What have I gotten myself into? TuQ thought to himself as the Krayt Dragon's Breath flew over the battlefield. He has seen a lot of strange things since joining Plagueis, but this certainly took the cake. He craned his neck to the side to look out at the ensuing battle, members of the Brotherhood were clashing with more of those damn Crystal creatures and the Children of Mortis' zealots. He could see blaster fire, explosions and shocks of Force lightning coming from all over the odd reflection of Eos city. But his mission wasn't there. It was further ahead, scouting the Children's fortress and looking for a way to bring this whole thing to an end. He took a deep breath of the pressurized cabin air, it relaxed him before a mission to breathe free of his anti-ox mask.

Without any warning the ship launched straight up, TuQ's hands white knuckled the controls as he fought for control of his ship. Lights flashed all across the cockpit. Had he been hit? No, all systems were showing operational. This place confused him more and more the longer he was here. Easing the controls forward, TuQ brought his ship back down to its previous cruising altitude. The Kel Dor's hat flew off his head and the controls slipped from his grasp as the Krayt Dragon's breath entered a nose dive over the Shattered Plains. Pinned back in his seat by the g-forces, TuQ stretched desperately for the ship's controls as the massive trenches that scarred the planet's surface like deep open wounds rushed up to meet him. The Kel Dor's vision began to tunnel as the ship increased the speed of its descent. The tips of his fingers brushed the controls, his muscles cried out as he hyperextended his arm, reaching, struggling; he was desperate. His fingers finally found purchase as pulled the yoke back with all of his might, slowly the nose of the ship angled up, inch by inch. TuQ said a silent prayer to whatever gods he could think of that could prevent a crash landing. Unfortunately, no gods existed in the Ethereal Realm.

Alarms blared and lights flashed all around the cockpit of the Krayt Dragon's Breath. TuQ's eyes blinked open as he fought back what felt like the worst hangover he'd ever had. He took a deep breath to relax himself and remember what had happened. The whole thing came back in a flash as he erupted into a coughing fit.

Oxygen! He had been able to pull the ship out of the nose dive but apparently it wasn't enough to escape unscathed. Oxygen from outside the ship was leaking through, he didn't have much time before the air would literally poison him. Crawling across the ground, he searched desperately for where his mask had fallen. Between the pain from the crash and the unstoppable coughing fit, TuQ could barely concentrate. But, he had to keep moving like his life depended on it. Because it most certainly did.

"Look at the mess you've made," a voice whispered in his ear. A voice he recognized but couldn't quite place. His eyes darted back and forth, looking around for the figure the voice belonged to, the ship was empty. Fighting back another coughing fit reminded the Kel Dor that time was of the essence.

"Looking for this?" the voice teased. As TuQ rolled onto his back he found himself staring up at his former partner, Vos Dusan. Kel Dor glaring at Kel Dor, both maskless, but only TuQ'uan

seemed to be struggling to breath. Grasped tightly in Vos' hand was the mask TuQ had been desperately searching for. The two locked eyes.

"But, you're…"

"Dead? Funny thing isn't it, gasping for breath, choking, being poisoned by the very air you need to survive, the pain growing with each passing second and you feel your life growing weaker and weaker." Vos paced back and forth, tossing TuQ's mask in his hand. "Should I offer you the kindness you refused me? Or, I could just as easily destroy this and leave you for dead."

TuQ felt rage swell in a way that he had never felt before. It slowly filled every fiber of him. He stretched his arm out reaching for his mask, the feeling tingled his finger tips, he could feel his senses broadening. His anger radiating outwards. All he could think about was getting that mask back, willing it into his hand. He has witnessed this a hundred, maybe even a thousand times, but it was always someone else's doing and not his own. In the blink of an eye the mask was ripped from Vos' hand as if by an invisible hand. Launching straight into TuQ's outstretched hand.

Relief filled the prone Plagueian as he secured the mask to his face and took a deep breath of oxygen free air. Had he just used the Force? Honestly, after the things he had seen so far today, he wouldn't be that surprised. TuQ threw his hands forward and let out a howl of intense anger as he formed his rage into a physical wall, slamming it against Vos and launching him backwards. Vos' body melted into the shadows as he landed soundlessly.

TuQ shakily climbed to his feet, was that real? Did he just kill Vos…again? Had he really summoned the power of the Force? TuQ didn't have time to dwell on what just occurred, he needed to regroup with the Brotherhood forces at the Corpse Field. He picked up the hat that sat on the ground where Vos' body had disappeared, pushed his way through the ships' door and made his way out into the Ethereal Realm on foot.