**Entertainment District**

**Eos City**

**38 ABY**

The usually bright lights of the Entertainment District had given way to a far more deadly scene. The Collective, led by Rath Oligard, were attacking the very heart of the Dark Jedi Brotherhood, hoping to deal a massive blow in their ongoing mission to eradicate those who could touch the Force.

Such was the threat to the Collective that the Brotherhood’s Clans, infamous for their infighting, had put their differences aside to help defend against the threat that Oligard and his zealots posed to the Brotherhood’s continued survival.

Granta Prackx surveyed the scene from atop one of the taller buildings. The fighting had yet to reach that particular part of the Entertainment District, but was close enough for the former Imperial to carefully ascertain who was involved, with the help of her ‘eyes’, her ID10 seeker droid.

Prackx smiled wryly as she discovered that she had happened upon a group of Taldryanite soldiers. Their Clan affiliation didn’t matter; they just had to belong to one of the Clans.

The giant female unstrapped her long barrelled DLT-20A from its place on her back and immediately aimed towards the area her droid had designated. Staring down the rifle’s sight, Granta’s keen eye quickly picked her target- a Collective soldier who’d been pinned down from the fire of the Taldryanites.

The rifle fired with little ceremony, its silencer dulling the usual sound as the barrel spat an elongated hyphen of plasma.

Granta was sure enough of herself that she did not even bother to check that she had hit her target.

**-x-**

Sergeant Quarto and what remained of his unit had found themselves isolated from any allies after a Collective ambush. Whilst they’d given a good account of themselves, they’d suffered enough losses to start to affect morale. The sudden arrival of assistance was most welcome, but the team couldn’t put their fingers on exactly what had happened.

“I don’t know where it came from, sir. It was a sniper shot. It could have come from almost anywhere,” one of the soldiers stated.

“We don’t need to worry about such things, Private. If any of us do survive, somebody will have managed to analyse everything,” Quarto responded.

“Sir…look out!” a soldier cried out, spotting a large figure in jet black armour approaching his commanding officer.

Cocking their blaster rifles, the soldiers aimed directly at the new arrival’s helmet, but they stopped short of firing.

“Lower your weapons. I am not your enemy,” Prackx stated, her voice slightly distorted by her helmet.

“How can we be sure?” Quarto demanded. “This place is turning into hell.”

Prackx simply unclipped her lightsaber. “How many of the Collective use one of these?”

The Sergeant nodded. “A fair point. Care to tell us exactly who you are? And which Clan you’re with?”

“The name is Prackx. I do not associate with any of the Clans, but rest assured, the Collective are as much my enemy as they are yours. They’ve proven they are a threat to my own interests,” the female answered tonelessly.

“Prackx? I remember one of our Sith talking about someone with that name. She wasn’t very kind about you.” Quarto announced.

The large female stared briefly at her prosthetic hand. She knew exactly who the Sergeant was referring to, but she chose not to say anything. From what she had heard, that particular Sith was dead and would pose no further problems. Talking about her was not going to be productive.

“I may not be part of Clan Taldryan, but consider yourselves under my command. We’re going to get ourselves to the Command Centre. That is where the real fight is happening.” Granta ordered.

“Alright. But if we come across anyone from the Clan, we will immediately place ourselves at their disposal.” Quarto declared.

­**-x-**

It did not take Prackx and her new team long to come across another team of soldiers.

“Halt! Identify yourselves at once!” one of the new group demanded.

“You will identify first,” Quarto snapped back, signalling to his men.

Prackx smiled under her helmet as she sensed the tension building between the two groups. She’d already spotted the Arconan insignia.

“They are Arconans, Sergeant. Known for shooting first and never actually asking questions,” the Sith stated, hoping her deception wouldn’t be spotted.

“Ah. Taldryanites. Best known for clinging onto glory days that happened before half of them were even born,” one of the Arconans sneered.

“If we don’t band together and deal with the present threat, everyone’s glory days will be past them. We’ll need to put our rivalries aside.” Quarto answered calmly. Prackx could feel the situation beginning to cool; she had to act before the two opposing groups could work out their differences.

The lead Arconan soldier turned to Prackx, eyeing the weapon on her hip. “You, with the lightsaber! Care to tell us who you are?”

“Granta Prackx. I’m an old friend of Andrelious Inahj,” she announced.

“Inahj. We have orders to arrest any known associates of that individual,” the Arconan replied almost robotically.

*They’re still trying to get him? Don’t they ever drop a grudge?* Prackx thought to herself.

“Inahj? You mean Andrelious Mimos-Inahj? Him and his family resigned from Taldryan. Heard they ended up on Aliso,” Quarto remarked.

Granta activated her lightsaber, seemingly tired of the conversation. She’d removed the head of the nearest Arconan before anybody could react. The decapitated man’s allies fired, both at the Sith and the Taldryanites, mistaking Prackx as the unit’s regular commander.

“You fools! She’s clearly got her own agenda!” Quarto cried as he dived for cover.

“Taldryan will never rise again!” an Arconan yelled back.

Prackx edged away from the firefight, blocking anything that did come her way with simple flicks of her lightsaber.

The two groups of soldiers were so intent on destroying one another that they didn’t notice the giant woman slinking away down a side alley.

Granta Prackx took one last satisfied look at the chaos she had sown. Her plan to manipulate the Clan prejudices that still ran so deep was a success.

*The more who die, the less in my way.*