Nicht Ka Fiction: “A Traitor”

It was early morning, and the new mother was out walking her twins in their joint pushchair. Since they were now averting sleeping through the night, and waking frequently for feeds. Once Poppy was awake, Etty would soon join her identical sister in suckling at her mother’s breast.

Kooki yawned. It had been another long night. The girls were finally asleep and wrapped up cosily. The Krath sipped at her steaming hot beverage of caf. The polystyrene container was steaming in contrast to the crisp, autumnal air around the trio. She took solace on a conveniently placed bench and sighed.

Just as she leant back to relax, Kooki felt Force users nearby. She looked up, and a couple of cloaked figures met, shook hands and disappeared down a cobbled alley. One white. One black. It looked very suspicious.

**Meanwhile…**

“That’s all you need to know, Malen. I’ll spare more details as I receive them.”

“Many thanks, Pravus. Many thanks. Are you sure using our real names is wise?”

“We are never alone in this universe, after all.”

Pravus nodded in agreement and shuddered. He sensed another figure nearby.

With that, they parted.

Kooki fled.

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She nibbled at the sandwich like a fussy child. The spiced caf in front of her, began warming to room temperature. All this was quite out of the ordinary.

“Kooki. You appear troubled.” Her Onderanian friend queried, with a slight edge of concern in his tone.

On her way back from her early morning walk, Kooki had called in on the twins’ godfather, who had kindly nourished the lactating mother.

The corners of Kooki’s mouth turned up slightly at the corners. Her closest friend knew her too well.

“Celevon…..I never said something was…..” began the Knight.

“Hush! Kooki. You’re barely eating. Something **IS** wrong. Now what is it?” he interrogated.

 Eventually she began to open up.

“A traitor…” she murmured quietly.

“A traitor?” he repeated, questioning the Knight.

“Someone clothed completely in white met with a cloaked black figure. They were discussing Nicht Ka.”

“Surely you must of heard a name, even if it was in code, we could decipher it. You are quite a natural decoder.” Complimented the male.

Kooki smiled, and enjoyed her sandwich and caffeinated drink. Once completed, she began to disclose more information.

“P…p… pr…” she tried her best to remember.

“Pratus, I think it was.”

Celevon suddenly put down his mug and whispered under his breath.

“Pravus,” he corrected.

Kooki nodded.

That was all Edraven needed to hear.

“But who is…”

For the second time that day, Kooki was hushed.

“Three words Kooki…”

“Deputy Grand Master.”

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Later that evening, once the twins were settled, Kooki sat engrossed in her comlink, working out a method in which she could trap the corrupt member of the Dark Council. Being only a mere Knight, she knew she had no hope in duelling with him. This left her feeling helpless, despite her specialist lightsaber abilities. This may have been the case, but deep inside of her, she had a lot of life experience and could be deceivingly manipulative if needs be.

*Maybe being so ‘weak’ in contrast to this Pravus, may go in my favour. He may trust me more, since I’ve not been around as long.*

Her deep thoughts were interrupted by a cold can of Ebla beer being brushed past her wrist, by her spouse.

“What?!” she snapped.

“Ok. Calm down. I only brought you a drink. Geez, what’s with you tonight?” the Sith questioned his wife’s unusual behaviour.

“Has Edraven given you your mission for Nicht Ka yet? Bet you’ll be in his office again.” Andrelious smirked.

“Actually…” mused Kooki, with slight rudeness to her tone.

“I have a **FAR** more important mission!”

“Which is….?” Quizzed the Warlord.

Kookimarissia Mimosa-Inahj tapped the side of her nose and winked.

Suddenly, as if they sensed the interrogation, the twins awoke in unison and filled the apartment with ear-piercing wailing.

Their mother disappeared to go and nuture her distressed daughters.

She was up to something. But what?

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Morning came. The early morning autumnal sun streamed through a small gap in the curtains. The short figure adorning the bed was awoken.

It was quiet.

**TOO** quiet.

He got out and looked around.

She was gone….

And so were the twins.

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“For the last time, they aren’t here, Andrel. You can come and see for yourself.”

The Galeres Aedile was actually starting to get a little frustrated with the Sith before her. Ivoshar began sensing a negative atmosphere and began showing signs of distress.

“Just because I’ve yet to leave for our enemy planet and am waiting for my signal, and I was your wife’s Master **AND** delivered my adorable little goddaughters, does not make me an instant choice for babysitting duty.” Atyiru ranted in the politest way possible, tightening her dressing gown belt and closed her front door.

Andrelious sighed heavily.

A message appeared on his datapad.

*Dearest Andrelious*

*Fear not.*

*As you read this, we are flying to Nicht Ka. I simply* ***MUST*** *do this.*

*Corruption is afoot.*

*K, P & E*

He sighed again. At least they were safe.

