

A quirk of a frown played quickly over her Mistress's lips. The Lethan wasn't one who displayed her emotions, so this slight quiver showed how distraught she was truly feeling about this situation. The amber irises stayed on the emeralds in the face of the other other woman, who stood stone-faced as the Mistress.

"So, where did you go after Ziare dropped you off?" Inarya asked, "You didn't come back to us immediately, otherwise you'd have been here weeks earlier."

"I went after them," K'tana's eyes shone with a malice, one that no longer reflected the madness that once possessed it when the rage overcame her. Purpose now replaced that insanity. "I ended up chasing them home...to Ryloth."

Shock slapped Inarya's face and, had she been any other color, her cheeks would have gone red with rage.

"Why the in all the galaxy would you do something that stupid?! You could have been captured! What the kark were you thinking?" Inarya practically yelled at her.

"I was thinking of death. Of taking back my life from the voices that had become my very being. Of the blood of that Zeltron child that covered me so that it looked as though I'd bathed in it. Of revenge, sweet and hot, and the utter desolation of those mercs." K'tana smiled now, a cruel smile that looked so beautiful on her face. It didn't distort her features as it would on anyone else. "I got them, Mistress! I killed every one of those mercs who killed Ulaa. What's more, I must have removed at least half of the slavers on our planet. More will come. More always do. But it'd felt so good, I couldn't stop. It didn't matter if they had just arrived or had been enslaving us for years. I wish you'd have come with me. We could have devastated them and made them afraid to step on our homeworld ever again."

Inarya's face had gone back to its calm veneer. She didn't know if her former student had come back more insane, or what had happened. K'tana's green eyes shone golden and flickered like the sun as she spilled the tale of her last weeks to her Twi'lek sister...

*I landed the shuttle just outside Kala'uun, the city where I'd been told the merc group, Small Bloods, had been able to build a base of operations. They worked in tandem with the local Hutt who'd come to be in charge of the enslavement of Ryloth. The difference between most merc groups that worked with slavers was that the Small Bloods went after children only. Thus, their name.*

*I decided to use my birth name while on our homeworld, and it was almost as soon as I spoke my last name I that I ended up with the attention of all the Twi'leks in the room. The Blen clan, it seemed, had been completely eradicated from the face of Ryloth. This was how I met Alema Rar, a Rutian Twi'lek who carried a blue lightsaber and whose eyes were red as flame.*

*She perked up at the attention I was getting, noticed the saber at my side and immediately came over to speak to me. It seemed she had a vendetta against the Small Bloods as well as I. As soon as she pushed her way through the people who'd crowded me asking stupid questions on how I lived through my Clan's purge, the others dispersed and gave us room to speak in peace. I told her my past, and she invited herself to answer questions I had not asked, and we came down to the reasons of why we were back on the forsaken desert of our birth.*

*Alema had no intention of freeing slave children, but the prospect of killing these mercs with backup was one she couldn't pass up. We hit it off, formed a plan and I played my part as well, as an escaped slave being brought to the Smalls Bloods. This got Alema access to a main room. Thus, I was given access to the slaves. The mercs bound me up and threw me on my face in the room with the children. I made eye contact with the closest, and seemingly oldest, Twi'lek girl and nodded towards my boot, indicating the blade I taken efforts to hide there.*

"Are you telling me you let yourself intentionally get enslaved?!" Inarya shook her head, lekku bouncing on her shoulders, "What the kark is wrong with you?"

"Please Mistress," K'tana smiled, "let me finish. You won't be disappointed."

*The child, a Tiatian Twi'lek going on her tenth year, blinked her big brown eyes at the me in a mix of fear and shock. I spoke to the child in the language of our people, asking her to take the blade and cut the flimsy rope binding me. She did as I requested and, in the small amount of time I had, I asked the girl her name how the girl came to be a slave. She told me that the only name she knew was Eyan, which is sad on it's own as it seemed all the children here were referred to as 'Eyan', the Twi'leki word for youth. She said she was an Ai'jou, a priestess of Kika'lekki in training, and she was to be the next Kiva of the temple.*

"What is a Kiva?" Inarya interrupted causing K'tana to frown.

