**\*38 ABY\***

It was the early hours of the morning, and the new mother sat tandem feeding her new baby twins. As the identical girls suckled away contently with their quaint eyelids delicately closed, Kooki gently rocked to and fro in her feeding chair. Andrelious lay in deep slumber upon the large bed adorned with the black duvet and purple stripes, half covering himself. The Krath let out a quiet yawn, careful not to rouse the little bundles in her arms, and sleepily gazed out of the window. It was a cool, yet clear night, so to her delight she could see thousands of tiny stars. She continued to gaze in wonder, as if she was a young carefree child on her home planet, without any worries or responsibilities. Kooki looked down at Poppeliamarissia, as she de-latched first and carefully winded the slightly older baby twin with the Force. Within a minute or so, Etholimarissia too de-latched from her mother’s breast and was also winded by in the same manner. Cautiously the pair were laid back into their newborn baskets, which like them, were exactly identical. In doing so, Kooki caught a glimpse of a small cluster of dark coloured freckles just south of Etholimarissia’s left ear lobe. Stroking each of their thin, yet dark coloured hair, she began humming a familiar lullaby famous from her Alderaanian childhood. Well, the little snapshot of it anyway.

*I wonder what my little girls will grow up to be.* Kooki began to wonder, as she climbed back into bed.

Pulling the duvet up over herself and snuggling down, she began to relax. She sensed the girls would be asleep for at least a few hours, before needing more milk or a change.

The newly discovered Saskia was still an emotionally raw point for the Knight, who was cleverly utilising her strong ability of subterfuge to hide such feeling.

*Just as long as you don’t become like your father’s daughter, we’ll be fine.*

**\*68 ABY\***

The Dark Prophet sat brushing her long, recently coloured black hair with purple highlights. Since a few years previously the entire Mimosa-Inahj family had contacted her deceased mother, this had resulted in a more spiritual Kooki emerging. She glanced at her chrono and realised it was later than she thought.

A loud horn beeped outside. The speeder had arrived. The three monogramed suitcases were all readily packed, courtesy of a helpful droid. The slightly stressed mother was beginning to worry. She bent down to pick up and load the luggage, when the door burst open. Two identical Dark Adepts sauntered in and loaded the speeder after hugging their mother.

The Force-blind driver headed towards the launch pad with three chattering Dark Jedi on the back seat.

“Is SHE going to be there, mother?” Poppy questioned.

“I’m afraid so, Pops. There’s nothing we can do she HAS t…”

“Mother! I’m thirty years old. And you still call me Pops. That’s what…” intervened the elder twin.

“Leave it POPPELIAMARISSIA!” the other twin stated, adopting a sarcastic tone of voice.

“Like mother said, she HAS to be there. As much as we would rather her not, she’s not THAT bad.” Etty pleaded.

“You always have been the calmer of the two of you,” stated Kooki to her youngest daughter.

“And you are still pretty feisty when needs be. Just think, worse people could be there.”

The twins nodded in agreement and soon hushed.

Nothing more was said on the remaining speeder journey.

**~\*~**

The speeder ground to a halt near to a launch pad.

He had already arrived.

Stood with his back to the female arrivals, admiring the shuttle was a short, stocky built, yet attractive man. He’d never change. His chestnut locks, swept by the cool breeze. Kooki smiled in reassurance he had arrived safely. The twins lugged the suitcases over to the shuttle, whilst their mother went on ahead.

“You made it then?” sighed the relieved Krath.

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world.” the handsome male replied.

The family clambered into their personal shuttle and prepared to take off. The twins took their usual seats, and for a change didn’t squabble. Kooki rested in her favourite seat and naturally, the only male on board took the helm and launched the shuttle, which was soon in hyperspace. Even at thirty, the twins loved watching the stars becoming streaks of light. Their seventy four year old mother too enjoyed the mesmerising sight.

“I can’t wait to see him.” Poppy and Etty smiled in unison, for the first time all day.

Patting the seat next to her, Kooki tried to avoid shedding a couple of tears at having her family around her.

Sitting next to the emotional female, she was soon reassured.

“We’ll be on Coruscant soon, don’t worry.”

Drying her eyes, the Alderaanian ceased her tears.

“Oh! Mostynn. Your…” she blubbed, just as turbulence began to occur.

“Hush mother!” the twenty one year old silenced her and got back into the pilot seat.

**~\*~**

Eventually the family landed at Imperial Centre. Kookimarissia shuddered as she disembarked the shuttle. Being around an Imperial base still made her feel uneasy. Even if it was almost seventy years on. The foursome were approached by an Imperial Officer who led them to the necessary area.

“He’s in there waiting for you,” explained the Officer pointing at the slightly claustrophobic room.

