new to the clan and we still aren't aware of all yer tactics yet. Once we know ye better, we can figure out where to stick ye."

Alara stepped out of her seat, walked towards the consul, and slammed her left hand on the table. "Do I need to remind you how well I hold myself in battle, Blue biggot? Last I recall our duel didn't heed too well to your liking," she threatened.

"Nay lass, I remember," the nervous Ryn shrunk into his seat and held his hands up to surrender. "It's not like that, see. We just... don't need yuh this time round. Not'in persuhnal, luff."

"How do you expect any of us to not take this personal?" Alaisy stepped out from her seat and walked closer.

"I concur. We are some of the best fighters you have." Emere got up too.

"Nay, nay, ladies. All gu'd. Just a matter o' numbers is all. We got enuf." The consul scrambled from his chair, and quickly hopped to the door behind his seat. He opened the door and turned to look at the three women once more. "Enjoy yer time off..." And with that, he clicked the door shut.

"What kinda karkin blue-milk drinking son of a bantha is wrong with that little prune?!" Alara hollered, her hands in the air.

Emere shrugged, "There may be good reason for it. Leaders have to make tough calls."

Alaisy spoke up, "but it's just us three that got held back. That means no one else will realize if we actually leave. I mean, who's here to keep tabs on us?"

"Yeah... that might be a good point," Alara removed one hand from her hip and placed it on her chin thoughtfully. "No one would really know that we would be gone until, of course, they saw us in the battlefield." With a nod from Emere, Alara continued. "And at that point, who would really stop us from joining in? They wouldn't send us back. Who cares if the blueberry tries to punish us when we get back." Alara grinned mischievously.

"So ladies, do we have a deal?" Alaisy smiled at the pair before her, "we will stick around until we know everyone is gone, wait a day or two, and get our asses packing to get in the war we deserve to be in?"

Emere gave an apathetic shrug, arms folded over her chest. It wasn't ideal and there was no way in hell she'd 'enjoy' time off.

"And you, Alara?" Alaisy turned curiously to the Sephi.

"You better fwec-ing believe it. I didn't work this hard to join your ranks to sit at home while my sabers collect dust."

"It's settled then. Get your things ready in secret, ladies. I'll contact you via datapad once it seems safe to leave." Alaisy turned to leave the room.

"Hold up, where in the war will we go?" Alara raised her hand in question.

A good question. It didn't make sense that any of them should be idle, especially since there was a war, which usually required any able bodied person available to participate.

The brooding olive-skinned woman looked between the other two women, then her eyes falling to something left by Kordath's chair. "There's plenty of fight to go around and I'll bet that Kord isn't telling us something," the Captain finally said, looking to the datapad that was left where Kord was once sitting. Surely there was something useful there. Emere took a seat in the chair that was raised a little too damn high. Lowering the chair, she leaned back, scrolling through the datapad. There were several messages from the Inquisitorius warning about the theaters of war that were opening

up. As she investigated the datapad, a new message from the Arconan listening post popped up, marked as 'urgent', the device making a sound.

"What did you find?" Alara asked, rushing over to where Emere was, peering over her shoulder.

Galo opened the message, the other two women gathering around to listen.

[...there has been a fragmented artifact reportedly located in the Severian Principate's Thillon Research Facility within Lyra space. Send in a small team and recover that artifact by any means necessary, be sure to make it look as though the Brotherhood will be responsible for the slaughter-]

The transmission was fragmented and broken up, but it was enough for the trio to look amongst one another. The transmission made Galo's blood boil, but it was something to do. The Collective seemed to never fail to piss her off, but at least she would have the satisfaction of plucking something from their greedy lying fingers. "Looks like it's time to get our hands dirty," Emere said, tossing the datapad to the side as she stood up.

"My ARC-170 can get us there pretty quickly, and there's plenty of room for the three of us," the Sephi said with an excited grin. She was pleased they wouldn't be treated as useless after all.

Alaisy started towards the door of the exit, parting her lips to say, "well we better get moving if we plan on beating the Collective there."

Emere and Alara nodded in agreement, the Sephi almost skipping to the door. "Alright ladies, grab your gear and meet me in ten!"

ARC-170 Starfighter

En Route to Lyra System

0945 Hours

The fighter was approaching the system cautiously, Alara keeping a close eye on her radar to make sure they weren't being followed by Collective ships or they weren't already beat. "Hope you're both ready."

Emere, checking over her gear nodded. "Ready." The Captain usually put in an obscene amount of time into checking her gear and weapons. It was her religion and somehow always put her mind at ease. Trusting weapon and gear manufactures was the last thing she'd ever do; too much room for machine or human error. Being that she wasn't sure what they were walking into, she took as much gear as she could carry.

Lighting a cigarra, she asked the Sephi, "Any sign of Collective vessels?"

"None at all. Pretty sure we're ahead of them." Alara said with confidence, her fingers flying over the controls with ease.

"Good," the black-clad woman chimed in. "That could give us enough room to negotiate with the Principate to get them to let us in without shedding any unnecessary blood."

"Good thinking," The Captain said checking her blaster pistol. With things being on edge with the Principate and the Brotherhood, the ideal solution would be a peaceful one.

