

*'A frackin dead end. You've got to be kiffin' kidding me.'* Sagitta was doing everything she could to keep her anger in check. She arrived here on an anonymous tip that her father was on Nar Shaddaa. Her fingers were twitching, her upper back and neck hurt. She managed to keep her rage down.

Correction. The target was here. She missed him by a few days. The Mirialan barely had any sleep on the way here and the last several days had been mentally and emotionally exhausting for her. A frustrated sigh escaped from her lips-

"CONGRATULATIONS!" Airhorn blared into the sky.

Sagitta jumped back, her hand on her blaster's grip as she was startled out of her thoughts. Confetti fell and a bunch of workers went to grab Sagitta and dragged her into Big Wiggly. "He-wha- unhand me! What!?" She yelped as she was trying to fight them off but she didn't know what to do! Was she under attack? They were shouting congratulations in many various languages, throwing confetti and glitter at her armor and she was completely frozen. Stood like a statue, she used a bit of the Force to get a sense of her surroundings. No malicious feelings could be detected. She wasn't in danger. Sagitta started to relax because the energy was contagious and she started to feel excited! What did she win!?

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Sagitta was bouncing on the Hutt-sized King Emperor Bed. She laughed while hopping up and down. Her Mandalorian armor was safely packed away. There were various plates, stacked up neatly that had small evidence of food on them. She wasn't a slob. It had been a wonderful few hours. Her belly was full and she was being spoiled. "Maybe I should find a sugar Hutt that would spoil me rotten." She joked, chuckling to herself. Then *he* came to mind.

Sagitta groaned softly in annoyance. She needed to stop thinking about him.

Plopped back, she rolled over to a pile of brochures and pamphlets of what she could do. She looked through the pile and something caught her eye. Dancing! While she could not sing to save her life, or anyone else's for that matter, she can certainly dance and has always loved it. "Aw yes!" She got up from the bed and froze. Wait. She didn't have the proper outfit for it. With a mischievous grin, she reached over to the holophone and called the front desk.

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Entering into the dance bar, she was wearing a soft blush dress with a plunging neckline. The bottom was flowy, perfect for spins and twirls. The edges of the bottom tickled at her mid-thigh. Due to her abnormal height, she was wearing matching flat dress shoes. Her purple hair is in a french braid updo with a few strands loose to show off her playfulness. Now. Who was going to share that massive bed with her tonight? Her heart twisted with guilt and her mind went back to

Cole. *'Stop it,'* Sagitta mentally hissed at herself, *'He doesn't feel the same about me. Stop thinking about him. I shouldn't have to feel guilty, we are not together.'*

A few hours went by and her feet were killing her. Her smile did not falter from the exhaustion, it was beaming and uplifting. She was laughing with a few patrons at the bar, sweat dripping down her back. She was chatting up a storm and not a single patron had gotten her interest. Sure, they were great dancers and made her laugh. Had she gotten picky or-

"May I have this dance?" An unfamiliar voice. She turned and was met with a Mirialan with his hand extended to her. His hair was black but it had some purple hue to it. His eyes were dark purple. She felt a pull towards him so who was she to deny the dance?

"Yes!" She placed her hand in his and to the dance floor they went.

"You look familiar," the stranger said softly. A slow song came on. Ugh. Sagitta hated slow songs. But she complied, curious as to why she looked familiar to him and he to her.

"I was going to say the same thing about you," smiled Sagitta. "Although I have to admit, I haven't met that many Mirialans throughout my life."

"You remind me of my sister..." He mumbled softly, a hint of sadness before twirling Sagitta gently. Sagitta can pick up that tone and she understood it well.

"I'm sorry," she sympathized. Well. He was not going to be the one warming her bed tonight that was for sure. Such a Debbie Downer.

He chuckled before shaking his head, "My father tried to hurt her. She was saved from him. We were attacked in the middle of the street. This man, I'm assuming a Mandalorian, had attacked my father and killed our bodyguards. Then he took her and left. I didn't know if she was alive or dead. Until now."

A chill went down Sagitta's spine. She frowned and their dancing slowed down. The man just patiently waited for Sagitta as he stopped dancing. Slowly, the female Mirialan was putting the pieces of the puzzle together.

An eternity passed.

"C-castor?" Sagitta stammered.

His lips curved up into a smile, uplifting his cheeks, "Sofila!" Sagitta meekly grinned, ready to fight. She was startled by his yell of triumph as he picked her up and spun her around. "You're alive!" then he set her down, "My stars, look at you! You are doing we-" His eyes narrowed at the massive burn scar on her face. "Kark. Frack that old m-" hissed Castor before he was interrupted. Sagitta placed her finger to her lips and took his hand into hers. More privacy might

be safer.

When they entered the penthouse, Castor was cracking up. "Holy kriff, I didn't think that whole free thing was true!"

"I know right?!" Sagitta exclaimed as she closed the door as she ran to the bed and Castor was already running as well. They both hopped onto the bed, laughing.

"You still do this?!"

"I never stopped!" She laughed while they quickly grabbed the pillows and threw them at each other.

Laughing, Castor pulled her into a hug. "I had never forgiven him since that..." He choked up, starting to cry. Sagitta tightly held onto him as she sobbed into his shoulder.

