

[Surface of Korriban]

[Plagueis Encampment]

Slowly and gracefully, Jai'de lowered herself into another stretch, preparing for the long run ahead of her. There was nothing more relaxing than running while the sun rose. Rising from her stretch, she jumped lightly up and down loosening up, and heard someone approaching from her flank. Quickly dropping to the ground, she scurried over towards the brush in an attempt to conceal herself. She was well aware that Korriban wasn't the safest place to be right now and wasn't willing to trust anyone, save a very few select few people.

"Still not fast enough Jai'de." Teylas chastised lightly. "If I were here to harm you, you wouldn't have stood a chance."

Tossing her long, sapphire hair in annoyance, Jai'de stood and brushed herself off. "What do you want, Teylas? I haven't had a chance to run my perimeter check yet." She replied with a hint of exasperation.

"I need you to rendezvous with Krussk. You're going to be taking his team on a mission and I need complete secrecy on this. You know how badly Plagueis has been hurt by this war." Teylas stated gravely.

Jai'de's jaw dropped. "You're kidding right? You want me to work with those Saraask'ar *filth!*" She practically shrieked the last word. Clearly outraged, she started to pace, toying with the daggers hidden inside the top of her boots. "There has got to be someone else! I won't work with slavers Teylas, I can't."

"You can, and you will" Teylas' tone brokered no argument. "You know as well as I that the Clan is split right now and without Vivackus' presence, it's only a matter of time before Kz'set launches some sort of attack."

Jai'de stared mutinously at her master's solemn face for a minute before replying carefully. "I don't care how many debts I owe Krussk for saving us from that Hutt *slime*, I will *not* tolerate any 'side' business on this mission." she said stubbornly.

"Fine. Meet him at the co-ordinates I just sent you." Teylas said with a small nod. "And Jai'de? Don't fail."

Taking a moment to glare at her master's back as he faded back into the dawn, Jai'de grit her teeth and started to gather her necessities from the camp. She was seriously conflicted about this mission. Teylas wouldn't have asked her if it wasn't important, but he knew how she felt about slavers. She did owe Krussk for his part in rescuing Jae'mi and her from the crazy Hutt megalomaniac that had enslaved her for longer than she cared to remember.

Sighing, Jai'de shook off her dark memories and glanced at the co-ordinates that Teylas had given her. She had a fair bit of distance to cover and not a lot of time to do it. Hitching her bag over her shoulder, she started making her way to the rendezvous.

Krussk stood by the transport looking out into distance, searching for some sign that Jai'de was close. He knew she would be tense when she arrived; she still wasn't thrilled by her relationship with him or slavers in general.

Briskly striding towards the rendezvous point, Jai'de was silently musing over what Teylas could possibly have in mind for them. It wasn't unusual for her master to be secretive but he usually was pretty forthcoming about what she could expect. Glancing around, she

noticed she was closer to her destination than she originally thought, she could vaguely see the outline of the shuttle she was meeting just ahead. Bracing herself for what was ahead, she broke into a light jog.

"Krusk." Jai'de said coolly as she approached the Trandoshan standing near the shuttle.

"It's been awhile." Krusk responded cautiously, not wanting to antagonize the woman he was about to be stuck with for what could be quite some time.

Dismissing the Trandoshan's attempt to be civil, if not friendly, Jai'de swept past him and onto the shuttle. "Are you coming?" She threw over her shoulder.

Sighing, Krusk leapt onto the shuttle behind her. *This should be fun*, he thought to himself.

Casually draping herself over one of the transport's chairs, Jai'de looked down at her cuticles studiously. "So where is Teylas sending us to, and what does he want when we get there?" She asked feigning disinterest while trying to ignore the sudden appearance of more of the slavers.

"We're going to retrieve the GSP Nightmare from Drax's possession." Krusk replied as he turned away from the unnaturally nonchalant woman sitting in front of him. "If you're not too busy, I can show you the plan." He continued sarcastically, making his way towards the front of the shuttle.

As they prepared for launch, Krusk started laying out their plans to reclaim the stolen gunship.

Tensions were mounting as they neared their target. Jai'de was pacing around the small shuttle, slowly driving all of the already edgy Trandoshans, crazy. Unable to stand her constant pacing, Krusk stalked over to her, grabbed her arm, pulled her into one of the small alcoves and pushed her up against the wall.

