Title: To Save the DGM
By Aura Ta'var

Aura Ta'var, known formerly as Blade, strode down the corridors of the Collective prison, looking for someone in particular. One might think it to be her clan representative, but he was already being freed by her clanmates as she walked towards her real target. He was a man she had most wanted to save for quite a long time. Was it a lover? No. Was it a friend? Debatable. They had run a fashion show together once on a Star Destroyer, but that hardly passed for friendship. Was he an enemy? Of a sort.

The Zeltron peeked into occupied cells, looking for the telltale sign of blond hair and a smug expression. They weren't him but rather deranged wrecks of humanity that desperately needed a shower and a mental checkup. A few of the abused humanoids even shouted at her. She wasn't here to save them. Truth be told, the Jedi didn't know the target really well but she knew what he stood for, his crimson yellow-red eyes a telltale sign of a Sith. She was well aware of his backstory and his acts for the Brotherhood, but none of that mattered. He was a Sith Lord and as one of her personal heroes once said long ago, Sith were a Jedi's specialty.

All of a sudden, alarm klaxons went off all around her as she passed the sixth cell. Swearing to herself Aura broke into a quick jog, referencing the map from her wrist every so often. Her red dot was 100 meters from her target, who was a quick left and then straight in front of her. Reaching an intersection in the complex she made to turn and was immediately met with a fast approaching bolt of plasma. Activating her saber with a *snap-hiss*, her blue blade ricocheted the red blaster fire into the wall across from her, creating black scorch marks on the dirty metal gray. The Zeltron took a quick breath, reached out to the Force, and tried again.

The familiar *pew pew* of two Collective soldiers firing mounted guns went off once more, filling the corridor with energy shots. The Jedi let the Force guide her hands as she calmly walked forward, her blade moving almost of its own accord as she deflected the shots back towards those that fired them. Many of them hit the shield attached to the firing mount, but a few their way to their targets undeterred. Both men screamed out as it hit their legs and stopped firing for but a moment. That was all she needed. Pulling the Force into her legs, she sprinted forward as fast as she could, already within striking distance by the time their hands returned to their guns. Her blue blade chopped through gunner and gun with ease, both dropping to the floor. One fell with a thump and the other a heavy metallic thud.

Aura Ta'var stared at the locked metal box in front of her for a moment before pulling back the viewport into it. Sure enough, it was him, heavily shackled in place with a medical drip to some peculiar additions he had gained while a prisoner here. One of his eyes was replaced and parts of his arms and legs were experimented on with cybernetics. The Zeltron used the Force to open the lock's mechanism and opened the door. It was even more pitiful in full view. A metal plate with electrodes was attached to his right temple.

Aura said nothing. She simply stabbed her saber into his heart, met with resistance at first but then that too subsided, almost as if he wanted it to pierce him. Jedi and Sith saw each once more before the Deputy Grand Master fell limp in his bonds. She would have preferred more of a fight but this was no longer a Sith. This was a Sith made to kneel before the Collective, perhaps not even a man with his own will and thoughts anymore.

Poor bastard. At least he has some peace now, she thought as she ran back home.