

## Objective 1: FIGHT THE PRINCIPATE MUTINEERS

The Collective has defended Principate targets against its own false-flag attacks, deceiving Principate forces into believing that the Collective is supporting them against the bloodthirsty Brotherhood. Although the Principate's leaders have ordered their forces not to engage directly against the Brotherhood, some officers in the 5th Fleet have chosen to side with the Collective and are now in open mutiny.

Write from the perspective of Severian Principate 5th Fleet mutineers or your main or alternative character:

Either aid the Principate and deal a setback to the Collective by destroying or detaining the mutineers, OR write from the perspective of the mutineers and fight back against the Brotherhood. Where this occurs and how is up to the writer.

Choosing this prompt will divert Brotherhood resources away from defending the Clan leaders and makes an alliance between the Brotherhood and the Principate MORE likely.

### Mutineer Personnel

- **Jorde'ya Marwar** - Leader of the 5th Fleet Border Patrol.
- **Amara Cirrus** - Head of Security for Lyra Colony.
- **Captain Crimson** - Poster Soldier for the Liberation Front, head of Recruiting and Training for the Collective.
- **Emery Rose** - Ace fighter pilot for the Collective, fighting alongside the 5th Fleet mutineers.

### My Characters

[Brimstone's Snapshot](#)

[Brinestone's Snapshot](#)

(note - this is a continuation from my phase 1 fiction)

**Lansford Bridge**  
**Moon of Thillon**  
**Lyra-3K-a system**  
**37 ABY**

The commander of the \*Lansford\* was visibly upset. A brotherhood ship had invaded and downloaded their files and made their escape. He knew the leaders of the Collective weren't going to be pleased with him, probably have him executed for treason. As he made his way to his command room, he ordered everyone out. A message was going to be needed to be sent by him personally to the Battle Group Elysium fleet.

**Lyra-3K-a system**  
**Near Shipyards**

Brimstone's firespray and crew exited from hyperspace and shortly sent out an encrypted message to the Plagueis fleet. As the ship flew closer to the shipyards, Brim notice that most of the Ascendant fleet was gone. They had arrived too late to get them the intel they had acquired. \*\*Where the hell did they go?\*" thought the Chiss.

"Um, Brim, where's the fleet?" asked Brinestone, his brother.

"I have no clue" replied Brim.

"Sir" interrupted the droid, K'ebatas, "I believe they have left for the Lyra Colony. It looks like they had received orders so go attack the enemy by the Iron Throne."

Brimstone knew it was a trap. If his droid could easily read a non-encrypted message in the surrounding channels, they were walking in for an ambush. The data they had just stolen gave him the intel he needed. Not only was the enemy trying to take the sector of space, but they also planned to assassinate the entire Brotherhood leadership. Every clan was a target. Brim knew that the loss of every leader would bring the collapse of everything they held so dear.

"K'ebatas, set a course to Lyra Colony. We still have to deliver the info I had promised to its Governor" spoke the Battlemaster. "Brine, get the data split into two parts. The intel for the deception of the Collective for the colony and the assassination attempt for the fleet. Even if we run into other clan fleets, someone needs to be alerted as soon as possible before we lose our Brotherhood."

“That includes the Jedi of Odan Urr?”

Brim’s throat tightened at the thought of working with the “lighties”. “Just do it!” he barked hoarsely.

## **Lyra Colony**

### **Lyra-3K-a system**

Part of the Battle Group Elysium was stationed over the planet, 2 dreadnaughts and 4 Lancer-class frigates. They, along with what remained of the 5th fleet of the Principate, were keeping a defensive posture over the Lyra Colony. Tensions were high after the supposed attack from the Iron Throne. Even with two of the Brotherhood’s fleet there, the two heavy cruisers \*Ariccia\* and \*Aggius\* from the Iron Navy’s 6th Task Force, the Collective wasn’t taking a chance at blowing their advantage.

