

Under Maxim's orders, Evelyn left the ship running. During missions with the Kadnikov Company, she was to stay in her cockpit. The hybrid was reading her book, though her eyes occasionally glanced over to her ship's radar, keeping an eye on things. She may have had vacation for four months but she did not forget her job. The cargo door opened, Maxim was probably back now. She closed the book and rose from her seat. Her hairs stood at all ends at hearing rapid footfalls toward her cockpit, freezing in place.

"Hands up!" Shouted a voice from behind her.

Evelyn tensed. She raised her hands.

"Turn around. Slowly." Evelyn complied, turning to face three heavily armored beings. She couldn't place their armor so they were most likely pirates. Her emerald eyes dashed to a certain button as one of them growled.

"Don't think-" Evelyn slammed the button and cried out as a blaster zapped to her shoulder, sending her forward onto her consoles.

"Cut it out!" They shouted as two of them went to destroy the distress signal, the other grabbing Evelyn by her head. He slammed her onto the console again and her body went limp.

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Evelyn groaned, trying to rub her face but her arms were bound. Her eyelids remained closed as she focused on her breathing, getting it under control before trying to look around. Her eyes were blurred. She grimaced trying to move her arms again but her wrists were tied at the back legs of the chair. Her ankles at the front. Kark. How long had she been out? She recollected fading and out. There was no way to tell the number of days. The scream of her body and muscles was enough to tell her it had been a few days. She tried to swallow and grimaced. Her throat hurt and her lips were badly chapped from dehydration. She was sweating. Why was it so karkin' hot in here? Her body ached. The door slid open and she turned to look who it was. Another unfamiliar figure.

"So ya work for the Kadnikov family?" Evelyn glared at him.

"Oh, we got a quiet one here. Let's make this quick and easy. The pain in your shoulder is from the blaster. Without aid it'll infect, quickly at that. You should start feeling the fever pretty soon. We'll be back later after talking to your buddy." They turned and left. Evelyn grimaced, so they were going for Maxim first.

Maxim wasn't going to spill anything. They would be tired of him and come back to her. Was this how she was going to die? She started to shiver and she desperately wanted water. Evelyn's

head rolled back, her muscles were screaming for her to move but when she did the pain got worse. She could smell the burnt flesh and the seeping pus in her infected and decaying wounds. Despite fighting hard against the achy chills, she succumbed to the fever. She needed the rest.

*A shrill cry cut through the air. Evelyn jolted 'awake'. That's her baby. Myla. Where was she? Why was her daughter crying? Graham? Was he trying to soothe her?*

*"Graham." Her voice was hoarse. Her lips burned where they had split. "Is Myla okay?"*

*No response. Evelyn grimaced at her daughter constantly crying. Her heart hurts. Her baby needs her. "Myla. Myla, it is okay. Everything is okay."*

*"You are just like us." Evelyn exhaled at the voice and looked to her side, reeling at the sight of her mother and father standing there.*

*"No..."*

*"You left your daughter too."*

*"No. I love her! I gave her a better family. A future."*

*"Do not lie. You discarded her like we discarded you the moment you turned sixteen. We just wish we thought of it earlier when you were a baby." Evelyn exhaled sharply as her head rolled back. Her body was covered in sweat. Her joints ached.*

*"No. This is not real. It is the fever. I need to stay logical," muttered Evelyn.*

There was a sharp ice pain as a knife plunged into her previous injury from the blaster, forcing her to wake up. Evelyn screamed, her body fighting against the pain, the ziptie slightly cut into her skin. She sobbed when it was removed, a punch struck across her face.

"Look at me." Evelyn didn't have the strength to raise her head. Her torturer's hand grabbed Evelyn's chin, forcing her to look up. "You stink." He nodded to his men and they grabbed the back of the chair, scraping it across the floor. Evelyn cringed at the bright lights of the hallway, her eyelids closing to avoid it. The scraping stopped and she could hear water running. She grimaced, as they positioned her underwater, ice cold water washing over her body. It helped with the aches but the pain... it wouldn't go.

"Give us the coordinates of a Kadnikov warehouse and we'll consider releasing you." The same hand went back to her chin and he forced her face forward, waiting out her silence for a few moments before nodding to one of the men. The cold stream became a jet, the pair of hands forced her face to the jet and she couldn't breathe. She held her breath but when she finally gasped for air, it was only to choke, the rushing water filling her nose and mouth. She inhaled

water, the jet stopping only a moment after. He let go of her chin as she coughed harshly, wheezing, before they held her face and forced her face to the jet of water again.

This was how she was going to die, karkin' drowning. The entire room jerked sideways, shouts in surprise following as they all slammed to the wall. Alarms blared.

"We're under attack! To stations!"

