

The female leant back in her chair, pressing the cold, clear glass against her lips, letting the liquid slide down the glass into her mouth. The alcohol burnt as she swallowed, but the strong stuff was always the best when she was in need of forgetting.

Her eyes focused on the datapad on the table, its faint glow illuminating her face in eerie blue light. She picked it up, hefting it in her hands a moment, before rearing her arm back and sending it crashing against the wall, watching as it parts exploded out like technological guts before tumbling to the floor. She filled the glass again, the transparent yellow liquid splashing over the edges and dripping on the metal desk below. She emptied the contents into her mouth again, squinting as it traveled down her throat.

Her eyelids fell over her amber eyes, filling her mind with all the faces she would sooner forget, some twisted and hateful, others screaming in pain, all tinted in the dull red of her eyelids. She could already start to feel her head spinning from the alcohol swimming in her bloodstream. Inarya brought her hand to her head, rubbing her temples. She could feel a wave of emotions flowing up from the pit of her stomach, and she became aware of a presence on the other side of her door.

“Come,” The female massaged her temples, trying to force the faces from her vision.

“Mistress?” The deep voice of her student cut through the silence that had been swirling around her.

“What is it, Valkish?” Her voice was weary. She removed her hand from her temples slowly lifting her head towards him, opening her eyes.

“You missed our training session. I was....” There was a pause as the male searched for the word. “Concerned” He managed at last.

The alien female laughed, pouring herself another drink, and held the bottle towards Valkish, offering him a glass. He didn't speak and simply nodded. From a cupboard in her desk she retrieved a second glass, filling it and handing it to the Zabrak. He took it, standing awkwardly in the silence of the room, not knowing whether to stand or sit.

“Sit down, you're making me uncomfortable.” Inarya sighed, kicking a chair out for him and gesturing for him to sit. The room was filled with an uneasy and strange atmosphere. Inarya was never one to openly share anything. She typically wore a mask of quick jibs and sarcasm; however Valkish could tell something wasn't right. The female's amber eyes were lined in red, she sat almost motionless, her eyes fixed on one spot, unblinking.

“It has been nearly a year..” She murmured. Her voice was shaky. The male looked puzzled.

“What has?”

“Since I sent her away,” Inarya slammed her palm on the desk, where it met with the glass. Long shards of the container penetrated her hand, and she winced a little as the sting of the alcohol in the open wound shot through her system. Valkish jumped back a little, noting that he could see her blood trickling down her now closed fist. “How could I have been so stupid, I should never have send her so far. What was I thinking?” Inarya looked at the male seeing that he was confused. “K’tana, she was my student before you. Though, she was more like a sister than a student... but, after I helped her kill her former Master she became.....sick.”

“Sick?” She could tell by the male’s voice that he confused still. She sighed, sitting up.

“She went mad. She would hear voices. Scream that he was after her. See his face everywhere. She would scratch at the walls till her nails were no more the bloody stumps. She wouldn’t eat or sleep, she’d just sit rocking for hours at a time. She went from this beauty to this to skeletal thing. She barely looked alive. She’d begged me to kill her so that he wouldn’t. I couldn’t.” Inarya looked down to her hand, picking shards of glass from the wound.

“So what happened?” The male, at this point, was sitting forward on his chair.

“I knew I had to do something. We put down crazy Jedi like sick dogs, after all. Yet even though I knew that was what she wanted, I couldn’t let her die. So I sent her away. Far away. Somewhere where no-one would think to look.”

“And?”

“I should have killed her. It’s been nearly a year and I have heard nothing. The world is a cruel place for a Twi’lek.” Inarya took the bottle placing it to her lips taking a mouthful of the content.

Valkish waited, but she said no more.