

Assassination

Imperial Center

Coruscant

10 BBY

Sylva Quenn had spent most her life as a slave. A beautiful Twi'Lek, her life had not been kind. At an early age she was captured and sold to the pleasure houses of Ryloth's capital. In the course of the Clone Wars, a battle in part that saw the 'emancipation' of many of the slaves held by Confederacy of Independent Systems, she had found herself 'liberated' by Republic forces.

How misplaced this sense of freedom had become. Trading one set of literal shackles for a gilded cage was a slow yet unstoppable change. Her beauty was indeed her curse. One Republic officer, a naval commander, had taken a liking to her and had taken her with him when Ryloth was subjugated. For the Republic was not kind to 'dissidents'.

The transition from Republic to Empire shocked no one. Sylva should have known her future would be as bleak as her past. She had met Emperor Palpatine on many occasions. Serving him and his vicars wine and other delicacies by day and catering to their more base pleasures at night. In truth, nothing in her life had ever changed.

But, this evening, would be her chance. Sylva was not accustomed to making her own decisions. Her entire life was predetermined for her by those in power. For she had never seen kindness, no less than had she ever truly expected it. But, this evening would indeed be her chance.

It began as most nights had, powdering her face and applying lotions and oils to her smooth skin. She applied gold and jewels and a striking black skin tight dress. Calling it a dress was overly kind, for in fact it was a small covering that only barely allowed her modesty for the illustrious guests she was to serve that evening.

She walked into the grand banquet hall. This evening Emperor Palpatine was hosting magistrates from non-aligned factions that owed their freedom to benign neglect and open handed threats by the Empire. Hutts, Mandalorians, Corporate Sector, amongst others. She knew how this evening would end, as it always did. She would serve the most expensive wines the Empire had to offer and carry plates of delicacies most in the galaxy would never taste yet alone be able to afford or even know.

But, this evening would be different. She had made contact with other dissidents. For 'alien' species were not thought much of within this grand new Empire. And so she poured the wine in large goblets and carried them over solemnly to the Emperor's table. His scarlet cloaked guards let her pass, as they always did, for she was a serving girl. Even these silent, stoic guards had taken their pleasures with her. She looked at the Emperor, for a split second, as he began to sip his wine slowly.

Before she could walk away the guards branched out, and grabbed a hold of her. Holding the Emperor's own goblet to her mouth they made her sip greedily. Her eyes grew heavy and the peace she had always hoped for overtook her.