

At a quiet and massive restaurant, there were a few people inside. They had all dressed fancily and adorned themselves with pieces of jewelry of all kinds. A tall male Mirialan rapidly tapped his fingers on the table off in the corner. He was growing impatient. He wore high-society clothes. The markings on his face further indicated the riches of his family. He had a burned scar on the right side of his face and his right eyelid had melted over. His hair was jet black and his soulless pink iris matched the lack of heart the man had.

“You’re late.” His voice was cold as he watched an armored mercenary sit down across from him.

“I was busy.”

The Mirialan’s lip curled with a scowl before waving him off. “No matter. What did you find?”

The bounty hunter reached into its bag and pulled up a datapad. “New recruit for the Selen Training Corps. She matches what you are looking for.” He set the datapad on the table and pushed it towards the Mirialan.

Anger rose in the Mirialan. His hand went up to the scar on his face as he growled. This was her. The child who he wishes was never born. “I want her to suffer.”

“I can deliver her to the Collective. They are known to torture and kill Force Users. She is a Force User according to her file, yes?”

The Mirialan gritted his teeth. He didn't want to talk about her. Or the fact that she was a Force User. But at least, he could finally have peace of mind about her being tortured and, eventually, dead. “Do it.”

“It’ll cost you. They are heavily guarded with the recent attacks.”

The Mirialan laughed as he got his datapad out and clicked a few buttons. “I’m sure that’s satisfactory?” The bounty hunter glanced at his accounts and gave him a nod. “Inform me if she has any children,” the Mirialan added.

“It’ll be done. I will keep you posted.” With that, the bounty hunter rose and left.

His hand waved a server over, “Your finest wine, please. Today is a good day.” He smirked. When the glass was poured, the cruel Mirialan grasped the glass. He rose the glass to the ceiling, “Sofila Kain’ena Iohaa Sunarro,” he grimaced. Those words felt like bitter poison in his mouth, “I truly hope you die painfully.”

With a soft groan, her head was spinning as she cried out in pain. The Mirialan smacked her lips a few times, she could taste the strong iron. After a deep inhale, all she could smell was a bunch of metal and sterilization. Her eyelids were opened, or so she thought. She tried to make out what was wrong with her vision but everything was spinning and so blurry. She couldn't make out any shapes or figures. Sagitta attempted to bring her hand to her jaw to check it but she couldn't move her arms.

"What the frack..." she murmured, grimacing at the fiery pain in her head that caused her to let out a small sob before taking in a few deep breaths. She *hated* pain. As her head moved around, she noticed that her senses were slowly coming back. It didn't take long to realize she was shackled onto a cold metal table. Sagitta raised her head and looked down as she started laughing and then grimaced at the pounding of her head. Interrogation chair. And her armor was gone.

"Well... I'll never get to live this down..." Sagitta muttered to absolutely no one. No wonder why she couldn't move her body. She paused and thought about calling for help. Someone. Anyone. Sagitta made the decision not to call for help. She was not going to bring anyone she loves into unknown danger. The door slid open.

"Oh good, I was wondering when I can get a glass of water," Sagitta mumbled, unable to talk clearly and fully as she shook her head.

"The drug will wear off in a few minutes. We-"

"That's good, meanwhile why don't I tell you the tragedy of Darth Plagueis the Wise-" A fist met her cheek as her head violently went off to the side, the iron taste was getting stronger. "Frack! What did you do that for? You said we had a few minutes."

"No, I said-"

"Anyways, so he was wise and powerful-"

Another hit to her cheek as she groaned, she was certain a tooth was loose by this point. "Okay! Okay!" Her hands went up to show that she surrendered. The Collective grunt smiled. All it took was a few punches. She wasn't so tough after all.

"Are you a Force user?" One of them asked her.

"Do..." She breathed heavily between the searing pain of her head, "Do...do you know the muffin man?"

There was a sharp and burning pain as Sagitta let out a piercing cry. One of them had drawn a knife and stabbed it straight down into her thigh.

“Frack, REALLY? What is-” She lets out another agonizing cry as they removed the knife, blood slowly pooling over her leg.

“Talk.”

