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*Defining moments, well that's a complicated topic for me. I can think of so many that it's hard to settle on one. When your life has had as many twists and turns as mine has, it's gets hard to pick out one moment as defining. I've been so many things, spoiled kid, a law enforcer, a merc, all of which had their moments. But if I had to pick one and only one I guess it would have to be that day on, well, I still don't quite remember where it happened. Where doesn't matter as much as what though and what happened there is perhaps the most monumental change I've been through. It's the day I was first exposed to what I really was all along and what I am now, a Sith. All I have done since, all the power I've obtained, it all started there, trussed up in that room.*

*It all started on some moon in the mid-rim where my merc company was sent to take down what turned out to be another group of mercs that had raided our client's facility. Was a pretty standard job, I was sent in with the recon team to scout the place out and provide marksman support while the heavies did their job. We did our thing and the raid went down without a hitch. As the merc boss fled, I had a long but clean shot and decided to take it. Plugged him in the shoulder, but the weird thing is that he looked right at me before the shot hit. I didn't know it at the time, but he was a powerful Sith and he sensed the shot. More than that, he sensed something in me.*

*Flash forward a couple months, I get another job. Really sudden and secretive thing where all we got where coordinates and orders to meet a contact. It was odd, but nothing that made me suspect anything. We landed and had to trek through a canyon to get to the meeting point, that part was a bit suspect as it was a prime ambush spot. It turned out that I was the only one who didn't know the ambush was coming. When they descended on us, my so-called teammates didn't fire a shot as they swarmed me. As I was being subdued, I caught the slightest of glimpses of the man I'd shot before. And then it all went black.*

*When I came to, my life started to change.*

Pain. I knew that was where this was going to start. Even though I'd used them a hundred times before in interrogations I had never actually felt a shock collar before. The current coursing through you, singeing nerve endings and locking up muscles wasn't a sensation that one could describe, especially when it was the sensation stirring you awake. I couldn't see anything, but I could feel that my arms were shackled over my head. I was standing on a hard surface, I could feel the cold stone or duracrete on my bare feet. It was also obvious I'd been stripped naked. As the pain from the shock died down, I tried to search my mind to make sense of this situation. Why would my bosses sell me out? What the kriff did that other merc have to do with this? Did he take one pot shot so personally he'd have me captured and tortured? There had to be something more to this.

They weren't going to give me time to think about it.

"You awake now?" I wasn't sure who's voice it was, but it had to be the man. Don't know why I knew that, but it was. My only response to the inquiry was a moan.

"Good." His words were timed perfectly with another shock. I tried not to react, but I couldn't help but let out a yelp. A moment later the hood was ripped off my head and I realized I was in dimly lit room of featureless duracrete. I couldn't see anyone else in the room other than the man, but I got the feeling there was. I simply stared at the man and spat out the only words that came to mind.

"What the kriff is this about?"

I could have predicted his answer, at least the initial one. Another shock ripped through my muscles, this one slightly more intense than the ones before. After a couple seconds the man responded.

"Straight to the point, good. I want to make this quick. You're here so I can show you something, something about yourself. Something that as soon as you accept will lead you to great power.

I shook my head. "I've heard that speech before, usually ends in some sort of sales pitch. Torture isn't a good lead in."

I expected a shock, but instead the man wound up and kicked me straight in the ribs harder than I'd ever been kicked before, especially by a human. It must have shattered a rib or two. He then looked me straight in the eyes.

"I don't expect some brat from the Corporate Sector would know of the Force. Yes, I've read up on you and your exploits. I've read several reports of you making some incredible shots and your 'extraordinary reflexes'. It confirmed what I surmised when we first met."

"What, you think I'm some sort of Jedi?" He seemed surprised that I mentioned the term but he allowed me to continue, pacing away from me. "Military history was a hobby of mine, particularly the Clone Wars, so yeah, I know of the Force or whatever they call it. You don't strike me as one."

At that point I felt what I would have otherwise called a punch hit my face. The problem was that the man was standing a good couple meters from me at the time. It was clear that he was using some sort of power. He gave me another glare.

"Jedi, no. I'm no Jedi. But the Force is definitely with you and I can show you how to use it."

I could barely move my jaw after what he'd done but, with a great deal of pain, I managed to get out, "Why would you want to do that? "

"I'm part of an organization that could use someone like you, one that could give you a sense of belonging you've been looking for." He took his eyes off me for a moment and reached for something.

" You just need to give in to the Force. Time to speed up the process."

A split second later, a blade of purple energy sprung out a of a device in his hand. Without saying a word he lunged at me. As he did something snapped in me and pushed out with my mind. I didn't know how, but something hit him and threw him back against the far wall of the room, knocking the device, which I know realized was a lightsaber, from his hand. As he stood and looked at me he nodded.

"Good, you do have potential. At this point I should probably introduce myself. My name is Solus Gar, welcome to House Plagueis."