Darth Fiction

**\*44 ABY\***

The jet, black strands were tugged slightly and held firmly, as the brush delicately coated them. The youngster was not liking keeping so still for so long. The final piece of foil covered the tip and was flattened, and she was finally permitted to join her identical sibling, who too had foil tips in her hair. Seeing each other like this, they couldn't help but giggle in their childish manner.

 Kooki smiled at her twin daughters. They were growing up so fast. The last six years had flown by. Like their mother, they were mesmerised by the stars and were now embarking on the Myflax tradition of purple tips. However, they seemed to be akin to their father and his mentality. Sith or Krath, their doting parents would be very proud, whichever path they were to choose.

 Very soon their hair was finally ready. The girls were happily amusing themselves, and showing off their new hair, when a knock came on the door. Their mother went to answer and a familiar figure appeared.

 "Girls. Your godfather's here!" Kooki announced.

 "Celevon!!!" The twins chorused in unison.

 "Wow! Don't you two look like your mother? Your powerful mother." he observed.

 The identical females just giggled, smiled and ran off to play.

 Just as the two friends were enjoying some mugs of caf, and Kooki was enjoying a quiet moment, her spouse waltzed in, heavily laden with bags.

 "She's keeping you on your toes then, Andrelious?" Mused Celevon.

 Andrelious scowled, yet refused to say anything, through sheer fear of being reprimanded. He just merely nodded quietly.

 "He's not been the same person since that fateful day." Kooki sighed, as she remembered.....

 **\*\*42 ABY\*\***

 "Slow down brother, we are making good progress." the medic commented.

 "The Dark Council can't start the meeting without us. I really hope Andrelious won't mind stepping in as a temporary Rollmaster again, since Sight went AWOL. It's not like the twins are tiny anymore. You should have let him come with...."

 "Hush already Atyiru Caesus Entar!!!" Cethgus snapped aggressively.

 "I'm trying to get the *Darkest Night* into descent!!"

 Meanwhile, Andrelious was already on Antei, conversing with the other members of the Dark Council. The huddle of them were waiting outside the hangars for the Galerean Quaestor and Aedile to arrive. Having extensive piloting knowledge, when an unusual sound began to echo, the Warlord looked up and yelled at the top of his voice.

 "RUUUUNNNNN!!!!!!"

 The Zabraak couldn't control his ship. The medic by his side held her heart.

 "Let go, brother. Let go."

 He did so.

 The Dark Council members were confused and began to disperse, but it was too late.

Minutes later the *Darkest Night* was merely a pile of crushed metal, just inches away from a hangar.

 Eleven seemingly lifeless bodies adorned the area.

 Andrelious peered out from his nearby hiding place. Being smaller than average made this easier. He sensed something was wrong. Very wrong.

 The Sith patted his trusty hilt, just in case. He looked around and saw the devastation. Sullen, and realising there was nothing he could do, Andrelious began making his way back to his personal ship and prepared to flee.

 Suddenly he heard a weak voice.

 "H...h....help!"

 He turned and amongst the wreckage, the Warlord noticed a familiar face.

 Andrelious couldn't leave her to die. He slowly levered the godmother of his daughters to safety.

 Feebly Atyiru began to stutter, her voice barely a whisper.

 "C....call Et....Etsan."

 He obliged and contacted this "Etsan", who turned out to be a medic on Antei.

 "You will be rewarded for this Andrel," the wounded Miraluka whispered.

Etsan arrived and began investigating the fellow medic in his arms, who was too weak to heal herself.

 "Is she going to be alright? I'll take her back to Selen."

 The medic remained uncertain, but seemed slightly positive. He returned to his speeder to fetch some papers to discharge Atyiru, as long as she was to be taken straight to a medbay on return to Selen.

 Just as Etsan left the scene, the injured female uttered, as loud as she could.

 "L...look outttt!!"

 Andrelious looked up and screamed. Part of the wrecked *Darkest Night* fell.

 A loud crunch echoed.

Andrelious closed his eyes.

He was both in agony, and had just witnessed his wife’s former Master pass away.

Etsan hastily returned.

The emotionless Sith, without noticing his own injury, yelled.

“You call yourself a frakking medic? Look what’s happened because of frakking paperwork. She’s dead. She could have survived. Now look… her skull has been crushed…yet her soul will live on.”

“I can’t bring her back. I can apologise, but clearly that won’t help at all. But at least let me take a look at that,” Etsan explained, whilst gesturing towards Andrelious’ arm.

