

## **Location Redacted**

### **Somewhere in the Outer Rim**

#### **Aboard Dark Prophet II**

Sliding from her assigned bunk, the chill of the metal floor against her bare feet was an unwelcomed reminder of everything. The battered hunk of metal they all called a ship, was already starting to bore her. She could smell everything. The stench of the crew. The stench of war-torn metal. The stench of cowardice. She hadn't noticed when she'd first arrive; the allure of adventure was too stifling. Now, Zasati could see it all playing out before her.

Every soldier that rushed by her was a wounded animal. The moral was in even worse shape than the fleet. Whispers filled the long corridors of the ship. Thoughts of vengeance and questions rising against the new Consul were stirring. Others wished to remain cowards and quiver in dead space. It all sickened her.

She brushed past a pair Jedi, her scowl deepening as their jovial voices rang out against the cold durasteel of the ship. Zasati bit down hard on her tongue to suppress the urge to weave an Illusion of terror around them. The taste of copper filled her mouth, and the pain felt good. She was lost in thought now; her mission pushed aside as she questioned her purpose there.

Perhaps Grandmaster Cotelin was not wrong. No honorable, self-respecting Sith should have allowed Jedi filth to stain the clan. Yet, there they were. Her Master spoke of revenge against Cotelin and against the cowards who fled. But was there anything to avenge? Had Taldryan become a disgrace to the Darkness after all?

Yes.