Hours later they both were laying on the floor, chocolates, candies, and drinks were everywhere. Shoes are thrown in different directions. His jacket was off and shirt unbuttoned. Her shoes were off and her dress was slung over the chair. She wore her T-shirt. They both were comfortable. They had spent the hours talking and catching up. Castor had gotten himself a lovely woman and two kids. This warmed Sagitta's heart. Though it saddened her that the rest of her siblings were just like their father and mother. She wondered if it was because Castor was older than her and both of them saw evil and hated it versus being raised by evil. Or maybe... she shook her head. She didn't want to dwell on it. Sagitta was unwrapping another piece of candy.

"I was sent here to kill you," stated Castor nonchalantly. Her hair stood on the ends and she immediately thought of her closest weapon. Her knife. Three feet to her left. Castor's hands went up, "I'm not going to- KARK." Sagitta went for the knife as he quickly grabbed her by the ankles and dragged her down. He did not want to get hurt. He attempted to place his body against her back to pin her down but she rolled and kneed him straight in the ribs, causing him to yelp. Then a straight hook punched to the side of his face. He ducked down his head to the side of her head after the punch to protect himself. "NINATIA! WOULD YOU LET ME EXPL-" grunted Castor while his hands tried to find her wrists.

"SOFILA! CALM THE KRIFF DOWN!" Castor shouted at this wild woman. He had the look of surprise on his face. Sagitta did calm down, slowly as Castor got off of her, his hands held out in surrender that he wasn't going to hurt her. "Who the kriff taught you all that?"

"Buir..." muttered Sagitta, now feeling guilty. Why was her first thought to fight? "I'm sor-"

"Good," Castor cut her off. "I'm glad he did."

"Just some advice, next time don't open up with that you were sent here to kill me!" Sagitta

pouted at him as Castor started to laugh. Then she sighed when she realized something.. “So that anonymous tip?”

Castor nodded at her solemnly, “It was him.”

Sagitta was livid. How could she be so kriffin’ stupid? She was uncomfortable and disappointed in herself. Why was she like this? Castor’s hand ran through his hair, “I’ll help you, Sofila. I can be your inside man.”

Sagitta smiled. He made so many sacrifices as a child and still did as an adult. “I can’t ask you to do that, Cas-”

“I’m not asking. I’m doing it. Here-” He took her comm and got her code. “Okay. I have an encrypted one myself. I don’t trust our father with my family so I use it to talk to my wife but we need a code so you know it’s me.” Castor smirked, a slight mischievous grin, “How about Bumblebee?”

Sagitta’s jaw dropped, “THAT WAS ONE TIME OKAY!” She pouted as Castor started cracking up along with Sagitta. They were remembering a certain memory. He clapped his hands and got up.

“Okay. Now we’ll have to fight to the death.” It wasn’t just the sentence that threw off the Mandalorian but the way he said it. Matter of factly. *Something that’s all too familiar to her.*

“I’m sorry. *What?*”

“Can’t have you leaving here unscratched and they can’t find me unharmed.”

Sagitta stared at her brother. She laughed hysterically because, surely, he must be joking. The laughter abruptly stopped when Castor was still stone-faced. “Oh. Kriff. I can’t-” He punched her across the jaw. Sagitta hissed through her teeth and tasted blood.

“Come on, show me what you learned,” teased the male Mirialan.

Sagitta laughed as she wiped the blood away with the back of her hand. “Really? A sucker punch?” She smirked, she could do this.

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*‘Kark. I need to meet this Buir and shake hands with him.’* Castor grimaced as he was finally discharged from the hospital. He got a message when he arrived to see his father as soon as he was released. When he called for help, the hotel room was in shambles with Castor fighting off the need to sleep due to shock.

Sofila did not hold back. Neither did he. He could only hope she had enough time to make it safe and sound to her home and away from here.

Slowly and painfully, he got dressed. He couldn't even do it right with an arm in a sling and the other heavily bandaged. Limping out of the hospital, Castor slipped into a black landspeeder with heavily tinted windows. It was a quiet ride on the way. His head leaned back as he kept his eyelids closed. He had a minor concussion and was nursing his brain.

Castor was soon standing before his father who sat behind a desk. Two of his brothers were behind their father. On the left was Sirius, purple hair with dark purple eyes. Hell of a shooter. Perseus is the one that's worse than his own father and mother. Jack of all trades. Destined to take over the business when Serpens, their father, dies. He had black hair with dark purple eyes. Only Sofila had inherited Serpens' eye color. Serpens' remaining pink eye glared at Castor.

"You failed," Serpens tone was cold and he stared at Castor with displeasure.

"She fought back," he pointed out. Quickly followed by, "Sir."

Serpens' single eye glanced him over, up and down. "So she did. Any important information we could use?"

"It was as you said, sir. Sofila was raised by a Mandalorian. I can try to discover more so we can kill them to get to her." Castor suggested.

"Hm." He waved his hand. "You're dismissed."

Castor's eyebrow rose. "Sir, you wanted me to come here when this could be done over comm?" Silence followed. After a while, Castor shook his head. "Thank you, sir." He left.

Sirius spoke first when they were sure he had left the building, "Should we not kill him? He's a liability. We had cameras and recordings inside the room. They are scheming against us."

"No," Perseus spoke up, "I believe father is going to use Castor."

"Correct," Serpens confirmed. "Perseus?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Good work on the plan."

"Thank you, sir," Perseus smirked.