

The defeat of the Shistavanen mercenary had just been realized by the guards which lead to current situation of the Vatali Empire representative speaking to the Odanite in a condescending manner.

“This station is governed by the Vatali Empire and I have the utmost authority to have you shipped down to your pathetic mining base,” the balding Sephi male barked as he paced the walkway just outside the hanger and slightly off the beaten path of which the pair stood now. Three guards stood around them as they spoke. Rather while the representative spoke and the Odanite stood slightly relaxed with half his attention on the hanger while the other half was attempt to ignore the ugly man. Jael knew he could not and should not make an attempt to explain himself or why there was a Shistavanen’s headless body now being carried off by a set of crime scene cleaning droids or why the head happened to be kicked off to the side and presumably stomped upon by the Odanite as it was found smashed in some sections of the skull.

“Look,” after a moment of just listening to the ranting ramblings of a ravenous Vatalian, Jael spoke in a harshened bark and spat out a slew of muttering insults regarding the Vatalian guards, the Empire, and the integrity of the representative. “I have had it with you speaking to me. I need to find that *Dominion witch* and let her ha-” He stopped as the hanger doors opened up behind the representative and a swarm of men stormed in, taking multiple points around this section of the station.

Guards in the surrounding sections realized there had been a breach of security with the announcement of the Dominion taking control of the station over the intercom system and the various holonet screens. This announcement came at a surprise to the representative as he started to stutter his words.

“B-but how? H-how could they have take-,” he was stopped quickly as the woman who had previously been in this shadowed corner approached the scene of her mercenary’s death.

“Ah. You did quite the impressive act, *little speck*,” her heinous voice sang out in praise as she walked past the pair, ignoring the posted guards who trained their weapons upon the *Dominion witch*. “Shame. You could have been greatly appreciated in our ranks,” she continued on with her not so subtle hints of recruitment.

As the Sephi woman walked forward, another individual came into view as this second woman walked through the inner hanger doors. Her skin was cerulean with redden eyes and her features were of the elegance many came to notice as the guards dropped their weapons for mere seconds

before retraining their blasters upon the Chiss. It was clear, even to Jael who cared nothing for this woman already, that she demanded respect yet kept a very confident and peaceful expression.

“Wait, do you know these women?” The representative questioned the Odanite. “They work in tandem with the Vauzem Do-” His voice quickly cut off as in the midst of him speaking, a snap of the woman’s fingers echoed and one of the Vatali guardsmen pierced his skull with a single round of his blaster. He dropped his weapon soon after realizing what had happened, muttering he did not fire his weapon.

A slight sigh came from the Chiss woman as she relaxed her shoulders with a mutter of an insult regarding the representative. She smiled now as she turned back towards the Odanite and slowly projected her gaze to the two guards who were still poised at the ready with their weapons trained on her. “You three could join him if you wish.” Her threat was well received as the guards dropped their weapons and were quickly arrested by a set of Dominion official guards who had just come through the inner hanger doors. The terrified guard whimpered as his eyes were stuck upon his hands, consumed with fear now. He began to scream, bringing his hands to around his face before Dominion guard released their blaster from it’s holster and shot the man square in his skull.

Jael muttered an derogatory remark regarding the Chiss woman, narrowing his eyes as he watched for her to react. He knew what had happened to the man, but only after realizing what kind of woman this was he had before him. When he understood he may not be able to fight her, he began to use his connection to suppress hers, wanting only to assure she understood he would do whatever he had to do in order to stay alive to escape.

“See to it *this* one gets *special* treatment,” the Chiss woman casually waved her hand towards Jael as she spoke. The Dominion guards moved in to apprehend the Odanite with one smirking as he smashed his weapon against Jael’s skull. Quickly he fell unconscious with his body becoming limp in the arms of the guards. As they dragged him away, the guards muttered about how heavy he happened to be.

Somewhere in Prison

Vauzem Dominion’s Compound

Several Hours Later

A groan came from Jael as he stirred in his cell within the Dominion compound. He spat out an insult and muttered about his head pounding. His sight was slightly blurred when he initially opened his eyes, but soon that alleviated itself. He moved to place his head in his hands, realizing

very quickly his arms were restrained together at the wrist with what he could only refer to as “elegant shackles”. Another groan - this time in frustration at himself for allowing his capture.

“Awoke now, *little speck*,” called the witch’s voice through the door with the question poised only to see how Jael would answer. The Odanite did not reply, merely using what he could to create a gesture towards the door for her to *frak right off*.

