“When Tomorrow Never Comes”

**14 ABY**

The crisp autumn sun began to rise to welcome the start of a new day. The avian creatures began to chirp. The scarlet numbers illuminated on the digital clock on the bedside table. The sun’s rays began seeping through the small gap in the curtain and began shining on the female who adorned the slightly small and not very comfortable bed. The dull urban Coruscant was already awake and brimming the commuters buzzing from place to place. Like most densely populated areas, there was rarely a peaceful time of day or night. There was always something going on.

Kooki had landed here a few days previously and was slowly adapting to the city life. It was the first place she had properly spent some significant time since fleeing Corellia almost four years previously. Spending her time flying around on shuttles, and conversing with various people and discovering her true self was proving both fun and troublesome for the young adult. There had been overnight stays on other planets, which had involved a few alluring evenings, and colourful, yet meaningless rendezvous with other people. Alcohol fuelled one night stands and false friendships were becoming increasingly popular. Luckily the female couldn’t always remember who or what exactly had happened, and often the person would either have fled by the time morning came, or she herself had chosen to be the escaping one. Either way, Kooki never stayed in one place for very long and her drive and passion for adventure overthrew the wanting to stay.

On this particular morning, the Alderaanian was meeting with her closest friend on board her latest shuttle. They had been on a few adventures together now. Lula Retzloff was a few months older than Kooki and she was absolutely stunning. Her flaming red locks floated down by her slightly tanned face.

Her dazzling blue eyes lit up and sparkled in Kooki's presence and upon seeing one another, would alluringly wander. The pair had a firm bond that was increasing as time went on. It was the first solid friendship she had made since losing her home over a decade previously.

As the sun sliced through the gap in the curtains and onto Kooki's face, she began to rouse sleepily. Once half awake, she headed to her less than adequate en-suite bathroom.

"Ouch!" she exclaimed, falling over her boots and stubbing her toes on the door frame.

Would she ever remember to tidy her boots away the night before?

Once washed and dressed in a fresh set of purple and black clothes, Kooki headed out of her temporary abode in the suburbs.

Climbing down the concrete steps outside, the happy young woman prepared to set off to her latest rendezvous, when out of nowhere, a raged, much older and quite doddery male figure started shouting after her in a thick local accent.

"Miss Timosa. It's rent dayyyy"

Kooki sighed. There was something quite uneasy about the way her 'landlord' extended the final syllable of every utterance he said. She resented paying for such a small space.

"You'll get your frakkin' money you ancient crone!" she retorted. “Oh, and it’s MIMOSA by the way!”

"In my day, youngsters like you would respect and often called up to fighttttt," the male replied rudely.

"The Empire would not have stood for the likes of youuu!"

Kookimarissia stopped dead in her tracks and before she climbed into the speeder she had summonsed, she threw a small handful of credits at the elderly man's aged feet.

"There's your frakkin' rent you Imperial bastard! I'll collect the rest of my stuff and be gone tomorrow morning!"

With that final statement, she turned round, flicked her hair over her shoulder and fled the scene before another word could be said.

The urban landscape on Coruscant made a pleasant change from her rural upbringing on the peaceful surroundings of her mountainous home on Corellia. The only issue was the heavy light pollution at night made seeing the stars a troublesome mission. The area in which she was staying in the capital of the galaxy was densely populated, and despite the early morning, people were flooding the streets and weaving in and out of each other as they hurried to desired destinations.

Despite the commotion, Kooki knew she would be able to detect Lula anywhere. Not long after she had envisioned her, an overwhelming sense that she was nearby. Amongst the throng of people in front of her on the concrete pavement, she caught a glimpse of crimson hair, floating and swaying in the slight breeze.

“Lula!” she squealed in delight.

“Kooki!” came an equally excited response.

The pair embraced in a warm hug and linked arms and headed for the eatery where they had decided on brunch. They were soon sat at a table and in deep conversation.

“So, Kooki, my love,” stated the fellow female in a soft and seductive tone. “Are we still on for tomorrow night?”

Kooki felt the temperature in her cheeks rise, as the adrenaline caused her blood vessels in her face dilated. Compliments always seem to lead to vasodilation in her. The weakness of flattery was one she always fell into.

Eventually she managed to respond, before an awkward silence was to linger.

