

So many years of fighting. All the time sitting on the Sadowan flagship. All the hours of planning with the Summit. The fight with the Collective fleet above the *Nesolat* platform. So much had happened, so much suffering had occurred. Yet, here he was. Mismatched eyes met with mismatched eyes.

*If cybernetic implants can be considered an eye.*

He had not expected to run into one of them this soon, tucked away in some service hallway. "Well now," Bentre gave an insincere smile. "Didn't expect to run into a Twi'lek today. Makes me feel almost at home."

Anger flashed in the Twi'lek's eyes. For the briefest moment, the Sadow thought he saw a darkening in her pink cheeks before she brought the well-worn blaster weapon. Or, at least, the Shadow thought it was a blaster. He felt a wave of surprise when the trigger was pulled. Instead of a blaster bolt, a fired round struck the ground, throwing up a wave of explosive heat as it detonated on impact. Bentre Sadow jumped backward in surprise.

"I like to see you spooked, but I won't miss you again, Force User." She spoke the designation like it was a title. "There are too many of your kind out there, and only so many of my marines out there to clean up after your mess."

The Shadow grimaced as he ignited his lightsaber with a snap-hiss and leapt forward with his weapon raised to strike. He had to close the distance before this woman launched another explosive round. As Bentre moved, Gwendolyn ducked back and stepped sideways. It was less of a creative dodge, as the Sadowan had expected, and more of a carefully-calculated maneuver. There was no time for the man to change his direction. Rather than following through with his intended attack, he found himself stumbling as he landed. Nothing was working out as he had expected.

"And you expect to defeat the Hive Mind marines?" The Twi'lek laughed as she pulled the barrel of her micro-grenade launcher and fired. The rounds flew over her opponent's shoulder, providing a short-lived feeling of relief before the explosive rounds knocked the Sadow to the floor. Ringing filled the Corellian's ears as he tried to painfully roll back to his feet. His body was not reacting as he had expected. His world was a sea of stimuli and confusion.

As the ringing began to die in his ears, Bentre's vision began to clear. Gwendolyn stood over him, the barrel of her weapon aimed squarely at the Sadowan. "There is a lot of data to gather. Our work is only beginning." She tilted the weapon aside, and delivered a sharp kick into the Sith's side.

"You know," Bentre smiled in spite of the pain, "I happen to know a lady very intimately. She has taught me to appreciate the sensual and seductive nature of Twi'le-" The word was cut off by

another sharp kick into his side. He doubled over for a few seconds, but the Eminent did not move to fire, yet.

“Run, little worm.” She smiled coldly. “You are not built for this kind of conflict. Most of your kind are not. A game of cat and mouse is not fun when the mice don’t play.” She prodded him with the grenade launcher.

Bentre did not move immediately. He took a breath to steel himself, before throwing his hand out in a violent gesture. The barrel of Gwendolyn’s weapon went up in a sharp motion. Drawing strength from the Force, the Sadowan Consul launched himself sideways and started to sprint toward the doorway he had entered from. He heard no steps of pursuit. He heard no motion to follow. He did hear a click. He heard a few beeps. An explosion wrapped up Bentre Sadow’s body in a blanket of pain, and the world became black.

“Got one.” He heard the distance voice of the Twi’lek, and it grew more faint with each word. “Bring the marines in towards my position. If there is one right here, there are others nearby.” As the meaning of the words fully sunk in, the Corellian completely lost consciousness.