The lower half of his right arm was severely injured.

“I can’t heal you… I don’t think it’s treatable…..amputation might be an option. Is there anyone we can call?”

The word ‘amputation’ and screaming and crunching echoed in the Warlord’s head.

“Kooki” he whispered.

Andrelious passed out.

**\*44 ABY\***

 "He's fine during the day when the girls are awake. He keeps himself busy. But once they go to bed he changes. He jumps at loud noises. To think he was quite the opposite back in his youth." Kooki murmured.

 Andrelious may have lost half an arm, but he still had a strong mantra. Nothing and no one would hurt his family.

 “It’s no surprise he turned down the Grand Master position, for trying to save Atyiru’s life,” Celevon commented.

"Atyiru did say she was going to reward him. With his trauma, he preferred that I take the position of Grand Master. I'm hoping he will be Deputy one day. Right now I don't feel he's ready."

Upon hearing the medic's name, the Sith shuddered and patted his cigarillo case. He was so tempted to light up, but he had promised his spouse he wouldn’t.

"She would be proud that at least one Mimosa-Inahj took the helm." Celevon reassured, patting his friend on her shoulder.

Kooki nodded quietly, as he rose from his seat to leave.

"Besides you chose a perfect Darth name based on what your former Master referred to you as on numerous occasions."

Celevon left and Kooki closed the door behind him. Andrelious jumped out of his skin.

"It's ok, love," she calmed.

The girls were still admiring their new hairstyles and were sharing a bottle of juice happily outside, when Kooki's commlink buzzed.

"Yes. Darth Moerder here. Yes. No. Yes. Ok. 2000 hours. Yes he will be there."

Suddenly a low flying aircraft flew overhead.

"Quick girls!! Get inside!" Andrelious yelled, whilst trembling and covering his ears with his hands.

"Atty" he whispered, rocking backwards and forwards.

The twins raced in. They were used their father's traumatised state, sadly.

"It's alright Daddy," his daughters chorused in unison.

"Come on girls, hop upstairs. It's bedtime," escorted their mother.

A few minutes later, two identical girls came downstairs in matching purple pyjamas and their long dark hair tickling their shoulders. They each kissed their father goodnight, who in return kissed their heads gently. Kooki followed the girls up to bed and started the bedtime sequence. She called down to her spouse.

"Your session starts in ten minutes, love. You best head off."

The door closed behind him.

The girls sat opposite each other on their window sill and looked up. Both were mesmerised by the twinkling dots in the sparse navy expanse above them. As they were admiring the spectacular view, an unusual sight appeared.

"Mummy it's getting cloudy," said Poppy, with a hint of sadness in her tone.

Kooki nodded, slightly annoyed and looked down. It was there she spotted a familiar short, stumpy figure. Amidst the darkness, an arm had reached inside a coat and all that could be seen was a small glowing spot at the end of this limb. The hand came up to his head and the glowing spot shone orange and once moved down again, a grey cloud floated upwards. Andrelious was smoking again. In all honesty, Kooki could barely blame him. He had suffered a terrifying ordeal, and the person he would have sought support from, was the one who was dead. Who he had seen die right before his eyes.

Meanwhile downstairs, the Warlord took a swig from his hip flask in his other hand. He sensed he was being watched. Looking up at his daughters' bedroom window, he spotted the Grand Master glaring back at him. Surprisingly, she was smiling. She pointed at her forehead, her chest and then at him, mouthing three inaudible words. Andrelious smiled in response and headed to his appointment, leaving Kooki to close the twins' purple curtains and said goodnight to them.

A few moments later, the former Imperial stubbed out his cigarillo and headed inside. A blonde haired female looked up.

"Welcome to the Atyiru Araave medical centre. Can I help you?" She enquired softly.

He shuddered upon hearing the former Miraluka's name, closed his eyes and nodded quietly.

"Take a seat, dear," gestured the polite receptionist, to an empty small seating area nearby.

Andrelious glanced round quickly to make sure no staff were watching. He was the last appointment of the day. He took a quick, yet satisfying swig from his hipflask.

"Thank you, Miss Riverche. Same time next week." dismissed the therapist.

Upon seeing the Miraluka exiting the room he was about to enter, the Sith began to hyperventilate. His erratic breathing came to the attention of the therapist, who spotted him just before she called him through.

"Breathe, Mr Mimosa-Inahj. Breathe."

Slowly the panic attack began to decipate, and he was assisted into the small room nearby. He climbed up onto the reclining chair.

"So...Andrelious, how are you doing?"