"Mistress, I would have thought you'd know the title of the High Priestess of the Goddess."

"I, unlike you, was not brought up among our people. I hardly thought Twi'leks were capable of forming a religion that was not thrust upon them by another." Inarya snapped.

“Forgive me, Mistress,” K’tana said, a tinge of impatience in her tone, “I’d forgotten and did not mean to be impertinent. I had to be taught the ways of the religion myself, if only given the base understanding of the concept. Even now, Kika’lekki is most likely not on...our side of things, although she is a beautiful ideal.”

“You’ll have to tell me about what you’ve learned.” Inarya said, a smile playing on her lips.

K’tana grinned, “Some day Mistress, but not today.”

*Eyan explained that most of these children were like me. Taken from their homes and held to be prepared for the Hutt. Unlike me, however, they were trained by the Bloods and not by older slaves. The new Hutt heard about how the last Hutt died and the fat, bloated creature decided that he’d not go down that path, having a Force Sensitive and their master ruin everything. It seemed as though I was a slight bit of a legend, even if my name was lost. So it was that these children would be taken, taught and culled each time any “abilities” outside of slavery was shown.*

*The fear in the room was palatable but I remembered my ambitions as a slave child, wanting to be better than the others. There were none like me. They were all unspoiled, never given a single kindness. Each of them had fear and no rage. They all expected to die before getting to the ship where the slavery to the Hutt would begin. This helped my decision to use them as bait. My first goal was to kill the Bloods. These children were so unlike Ulaa. None had the capabilities she had. They’d never amount to anything other than bait, at least not to me.*

*I told the children the very simple plan I had. Scream. Scream as loud as possible. Draw the mercs to the room and I’d kill the tal’kan’kensui each time they entered. So they began to scream. It was a few minutes, that felt like hours, before the first few came in.*

*The first one through the door got my shiv in his chest. The next, I called the Force to throw him into the room and against a wall. I may have knocked over a few children in this process. Kept them from getting in my way later on. The third man was about to shoot me in the chest when one of the little males grabbed a hold of his captor’s leg and drove sharpened teeth into the merc’s calve. The boy clung to the man as I finished slitting the throat of the Blood I’d thrown into the wall. I grabbed this third man by the head and drove his skull into the door frame. The child was jolted from his chew toy and put a hand up to his sore jaw.*

*As I caught my breath, the children worked together to drag the bodies further into the room, making space. I told the three oldest, Eyan included, to pick up a blaster each. I gave them base instructions. Point. Shoot. Don't aim anywhere near me, even if I seem to be in trouble. Stop pointing them at their stupid faces. The usual instructions one gives children with guns. Last was to not hesitate. If they had a clear shot, take it. Then they screamed again.*

*Only two came this time and I stood behind the children for the first one, letting them shoot the man into pieces before yelling for them to stop shooting. They'd only injured the second man so I grabbed his leg and pulled him into the room. I questioned him on why there were only two this time and where the rest of the mercs were. Alema had done her duty. She'd hacked apart the main group and chased the others into a back room. The men I'd killed were merely guards to the children. I finished him off and took the blasters from the children. I hadn't saved them to have them off themselves with childish stupidity. I let Eyan keep her blaster, and charged her with protecting the other children until I got back.*

"You. Let. Children. Have. Blasters." Inarya nearly stammered, her mouth agape as she shook her head once again.

K'tana sighed and looked Inarya in the eyes.

"I gave a single child the means to protect or destroy them. I knew that if they had nothing, another guard would have shown up and could have possibly held hostages. That would have complicated things and I wouldn't have had time to deal with it. I'd been slowed down enough as it was." K'tana said coolly, "Now please, Mistress Inarya, no more interruptions or I'll be here all karking night."