"What is your PROBLEM?!" Jai'de practically screamed at him. Instinctively, she started to reach for her daggers, but found her wrists brutally restrained against the wall by the much larger Trandoshan. Enraged by his treatment, she tried to kick out at him only to find herself being thrown to the floor and pinned by his much larger body.

"You need to relax, Jai'de! I'm not trying to hurt you," Krusk said in a hushed tone to the tiny, struggling woman beneath him. "You need to let go of what that Hutt did to you and remember who it was that rescued you."

Jai'de could feel the great, wracking sobs that were threatening to break free of her chest and knew she had to get herself under control. It wouldn't do to show weakness in front of any of these slavers. As she slowly started to tamp down the emotions that were wreaking havoc on her, she gradually became aware that Krusk was no longer pinning her down. Carefully maneuvering to her feet, she looked him straight in the eye.

"I'm fine now. We have a job to do." she stated with no emotion in her tone. With that, she turned crisply on her heel and stalked off.

“Sir? There’s a shuttle approaching. It looks like one of the ones we sent out scouting.” Lieutenant Reine Jissard stated evenly.

“Are you sure?” Captain Rix Tane inquired sharply. He was unwilling to let his guard down for even a moment. He knew all too well that Plagueis was not going to suffer defeat in silence and was counting the minutes until they tried to take back what Drax had torn away from them.

“They are using the correct codes, Sir.” Jissard replied. “Should I give them the go-ahead to board?”

With a sharp nod, Tane turned and strode off of the bridge, making his way towards his quarters to give an update to his commander regarding their status and to check for new orders.

[Transport Shuttle]

[Docked GSP Nightmare]

“And Jai’de, you’ll be taking point, while I bring up the rear.” Krussk said as he finished giving out the orders they had agreed upon earlier.

This operation had to be carried out flawlessly or they could all die here. While no one seemed overly concerned about the impending fight, Jai’de couldn’t help but worry about what would happen to Jae’mi if she failed here today. Shaking off those thoughts, she checked her weapons, ensuring she had all she would need. While she appreciated the armoury lightsaber that Teylas had acquired for her, she was anxious to complete her training and craft her own so that it felt more to her as an extension of her arm rather than the slightly ill-fitting weapon she currently had.

While the Trandoshans prepared to exit the shuttle, Jai’de couldn’t help but admire their efficiency. Plagueis had certainly made a wise choice in recruiting the Saraask’ar to their military. They executed the orders of their captain seamlessly and were already in place before she and Krussk had a chance to move to the ready.

Quietly slipping into place, Jai’de allowed everything to drop from her mind except the mission ahead of her. The contact they had inside had told them everything they would need to know to take back the ship, but it would require almost faultless execution. Jai’de wondered how their contact had managed to contact the Saraask’ar, but didn’t have much time to contemplate that before the unit was in motion again.

As the breach team broke down the door and swept into the ship, Jai’de slipped her daggers into her hands. They had agreed to maneuver as silently as possible so as not to give those loyal to Drax time to react to their attack. Deftly, each of the two man teams broke off from one another to complete their objective. Jai’de and Krussk were to make their way to the bridge to ensure the captain of the ship was neutralized.

Jai’de stealthily made her way down the narrow corridor to their destination. As she came up on a doorway, she stopped suddenly, forgetting to signal the Trandoshan behind her. Crashing into her from behind, she shot a look of annoyance over her shoulder and to signaled Krussk.

“There is another force-user here, Krussk. I can’t tell how powerful they are, but I know they are here.” Jai’de whispered to the Saraask’ar captain.

Krussk merely nodded and signaled for her to keep moving. These mercenaries weren't unfamiliar with force-users and certainly wouldn't worry about one.

Peeking her head around the doorway into the room, Jai'de noticed a few crew sitting around a small table playing what looked like Pazaak. Smirking slightly to herself, Jai'de gestured to Krussk to hold back and she sashayed into the room.

All four men turned their heads as she entered the room. Seeing the Plagueian insignia emblazoned purposefully on her hip, the men jumped to their feet reaching for their weapons.

"Now now boys, that's no way to treat a lady." Jai'de chastised them tauntingly as she threw the first of her daggers with deadly accuracy at the man closest to her. Barely acknowledging that her dagger was now protruding from his throat, she was already reaching for the lightsaber secured at her hip. With the three remaining men aiming their blasters at her, Jai'de dropped to the floor, and rolled toward the man nearest her feeling the bolts fly past her in the process as the men opened up fire. Engaging the lightsaber, Jai'de smoothly rose to her feet and drove the lightsaber into the man's torso, and pivoted, releasing her other dagger at the man furthest from her. Feeling a sharp burn on her upper left arm, Jai'de glanced to her left as the last man was cut down by the explosion of gunfire she heard from the doorway.

