

Placing her hands on the conference table before her and leaning her weight on them, Jai'de hid her expression behind a fall of her hair. Thinking quickly and reining in her tumultuous thoughts, she took a deep breath pushed back from the table and looked at the men before her. She understood the reasoning behind their decision but she didn't like it.

Standing before the Dread Lord and the rest of the summit while they discussed their plans to retake the Transcendence as a newly appointed battle team leader should have been daunting, but Jai'de was still too upset by what they were asking her to do. To parade around, once again the slave sent to service some pompous jerk in order to gain access was an insult to her skills, but it was for the good of Plagueis and it wasn't a suggestion. Whether she liked it or not, this was her part to play.

"I want Krussk brought in if I'm to be led like the lamb to the slaughter." Jai'de finally intoned when there was a lull in the conversation. She didn't particularly like the Trandoshan but she could trust him to ensure she at least made it to her objective in one piece. "You need a slaver to make the initial contact anyway, it may as well be someone I already know and trust as much as I can trust a slaver."

Looking around at those assembled, she saw enough nodding heads to assure her that this one small behest would be granted. Fading back into the background, she watched and listened as they planned how they would take back the Transcendence.

Retiring to her quarters some time later, she paused outside of the door before going in. It wasn't going to be easy, they were sending her into an essentially unknown situation unarmed and with very little protection. She also knew what was at stake if she failed. Entering at last, she was relieved to find that Jae'mi was already fast asleep and that she wouldn't have to explain what was going on quite yet. Sitting down to the task ahead, Jai'de set about taking an old set of robes and properly altering them so they appeared to be worn, tattered slave's clothing. She also made some adjustments to the robes so that they would be more revealing as was customary on entertainment slaves. She knew that due to the fact that she was a Zeltron and her appearance, she would be expected to play the part of an entertainment slave. It was also most likely to assume that the "Captain" of the Transcendence would be more inclined to request an entertainment slave to inspect than a simple worker. Satisfied that the robes would suffice, Jai'de retired for the night and drifted off into a fitful sleep.

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All of the arrangements had finally been made, contingencies planned for and drills executed flawlessly. After a few weeks, Plagueis was ready to make it's move to reclaim the Transcendence.

Jai'de sat as relaxed as she could on the slaver's transport, waiting for Krussk to make contact with the Transcendence. She hated the feeling of the slave's robes on her skin and she was doing her best to ignore the sickness she was feeling at being forced back into this role. She thought she may have gone overboard by adding kohl around her eyes to make her unusual turquoise eyes stand out more and it had a very striking effect. She was convinced the Captain aboard the ship would be far too distracted by her appearance to realize how deadly

she was until it was too late. Absorbed in her own thoughts, she missed the call the Trandoshan had with the Transcendence and was surprised when he laid a hand on her shoulder.

“Time to go.” Krussk stated simply, helping her to her feet.

“I don’t like this Krussk.” Jai’dé responded, looking up at the Trandoshan beside her. “There’s a lot that can go wrong.”

“I know, that issss why I brought thesssse.” Krussk said as he produced her daggers and thigh sheaths from a compartment by the door.

“They’ll search us when we board, there’s no way I can sneak those past the guards.” Jai’dé said incredulously to him. She looked down at herself. She was barely covered. There was no way she would be able to conceal even the thigh sheaths in this robe.

“Don’t worry, I’ll get them to you before you need them.” Krussk replied with as much mischievousness as a seven foot tall Trandoshan could muster.

Sighing heavily, Jai’dé glanced back at the summit that was gathered on the bridge of the transport. Locking eyes with her master for just a moment, she steeled her spine and brushed her hair back over her shoulder and turned to follow Krussk.

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Once on the Transcendence, Jai’dé did her best to look like a meek, entertainment slave being led into an unknown situation. In reality, she was making notes of the points of reference that she had been forced to commit to memory before ever stepping foot on the ship. She kept an eye out for any noticeable guard rotations and areas that she would need to make her way back to but she was easily able to do all of this from behind a curtain of her hair.