“Of course, my lovely,” the Alderaanian smiled across at her latest companion. “I wouldn’t miss it for the world.”

“I’ve been waiting a long time to show you my true feelings, and tonight you will be the recipient of the most passionate night of your life.” fantasised Lula.

Ever since they had met on a shuttle, not all that long ago, Lula and Kooki had engaged in an immediate connection. From there on after, they had accompanied one another on expeditions and occasionally met for a rendezvous whenever possible. It was finally time to take the final step and fulfil their transparent feelings for one another. It was to be done properly and passionately. An evening meal followed by sharing a bed together and all feelings and hands to wander.

Lula broke the gaze she had with Kooki, as the food arrived having been cooked by her own brother who ran the place alongside their father. Just as they began tucking in, a tall, dark clothed figure sauntered in. The whole restaurant went silent, as the horned creature engaged a jet black bladed lightsaber and without uttering a single word, lunged forward and within seconds killed the restaurant owner. His body fell to the floor with a deafening thud.

“That’s the thing with the Dark Side,” scowled the Zabrak. “Keep your friends close and your enemies closer. One wrong move can leave you cold.”

Without another word and before anyone could say or do anything, the creature turned round and fled the scene. Lula hurried to her sibling’s side and swore revenge on the evil Iridonian. All she could do was to break down and cry. Her older brother had always protected and looked out for her, for as long as she could think to remember. Kooki gave her newly acquainted lover a few moments to absorb the sorrow of the event. Minutes later she scurried to Lula’s side to offer love and comfort. The redhead turned and sobbed heartily in Kooki’s arms and her knees bowed and she collapsed in her loved one’s embrace.

Momentarily, the body was removed from the scene and soon the restaurant was closed. Once everyone had left the building, Lula said her farewells to her father and agreed to return home earlier than originally planned. She was true to her word and accompanied Kooki back to her squalor of a room, and before they knew it, the pair began passionately kissing. Moments later a dominant and assertive Kooki was stripping Lula of her top half of her clothing that adorned her. They didn’t waste any further time in removing the bottom half also. Kooki possessively pinned the fellow female to the wall and slipped her tongue down her lover’s throat, causing her to swoon femininely, as if Kooki owned her and her body. Soon they stood at the foot of the slightly small and uncomfortable bed, and whilst embracing in another passionate kiss, they fell onto the bed on their naked sides in unison.

After a hard-core and enjoyable twenty minutes and multiple orgasms later, Lula and Kooki lay side by side cramped, but completely satisfied. As Kooki closed her eyes, with Lula resting her head on the pillow adjacent to her, they fell asleep with their arms around one another, wishing this embrace could last forever.

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As the sun sliced through the gap in the curtains and onto Kooki's face, she began to rouse sleepily. Once half awake, she headed to her less than adequate en-suite bathroom.

"Ouch!" she exclaimed, falling over her boots and stubbing her toes on the door frame.

A strange feeling overcame her suddenly, yet being so groggy she failed to notice or pay any further attention to such thing. Once showered and dressed, Kooki headed out of her accommodation in an attempt to reunite with Lula. She had clearly roused prior to Kooki and had headed to find her grieving father. With a heavy and sorrowful heart, she walked slowly down the concrete steps. She had planned to leave today, but she decided to sacrifice her own wants and call in to a florists and purchase a bouquet as a sign of respect for the mourning family. As she was leaving, a raged, much older and quite doddery male figure started shouting after her in a thick local accent.

"Miss Timosa. It's rent dayyyy"

Absolutely stunned, Kooki turned round in utter shock.

“I’ve already paid you your frakkin’ rent. AND another thing, I told you its MIMOSA!!” she snapped back.

"In my day, youngsters like you would respect and often called up to fighttttt," the male replied rudely.

"The Empire would not have stood for the likes of youuu!"

Kooki began to realise something wasn’t quite right, but couldn’t quite realise what. This had all happened before.

*Was this ancient old crone just senile and confused?*

*Or was she the senile and confused one?*

*What the frak was going on?*

Dismissing a few credits to the elderly man’s feet, the Alderaanian climbed into a speeder in a confused daze and headed into the bustling city centre.

