

Personal log: 35:7:32 ISD *Vengeance*, en route to the Modell

Sector

As I make my way towards a meeting with Palpatine, including a short stop along the way to pick up an old friend, I am placated somewhat by the knowledge that I now have access to a viable defence against the powers of those who can manipulate the Force. Finding Myrkr was fairly easy once one had access to all the clues. Discovering its incredibly well kept secret was a whole other story.

My first encounter with a Force user left a lasting impression and not one for the better. The leader of the Outbound Flight Project, C'Boath, used this invisible, unchallengeable weapon against me in the form of what I know now is called Force Choke and I was utterly powerless to stop him or fight it very nearly dying in the process. Needless to say this is not a position I ever wish to find myself in again. It is probably a very good thing that the Jedi Order had a strict code of conduct and that Palpatine finds me of use or perhaps it is that I simply amuse him which keeps him from inflicting me with more of this Force Weaponry.

It is not without some irony that in order to discover Myrkr's secrets I found myself having to seek the aid of a Force user as a means to an end. Luckily for me Vader's office girl has some talents with this mysterious power and Vader granted her leave to accompany me. She was less than impressed with the tasks she was given but she carried them out with minimal argument and surprisingly good grace.

I was not wrong in my assessment of her powers and abilities in fact, if anything, she surpassed my expectations. What began as a means to an end trip however turned into something else, something quiet unexpected and incredible not to mention a little foolish. And I have done something for which I shall be expected to explain before a Dantassi council and I fully expect that there will be some form of retribution involved because my actions were and are unprecedented.

How can I describe what took place on Myrkr? It seems now, looking back, to hold a rather dream like quality and in my mind's eye all I can really picture is her dancing when she decided to show me her teeth and punished me for the situation I placed her in. This trick she has of pulling emotions and using them as a weapon is remarkable and unnerving and I suppose that I did push her too far by asking her to perform as a dance-slave for a group of base, mannerless men.

I quite rightly deserved her wrath but I had no idea she would turn her talent in this area solely on me and the result was surprisingly difficult to deal with. If used properly she could turn men mad with desire and all I know is that in that moment, when she had me in her thrall, it took every bit of my self control not to jump up and sweep her out of there so that I could have my way with her. This is an unacceptable position for an adult Chiss warrior to be placed in. For the first time since I have known her I found myself both furious and aroused at the same time.

This is a deadly combination of energy so when one of Ormate's animals tried to rape her I did not even think about it when I broke his neck. I know my actions scared her, as they should have, but it was my fault she was even in this situation to begin with, it was my duty to protect her. I do not regret what I did. Nor do I regret the look on her face as I took care of her would be rapist. Perhaps next time she will think twice before turning that lovely little force talent of hers on me again.

It has been a long time since I have worn my Dantassi clothes and mask. There is not much call for such a disguise within the confines of working for the Empire. I was rather taken aback at how much the clothes and mask scared her making her oddly submissive. I learned after our first day on the planet why that was and it was intriguing to hear her take on the Dantassi. It felt strange to hear her talk about the encounter with hunter when she was a child and to learn how much he terrified her. I have known the Dantassi people a long time and fearsome is never a word I would use in describing them although it is an image they self cultivate. Perhaps that was part of the reason for my actions later on. Perhaps I wanted her to share my love for this wholly remarkable race of beings instead of them being the source of nightmares.

I knew going in that Ormante would double cross us. Given his nature this was to be expected but discovering whether or not the myths surrounding Myrkr were true outweighed the dangers. I also knew that in spite of what Ormante might have thought between Merlyn's hand to hand combat abilities and my strategic skills he was no match for us, men like him rarely are. All talk and no substance and far too much reliance on machines and technology. I did not, however, count on the vicious quadrupeds we encountered attacking us nor did I plan for Merlyn being as badly injured as she was. She should have been taken straight to a bacta tank but a chance encounter with a pirate put end to that plan. She will carry a scar on her leg as a reminder of this trip for the rest of her life.

Her combat skills are far beyond the description Vader assigned to them. I watched in awe as she fought grown men twice her size and strength as well as the most savage looking quadrupeds I have seen in a while. She did so with a grace that was astonishing. How anyone could make something as deadly as hand to hand combat look so beautiful is beyond me. It reminded me of the way sunlight moves on fresh snowfields. She may not think of herself as having skills in this area but I would beg to differ and I would have her at my back in such situations again without hesitation.

We are just getting to know each other and, the physical attraction aside, she is a creature of extraordinary talents as well as grace and good nature. Watching her move is a delight, watching her move while wearing practically next to nothing is the most distracting thing I have seen in many, many years. If she had known the effect that ridiculous dance outfit had on me she would have run as far away from me as possible. There are days when I am deeply grateful for the strictness of Chiss upbringing when it comes to the schooling of our emotions.

As I look back now at what happened on Myrkr and afterwards I realise that she has given me the greatest gift of all, her trust. She may not believe this but it's true. She placed her life in my hands not once but several times and did not question this at all. She very nearly lost her life on board of my ship (a whole other journal entry and not to be dealt with here) but it did not appear to diminish the trust she placed in me at all. I envy her this blind faith and I wonder if one day I shall be able to do the same and open up to her completely. Whatever this is between us is off to a promising start but it also leads to emotional attachments which is something I can ill afford at this time. I do, however, wonder if it is not already too late and that an attachment is already there. Perhaps it is and I am being too stubborn to see it, judging by my reaction to her near death on board the *Vengeance* this might very well be the case.

At the Imperial court she is privy to many secrets and she has the ear of one of the most powerful men there is. There are whispers that she is Vader's spy if this is true then she is incredibly good at the art of deception and I am being utterly deceived. I don't believe this to be the case. There is such a sweetness, an innocence to her which has not yet been stripped away by Vader's brutality or Palpatine's manipulations. I'd dearly like to believe she is exactly who she appears to be and if so then I wonder if, at some point, I can return her trust as easily. Right now we are not

quite there but I have hope. There are precious few people in this Galaxy I can completely be at ease with. I would like her to be one of them.

So perhaps in reaction to or maybe because I feel she earned her place by the right of combat, I have taken her into my Dantassi family by giving her a name, by marking her with the blood of her kill. This ceremony, however small it may have seemed to her, will have lifelong lasting repercussions, for the good I hope. I, however, will be called to task. What I have done there are no precedents for. I do not believe she has any idea of the significance of my actions which, for now, is a good thing but I wonder, down the road, if this will change and if it does what she will then think of me.