"Leave her! She's not going anywhere!" They shouted as they ran off to get to their stations. Evelyn heaved for breath, trying to cough up the last of the water despite the pain the movement caused. The water was off now at least. She started to shiver again. She can't die like this.

Her heart was heavy with regret. Giving up Myla... she should've kept her. She should've fought Graham for them to stay together. To be a family. She never thought she would want a family. She doesn't? She does? Myla. Her daughter. Those beautiful silver eyes. Her blonde tuff. Her breaths started to slow and became airy, high pitched wheezing. Graham and her may not have worked out but they both were adults and would have kept the peace for her. It would've worked. It could've worked.

For Myla.

*No. Stop. This is illogical thinking.* Evelyn bitterly cut herself off. Why does her heart hurt so much? She felt like she was back to that day where she gave Myla up. Graham consoling her. Graham was gone. Tears streamed from her eyes. Her eyes closed. She thought of that moment. Holding Myla, who was fussy, in her arms. Cleaned up. Wide silver eyes. Graham's smile. The pain was fading...

Yet.

*I am not ready to die. I would not want Myla to give up like this either.*

She would not die like this. She started to look around. Evelyn started to move her shoulders back, maybe if she could have one of the zip ties slip off of the chair's leg, she could get out of the chair. Evelyn almost had it, only freezing in place when she heard rapid footsteps headed to her direction. She looked up, relieved for once in her life, to see Maxim. He didn't look very well. A fresh cut above his eye oozed blood down his square jaw, matting his salt and pepper scruff. He squatted down and grabbed her chin to check her and Evelyn grunted.

"Can you still fly, Wyvern?" He sounded irritated. Was it because they got captured?

"Of course, Kadnikov." Maxim checked over her blaster wound and she could see him wince.

"It already looks like It's infected."

“Tell me something I do not know.”

“The Republic is attacking this ship.” Oh. That was something she didn’t know. Kark.

Maxim carefully broke the chair into pieces, not having anything to cut the zip ties. “We’ll have to take care of the zipties later. Let’s go.” He checked the perimeter as Evelyn unsteadily and got onto her feet. Her muscles felt like they were relearning all over again. The cold water was helping keep her fever down.

“This is an Imperial Escort Carrier,” Evelyn started, having recognized the layout from what she saw on the way to the showers. “The Republic may be pissed at them for taking their ship. Our ship should be down at-”

“If the Republic learns of me, being on your ship, they’ll hunt you down. We purge their records or you’re on the run for the rest of your life.”

Evelyn frowned at the thought of being hunted. Or the pain. Or fever. She wasn’t sure which. “Meet you at the ship then?” She knew she would hold him back so she would have to try to get to her ship alone. There was shouting and blaster bolts sounding from outside of the room so they squatted out of sight of the doorway just to be safe. Her muscles screamed in pain for being so stiff for so long to move around.

But they still worked. She can still run. So it didn’t matter.

“That works.” He pulled out thin wire glasses from his pocket and headed left. Evelyn knew this ship layout, so avoided the main hallways where fighting was most likely to be. Her breathing became ragged and she started to feel dizzy now that the cold water effects had slowly disappeared. Kark. This can’t happen. She made it to the docks and all ships were gone but hers. That was good. It meant that no one should return to the hanger.

She got into the cockpit and the heavy footsteps of Maxim was right behind her already.

“It’s all good to go, we were never here,” confirmed Maxim. Evelyn nodded as she went to work and cursed as her eyes started to get slightly blurry. She rubbed at them aggressively. “There is a kit in the console box on the right that has an adrenaline-”

“I got something better.” Evelyn’s heart dropped. Drugs.

“No-” Too late as she felt a cold prick on her neck. Her heart sped up and her mind cleared. The discomfort around her wrists and ankles vanished. Quickly, she turned and slapped Maxim across the face for karkin’ drugging her. His gaze was steel cold as he stared at the pilot.

“Fly, Wyvern.” There was urgency behind his voice. She had enough clarity to keep her senses

sharp. They needed to go before this wore off. Kark! They were in hyperdrive for two hours. She avoided a few Purgils, some other objects that were in the way. What they were didn't matter and were barely registered beyond the need to not slam into them. Maxim helped where he could with her wound and cold water as well fever reducer to keep the fever down.

Maxim quietly spoke up, "It wasn't a drug." Evelyn felt relieved at Maxim's confirmation it wasn't a kriffin drug. Then what the kark did he inject her with!?

"Not now." She needed to focus, they can discuss this later.

With a resounding boom, the ship finally arrived at the Kadnikov's warehouse and decloaked. No one had followed their trail. She wasn't a damn good pilot if someone followed them.

Mission was a success. Darkness took over and Evelyn slumped in her chair.