Once she had arrived and paid the Force-blind driver, Kooki wandered through the crowd of people embellishing the pavement in front of her. As she was in such a bewildered state, the commuters around her brushed past her in a blurry haze. Right now all she needed to do was find something. Anything. Just a clue or hint to what was going on. Only then could she head to the florists. Just as she was deep in thought at what to do next, a familiar voice echoed in her head.

“Kooki!”

Looking up, and shuddering in amazement she noticed Lula was heading towards her, arms flying about wildly and happily. Such cheerful paralanguage considering the sudden death of her sibling.

Lula flung her slender arms around Kooki’s neck happily. It was if she hadn’t seen her friend in weeks, rather than the previous day. The red haired female sensed something was amiss as she hugged Kooki.

“What’s wrong, love?” she enquired, with a slight edge of fear in her tone.

“Something……something just isn’t right,” stuttered Kooki, as she returned the warm embrace.

“You think too much, honey,” Lula purred, placing her index finger onto her companion’s lips, hushing her.

“All you need to think about is me….and you.”

Lula gestured her arm and without allowing Kooki to breathe another word, she ushered her to her family-run restaurant.

Just as they began tucking in, a tall, dark clothed figure sauntered in. Lula looked up and shuddered, and the whole restaurant fell into silence. Before Kooki could say anything, the horned creature engaged a jet black bladed lightsaber and without uttering a single word, lunged forward and within seconds killed the restaurant owner. His body fell to the floor with a deafening thud.

“That’s the thing with the Dark Side,” scowled the Zabrak. “Keep your friends close and your enemies closer. One wrong move can leave you cold.”

Without another word and before anyone could say or do anything, the creature turned round and fled the scene.

As Lula ran to her sibling’s side and sobbed beside his deathly pale and lifeless body, Kooki stared in shock, totally unable to say anything. All she could do was to hold a tearful and heavy-hearted Lula in her arms, while the deceased was removed from the scene and the customers departed in silence.

Not long after saying farewell to her father, Lula left with Kooki and walked her back to her temporary accommodation. Luckily the old crone who owned the place was nowhere to be seen. Without a second thought, the two females leant forwards in unison and engaged in a slow, lingering kiss. In that precise moment, Lula forgot all her troubles, Kooki forgot all her confused, enigmatic thoughts and just enjoyed the passion between them. Before she could try to make sense of the puzzling world she had found herself in, Kooki was free of clothes and was fervently, yet vigorously engaging in intercourse with a similarly nude Lula.

After a hard-core and enjoyable twenty minutes and multiple orgasms later, the females lay side by side cramped, but completely satisfied. As Kooki closed her eyes, with Lula resting her head on the pillow adjacent to her, they fell asleep with their arms around one another, wishing this embrace could last forever.

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As the sun sliced through the gap in the curtains and onto Kooki's face, she began to rouse sleepily. Slightly more awake than usual, she headed to her less than adequate en-suite bathroom. On her way she caught sight of her boots on the floor.

"I’m not making that mistake again,” she smirked to herself. Today was going to be a much better day than yesterday.

Sadly she had made one mistake. Lula had already left and Kooki hadn’t been awake to wish her well and to send her condolences to her friend’s grieving father. After freshening up, the Alderaanian headed to a summon herself a speeder. From behind her she heard a very familiar voice.

"Miss Timosa. It's rent dayyyy"

Kooki went red in the face and felt fury bubble up from within her. She couldn’t take it anymore.

“Look, I have been more than patient with you. Not to mention the copious amount of credits I have given you for this mere accommodation that you call luxury. Maybe once it was. But it isn’t what it was. And you are not what YOU were!” she yelled, causing the aged human to quiver.

He looked like ex-military and the Alderaanian’s suspicions were confirmed.

"In my day, youngsters like you would respect and often called up to fighttttt," the male replied rudely.

"The Empire would not have stood for the likes of youuu!"

It was then she noticed. Kookimarissia realised. The daily newspaper arrived. Each previous day she had turned away quickly and into a speeder, so she had missed it. He wasn’t senile. Nor was she. She stared in utter disbelief at the newspaper at her feet. The date was that of what she had thought was two days ago. It all started to make sense now. She had been living the same day over and over and over again. At least now she knew she could do something about it.

“Miss Timosaaaa,” came the annoying voice of the veteran behind her.

Before he could even demand rent again, she armed herself with her trusty blaster that had been her grandfathers and shot a bolt at him.