Jorde'ya Marwar, commander of the 5th Fleet Border Patrol, was on high alert. Jar'deon Blazio, the colony’s Governor, had told them not to take any aggressive action against either of the fleets in their system. This didn’t sit well with Jorde. He wanted to take the fight to the Ascendant fleet for their attack. While the two heavy cruisers he was tracking weren’t of the same class as those that had attacked earlier, he didn’t trust them as far as he could throw a bantha. He wanted to destroy them.

## **Lyra Colony**

### **Headquarters Bunker**

### **Lyra-3K-a system**

Five days had passed since the leaders here were visited by the Chiss claiming to be part of the Brotherhood. Amara, the head of security, wasn’t thrilled that his terms were accepted by Jar'deon and Jacinta so eagerly. She believed he was a spy and what he spoke of about the Collective was all lies. She saw the battle for herself. The Iron Throne caused massive destruction to everything around her. People’s lives were in total disarray. Defense forces were depleted. And if it wasn’t for the Collective showing up when they did, fighting off the assailants, the colony would have been destroyed. To her, actions spoke louder than words. But she would abide by the Governor’s wishes and give the Plagueians the seven days to show them \*proof\*.

**Almiston Command**  
**Lyra-3K-a system**  
**Above Lyra Colony**

The Collective dreadnaught, \*Almistron\*, hovered above the planet as it patrolled the sector's space in a defensive posture. The ship's commander sat at his command seat looking over data of patrols. He was on high alert after two heavy cruisers arrived and weren't taking any chances. The Collective also sent him along with Rose squadron, their best squadron of fighters, led by Emery Rose, the Ace pilot who had destroyed many enemies during the Meridian conflict. While he was in command, he knew that she had seniority over him and when she gave an order, even he knew to jump if she told him to.

"Sir" came over the comms next to him.

Looking over and pressing a switch, he replied: "What is it?"

"We have an encrypted communication from the \*Lansford\*."

"Patch it through."

A hologram of the \*Lansford\* commander appeared. "Steph, this is Marc."

"Yeah Marc, what seems to be the problem?"

"Well, we have a situation."

"What situation?"

"A vessel from the enemy was able to steal our data and made its escape. From the reports, it was a blackened firespray."

"What data did they get and how much of it?"

"From what I can tell, around 80% was stolen and it included the orders of our plans to assassinate the leaders of the Brotherhood."

This shook Steph to his core. Only the commanders of the fleets were given this highly classified information. And if the enemy had gotten word of their plans, it would end in disaster for the Collective in general. "Do you have any info on its location?"

"It jumped into hyperspace but we triangulated that it was heading back to either the colony or the shipyards. We have to get it destroyed before they alert their command of our plans" replied Marc.

"I will alert commander Rose of this and she and her squadron will destroy them if they get here."

"Good thing she is there. I've already alerted Captain Crimson too. I am sure she will be in contact too. Lansford out." The transmission ended. Steph sat back in his chair. This was highly endangering their mission to destroy the Brotherhood once and for all.

Pressing a button, he commed for the Rose Squadron captain.

**Almiston**  
**Rose Squadron Quarters**  
**Lyra-3K-a system**  
**Above Lyra Colony**

Emery Rose was finished with her daily training regimen and exercises she always did to keep in shape for the rigors of starfighter battles. After taking a shower, she had dried off and was towel drying her horns on her head. Even though she was a Zabrak, she still enjoyed the luxuries of what the humans enjoyed. As she sat down, whipping the remaining droplets from her red skin, she noticed she had two massages. One was from the ship's commander and one from Captain Crimson. She chose the latter to answer first. Pressing the replay function, a hologram showed up of a red-headed human female came to life.

"Emery, this is Crimson. I am giving you a forewarning. Lansford has been compromised near the moon of Thillon. Data has been stolen that can endanger our mission for the Collective. Be on the lookout for a blackened firespray that escaped. They are to be destroyed upon sight. Do not let them get to any Brotherhood ships. No matter what it takes, destroy them without prejudice. Crimson out."