“Come through when you are ready. Miss Ortega-Inahj is already here.”

He turned, said no more and disappeared.

The Mimosa-Inahj children all rolled their eyes and sighed. They didn’t really enjoy the company of their father’s illegitimate child. AND refused to refer to her as their sister. Heaving a heavy sigh, Kooki held the icy door handle and turned it ready to greet her spouse. Mostynn patted his mother on the shoulder.

“It’s alright mother. We are here.”

“We are ALL here.” chorused the twin girls.

The Dark Prophet entered first.

“Hello, love,” Kooki tried to smile, greeting him in her familiar manner.

It had been a while.

“You’ve lost weight, father.” mocked Mostynn.

“Ouch!” he squealed,

“That was my feet!”

“Don’t be so rude!” his twin siblings hissed, stamping on each foot.

Kooki held Andrelious in her arms.

He said nothing.

After a few moments, the three others gathered round.

“Shall I do the honours?” offered Mostynn.

After shedding a few tears, Kooki shook her head silently, shuddered, dried her eyes and carried the black urn into the nearby boardroom.

Saskia nodded to acknowledge the Mimosa-Inahj family. The Krath politely nodded back in response, whereas her children refused eye contact. The sombre atmosphere was soon erupted by the Imperial Officer's deep, booming voice.  
  
"With the power and knowledge within me and my minions, in the name of Palpatine, we shall begin reading through the testament of one Andrelious Jongstram Mimosa-Inahj, outlining his estate."

Kookimarissia grit her teeth and swallowed hard upon hearing the name of the evil emperor of the Empire.  
  
The reading continued.....  
  
"Firstly I must say Mimosa-Inahj was victim to a callous act of, what was believed to be, murder. The inquest is currently underway."  
  
"For frakks sake just get on with it!!" demanded a slightly grieving Saskia.  
  
Kooki attempted to restrain them, but before another word could be said, Poppelia was leaning across the round table, her cheeks burning red with fury.  
  
"Who needs an inquest? There's your murderer right there."  
  
Pointing a slender finger of accusation in Miss Ortega's direction, she continued.  
  
"Mother told us you killed the man you thought was your father. And now you've done it again."  
  
She began to hyperventilate in anger.

Despite being younger, Mostynn attempted to calm his sister down. Yet just as he was settling her, a seething Etholie began joining in the spat.  
  
"Weren't you happy with just the one? Or did you just want his possessions? No? Was it pure jealousy? I can't believe YOUR father tried to sell you. I wouldn't take you for free!!"  
  
Dragging up Saskia's past was one step too far. She too was grieving and more to the point, she knew she was innocent.  
  
"That bastard was NOT my father. He got what he deserved! It's not my fault OUR father, slept with my pimp of a mother!"  
  
Mostynn realised he couldn't suppress it any longer, since he could sense his mother's distress. Looking over at her, she was fighting back the tears and holding her clenched fist towards her chest. She was experiencing yet another chest pain. Her husband's sudden death had hit here quite hard. She had vowed to get a medic to examine her once she returned to Selen. Her appointment was booked for two days’ time. For now, she focused on her children. Mostynn also began getting wound up.  
  
"A drunken mistake Ortega. That's all you'll ever be. We three were conceived out of love. And another thing, our father was NOT a whore!"  
  
Hands in unison began grabbing frantically at hilts. It was then the Officer rose to his feet and yelled at the top of his voice.  
  
"Enough Inahjs!!!"  
  
"Whether you like it or not, Andrelious was a part of all of our lives. So shut the frak up and hear what I have to say, then go kill each other elsewhere."  
  
Silence.  
  
"Right..... In the event of my death, I Andrelious Jongstram Mimosa-Inhj, declare that my personal belongings, such as my monogrammed hip-flask and half of my money will go to my beloved, Kookimarissia Mimosa-Inahj if she is alive. The remaining half is to be divided equally between any surviving children, Poppeliamarissia, Etholimarissia, Mostynn Jongstram Mimosa-Inahj and Saskia Ortega-Inahj. Regarding my personal TIE Advanced, if it has been restored to working order, then my only son and fellow pilot may have it. Any of my Imperial propaganda may be returned to Imperial Centre."  
  
The scroll was closed and sealed.  
  
That was it. All that was left of Andrelious was a few ashes and a few possessions.  
  
By now it was evening and everyone was tired. Both emotionally and physically. It had been agreed that the material items would be collected tomorrow. Scowling and cold glances were exchanged between the offspring of Andrelious. Whilst clutching the urn, Kooki overheard the promise of "getting what was rightfully theirs tomorrow." She sighed, yet slightly smiled. Her spouse would be proud.  
  