Krussk’s grip on her upper arm relaxed a bit as they approached a lift that would take them to the Captain’s quarters. As they entered the lift, Jai’dé was pushed towards the back where she was able to palm one of her daggers from him and slip it into the waistband of her robes at the small of her back. As the lift slowed, he once again gripped her upper arm and made a show of dragging her along with him.

After a short walk down a corridor, the doors opened up to reveal a large, opulent room. Jai’dé had been told about this room but she was still taken aback by the extravagance of it. Looking up, she saw a man that must have been Captain Villachor seated at the head of the long conference table. As he stood, she was able to get a good look at him and the coldness she saw in his gaze caused her skin to crawl. She supposed others may find the man attractive in a purely physical sense but to her, he was a monster in a man’s body.

She was so focused on the man approaching her that she was only faintly aware of Krussk and the Captain exchanging words. He was circling her as he spoke and she felt him grab a chunk of her hair and inhale the scent of it. She caught Krussk’s eye and signaled for him to stash her other dagger and the sheaths on his way out. Trying to keep from cringing outwardly as he wrapped the chunk of her hair around his wrist and maneuvered her closer to the table, she prepared to launch an attack on him as soon as the door swung shut. She wasn’t prepared when the door finally swung shut for him to shove her onto the table in front of her and she sprawled across it on her stomach.

She felt him grab her ankle and start to pull her closer to the edge of the table and she quickly twisted and kicked him in the side of the head with her free foot. He stumbled back a bit from her and wiped a small trickle of blood from the side of his mouth as he smirked at her. "Good. It's better when they struggle." He said with a hint of menace in his voice. Choosing to ignore him, Jai'de allowed him to advance on her once again as she reached behind her to grab her dagger in a movement intended to make him think she was trying get away. As he reached toward her in an attempt to grab her hair and pull her towards him, she lashed out with her dagger and easily slit his throat.

Rolling her eyes at the man on the floor, she wiped her dagger off on the front of his jacket and went to get the items Krussk had stored for her. Some men were so predictable when it came to an attractive woman in front of them. Quickly strapping on her sheaths and storing her blades, she went over to check the man for any keycards or communication devices she could use. Tucking a small communicator into the waist of her robe she made her way over to the lift. She knew her next step was to make her way to the communications center off of the bridge and take it down so that the ship couldn't call for reinforcements.

The rest of the ship had already erupted into a warzone so she was able to easily sneak her way down each of the winding corridors to make her way to the bridge. Closing in on the bridge, Jai'de stumbled across a couple of guards rushing towards the hallway she had just come from. Dropping to her knees as they started unloading their blasters at her, Jai'de threw one of her daggers at the closest guard striking him in the throat, and rolled toward the next. Rising up to her feet in front of him and using him as a shield from the remaining guard, she grabbed her second dagger and plunged it deep into the man's chest. Vaulting herself over the man as he fell, she prepared to strike the remaining guard when she felt a blaster bolt tear through her left side and she fell to the floor in a heap.

Gritting her teeth through the pain and cursing the lack of her whip, she rolled toward the guard and struck out with her right leg, tripping him and causing him to fall back. As he fell, she rolled on top of him, slicing her dagger across his throat. She didn't have enough time to waste on healing the wound on her side and instead picked up one of the blasters and fired a few shots into the floor, heating the muzzle. Placing it to the bleeding wound on her side, she cried out in pain as the searing heat cauterized the gash. Swaying slightly on her feet, she looked around for her other dagger and stooped to pick it up when she saw it lying a few feet away on the floor.

Resuming her pace, albeit much slower towards the bridge, she was finding it increasingly difficult to ignore the pain in her side. Nearing the bridge, she was able to make it into the small communications bay off to the side and power down the equipment, making any communicators on the ship nearly worthless.

With her primary objectives complete, Jai'de staggered out of the small bay with the intention of lending her aide on the bridge. As she passed through the doors onto the bridge, she saw a movement out of the corner of her eye. Due to the injury on her side, she wasn't able to move fast enough to avoid the kick aimed at her injured side. As she lost consciousness, she saw a lightsaber blade impale the man that had kicked her and felt herself being lifted into a pair of strong arms. Looking up, she recognized Furios Morega from his trademark long blonde hair.

Satisfied that she had completed all that she could, she gave up fighting and surrendered to the darkness that was closing in on her.