*"My name is Shadow Nighthunter. I had an accident and I woke up in 33 ABY. Am I mad, in a coma, or back in time? Whatever's happened, it's like I've landed on a different planet. Now, maybe if I can work out the reason, I can get home."*

**……………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………………**

*I don’t understand…what am I doing here?*

A young Dark Jedi Knight at the age of 19 was at a café on Coruscant, her golden eyes shining from the sunlight shining through the window as she sat in a booth with a cup of caf. She had been in Coruscant for a whole week already, but she couldn’t remember how it was she had come to her old home world. Her first few days had been full of confusion; the Dark Jedi having woken up in an ally, and only recently discovered it was the year 33 ABY when she had asked around for information. Her first reaction was one of disbelief, but the more she looked around and explored the city, the more sights she had seen that she remembered from her past. She had tried to convince herself it was all a dream, but now she wasn’t so sure. Everything felt and looked so real.

*How did I get here? Why am I here?*

As concerned as she was about suddenly having gone back in time to Coruscant, she had something more important to worry about: Jedi. She remembered well that Jedi were present in Coruscant, and around this time her master was living in the city as well. Making sure to remember the threat she faced of being discovered, Shadow had been doing her best to keep a low profile. However, she felt that wasn’t enough to keep herself hidden, so she was working on finding a job of some sort that would keep her occupied away from any watchful eyes. So far, she had no luck, and she decided that she would have to go to Coruscant’s underworld to find something.

*I need to get back somehow…but….how?*

Yes indeed, the Knight of Scholae Palatinae had been trying to find a way back to her own time period with the Dark Jedi Brotherhood. Whatever solutions she thought of, however, they all proved to only give her false hope. Yet, the Dark Jedi would not give up. For now, though, she would try and make do with her situation until she figured a way back home.

*So this is what the Underworld looks like…I guess what my master had told me was true after all.*

Shadow was walking through the streets of the underworld city of Coruscant. Just as her former Jedi master had told her, it was a wild, dark place to be. Criminals of all sorts roamed the area, ranging from smugglers to what Shadow was sure of to be murderers. As much as this would bother anyone, it didn’t bother Shadow at all. She was an assassin of Scholae Palatinae after all. Yet, her dislike for being in a city got to her, the young woman wishing she was back on Judecca in the woods with her apprentice.

“Hello there, pretty one.”

Quickly, Shadow whirled around, her hand ready to pull out her dagger from her boot. Behind her was a twi’lek male, his skin bright orange in color. He was armed with a blaster pistol in its holster, along with what she knew was probably a knife beneath his vest.

“Can I help you?” Shadow asked, still cautious as she watched for any sudden movement.

The twi’lek smiled. “Maybe you can, maybe you can’t.” He chuckled. “The name’s Gretan Marris, smuggler and assassin at your service,” he said with a bow.

Shadow smiled, not letting the twi’lek have any satisfaction of intimidating her with his professions. “Nice to meet you, Gretan, I’m Shadow Nighthunter. Also an assassin I guess you can say.”

“I thought so. I knew you were one the minute I saw you.” Gretan gestured for her to follow him as he headed into an ally. Shadow, keeping her wits about her, followed him.

“What is it you wanted?” she asked, curious as to what the assassin actually wanted.

“Oh, well I’m in search of a new partner… a new recruit for…my gang.”

“Your…gang?”

Gretan nodded. “I run a group of smugglers, thieves, and assassins down here. Recently, however, a bunch of my guys got caught in a police raid…I’m in need of new people.”

Shadow nodded. “I see…and you wish for me to…join your gang.”

“Exactly,” the twi’lek said as he smiled. “It’s rare for a beautiful lady like yourself to be among us…I promise you good pay…and anything you want whether it be equipment or even holovids.”

The Dark Jedi couldn’t help but chuckle. “I do admit, that sounds like a good offer…and I am in need of…a place to hide from…well…Jedi.”

“Ah…running from the Force scum huh?”

“Yes…due to…bad history.”

“I see. Well, you’d be safe with us. We hate the Jedi ourselves.”

Shadow smiled. “Then I accept your offer, Gretan Marris,” she said as she held out her hand.

The twi’lek reached out and shook her hand to seal the deal. “Excellent! Come with me. I’ll take you to our hideout right now.”

Two weeks had passed since Shadow had been shown the gang’s hideout where they planned their operations. Gretan had introduced her to everyone, and all had welcomed her. Even though there was one other female among them, another twi’lek to be exact by the name of Corterra Dera, the men seemed to have been eager for another woman to join their ranks. They had wanted to treat her like a queen, and had even set up a feast for her the night of her arrival. Not much for attention, Shadow had just played along with the fun to please them. However, she appreciated anytime she had the chance to be alone.

Ever since then, Gretan had been directing operations, calling upon Shadow often to carry them out with a few others. Her first mission had been to take out a prominent rival smuggler, in which she had done with ease with a sniper rifle they had given her to use. The other missions involved similar assassinations, along with the Sith shadowing the smugglers as they did their work. Though not exactly her kind of life style, and still concerned about getting back to Antei and her time period, Shadow had learned to adapt to her new life.