*I ran down the corridors towards the sound of a lightsaber repelling off a wall. I made my way quickly to Alema and found her slashing at a door with her saber as well as mine. Just as she pulled back to swipe again, I gripped her wrist with my lekku--their reach is longer. She turned to strike me down with my own weapon, but realized who I was before she brought the blade within a foot of me. She disengaged my weapon and handed it to me, claiming there was no way through the door. I simply smiled, told her I had a plan and took her to the room with the children.*

*We waited.*

*The room they'd trapped themselves in had no place to relieve themselves, or anything else for*

*that matter. A small office that could barely fit them all. Alema and I hid in the room with the children and we just waited. We told stories of our pasts while the children sat with their mouths open and eyes wide as Alema told of her previous life with the Jedi and how weak they were. I told of how the Academy made me the woman I am today and of the power I'm still learning to wield. Such a pity none of them had the gifts required to come back with me.*

*After several hours I sent Eyan to knock on the door and cry to the mercs, saying we were gone and that the children were hungry and were starting to come out of the rooms and wander around, which I also convinced them to do. In groups of three I sent them to different rooms to go and hide in. I followed Eyan while cloaked in the Force, hiding myself from cameras and view. She did her job very well. Her tears managed to get the door open.*

*I did not attack right away. I slowly crept passed the child, tapping her as I passed, sidestepped the man in the doorway and slowly crept behind a desk and relaxed now that I was out of sight. I thanked my fortune as all the men were standing around the room, some were pacing, but most were rigid as they waited for a trap. Then Eyan began the temper tantrum to call Alema. She yelled and cried and called for her mother. The men started to get frantic, yelling to kill her, quiet her or shut the door on her. Then they were silenced as they heard the lightsaber in the hallway ignite. They slammed the door shut.*

*I counted thirteen men. I knew even with my skills, I could not take out thirteen skilled mercenaries alone. They grouped together in the center of the room, yelling that no Jedi could get to them, that they'd have to let her in and that they'd outlast her. However, I knew Alema would be waiting outside the door, laughing. I took a breath and cloaked myself again. I waited until my hand was almost touching the panel before I removed my shroud. I slammed my hand onto the panel and ignited my lightsaber at the same time.*

*Men pointed their blasters and fired. Then Alema rushed in. Her abilities were far greater than mine. She threw a decent chunk of the men towards the desk and back wall and cut down more than I could count. Several of their blaster bolts hit me. Shoulders, leg and one grazed my cheek. I can take pain, but that last one dropped me. I shook it off as fast as I could, with Alema's attention diverting them from me. I focused myself again, stood and charged into the fray, Alema at my back.*

*When the room was filled with death and the corpses of the mercs, we walked out of their base and into the cantina where several more were waiting for us. There weren't even enough to cause*

*me to break a sweat. Alema was a good killer and we made one sithspawn of a team. We left one alive and, I'll spare the details, I made him talk. Needed to know if there were others, how many, that sort of thing. Apparently we'd killed the cowardly Commander in the small office. He was a pencil pusher and his guards had been taken out by Alema in the main meeting room.*

*I was not upset or ashamed that I did not kill him. He and his guards didn't matter so long as they had all been slaughtered. Ulaa could rest, regardless that she'd never know that her murderers had been massacred to their last man. I called up Ziare to let her know about the children and to see what she could do with them. Alema paid the cantina owner to keep them fed and safe until someone came for them. We made sure to let him know they weren't being bought or sold and should he disagree with us he'd be the next person to taste what my violet blade was like.*

*We hardly spoke after that. I made my plans to leave. She made hers. We shook hands at the shuttle bay, got on different freighters and we've come home to our different Masters. I may have worked with an enemy, but I knew not to trust her with our location or anything like that.*

“Now, I've told you everything, although I rushed bits and pieces to get it over with,” K'tana said with a smirk, “I'm exhausted from travel. My report is made. My sanity...well, you can judge as you see fit. Just know the nightmares are gone. The voices that once were are silent and my skills as a killer are growing.”

Inarya's crimson face had gone back to its neutrality and her eyes showed a bare glimmer of the pride she felt for her former student. She walked to her desk and poured each of them a drink.

“To sanity and revenge!” She held up her glass while passing the other to K'tana.

“A dish best served.” K'tana replied, clinking their glasses and slamming back the liquid that burned her throat as it passed.