Meanwhile, aboard the *Shadow* a datapad went off.

*If anything happens to any of three of my girls, Edraven, there will be nothing left of you. And for frakks sake, don’t you forget this. Consider this both a threat* ***AND*** *a promise.*

*Andrelious J Mimosa-Inahj*

“Everything alright?” the Krath questioned a now pale Celevon.

 He locked the screen and put it away.

He nodded and began cooing over the twin girls.

“Shall I look after them while you do what needs to be done?”

Kooki smiled gratefully and found a quiet corner and began expressing milk from her bountiful breasts into two bottles for her children in her upcoming absence.

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Kooki waved farewell to the sleeping infants and started her search. She found a local eatery and put her hair in an unusual style of a ponytail and sat down. The Krath noticed, in the corner of her eye, a white cloaked figure walked in. She smiled to herself and hastily rose to her feet. Kooki headed towards the stranger ‘in a daze’ and the male spilt his creamy beverage over her chest. Luckily she wasn’t burnt, just very messy.

“Careful sweetheart, a pretty thing like you could get hurt.”

Kooki blushed.

Her subterfuge abilities were proving effective. He didn’t recognise her.

Dabbing at her bountiful breasts, she cleaned herself up. They sensed the Force on each other.

“Sorry was miles away. Damn missions.”

Pravus was apprehensive in talking to her, but after a few kind words and two fresh drinks later, the unlikely duo were soon conversing as if they had known each other years.

“So a mission, little lady? Dare to share? We are all friends here.” The Kuati gestured.

“The One Sith have me interrogating those invading Arconans and all their other pesky associate Clans.”

Nodding and absorbing every word the female was saying, he just sat in silence.

“So what about you?” the Alderaanian questioned.

Realising the time, Pravus rose to his feet.

“Apologises, deepest apologies. I’m meeting someone in a few moments. Swing by this address later. It’s my accommodation for a while.” He stated, scribbling down on a napkin.

“What was your name again?” he called out hastily, yet with a glint in his eye.

“Myflax. Alexia Myflax!” she smiled flirtatiously.

With that, he left.

Kooki smirked and sent a message on her datapad.

*So far so good.*

*Operation Kooki is in full swing.*

*Give the girls a kiss for me.*

*Kooki*

*~x~*

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Later that day, ‘Alexia’ knocked on the door of some mediocre looking lodgings. After a short time, the familiar male answered the door.

“Ah! Miss Myflax. You made it.”

“Without a wet chest this time,” she flirted.

“So I see,”

“Well, are you going to invite me in, or just stand there obstructing the doorway?” the Krath smiled, whilst sneakily pressing a button in her pocket.

Pravus introduced himself.

“Darth Pravus. Associate follower of the One Sith.”

After a couple of hours, the drinks were flowing and soon confessions came out.

‘Alexia’ had been watering down her drink secretly and tipping some away when she went for toilet breaks, to keep a level head.

“So who are you REALLY!” she falsely slurred.

“Well, between you and me Miss Myfat,” he drunkenly slurred.

“I’m Deputy Grand Master of the Botherhood.”

“What are you doing here then?” she quizzed.

“Shushh!! I’m a spy. Helping the.. the One people. Giving them details. But shushhh it’s a biiig secret ad no one can know.”

With that Darth Pravus passed out drunk on the floor. He was going to be there a long time. Stopping the tape, she turned and fled.

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Kooki met with Celevon and was reunited with her girls. Andrelious had been called and he too was present. She explained everything to him about what was going on. The Warlord hugged his spouse, kissed his daughters and left. The Arete Battleteam leader explained he had made a call to the relevant authorities.

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Meanwhile, at a small apartment Muz Ashen and a few others crashed a door down and dragged the figure on the floor away.

A few hours passed and Pravus began sobering up in a small claustrophobic cell. He was dragged for the second time and sentenced for execution. Tied to a post, the authorities surrounded him.

“But… how?” he stuttered.

A cloaked figure approached the scene and the current Grand Master nodded at her.

The figure removed their hood, just as the guilty traitor looked up.

Her flowing black hair with purple tips floated by her face and onto her shoulders. She pulled out her purple blade and pointed it at the guilty individual, hovering inches in front of his chest. Playing with the life of someone far superior to her, made her feel so powerful beyond words.

“Kookimarissia Mimosa-Inahj. Krath in Arete in Clan Arcona. Pleased to meet your acquaintance.” She smirked.

“But.. but..you deceived me.. you mere Krath” he stammered.

She lunged her saber deep into his left side on his chest, directly into his heart.

“Takes one traitor to know one!”

One final breath and Darth Pravus was dead.