“Frack, alright, I’ll talk. Just, you know,” She inhaled sharply before screaming at them, “THAT HURTS. So, how about I tell you about that time I went on a vacation with my family on Planet Tatooine? There was a lot of sand everywhere, I wore the tightest fitting clothes you could think of and I still had sand up in my-”

This time, the third punch sent her head spinning. She couldn’t think or focus for a while. The Mirialan was brought back to reality quickly as a gloved finger pressed into the wound on her thigh, digging in, and causing her to cry out. Her body violently fought against the confines of the table in pain before they removed their hand.

“If you just answer us, you can go.”

“Who the frack are you guys?” Sagitta spat blood in their general direction.

“We are the Collective, we’re-”

‘Okay. I got who they are. Now, need to figure out how to get out of here.’

Sagitta cleared her throat to interrupt them. “Fascinating. Okay, so you didn’t like the sand story, how about I tell you about the time I almost got run over by an Orbak? I know, surprising right? They are such sweet gentle creatures but I wasn’t paying attention at the time, see,” Pink hues watched their hand hovered over the wound and she braced herself, “My sister and I-”

This time, a much shorter but wider blade went into the same knife wound, digging into her muscles and nerves as they wiggled it around. Sagitta shrieked in pain, her body trying to run from the pain but she had nowhere to go. So her body just violently jerked around as she whimpered and cried.

“We found this on your person. Are you a Force user or not?” They growled at her.

“Give me a frackin’ minute, to see what the hell you are talking about, I am in pain! Oh, my rancor shit, it hurts so frackin’ much you frackin’ piece of stinky ass smelling heaping pile of rancor shit, make this pain go away!” She whined loudly, slow deep inhales and exhales. After a few minutes of moaning and groaning in pain, Sagitta managed to ignore the throbbing and searing pain in her thigh for the moment as her eyes glanced over and laughed when she saw they were holding her lightsaber.

“That? If you let me finish the story about how I got run over by an Orbak, I would’ve told

you how I obtained a lightsaber. So my sister and I made a dare that we couldn't make an Orbak tilt. You know, when they get so startled they lay on their back and hooves up in the air? I told her that it wasn't possible, Orbaks don't tilt, they just run when they get startled. But my sister was determined that she was right, if you scared them bad enough, you can make them fall like that. So her plan was to-

"I don't see how any of this is related to the lightsaber we found on you."

"Well if you would stop interrupting the story! So she decided to try to use explosions but I was concerned about the damages that could cause, you see, we don't have a lot of money-" Sagitta cried in pain as they flipped the switch on. Electric noises and blood-curdling screams filled in the room.

The Collective grunts looked at each other and started whispering, "Should... we just let her go?" The other one watched the Mirialan and stuck a finger in his ear and rubbed it, likely trying to remove earwax. "Either that or we can call for Halfol. Let's see if she'll talk now." They flipped the switch off. Sagitta breathed heavily as she was crying from the pain, her hands clenched in fists as her teeth ground so hard that they were a bit sore. "Now talk. Where did you get the lightsaber?"

The Mirialan was too busy sobbing for a bit longer. She took in a few deep inhales and exhales. As she cleared her throat, "I'll tell you. Come closer."

"We're not going to fall for that."

"Fair enough. Alright. So my sister set up the explosives inside the-"

"We'll cut off your tongue," one of them growled. Sagitta smirked.

"Oh, have I got a story about that one! You see, my biological dad already tried that, that's how I got the burn scar on the side of my face," she leaned her face as much as she could while being bonded down and her finger moved to point at her own face, "and are you sure you want to do that? I won't be able to tell you how I got ahold of the lightsaber and yes it's true I can write or type I suppose," she wiggled her fingers at them, "but if you keep up with the torture, I won't have the energy to do that. I'll tell you the whole story about the scar later. So as I was sayi-"

The switch was flipped on once again. The room was eloped with her shrieks of pain. The cracking of electricity. One of the men sighed, "Er...maybe we should let her talk? She talks a lot. Might get to the point. This is...just constantly interrupting her."

The man groaned as he had his palm hit his face. "Fine! Turn it off!" Then a long string of possible curses in a language that Sagitta didn't know. A few minutes went by as she was calming herself down. Tears ran down her face.

“Frack you guys. I fracking hate pain,” she sobbed. Several minutes with by as she took in a deep inhale, “anyways, as I was saying, she, meaning my sister, had set up explosives in those poor Orbak trenches, you know the one they drink water out of....”