“You know, I can see you,” she tapped the door with her fingers as she peered through a small opening just slightly above midline. “That type of gesture is very unbecoming of a future Vauzem general,” she laughed and turned around to stare at the guards who stood to her right. “Oh, you are right, I should not just give him another chance after he *killed* my most trusted mercenary,” she continued as if the guard had said something to begin with, “ This *speck* deserves nothing better than to be *played* with until he *breaks*.”

With a quick snap of her fingers, the door opened and another set of guards wearing more reds than purples swarmed in. Jael moved no limbs to resist as he understood if he did, he’d be hurting a lot more later. As they guards took him away, the *witch* smirked and laughed another one of her *annoying* heinous laughs. The laughter followed Jael until he reached the interrogation room.

Jael’s Cell

Vauzem Dominion’s Compound

Four Hours Later

Jael awoke again to the sounds of beating on the cell door as a guard muttered a slur about his tainted bloodline. A groan came from him as he shifted his body up so that he could move just enough to look at the door from the floor. The guard flipped open a small sliding panel just beneath the opening of which the guard peered through.

“Don’ need’t you be getting hungry while we torture you,” the guard spoke in a thick accent and Jael realized these guards were not just regular Sephi of whatever the *Dominion* was. These were also hired mercenaries of which the Odanite began to plan in his mind how he might be able to escape. *Hired thugs are just another mind to manipulate*, he thought as he finally stood from the floor and readied himself to walk towards the door. He had been beaten almost for four hours straight as he refused to disclose anything he knew of Clan Odan-Urr. This was more due to the fact he knew nothing about the clan or the members he “worked” with.

“Yer gettin’ slop for this meal,” the guard chuckled, sliding the weirdly shaped dish further into the room, allowing it just about to fall off the slight platform of which released itself as soon as the guard placed the dish in the cell’s confinement.

As Jael took the plate, he made a notion of the guard’s mental capabilities so he could use what he knew as he pried into his mind as a tool to escape. He understood that the guard maintained fear of the *witch* as she held a tight leash upon those she marked as her close guardians.

You must report to your leader. She requires your attention now.

The guard narrowed his eyes at the sight of the Odanite’s attempt to pry into his mind, smirking.

“Those abilities won’ work with me,” the guard explained as he slide the panel shut. “Yer trapped ‘n a cell that works again’t yer *powers*,” he continued as he walked away, giving off a hearty laugh until he found his own spot to sit down just outside the cell.

Jael’s Cell

Vauzem Dominion’s Compound

One Hour Later

“Pssst,” a heavenly voice came through the opening of the door. “Pssst, hey.” The voice called out again and Jael eventually stirred from his place upon the floor.

“What,” Jael spat out in annoyance.

“Be quiet!”

Jael narrowed his gaze upon the door and stood up. He walked towards the door, peeking through the opening of the door to see a pair of golden eyes staring back at him.

“Well, hello,” Jael calmly yet slightly flirtatiously stated. He leaned closer to the door, looking down as the woman moved away and began to speak calmly into her comlink.

“Yes, I found him. Looks like he is pretty banged up from whatever they did,” the woman spoke very politely as if she were speaking to her mother or someone clearly ranked higher than her. Jael noticed her armor being a slight variation of the Mandalorian armor with a slight sky blue tint and off yellow-orange markings. The armor had very little scratches or scrapes denoting this person had probably little experience in battle. As his eyes scanned the features of her body, he

noticed when she turned her skin was of a pale orange with decorative spots upon her face. His eyes finally stopped upon her horns, which he gave a curious cock of his head.

“You’re Devaronian?” He asked yet widened his eyes and moved them quickly to the side once he realized the woman began to blush ever so slightly, yet did not seem to otherwise outwardly respond. He spoke up with a quick *sorry*.

“Now is not the time for questions. I am here to get you out of the cell and back to the Wildcards. We need you for a mission,” she spoke out, still very calm yet clearly shaken.

“What about the guard?” Jael nodded his head behind the woman and she smiled brightly.

“Already taken care of,” she spoke out as she began to work on the locking mechanism of the door. She gave Jael no real chance to start with questions before she opened the door and motioned for him to come out of the cell. “Let me get those shackles off.” The Devaronian woman stepped into the cell to meet Jael and began to work upon the system within the shackles. As soon as she hacked into the core system of these specific shackles, she made a comment about how interesting and unusual they would place these upon him. “From what I know about your record from Luna is that you’re just a ‘trickster who cannot handle the battlefield’,” she stated as if she was directly quoting this “Luna” person.

“Luna... Isn’t she in the Wildcards?” Jael asked casually, attempting to ignore the comment about himself. He moved the shackles off his wrists, dropping them to the floor, and began to stretch as he muttered softly words of how shitty he felt.

