*17 ABY*

*Kyrellius Shipworks Space Station*

*Slave Quarters - Medical Center*

A blue-skinned Twi’lek glistened with sweat as she held the fruits of forty-eight hours of labor in her arms. A small bundle of threadbare blankets stirred as a bit of newborn green skin reached out to touch the face of this stranger she had known her entire life.

“Have you decided on a name for it?” The human doctor’s voice carried no emotion, just a tinge of disdain for these aliens that he believed to be beneath his services. Had he put in any actual work to help the Twi’lek mother, the forty-eight hours of labor could have easily been cut down to less than twenty-four, but that would have required him to actually care about the life of this *subhuman*.

“L’ara. Her name is L’ara.” The blue-skinned woman answered, her eyes never leaving the matching violet eyes of her daughter.

The doctor rolled his eyes and marked down the name in the documentation of birth that was required for every slave. This would also serve as a bill of sale that would follow the new piece of merchandise for her entire life.

“Fine,” His answer was clipped and terse. “You may come claim your purchase now, gentlemen.”

A pair of Zygerrians clad in armor stepped into the room on either side of another who was dressed in a fine tunic with matching pants and knee-high leather boots. “Thank you, doctor. We will be sure to inform Master Kyrellius of your efforts to protect his, and our, investment.”

The blue-skinned Twi’lek was ripped from her reverie as she realized the intent of these new visitors. She felt a bolt of panic rip through her chest as the three Zygerrians approached her. She would not, *could not*, let them take her baby. She would die first. She clutched little L’ara tight to her chest in one arm as she put her other out, as if to ward off these men and their evil intentions.

One of the armored guards quickly grabbed her wrist as she screamed. *“NO! YOU CAN’T TAKE MY BABY! SHE NEEDS HER MOTHER!”*

Whether or not they could understand her did not matter. If they spoke Twi’leki, they showed no sign of recognition beyond the frustration at her resistance. The guard that held her wrist twisted it harshly. It was not enough to break any bones or actually cause any damage to the merchandise. They would have to compensate her owner if they did that.

As the new mother continued to scream, the other guard grabbed the bundle from her arms and ripped it away. With her other arm now free, she swung wildly at the Zygerrian that held her wrist. Fingernails dug deep into the flesh on his face. The guard recoiled at the pain and put a hand to his cheek to reveal a slight drip of blood as he pulled the fingers away. With a snarl and a flick of his wrist, a baton telescoped out from his hand. Small arcs of electricity bounced around the tip of the weapon before he swung it in a powerful backhanded strike across the Twi’lek’s temple.

A powerful dose of electricity ripped from the tip of the baton through the woman’s head and into the fleshy tissue of her lekku. Between the sheer power of the strike and the electricity, the woman was dead before she hit the ground after falling unceremoniously from the examination table.

The well-dressed Zygerrian rounded on the guard that had just struck the Twi’lek. “Idiot! Now we have to pay Kyrellius for the infant *and* the breeder!” He let out a heavy sigh. They would just have to extract all the profit they could from the little one to make up for it.

\*\*\*

*21 years later*

L’ara beheld the towering hybrid, who she would soon come to know as Jax Erinos, as he shielded her and her adoptive sister from Anders Kyrellius. In what seemed like a mere fraction of a second, her former master was unconscious on the ground and the two Twi’leks were onboard a shuttle on their way to Selen. They huddled under a soft blanket that their rescuer had draped over them.

They looked at each other, and without either of them having to utter a word, they swore to each other that they would hunt down any and every owner and dealer of slaves in the galaxy. They swore that they would make the masters pay.