Emery knew what that meant. She knew of the secretive plans to assassinate the leaders. She also knew that the Lansford commander was a dead man once Crimson was finished with him. As she pondered what to do next, she remembered that the other message was from Steph. She chose to ignore it, knowing full well that it was probably just a repeat message with the same info she had just gotten. Besides, she didn't answer to anyone but

the Collective leadership, not a pipsqueak commander of the \*Almiston\*. Ever since her days in the First Order, she has limited her superiors to a select few.

A knock on the door caught Emery's attention as she looked up. "Come in" she stated. One of her squadmates, a lieutenant, entered.

"Ma'am, not to interrupt, but the ship's commander contacted me. Said he was unable to get ahold of you."

"I know. I am choosing to not answer him."

"What's the matter?"

"Crimson contacted me. We have a mission. Get the other ten located and meet me in the hanger by our ships."

"Yes, Ma'am" replied the lieutenant with a salute.

**Almiston Hanger**  
**Lyra-3K-a system**  
**15 minutes later**

All pilots of Rose Squadron were assembled in the main hangar of the \*Almiston\*. Emery strolled in with a purpose. Upon seeing their leader, they snapped to attention and in uniform precision, saluted. She returned the salute and the squadron went to an at-ease stance.

"It looks like we have a priority mission, direct from the Collective. Until further notice, all other orders from the command are to be ignored" she stated as she held her datapad. "A Brotherhood starfighter, a black colored Firespray-31-class Interceptor, was caught and escaped from the Moon of Thillon system. They have broken into and stolen data from the Lansford. We are under orders to destroy them at all cost."

"Ma'am, what about capturing them?"

"No, the ship must be destroyed before they have any time to transmit their stolen data. If caught, that still leaves them time to have automated uploading of the information. This is a priority \*kill on sight\* mission. Do we understand?"

The other eleven pilots all in unison chimed out “Yes Ma’am.”

“Then get to your ships. Unlock all safety measures on your warheads and the first to destroy the target gets first drinks on me when we return.”

The pilots turned and ran to their X-wings. Rose Squadron was ready for what was coming, all-out war.

As Emery got ready to board her own X-wing, Steph, the ship's commander came to her in a rush. “Where do you think you are going?” he barked.

The Zabrak spun around with her helmet in hand and cold clocked the commander across his face, knocking him to the ground. “Listen here, little man. You are not in charge of me or my squadron. We have our orders from the Collective themselves. I suggest you keep your guns on your ship silenced or we will silence you. Understand” She then turned around and climbed aboard her ship. Moments later, all twelve X-wings flew through the hangar’s protective barrier and into space.

“All teams, report” she chimed over the headset.

“Rose two standing by...”

“Rose three standing by...”

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## **Lyra-3K-a system**

### **30 minutes later**

The \*Nehso Retan'ci (Black Silence)\* entered the space of Lyra Colony. As it slowed down to a standstill, Brimstone watched over the sensor’s array and noted multiple ships surrounding the planet. He took note of 6 Collective large vessels and approximately 30 smaller starships, mostly X-wing class. He also noticed a few of the Principate’s 5th Fleet too. But two ships caught his attention. The two Brotherhood heavy cruisers. He was too far to transmit any of the data to either Lyra Colony or Brotherhood with the Collective in his immediate field of vision.

“Have you guys re-worked the data yet?”

“Almost done. There’s a lot of information to process” replied his brother, Brinestone.

“Well let K’ebatas finish it up. I need you in the gunner’s station to be ready. I expect to get a ton of resistance as soon as they see us. I am sure they already know about our theft.”

“Who are we targeting first for the data transfer?”

“Lyra Colony is closest. If we can get it to them, they can relay to their fleet to not kill us on sight.”

Brimstone engaged the thrusters and headed towards the planet’s surface.

**5th Fleet Command**  
**Lyra-3K-a system**

“Sir, our sensors detect a ship heading towards the colony surface. It has no identifying beacons.”