“Take that you Imperial bastard!” she smugly retorted.

Quickly turning away, she disarmed herself and promptly tucked her heirloom into her pocket of her tight fitting leather trousers. Without wasting another moment, she turned and fled down the street, abandoning the cold dead body of the aged man at the top of the steps of his precious abode. Today was definitely going to be a much better day than yesterday.

A short while after, the determined female wandered down the familiar boulevard, and as predicted Lula approached her, in her typical friendly manner. Kooki opted not to tell her companion about her time loop enigma that she was trapped in. If she was to be stuck, she was going to fix everything. Correct all the wrongs and make everything better again. Back to how it should be. She also did not want Lula to think she was clinically insane, so she tried to brush off her friend’s concerns about her seemingly erratic behaviour and linked arms with her as they headed to the family-run restaurant.

Just as they began tucking in, a tall, dark clothed figure sauntered in. Lula looked up and shuddered, and the whole restaurant fell into silence. Before Kooki could say anything, she leapt to her feet, armed herself with her blaster and shot at the horned creature. Being extremely Force sensitive, the Zabrak knew what to expect and defended himself and engaged a jet black bladed lightsaber and without uttering a single word, lunged forward and headed for the much weaker female. Lula’s Force sensitivity made her shudder and she jumped in-between the two duelling and attempted to protect her lover, knowing she was sacrificing her own life. Within seconds the blade of the saber punctured Lula’s right ventricle. Her body fell to the floor with a deafening thud. She had literally died of heartache.

“That’s the thing with the Dark Side,” scowled the Zabrak. “Keep your friends close and your enemies closer. One wrong move can leave you cold.”

Without another word and before anyone could say or do anything, the creature turned round and fled the scene.

Kooki was speechless. Everyone was glaring at her. Lula’s brother and father banished her from the restaurant, before she could even hold her deceased lover in her arms and breathe in her smell for a final time. The message was crystal clear. They all blamed her.

With a heavy heart, Kooki headed back to her accommodation. This was not how she wanted the day to have ended. Today was not a better day. Not in the least. Two deaths and one very saddened Alderaanian.

She took some solace in that tomorrow would be another today and she would get another chance to fix everything. This time properly. Maybe it was karma. Lula’s life was taken as Kooki had taken a precious life that morning. Some things were meant to happen.

Once back at where she was staying, Kooki stood at the base of the steps. The place had been boarded up and the body was gone. Now she had to find somewhere to sleep for the night, then she could fix it all. It was late. It was dark. And it was cold. The female found a slightly cramped bench to curl up on and placed a discarded newspaper at her head. As she closed her eyes she had flashbacks of the day’s events. The apartment she was staying in was definitely luxury compared to this sleeping arrangement.

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There was a slightly cool morning breeze and a slight small thud echoed causing Kooki to awaken with a start. A daily newspaper had been delivered. Her hair being a total mess seemed a minor detail, as she slowly sat up and realised where she was. It seemed like a normal day to everyone else, but life was never going to be the same again. She quickly realised that she remained on the hard bench where she had fallen asleep. Glancing at the newspaper at her feet, the tabloid was already spread with the devastating news.

“Local girl tragically murdered at family-run restaurant!”

A picture of Lula at her best alongside her brother and father at the opening of their restaurant adorned the front page and inside was a four page spread telling their story. The final paragraph explaining the brutal attack briefly mentioned Kooki.

‘She was tragically killed by an unknown Iridonian who was duelling heartlessly with a female of similar age to herself. The other female was not named, but quickly fled the scene showing little emotion for what had happened. Lula Retzloff: 5 BBY-14 ABY- Gone, but never forgotten.’

They might as well have said Kooki killed her. Typically of tabloids. Harsh words of a brainless journalist who knew nothing of the event in question. Anything just to sell a story. Screwing the newspaper up and discarding it in a nearby bin, Kooki couldn’t bear to read the main body of the article, in case there were further inaccuracies. It was a pure insult to Lula’s memory. She dusted herself down, dried the tears in her eyes and ran as fast as she could to a launch bay and boarded the next available shuttle. Kookimarissia Mimosa would never speak of or think of Coruscant or Lula ever ever again.

As the shuttle entered hyperspace, a tall handsome stranger approached the emotional female.

“Hi,” he said seductively. “I’m Xavien.”