"You mean beside the flashbacks every time I go to sleep? Or how everything reminds me of Atyiru?" the Sith responded wryly.

"What you're feeling is all completely normal. What you saw causes severe mental damage. Some people can't even ever resume to their lives before." the therapist soothed.

"Thanks for the boost of confidence." mused Andrelious.

"It may help you seek some solace in knowing Etsan too, died not long after Atyiru entered immortality," she patted the saddened Warlord.

"That frakking medic cost Atyiru her life. If it wasn't for him and his precious paperwork then...."

"Hush!" the therapist interrupted.

"He committed suicide shortly after you were brought back to Selen by a colleague of his,"

Deep down, Andrelious was slightly pleased, but it still wasn't going to bring Atyiru back.

"Will I ever be able to fly a ship again? My wife is Grand Master and is looking after me, our girls **AND** the entire Brotherhood. That should be my job. Atyiru told **ME** that I would be the one to be remembered for what I did. I saved her. But I just can't forget."

The emotionless Sith, had spent every moment up until now being stoic with his feelings. Now he suddenly broke down and burst into tears.

After allowing a few moments to elapse for the male adjacent to her to compose himself, the kind therapist took his hand and in a soft, gentle tone comforted him.

“The best way to forget, is to remember.”

Andrelious rose from the reclining chair and left the room, feeling slightly warmer inside after the final utterance. Maybe progress was happening, just slowly.

“I’ll get you an earlier time in a couple of days, Mister Inahj.” She suggested.

“That’s **MIMOSA-INAHJ!!**” he retorted and stormed off.

The therapist smiled.

Andrelious was slowly recovering.

**The next day…**

Now the girls were six, Kooki was slightly emotional, since this was the tender age she was when she tragically lost both of her parents in the destruction of her home planet of Alderaan. Especially today of all days. It had been forty four years to the day that the fateful incident happened. At the orders of Darth Sidious, Kookimarissia lost almost everything within seconds of a Star Destroyer colliding with the utopian planet’s outer surface. Even after so many years, this day still haunted and hurt the Krath. Every year on this anniversary, the Alderaanian sought solace from an unlikely source. Evening came and she clambered into the attic and her spouse and two little twins followed. Once they sat beneath the transparisteel ceiling, the foursome held hands and looked out to the starry night above them. Each closed their eyes and in unison spoke a chant.

“Oh the lady with hair so purple. Come, sit amongst us, in our circle.”

This was repeated twice and silence was held.

After a few minutes, a ghostly figure appeared and hovered in the centre of the small group. She made her presence known and all four humans opened their eyes within mere seconds of each other.

“Mother,” Kooki whispered.

“”Oh Kookicake. You as Grand Master of the Brotherhood. So proud.” Tabithiamarissia hushed.

“Oh girls. You are doing so well. Only six years old and little Protectors already. Mummy and Daddy have been training you well.”

Andrelious happened to cough accidently.

“Oh Inahj. You are looking…umm… well I guess.” She stuttered awkwardly.

“That’s **MIMOSA-INAHJ!**” he retorted.

“”Oh yes. Of course. How could I forget you adopted our family name? How nice of you to do so.”

“So mother,” Kooki interrupted.

“Any wise words of wisdom before the twins go to bed?”

Tabby looked round the circle, swept her spooky hand over the cheeks of her granddaughters and daughter and shook Andrelious’ actual hand.

“Take good care of yourselves. **ALL** of you.”

Tabbithiamarissia took one last glance around, nodded at her beloved daughter and disappeared.

**Morning came…**

Over breakfast next morning, the twins were squabbling over who had the black plate and who had the purple one…AGAIN!

“Poppeliamarissia **AND** Etholimarissia Mimosa-Inahj, if you two don’t decide soon, then the droid will have nowhere to put your breakfast,” stated the Krath in a raised voice, as she heaved a sigh to take in some oxygen.

Saying both girls’ names in full was admittedly quite a mouthful. After fetching her daughters some purple fruit juice, they sat nicely and sipped at their drinks. Very soon the sweet and satisfying smell of panna cakes began diffusing through their homestead. Upon the delicious and tempting smell, combined with a smooth scent of spiced caf, Andrelious roused from a shockingly peaceful sleep.

Once the family were sat round the table and enjoying breakfast, the droid began cleaning the used utensils.

“You seemed to sleep better last night, love,” commented Kooki, glancing at her spouse.