It wasn't too long before the spacecraft was in orbit of the moon, Alara bringing it in for a smooth landing. The team of three stepped off of the fighter, heading toward the research facility entrance. There weren't any guards on the outside, but who could blame them? This side of the moon was cold and dark. Once they were in front of the facility, the double doors swished open, revealing some kind of security foyer, a console, and a 3PO-series droid in view. It an off-colored white with a few scuffs on the paint, probably from years of use.

The silence was broken when the powered on, looking at the women."Greetings, welcome to the Thillon Research facility. I am known as Fig. My data tells me you are new to this facility allow me to escort you all to our security offices." The bot stiffly walked to the console, entering in a few codes before the doors swished open. The place seemed sterile, almost like a hospital. The corridor was

wide enough that the average speeder could fly through with ease. Emere was wondering why they didn't have more security beyond a dumb and slow droid.

"Eyes open. I don't have a good feeling about this," Emere said quietly to the other women.

Before the other two women could respond, a magenta string glowed in the corner of the sterile hallway. A small projectile formed and was slowly released, aimed at the grumpy Captain. A warning from the Force alerted Alara as she jumped at Emere to push her away. The plasma arrow burned a hole in the wall before it slowly fizzled out.

Alaisy rolled out her metal coiled whip and snapped it towards a second purple light showing from the shadows. The impact of the tip of Persuasion caused one of the Shikari Huntresses to let out a shriek. Eagerly the black-clad Sith pushed the button on her hilt as the wiring coiled around the Technocrat's neck. The electricity sparking from Persuasion lit up the shadowy corner, showing a third dreadlocked huntress ready to ambush the trio in search of the artifact.

The captured Collective minion was ready to pry the coiling whip off of her neck until the jolt of electricity made her jaws clatter, numbing out the rest of her muscles and causing her to smasm onto the floor.

"One down, two to go," Alara smirked as she pulled Emere back on her feet.

Captain Galo nodded at the female Sephi and readied her E-22 Rifle aiming it at the third Huntress. The target came quickly charging at Emere, with her vibroknuckers ready to punch the dark haired woman.

Deathbane ignited both of her lightsabers as she charged right for the first ambusher. She deftly dodged an incoming bolt of plasma and enhanced her speed dramatically with the aid of the Force, closing the distance between her and her opponent.

Emere gently squeezed the trigger of her E-22 and burst the incoming Huntress down with a load of blaster bolts to the chest until her clip was emptied, dropping the Technocrat face first at her feet.

Alara's sprint allowed her to place both her sabers at her target's throat before the Shikari could get ready for another shot.

The black-clad Sith Alaisy walked up to her coiled up victim and pressed her pointed heel down onto the Shikari's forehead, slowly increasing pressure until it pierced the poor soul's skull.

"What do we do with this one?" Alara remarked as she held her twin sabers in a scissor formation around the Huntress' neck.

"Finish it, before she gets a chance to bite down on something and do it herself," Emere scoffed as she watched the 3PO droid, Fig communicate the ambush to its superiors.

"I had no idea we were infiltrated Eminent, I humbly apologise but my protocols have not been updated for several months now," Fig communicated to its supposed superiors.

"Apologies ladies, my superior wishes to inform you that the object you are most likely looking for is found in the reactor room, to the East of here. Good luck!" The droid poshly added to the initial service package he provided by protocol.

Deathbane shrugged, then nodded at Emere and severed the head of the Collective assassin without further hesitation.

Meanwhile, Alaisy seemed to be focusing on a necklace that all the Huntresses had in common around their necks.

"Look, they are all wearing the same necklace. I can probably figure out if there are more assassins lurking around the facility, if you give me but a moment to trace back their steps," Alaisy suggested as she placed her gloved hand over the jewelry of the Technocrat she killed.

"Seen her do this before, shouldn't take long," Emere assured Alara.

Visions of the Force provided insight of the ambush planned out by the Collective, letting the tall latex-clad Sith know that only three necklaces in total were handed out to the Technocrat Huntresses.

“Three, we have eliminated all of them. We should be able to proceed and collect what we came here for without further risk of an ambush,” Alaisy explained as she looked slightly exasperated from the vision.

“Are you alright?” Alara asked, “You look even paler than usual, if that is even possible.”

“She’ll be fine, let’s get to that reactor room already, the door to the right is open,” Emere pointed towards the entrance with her gun.

“I have been through much worse, nothing quite like what these Technocrats have to go through in the name of the Collective,” Alaisy reassured the dual wielding Sephi.

“After you Captain, just keep your eyes peeled for traps,” Deathbane suggested as she clipped her doused sabers back onto her Inquisitor Armor.

The trio made their way to the East side of the abandoned and clinical looking room. Medical cabinets, empty crates, tubes, beds and all sorts of dodgy materials greeted them as a second glassy door slid open. Emere kicked away an empty crate that sat in the middle of the room, revealing a strange brushed metal container.

“This must be it,” the dark-haired woman said as she placed the case under her arm.

“Let’s get it back to Estle City before someone starts thinking we’re missing,” Alara motioned hurriedly.