-----2 hours later-----

The Collective grunts had to switch around a few times to avoid killing her. Though, killing her would be doing the Universe a favor. Who the frack could talk this much? Maybe she wasn't worth the Mindbreakers' time at the flagship. They needed to know if she was a Force User or not. The Bounty Hunter that handed her to them could be very wrong.

“So Buir was very mad with us and asked Ba'Buir to take us to-”

“GET TO THE POINT. How is any of this related to the lightsaber!?” one of them shouted in frustration.

“I was getting to it. You need to learn some patience. Might do you some good. Meditation helps a lot! May I recommend trying to visit- oh, I got off track for once this time! See! That's what happens. So you wanted to know where I got that lightsaber... let's see where was I...oh yes, so Ba'Buir took us to-”

“Get. Her. Out.” He said between breaths through his teeth. “Do we kill her?” The other asked, “Or we can keep her? Use her for experiments.”

They looked at her and considered it for a moment as it seemed that she was still talking, “So now Buir was mad at Ba'Buri for gambling all the money away so we had to run out real quick and call Buir for help and advice...”

“Take her to the Mindbreakers,” the pair nodded in unison, they were going to take her to the flagship and they can do whatever to her. At least they'll be free from the incessant Mirialan. Force user or not.

Sagitta saw her opportunity. Their guard slightly was down due to the frustration of her talking. Sagitta used the Force as the lightsaber flew to her hand.

“Kriff!” one of the men shouted as the lightsaber easily sliced through the metal bonds. Now free, she quickly dodged a punch but was tackled by the second grunt. Her foot stance was instinctively wide and she didn't go down from the tackle and used her elbow to strike the back of his head, sending him down and to the ground. The remaining grunt drew his blaster and Sagitta charged. Her body rammed into him, one hand at the blaster's hilt to keep it down in the holster while the purple-haired female's forehead slammed against his head, sending him down.

Her head was ringing. “Frack.” Sagitta muttered. She hadn’t executed that headbutt very well.

“I taught you better than that,” mocked Sagitta, mimicking her father’s voice as she started to behead the two men. Quick. Clean. Merciful. Just the way her father taught her.

Sagitta fell back as she landed on her butt, groaning softly while checking the wound. The wound, thankfully, was mostly clogged during her two hours of talking. She took off her bra and tore it in half to wrap it around the wound. Thank frack for athletic wear bras. The Mirialan was thankful they didn’t hit a major artery. She debated using the Force to heal, but she might need it to get out. Grabbing her comm, she cursed under her breath. Of course, they destroyed it. No matter. She stood and started to put on her Mandalorian armor. She shoved the broken comm down into one of her hidden pockets. She opened the door and glanced around.

Oh. This was a small ship. Maybe an escort ship? Why the frack was there an interrogation room? Seems like they built one in. Relief washed off of her shoulders. At least the ship wasn’t too big. The injured Mandalorian hobbled towards the pilot room.

The door opened and her lightsaber was right up against the pilot’s neck, “Take me to the nearest planet, and land, now.”

The pilot quickly raised their arms, not wanting to die, obviously nervous at the lightsaber so close to their neck. “Um...” they started as they pointed in the direction of the window. Sagitta turned to look at it and gave the window an annoyed look, hidden underneath her helmet. They weren’t flying and were already on the ground. Surrounded by trees.

“Oh. Right. Tell no one?”

The pilot squeaked, affirming she would tell no one.

“Okay. Thank you. Well...how about you take off and I’ll just jump off?”

The pilot eagerly nodded.

“Wonderful. Well. Have a nice day.” With that, she removed the lightsaber from their neck and limped towards the hatch. The ship roared to life as she jumped off and rolled onto the ground. As the ship was out of sight, Sagitta sighed as she plopped back onto the ground. Her hands went up and removed her helmet carefully.

“Buir wasn’t kidding when he said I talk so much that if I ever get kidnapped, they would let me go...”

Then the terror kicked in. Tears ran down her cheeks as she sobbed alone in the forest.

Her hand went over to the blood-soaked clothing on her mid-thigh. She tried to focus to heal but she couldn't. Instead, her hands immediately covered her wounded face while she cried harder from the pain and fear.

She was so scared.