Now, the Sith was in her room, polishing her sniper rifle and using the quiet time to think about getting back home.

*Do I have to die to get back? Is there some sort of wormhole I have to go through? I don’t know…what do I know about time travelling?*

“Hello, darling,” came Gretan’s voice outside her door. “May I come in?”

Shadow felt slightly annoyed, and yet touched by the name calling Gretan was starting to use on her. “You may enter, Gretan.”

The twi’lek walked in with a bright smile on his face. “How are you, Shadow?”

The Sith smiled. “I’m as good as can be I guess you can say.”

“Good, good.” Gretan studied the Dark Jedi Knight. “I just wanted to tell you that today is a free day. Do whatever you like.”

Shadow nodded. “Thanks for telling me…I could use a day off.”

“Of course…we all could, my pet.”

Shadow froze at his remark. *Did he just…call me his…his pet?*

“Oh, I also thought I’d give you some news,” Gretan continued as he sat next to Shadow on her bed. “The Jedi are unto us, I’m afraid, and being that you seem to be familiar with them more than us…maybe you can help us deal with them later.”

“Well, I guess that wouldn’t be a problem,” Shadow said as she went on back to polishing her weapon. “It would actually be nice to spill some Jedi blood.”

“I thought so.” Gretan chuckled and put his arm around Shadow. “I must be honest with you…recruiting you was the best decision I ever made.”

Shadow looked the twi’ek in the eye. “How so?”

“Well, for one…you’re one of the best assassin’s I’ve ever seen. You’re fast, good at making quick decisions, you’re not afraid to take risks, and you get the job done with much precision…and you’re quite sexy if I must add.”

*He just didn’t…*

Shadow felt like slapping the twi’lek, but held herself back in fear of angering him and either being kicked out of the gang or killed. Instead, she chose to play along. “I’m quite flattered.”

“As you should be.” Gretan llifted his chin with his free hand as he looked into her eyes. “Even Corterra envies you.”

*Not exactly sure I like that.*

Shadow cleared her throat as she looked away. “I see…I hope she doesn’t have hard feelings…I don’t mean to cause any jealousy.”

Gretan smiled. “Let her be jealous…she has a right to be,” he said as his hand went to her side and he gently rubbed down.

Shadow, having never been in this situation, kept her from panicking as she quickly put her gun down and put her hand on Gretan’s shoulder. “I’m sorry, Gretan…but I’m already taken ,” she said calmly, not wanting to offend him.

“Oh? Is it one of the other guys? Trust me, you don’t want to waste your time with any of them,” the twi’lek said as he moved his hand to her back and rubbed down her spine.

The Sith shook her head. “No…it’s not one of them,” she said as she thought back to Evant Taelyan, a fellow Scholae Palatinean. “It’s someone else from far away.”

“I see.” Gretan then got up and went for the door. Just as he was about to leave, he looked back at her. “I don’t give up easily…in time, I’ll have you…I always get my way,” he said as he winked and left.

Shadow rolled her eyes.

*Well then, you’d better be ready for a big disappointment.*

It had been four days since Shadow’s encounter with Gretan. Over the course of those four days, the twi’lek had been trying to win her over with charm and gifts, all of which the Sith had not succumbed to. Yet, with each refusal, Gretan had only become more determined than ever to have her.

*He’s like a pesky fly…*

Today, Shadow was at a bar drinking rum. Not exactly like the cantina back home on Ohmen City, she found the place to be just as good. She enjoyed the music, and the high spirits present from all the other customers. It was the best place for her to get away from Gretan, and to get news.

*If only I was back home though…*

As Shadow was taking another sip of her rum, she saw two hooded figures enter. Instantly, she recognized them as Jedi. Not wanting to be seen, she lowered her head, but kept her ears open to listen as the two Jedi went to the bar.

“Excuse me, but my friend and I are in need of some info,” one of them said to the bartender.

“The man shook his head. “Sorry, but if you expect on me to rat on someone, then forget it.”

Shadow watched the other Jedi raised his hand.

“You will tell us what we need to know,” the Jedi said, Shadow realizing he was using Jedi Mind Trick.

The bartender nodded. “I will tell you what you need to know.”

The first Jedi then spoke again. “What do you know about Gretan Marris and his gang?”

*Frak! They’re looking for us!*

The bartender smiled. “Oh they’re a very notorious group they are…their operations became even better some time ago. I heard it was due to a new recruit…so rumor says.”

“Do you know any of the members? Do they come here often?”

“Sure…one of them is a twi’lek by the name of Corterra Derra. She frequents the place. Then there’s Marrik Caldosa….a very good smuggler he is. Then there’s-,”The bartender looked over at Shadow.

*Oh no…*

“There’s that young woman over there,” he said as he pointed directly at the Sith.

Before another word could be said, Shadow quickly got to her feet, her hand reaching for her lightsaber as the Jedi ignited their own. “Come at me and I’ll kill you!”

