“For Better, For Worse”

It may not have been a serious affair, but after a tiresome year, no one seemed to be remotely bothered about this minor detail. After all, a chance to all meet together, eat, drink and be merry was just as satisfactory, if not better.  
  
 For the first time in what felt like ages, people were smiling and happy. The room was humming and buzzing with happiness. The coming together of old friends and new friends becoming acquainted. Everyone in smart attire whether they be old or young, male or female. Gently swaying to the music as it echoed around them. To anyone who wasn't in on the whole charade, it looked like a perfectly normal wedding ceremony, with not one, but TWO blushing brides.

Whether or not the two brides were marrying as a labour of love or for another inexpiable reason did not matter. Everyone's spirits were positive, and this hasn't been the case for some time. The Brotherhood were all gathered together and a sense of unity loomed.  
  
Suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, a shot was heard and echoed through the room. The tranquillity and humorous atmosphere was shattered. The unity had disintegrated. And there, lying motionless in a scarlet pool of their own blood, was a Dark Jedi. At first no one could identify the victim due to the sincere shock. Upon closer examination, the wounded human was identified as Kookimarissia Mimosa.  
  
Realising that her Apprentice was badly hurt, Atyiru rushed to her side, in a vague attempt to save what little life remained in Kooki's seemingly lifeless body. As a caring and nurturing medic, she was determined to save the young Krath from a bitter fate.  
  
Across the room, news of the identity of the body was circulating fast. Before long, the news reached Andrelious. The Imperial had suffered loss in his past, but nothing could have prepared him for this. He and Kooki had just began familiarising themselves with each other, and becoming acquainted slowly. Following a long, tiresome vendetta, Andrelious had hoped to settle down and help the lost Krath find her home within Arcona. Now any chance of that had been blown to pieces. Just like his home of Byss all those years ago.  
  
Try as she could, Atyiru attempted with all her might to aid Kooki in regaining consciousness. Kooki's chest movements were slowing down and additional medical help was on its way. All her Master could do, was to keep her breathing until more medics arrived.  
  
Her once jet black, silky hair with purple tips was now streaked with her own blood. Her once smooth, ivory skin was now stained a shade of red. Her draping robes concealed the wound in her back. Kooki was barely recognisable.  
  
Amidst all the sudden commotion, Socorra stood there in her gown looking quite forlorn. The emotions surrounding her were once again totally mixed. The whole pretence of a marriage to help everyone begin to be positive after so long, was now a crime scene. A whodunit. She couldn't help but feel resentful. Deep down within her, Socorra felt sympathy for the wedding guests, yet this was paired with the juxtaposition emotion of bitterness towards Kooki for stealing her limelight. But was it really fair to resent a dying Dark Jedi? Despite feeling jilted, as her bride to be had rushed to the side of another without a second thought, she began harbouring more negativities. However, upon seeing how everyone was feeling a great loss, her bitterness soon lie not with Kooki, but with the spineless creature that had stolen her wedding.  
  
The crowds rapidly dispersed, as a team of medics pushed their way through to reach the casualty. Everyone held their breath as they took over from Atiryu's best efforts. She had done all she could, but would it be enough? Kooki's slowing down body was removed and her life remained hanging in a delicate balance. No one knew or could say for sure whether or not she would pull through. All they could do was wait.  
  
In the meantime, both Cethgus and Andrelious were both furious. The pair may have had a chequered past due to conflicting views to one another, but both wanted revenge on whomever had severely wounded one of them. Without any second thoughts, Cethgus engaged his icy white blade on his lightsaber and began seeking out clues to find the person behind Kooki's fate.

*[Some time later]*

After what seemed like forever and risking several relationships with others, Cethgus and Andrelious drew near to solving the infamous crime. As they prepared to resign for the day, Andrelious happened to eavesdrop on a revealing confession upon a Comlink.

*“I can’t believe it. It didn’t work! Your sudden shooting failed. She still doesn’t recognise my existence. She’s more worried about HER!!! I give up. I can’t compete for Atyiru’s emotions any longer. If she finds out what I’ve done, I’ll lose her forever. Maybe I should just make do with what little I have. If I play the worried ‘wife’ it might help.”*

Upon hearing this revelation, Andrelious wasted no time in engaging his lightsaber and prepared to lunge. He had spent most of Socorra’s time within the Brotherhood trying to kill her, and now he finally had cause. She had potentially cost him his life companion. All his life he had wanted someone, and now he finally had one, she was being threatened to be taken from him almost as quickly as she came.

Before he had a chance to act, a shrill noise echoed throughout the room. A Comlink was answered and dropped to the floor with a sudden thud. A head was shook and Atyiru let out a scream and wailed. All those around bowed their heads in sorrow. The news spread fast. Kookimarissia Mimosa had lost her battle of survival.

At that precise moment, without a second thought, Andrelious swept his lightsaber round his body and plunged the deep, crimson blade into the Battlelord’s chest. An array of heads turned in utter astonishment as Socorra fell to her timely fate.

What started out as a pretentious wedding to lighten everyone’s spirits, had become a massacre of raw emotions. The day began with two blushing brides and one big happy affair. The day had ended with two vengeful deaths and one big lot of resentment.