“Alert our fighters to mobilize and take out that ship. It could be trying to assassinate the colony’s leadership. Destroy on sight.”

**Lyra Colony Command**  
**Lyra-3K-a system**

Amana continued to monitor the 5th Fleet’s frequencies. Soon she caught on orders of an unknown vessel heading towards the surface. She grabbed her comlink and chimed Jar’deon. Moments later, Jacinta answered instead.

“Amara, what’s up?” replied the Chiss.

“We have an unknown vessel coming in. The 5th Fleet has orders to shoot it down” replied Amara.

“I wonder if it is from the Plagueians who were here earlier this week?”

“I don’t know. Our sensors aren’t good enough to read ship beacons off the surface.”

“I’ll alert Jar’d. He’s got orders no shootdowns.”



"I don't think Jorde'ya is in any mood to obey orders from the Governor. I'll try to let him know not to open fire, but if it is an attack, we should be in the ready for defending ourselves."

"I agree. The defense is a priority. Jacinta out."

### **Rose Squadron Lyra-3K-a system**

"This is Rose Eight, come in."

"Go ahead, this is Rose One."

"Ma'am, I see a black ship heading towards the surface of Lyra Colony."

"Is it a firespray?"

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"Go after it. Rose Squadron, head towards the surface. Target has been sighted. I repeat, the target has been sighted. Kill on sight."

### **Lyra-3K-a system**

Brimstone flew towards the surface. He knew he had only one chance to make the delivery. No time to land, it was going to be a quick jettison of a cargo pack with the datapad safely secured within. He knew he couldn't sit and wait for a file transfer. As he started to enter the atmosphere, alarms started chiming in of incoming fighters from both the surface and the fleets above.

Banking hard right, the ship rotated and the thrusters engaged in full throttle towards the main center of Lyra Colony.

"Kebatas. Strap yourself into the cargo and hold on. Brine, be ready to jettison the payload once we get close enough to safely send it."

“Sir, I must still protest. I would serve you better on the ship, not on the surface” warned the droid.

“You know the data and can upload it faster into their systems than we can. Just do it” the Chiss barked back.

The droid climbed into the cargo container and sealed its hatch tightly. Brim knew there would be no air in it, hence why he didn't send his brother instead. Brinestone stood by the ramp, ready to drop the load. He was holding on tightly to the handrails as the ship kept banking and diving from the incoming fighters.

“Brine, on my mark, drop the payload. In 5...4...3...”

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Five X-wings soared as fast as they could after their target, which was moving at a very high rate of velocity.

“I have a target lock on the ship” barked one of the pilots as he got closer. Seconds later, 2 missiles shot out and headed towards their intended target.

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Brinestone hit the release as the ramp lowered. As soon as the package was discharged, the ship banked hard upwards. If he hadn't been holding on securely to the handhold, he would have fallen out of the ship along with the cargo. As he floated in the high winds barreling through the ship, he saw two missiles fly past the undercarriage of his brother's ship. Using all his strength in the Force, he pulled himself back into the ship's cargo hold and hit the button to seal the ramp back up. Another juke and he was sent flying to the ceiling of the ship. “K'tah!” he exclaimed with a thud.

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The 5th Fleet's fighters, mostly standard TIE fighters, came rushing in. Sixteen ships were giving chase to the firespray. Seconds later, they split off, but not before two missiles slammed into two of them, vaporizing the ships in a ball of fire. The remaining fourteen fighters saw X-wings coming in hard and fast.

Suddenly, just like the old days of the Republic versus the Empire, it was a dogfight of TIE's versus X-wings. Neither knew they were going after the same target. They only saw each as the enemy. It was open season.

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Brimstone saw the incoming TIEs get hit by the two missiles he felt through the Force coming for him. Along with the Collective's fighters, he knew he had only one chance to get out of the cluster-kriff that was happening. He had hoped that the distraction between the two would give him a chance, while slim, to escape unharmed.