Both Jedi removed their hoods, the older one looking at Shadow in shock. “It….can’t be.”

Shadow herself stared in disbelief. “R-Relan?”

*My…my master? Frak!*

Shadow ignited her lightsaber, its green hue reflecting from her golden eyes. “Well…never thought I’d see you again.”

Relan lowered his blade. “You can’t be…Rowan…she’s back at…my place.”

Shadow smirked. “You’re right…I’m not Rowan…I’m Shadow Nighthunter…having forsaken the path of a Jedi.”

Relan continued to look at her in disbelief. “Surely…an older Rowan stands before me…and I can feel the dark side emanating from you...but…how are you here?”

“To be honest…I don’t even know,” Shadow said. “But I’ll tell you something…I am what she is not now…a Sith…more powerful than I could’ve been if I were a Jedi still….all because of you.”

Relan looked at her puzzled. “Me? I’ve done nothing that would push you away from the light.”

“Not yet you haven’t….you betrayed me…and showed me the true colors of the Jedi,” the Sith said out of disgust. “I always planned to get revenge….and I’m tempted to do so now.”

“And what is holding you back?” he asked.

Shadow extinguished her blade. “Because if I killed you…my other self here…she’d…she’d never leave the Jedi…she’d become corrupt as you are…and never find relief like I’ve done…I will not cheat her of that…all must go on as it should.”

Relan looked at her with a saddened look. “You…hate me…that much? I did something to…deserve so much hate?”

“Pretty much,” the Sith said as her lightsaber came back to life. “Now…I’m trying to get back home where I belong…last thing I remember, I was on the back of an Arkanian Dragon and crash landed in the woods….let me go…and I’ll leave all of you to your pathetic lives as soon as I find my way back home.”

“We can’t let her live! She’s a Sith!” the other Jedi said as he was ready to charge.

“No,” Relan said as he held his arm in front of his partner. “Let her go.”

“But…why!?”

Relan sighed. “Just let her go…she won’t be any more trouble to us…right?”

Shadow nodded, extinguishing her blade once again. “Yes…I’ll even leave the gang…as long as you make sure no other Jedi search for me.”

“Fair enough.” Relan slowly approached her. “Whatever I did to hurt you…I’m sorry/

Shadow glared at him. “What you did…is unforgivable…Jedi,” she said with much hostility before storming off out of the bar.

The minute the Sith had arrived back at her room, she planned out what she was going to do. If possible, she’d make her way for Naboo to escape from the gang’s wrath for her leaving. However, she planned to make a visit before she left.

*I just…gotta…see her…*

“You look like you’re in a rush,” came Gretan’s voice as he entered the room. “What’s the matter?”

“I’m…leaving, Gretan,” Shadow said. “I’ve got to get back home.”

“What are you talking about? Your home is here with me.”

Shadow shook her head. “No…it’s not…I don’t belong here…my home is far, far away where others like me thrive.”

Gretan closed the door. “You’re not going anywhere…you’re mine and you’re staying here with me.”

Shadow sighed. “Let me go…before you regret it...you don’t know who you’re messing with.”

The twi’lek smiled. “Nor do you know who you’re messing with,” he said just as he quickly grabbed her and kissed her.

Not wasting anytime, Shadow ignited her lightsaber, the blade extending right into Gretan’s gut as he screamed and let go of her before falling to the ground. “I warned you.”

Gretan looked at her in surprise and anger. “You’re a Jedi after all!”

Shadow smiled. “No…I’m quite the opposite.” Without hesitation, she plunged her blade into his chest, and immediately made her escape.

*I…was at peace then…*

Shadow was in the shadows of a room, watching her other-self sleep soundly. She was back in the room she had stayed at Relan’s estate. She had wanted to her old younger self before leaving for Naboo.

*To think that I was so happy then…only to…to have my heart torn out…*

Memories flooded back of when she had been younger and in love. However, the memories of her lover’s death were hard for her to bear as she pushed them away and held back her tears. She wished to prevent the younger Rowan from going through that, but at the same time, she knew that she would never find the Dark Jedi Brotherhood either.

*It is what it is…*

It had been months since Shadow had arrived on Naboo. She knew what event was quickly approaching, and already she was waiting at the future grave site. Today was the day her younger self would bury her murdered lover: Marcus Strider.

*If only I could’ve somehow…prevented this.*

As expected, she saw approaching her younger Rowan with Marcus’ body. Not wanting to be seen, Shadow hid behind some trees. Not exactly wanting to relive the saddening moment, she decided to close her eyes and fall asleep.

Moonlight shining through the trees woke Shadow up from her deep slumber. Surprised by how long she had slept, she stretched and yawned. However, the biggest shock she got was when she found herself laying down next to Thurkear, her Arkanian Dragon.

*I’m…I’m home…*

The Sith got to her feet as she was greeted by Thurkear. “Oh, it feels so great to be back! I missed you, my friend!”

Thurkear looked at her with a puzzled look.

*Maybe…I never left?*

Shadow smiled as she pet her beloved dragon. “I’ll tell you all about it.”