

"How much she hath glorified herself, and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her: for she saith in her heart, I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow."
-Revelation 18.7

Her hand pressed into the abdominal wound, the lightsaber of her foe disengaged, drowning the darkened hall into silence. The only sound was the Iridonian's knees as her weight finally dropped.

Nath coughed, blood spewed forth, splattering the pristine boots that approached with a dull thud before her. There was a small sense of satisfaction in the miniscule act of defiance, for she could have stopped herself if she wished.

The Human before her gave a slight sigh of irritation before he spoke.

"You fought well, a shame you were not on our side." Slender fingers lifted the kneeling female's chin, forcing her obsidian gaze to look up into violent blue eyes.

"You were merely toying with me." The words came easily as her life essence seeped gradually away; accepting the simple truth of her situation. The staccato rhythm beneath her pearlescent skin slowed suddenly as the throb in her chest spiked into stabbing agony with each laboured breath.

"Of course, you could have been so great among us Nath. I am disappointed." The male's fingers curved around her chin for a moment before tracing along the scarring visible due to her torn collar. The act elicited a shiver from her; no one touched them.

"Your hubris tore the clan in two." Her words drew a smile from him, a flash of white teeth normally hidden beneath pale corpse like flesh.

"Ideology is not hubris child..." Before he could continue she cut in.

"Will you still do as I request when it is over?" He gave the question some thought before he replied. His fingertip tapping out the beat of her pulse which struggled to maintain normality now its dance partner had stopped.

"How can I refuse?" The response seemed to satisfy her.

"Then let me go." The male gave her a quizzical stare in return, drawing a sigh from the Iridonian. "You're keeping me alive, I can feel it." His smile only broadened on hearing her words.

"You are bright. Turn away from him now and I will spare you." The words repulsed her to the core, she would never turn away from her path, treachery was the coward's recourse.

"Never." She spat the word like a curse to his face, a part of her own pride wounded that her foe believed he could use honeyed words to sway her.

"Not even for my tutelage? Love truly is blind, a shame it cannot repair a damaged heart hmh?"

"I am not afraid. Not even of you Timeros."

"Not yet perhaps. There are worse things than pain I can give you."

"Then gift them and be done with it." Vitriol sprang from her as bile from a scorned woman's heart. She did not care any longer, now it was only a matter of time and she extended it for as long as possible.

Timeros continued to speak but she paid him little mind focusing on the new voice which echoed in her ear.

"Nath I have it, get out. Get out now." Habitually the Iridonian licked away the precious bodily fluid that began a sojourn along her chin. She savoured the metallic tang it left behind pausing a moment to consider a reply.

"I cannot Ori'vod. It is too late now." She murmured her words in Mando'a, knowing the recipient would understand. Timeros' grip tightened like durasteel around her throat, cutting off any further possibility of speech.

"With whom do you speak?" His question was rhetorical, however, before the Arconae could do much of anything the link via the comm in Nath's ear was severed.

She had been left alone to her fate, if it weren't for Jith's incessant pleading with her to bend to the Arconae's will she may have been content with her lot.

Celahir's fingers typed furiously, the sect wide mail had already been sent. Now he worked on his second task; disruption.

Within moments he had scrambled all communications between Arconae forces, and had transmitted the data he had hacked from their systems giving all of those loyal to the Quaestors access.

Finally, when his task was complete and his leaders had given the green light for all intel to be used without restraint he sat back.

In silence he removed his headset and muttered to himself:

"Osik, I owed her dinner."

He hoped he would see her again, though in truth the Erinos held out little hope.