“Ye-” She paused as they both knew why. The sounds of boots upon the metal flooring began to echo as guards made their patrol down the hall to this cell.

As the sounds of the guards muttering incoherent conversations became more discernible, Jael grabbed Eris and placed her in a corner of the cell. He picked up the shackles, placed them upon his wrists, held them closed tightly around his wrists as much as he could, and then stood against Eris as best he could after he kicked the door closed. With the slamming of the door, the pair of guards who had been patrolling made a jog to the cell’s door, cursing a storm until they realized Jael was still in his cell.

“Aye, see! The *Speck* is still in his cage,” the first guard spoke which the other let out a chuckle.

“Where he *belongs*,” the second guard spoke as he began to walk off to continue his patrol. The first guard narrowed his gaze as he looked into the cell through the small opening, staring at Jael

for an intense moment. Jael focused his mind upon the guard and utilized his Force ability to manipulate the man's focus upon his patrol with a trick his mind. The guard saw nothing other than the Odanite in the cell. He gave a shrug, turned, and continued upon his patrol, laughing as he did with the second guard joining his merriment.

Eris let out a light sigh and squeaked when Jael leant back against her.

“Oh sorry!” Jael gasped as he moved away from the wall. “Forgot you were there.” The Odanite slowly dropped the shackles to the floor once more and allowed himself to be more cautious this time as moved his hands to the door. As he opened the cell door, he motioned for Eris to move in front of him.

Eris's face had flushed a darkened orange and she moved away from the wall to peer out of the cell. Her focus moved from Jael to assurance the guards had actually left this section of the prison. Without hearing an notion of the guards as she took cautious steps down the hall just a few meters from the cell, Eris made a motion of her hand, waving Jael to move forward. The pair of them began to take steps down the hallway, peering over the corners they came across to assure the current patrol did not realize they were make their moves throughout the prison. *Careful*, Jael reached out to Eris's mind as he could hear the sounds of a patrol. When the patrol moved from around their position, the pair of Odanites made their move down the hall. A few more turns: left, right, left, right, then finally a right lead them to a control room for the prison. Within the control room there was doorway of which Jael took to investigating. He found the door opened easily enough with just an approach of the door, and within the room past this door, Jael found his gear just laying upon a table. His saber was hooked upon the wall just to the right, and his large brown jacket was to his left.

“Hey, stand guard while I get my gear,” Jael spoke as he began to gather his things from the table, the walls, and the boots laying upon the floor. As he dressed himself, his mind wandered to the thought of the person who had rescued him. He was not sure if this “Luna” was the same person as the woman in the team he was appointed to lead.

Eris began to work upon the control panel while eyeing the hallway just outside the outer room and turned her head to see Jael coming out of the backroom. She smiled and then returned to the panel, but was soon met with the sensation of feeling someone standing behind her. Her head turned back around to see Jael looking over her shoulder as he muttered words.

“Pardon me?”

“Oh...,” Jael took a moment to step back and displayed a worried look upon his face. “I was just reading the codes you put in and noticed you could probably work the panel a different way.” He motioned for her to allow him at the panel with a warm yet slightly cocky smirk. This was the time to show off his skills as he wanted to be flirty to someone who gave off an aura of being easily amused or impressed. Soon he would realize the truth.

As the Odanite began to work upon the panel, Jael made a few causal comments regarding his work as a *professional* hacker after he successfully input a few sets of coding of which allowed for certain cameras to turn off. As he continued to type away at the control panel, Jael realized just as he input the code that he had mistyped one phrase which released the sounds of an alarm around them.

“*Control Panel Alpha-1-2A requiring attention,*” the intercom system activated with the words repeating themselves. Eris immediately moved herself to another section to the control panel as the Sephi started to work himself at correcting his mistake. A hot moment passed before Eris corrected the coding error, giving a slight frown as she watched Jael look to her when the alarm stopped.

“Whoops.” He let out a groan as he placed his attention back on to the control panel, bringing up the map to see small indicators of guard locations surrounding them rather quickly.

“Come on!” Eris spoke and let out a sigh as she grabbed Jael’s arm and pressed for them to leave this room and down the hall.

Outside

Vauzem Dominion’s Compound

Thirty Minutes Later

As Eris and Jael ran from the compound doors, they both focused their sight upon a shuttle ready to take off with a white haired woman at the shuttle’s doorway with a blaster.

“Hurry!” The woman yelled over the comlink.

With the pair running towards the shuttle, blaster shots began to wiz pass them as they ran towards the shuttle, both from the woman and the guards who had opened fire across the floating island just outside the compound.