"I could have had him." Jai'de groused.

"You're lucky you don't have more than that scratch on your arm. We're a team remember? I'm not here to cheer you on while you have all the fun." Krussk chided her quietly.

Tossing her hair over her shoulder in irritation, Jai'de studied the small but deep burn on her arm. Inhaling deeply, she called on the force to help her soothe the burn enough to keep moving. Retrieving her daggers, Jai'de sheathed them inside her boots once again while she decided to trade them in for the lightsaber.

Continuing on their way to the bridge, she could feel the force-user nearing them. Pushing Krussk into a small alcove, Jai'de turned to face the Sith she could feel behind her. Feeling the lightsaber in her hand jump to life, Jai'de braced for the Sith's attack. She didn't have to wait long. Virtually the moment her lightsaber engaged, the Sith was on her striking hard and fast. Doing her best to deflect the aggressive attack, Jai'de could feel herself losing ground.

Seeing that she was in over her head, Krussk took aim from the alcove at the Sith, hoping to take him out or at least injure him enough to give Jai'de the upper hand. As the Sith turned to defend himself from his attack, Krussk could see Jai'de drop the lightsaber and slide her daggers into her hands. Leaping through the air onto the Sith's back, Jai'de swept her daggers across his throat, severing deeply. Bending down to retrieve her lightsaber, Krussk motioned for Jai'de to hurry as he handed it back to her.

Just outside of the bridge, they met up with another one of the Saraask'ar teams as planned. As Krussk gave his men the signal, they all swept into the room, weapons drawn.

"Where is your Captain?" Jai'de demanded of the crew on the bridge.

"In his quarters." Came the reply from one of the crew that hadn't made any move towards her weapon while many had pulled theirs out.

"Remember," Jai'de said as she turned to the Trandoshans. "We're to try and take him alive."

Leaving the other team behind, Jai'de and Krussk positioned themselves outside of the Captain's door. Nodding at Krussk, Jai'de readied herself as he kicked in the office door. Keeping low, Jai'de moved into the room prepared for the attack that she knew was coming.

Unexpectedly, Captain Tane crashed into her from her right, knocking her lightsaber out of her hand as he landed heavily on top of her. Scrambling to get enough leverage to reverse their positions, Jai'de felt the wind knocked out of her as he landed a blow to her ribs. Slightly dazed, Jai'de reached down towards her thigh to free a dagger. As she got the tips of her fingers to the hilt of the blade, she had the air knocked out of her again as Krussk hit the Captain in the back of the head with the butt of his scattergun and he collapsed unconscious on top of her. Glaring at the smirking Trandoshan, Jai'de shoved the unconscious man off herself so she could clamber to her feet. Stepping outside the room, he called for his men to secure the Captain for transport back to the planet's surface.

"Those who are loyal to Drax will suffer the same fate as the captain here. Those who are still loyal to Plagueis are welcome to stay onboard and continue their duties to the clan." Jai'de announced, making her way out of the Captain's office.

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"For your innovative thinking, causing you to reach out to the Saraask'ar and loyalty to Plagueis, Lieutenant Jissard, we are giving you control of the GSP Nightmare." Selika Roh, Quaestor of House Ajunta Pall was saying to the brave lieutenant that had provided them with the information they needed to successfully take back the gunship.

Jai'de stood towards the back of the crowd smiling to herself slightly, watching the lieutenant, now captain stammer through a thank you. Turning to make her way back to her small camp, she heard someone call out her name.

"Where is Jai'de?" Selika was asking. "Someone find her and bring her here."

Curious as to what the Quaestor wanted, Jai'de made her way over to the imposing woman.

"For your leadership and successful retrieval of the GSP Nightmare for Plagueis, we are elevating you to Battle Team Leader for the Disciples of Dreypa" Selika said formally once Jai'de had stood in front of her.

Disbelieving, Jai'de's mouth dropped open as she stared at the woman who had clearly lost her mind. She wasn't even a knight yet! They couldn't possibly think she was ready lead an entire team already.

Smirking a little as though she knew what Jai'de was thinking, Selika merely said. "Good luck."