"Brine, is the package gone?"

The other Chiss made his way to the cockpit. "Yeah, no thanks to you I almost became part of the cargo myself." He sat down behind the weapons station and started targeting the other ships. "I count twelve X-wings and fourteen TIEs, not counting the two that were destroyed in your maneuver."

"Can you make out the beacons from the X-wings. I have a bad feeling I have seen them before on Meridian."

As the ship flailed about, Brine was able to get a signature on one of the ships from some of the communications. "It says Rose, Brim."

"K'tah!" exclaimed Brim. He knew who he was facing. The infamous Rose Squadron. He had heard and seen the data reports after Meridian about their leader, an Ace pilot by the name of Emery. "We need to get out of here fast or we're dead chiss."

Brim headed back for space mainly to get out of the atmospheric winds that were hindering the maneuverability of the ship. And being that the package was delivered, he needed to get the second package sent to his allies or there would be many dead leaders.

A TIE was dead behind him, firing its green lasers. The ship took a few hits, but its shields were holding. "Brine, prepare to use the tractor beam on that TIE when I say so. I am going to use it as a projectile against those X-wings."

The firespray flew closer to the incoming ships and slowed down just enough for the tractor beam to "lock on" to the TIE behind him. Seconds later, Brim banked hard downwards and then Brine hit the release and the TIE was jettied like a boulder into the pathway of the X-wings. They banked as hard as they could to avoid a collision. One wasn't so lucky as the two ships exploded upon impact.

Brim then headed towards space

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Emery watched as the TIE veered into her teammate's ship and cringed as it exploded. Her anger was seething now. She didn't know who was flying the firespray, but she wanted its pilot dead more than ever so.

She banked hard and gave chase, turbolasers blanketing the area around the ship. As it juked and weaved, she studied its tendencies to try to pinpoint the perfect shot. She could only assume that the pilot was a Force user and was relying on it to save its hide. She had her fair share of dealing with the Brotherhood and their Force pilots and was unblemished against them. This one wasn't going to be the first to tarnish her record. She was going to savor its death immensely.

## **Lyra Colony**

### **Lyra-3K-a system**

K'ebatas climbed out of the damaged cargo shell it had moments earlier been safely within. It was surrounded by a squad of twelve troopers with blasters drawn on it. One of them it recognized from earlier the past week. Amara stepped forward and recognized the droid too. "Let me guess, Plagueis?"

"Well, technically, I belong to my master, not his clan."

All the soldiers took off with the droid back towards command central. Amara knew now that the unknown vessel was that that belong to the Plagueis people they had spoken to before. She made haste to get the droid and whatever data or evidence it had to the Governor.

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Thirty minutes later, K'ebatas explained to the three leaders of the Colony and showed the data they had gotten from the Collective ships that showed they were in cahoots with the fleet that had attacked them two weeks before.

"We need to alert the 5th Fleet to stop the pursuit of the firespray and prepare for retaliation against the Collective's fleet" exclaimed Jacinta.

"I know. Amara, alert the fleet to cease their chase and that they have a new target to go after."

**Ariccia**  
**Lyra-3K-a system**

The Iron Throne ship sat in defense posture as its crew and command watched the battle happening between the starfighters near the planet's surface. They saw the unknown vessel avoid certain doom. As they continued to watch, one of the technicians monitoring the communications heard a crackle and then a series of beeps. Moments later a message from the Colony surface came through.

"This is Lyra Colony to the Brotherhood fleet in orbit. Do you hear me?"

The commander on the main deck walked over and hit the comms. "Yes, we hear you. Do you require assistance?"

"The ship that the Collective is chasing is one of yours. A Plagueis ship with a couple of Chiss on it. They delivered us some intel that showed us the treachery of the Collective and I believe we now have a common enemy in our midst."

"Roger that. We will do what we can to help them get here to safety. Thank you."

"No problem. We'll do what we can to assist. Amara out."