The twins clapped happily at such news, knowing their Daddy was slowly recovering. Deep inside they all knew he wouldn’t be **exactly** the same as he once was, but for now, this was steady progress.

The father at the head of the table nodded silently, and even managed to smile at the support of Poppy and Etty, who had settled down.

Moments later, the already dressed Alderaanian sent the girls upstairs to get dressed for their day with Alyssa Edraven. The fifteen year old was wise beyond her years and occasionally mentored the twins, if both parents were unavailable. Kookimarissia had chosen to train the fruit of her loins since their fourth birthday. This wasn’t because of the tragic accident, leading to her becoming Grand Master, but it had always been her plan from when she had discovered she was having them.

“Remind me again why that frakking assassin’s adopted daughter is taking care of **MY** twins.” Andrelious mused, whilst finishing his hot beverage.

Kooki sighed, as she reminded her spouse for what felt like the umpteenth time.

“Simple dear, I have a Dark Council meeting, which you need to attend too. Good enough reason?” she hissed, slightly teasing him.

The Warlord just nodded obediently. Sometimes she made him slightly nervous. He had seen many get corrupted by such power.

The girls came down the stairs in their new outfits their mother had spoilt them with. Upon seeing them in matching black and purple cinder robes, Kooki couldn’t help but shed a tear or two.

**An hour later…**

Poppy and Etholie were happily dropped off at the Edraven lodgings and Alyssa greeted them. Her adopted father had already left for the Dark Council meeting, since being requested to be there by the Grand Master herself.

Smiling, the powerful woman turned and left. Her daughters were already amusing themselves and ready for further training. Kooki clambered into the speeder, next to her spouse and they sped off for the meeting.

Upon entry of the Grand Master, everyone who was summoned here rose to their feet, and only sat down when Kookimarissia did so.

“So, we have a lot to get through today,” began the Dark Lord.

“Firstly, Poppeliamarissia and Etholimarissia have reached the rank of Protector, thanks to personal training from myself, Andrelious and Alyssa Edraven. Also talking of ranks, I wish to promote Andrelious to Dark Adept and his other daughter, Saskia Ortega-Inahj on my right here, to Herald. My spouse will not be favoured and will only be promoted to Deputy Grand Master when I feel he is good and ready. So that position will remain empty per say, but I shall do the work of a Deputy also for now. Celevon Edraven over there will remain as the Master at Arms. We really need to find a new Rollmaster, as no one is seeming to enjoy this position.”

She paused for a moment, whilst she found the relevant paperwork.

“Right, we have a potential new Quaestor for House Scholae. As much as I detest anyone and anything affiliated with Imperials or Palpatine, I still have a duty to look over them with dominant hand. We have received an application from someone who sadly couldn’t make the meeting today. One, G.Prackx has stepped forward. I and my Master at Arms will assess their suitability when we meet with them in the coming days.”

Andrelious looked up in utter shock. He went quite pale, yet his powerful spouse had been too busy to notice. This in itself was probably a good thing, to avoid any awkward questions. Instead he looked at his chrono and requested to be dismissed, since he had a therapy session. His spouse permitted him to leave and she continued the meeting.

Celevon rose to his feet and began discussing Battleteams.

“Since the closure of Dark Forge and the collapse of the summit two years ago, we have decided to close Apex as well, and have three bigger teams and positions are open for Battleteam Leaders and Executive Officers. To apply please…”

His voice began to trail off in Kooki’s head. She felt all fuzzy and rose to her feet to fetch herself some water.

Suddenly she passed out.

The entire meeting was hastily adjourned and medics were called to the scene. Saskia and Celevon accompanied the Grand Master to the medical centre, where the Cirrian attempted to locate her father to break the news. The Onderonian patiently waited outside in the waiting area for any news on his close friend.

After what felt like forever, Saskia returned, just as a medic was informing the assassin that Kooki had regained consciousness, and she was going to be alright. Andrelious rushed into the waiting area and informed the duo they could go home.

“We will come and collect the girls as soon as Kooki is discharged,” the Dark Adept stated, quite stoically.

Once alone in the waiting area, time felt like it was dragging on. After what felt like forever, the Alderaanian appeared, looking ever so slightly paler than normal.

“Is everything ok?” enquired the worried Sith.

Kooki said nothing, but smiled lovingly.

Andrelious handed her a bottle of juice from a vending machine, to help her rehydrate. All he wanted right now was to hear four little words. Then he would know all was alright for sure.

Eventually she was able to string four words together and handed him a piece of paper.

“”Say hello to Mostynn,”

**\*\*End\*\***