The commander then turned to one of his lieutenants. "Get a squadron out there and help escort that Plagueis ship to safety. We need that data they have immediately."

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As both Chiss did what they could, between Brimstone's flying and Birnestone's shooting, they had barely managed to stay alive. As they continued to fight their way out of the hornet's nest, a transmission came in.

"Unidentified ship. This is the \*Ariccia\* of the Iron Throne. Head toward coordinates 42.7 south, 1786.3 west. We will assist in your safe landing. I repeat. Unidentified ship. This is the \*Ariccia\* of the Iron Throne. Head toward coordinates 42.7 south, 1786.3 west. We will assist in your safe landing."

Brim knew his plan had worked and his droid was able to deliver the data it had. Punching in the coordinates, it was going to be a hot mess to get through

As he headed towards the location, the Collective fleet started moving to intercept him. As he got closer, green and blue turbolasers enveloped the space around him. As he flew, he realized his chances of living were diminishing. "I would rather face an army on the surface than in space. At least I would have a chance" he thought to himself.

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Emery cursed and bit her lip as she saw the Collective fleet open fire on her prey. They were disobeying her direct orders to stay out of it.

"Rose Squadron. The \*Almiston\* has disobeyed a direct order from our superiors. I will keep on the pursuit of our target, you are to break off and take out that dreadnaught. Do not destroy, just disable it. Then land and arrest their commanders for treason."

Emery watched as the eight remaining X-wings banked off and went after the \*Almiston\*. They had their mission, she had hers.

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Brimstone was surprised to see the sudden called off the pursuit of all the X-wings except for one. He then knew exactly who it was and that she wasn't going to quit until he was dead. He pushed full throttle towards the Heavy Cruiser in hopes of making it before she had gotten them.

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Emery got a target lock on her prey. Seconds later, four missiles fired forth and towards their target. She watched as countermeasures came back from the ship, destroying two of her missiles. The other two impacted into the firespray, exploding in a fireball.

But the ship wasn't destroyed, just damaged. She kept her pursuit going full speed.

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The firespray shook with a violent spasm as the two torpedoes hit. Sparks and extinguisher emergency systems engaged as Brim held on with all his strength to keep a hold on the Force barrier, which he barely got up, was projecting outward to the exterior of his ship. His blood started to flow from his nostrils, from the strain he exerted from the power he was unleashing to negate most of the damage from the impact. Brinestone grabbed hold of his brother as he nearly collapsed in his seat. He then pulled him off it and laid him on the flooring as he jumped into the cockpit and assumed control of the derelict ship. It was

floundering. Brine knew he didn't have the skills his brother had and wasn't sure he was going to make it to safety in time.

"Brine...." gasped the injured Brim as he gurgled blood from his lungs, "hit the throttle and punch it straight and true. Even if you have to crash land onto the hangar, get us there. I don't think I can throw up another barrier to protect us for the next hit. Brimstone then passed out from overexertion.

The Chiss did what he was told and flew hard. Seconds passed and suddenly, a thunderous jolt rocked the ship as they blasted through the hangar's protective barrier and slammed hard on its durasteel floor, sliding across and slamming into the side bulkhead, stopping it in its tracks.

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Emery was bent to get her prey that she didn't realize in time to pull out of her impending impact. The Brotherhood's hangar shields caught her hard and it sent her X-wing into a nosedive within. Shortly it crashed alongside the firespray she had been pursuing. She slammed her head hard against the canopy, rendering her unconscious.

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Security and emergency personnel arrived to extinguish the flames of both ships Brinestone pulled his brother from the wreckage. The pilot from the X-wing was also extricated and placed on a medical gurney. Brimstone was placed on one also. Both surrounded by security were escorted to the medical bays.

"Who's in charge here," asked Brinestone.

"They are on the command deck and waiting for you."

"Good, cause I have information about an assassination plot against the Brotherhood."

The Chiss and the soldier ran as fast as they could out of the hangar and towards command central.