The warming colours of the evening sunset were rapidly passing and gradually darkening. It seemed quite symbolic and parallel of the widow's inner feelings.  
  
Poppy, Etholie and Mostynn agreed to allow their mother time to grieve alone. They would scatter the ashes tomorrow on the way home into hyperspace, since the Sith had spent many happy hours in his ship. The three siblings headed back to their accommodation and awaited their mother's return.  
  
**Meanwhile...**  
Kooki clambered out of the speeder and headed south. In a rare rural park upon the urban jungle, she sat adorning a bench. Another wave of pain emerging from her chest began to take hold of her ageing body. In holding her chest, the lonely female felt her late spouse's hip-flask. Removing it from her inner pocket, she took a large swig. As the familiar taste of Corellian brandy laced her throat, the pain she was in began to disappear. Her healing powers weren't as strong these days. Kooki heaved a heavy sigh. Locking her ruby lips around the seal on the alcohol container, it was like she was contacting Andrelious again. Opening her eyes she realised it was all in her head. She was alone. He really was gone. It was now she was away from everyone, the Alderaanian began to ponder.  
 *Something just wasn't quite right about his death. Something just wouldn't add up.  
  
But what?*

**~\*~**

The speeder stopped in a familiar location. She got out and slowly edged towards her target. Approaching the bench from behind, she spoke.

"Kookimarissia Mimosa?"

"It's Kookimarissia Mimosa-INAHJ actually!" stated the Krath angrily, as she turned round.

"P....P.....Prackx," she stuttered.

"In all my glory! I wouldn't bother keeping the Inahj now he's dead and gone." teased Prackx.

The grieving widow tried to hide her chest pains, and tried once again to heal herself, but it just wouldn't leave her body.

"No point in healing yourself, little Kooki. You're meant to be dead!"

"Meant to be dead? What the frakk are you on about?" enquired Kooki, crossly and grabbing her chest again.

"Well, put it simply. Andrelious was MINE! Long before he met the likes of a little Alderaanian. She escaped death once when her home was destroyed. But not again." Prackx explained.

"Andrelious and I lost contact since the Empire sent us on separate missions. Once I found him again, he was with you! And your three precious offspring!"

"Leave our children out of this. They've done nothing wrong!" screamed the Alderaanian.

"I don't plan on touching them. I have no issues with them. My vendetta lies with YOU! Miss Mimosa."

"That's Mimosa-Inahj!" yelled a weakening Kooki.

Her chest was now tighter than ever.

"That night Andrelious and you celebrated the twins thirtieth birthday a few days late? When you all got tipsy? That final measure of brandy was spiked. It contained a deathly dose of Silicartha. A drug I've heard through the grapevine, you're familiar with."

A flashback entered Kooki's mind.

**\*10 ABY\***

The needle went into the senile, elderly woman's arm. Her arm went limp. The colour drained from her face and her eyes. All essence of life drained from her body. The young girl trembled, edging away from the lifeless body. She knew she'd have to dispose of it come nightfall. Right now, all she could do was stare at what she'd done. The empty syringe attached to the needle, still remained in Marissia's arm. Her skin was now cold. The jet black haired female froze on the spot. She couldn't move.

**\*68 ABY\***

Opening her eyes and thrashing in distress, still holding her chest, Kooki managed to eventually speak.

"But why? If you want him that much why did you kill him?"

The penny dropped. Well, at least she thought it had.

"So if you can't have him. No one can. Right?"

"No Miss Mimosa. I intended in poisoning that drink. So drunk, no one sensed the additive. Only the wrong person drank it!"

Kooki realised.

*HER! She was meant to be the one in the urn. Prackx had returned and wanted Andrelious for herself.*

"You get it now then, Miss Mimosa?" mocked Prackx.

"Th....that's Mimosa-I....I...Inahj," whispered a very weak Krath.

She fell to the ground.

Her chest moved up and down for the penultimate time.

"Andrelioussss. My babiesss...."

One last breath.

Kookimarissia Mimosa-Inahj was dead.

She was now with her beloved.

Prackx towered over the deceased body.

"You died as I lived Miss Mimosa....Of a broken heart!"

With that, she turned and fled and abandoned the lifeless body under the stars.

**Elsewhere.....**

A speeder approached a driveway.

An Imperial Officer disembarked.

He knocked on the door, which echoed in the quiet apartment.

"She's home!!" came a cheerful female voice from inside.

The Officer swallowed hard.

"Oh hello again," greeted Poppelia.

"Did we leave something behind? I don't think we've lost anything." chorused Etholie behind her sister.

The warm aura suddenly disintegrated. The twins sensed something was wrong. Mostynn, dropped a glass tumbler. He sensed it too. The tiny shards of sharp glass adorned the floor.

"I'm so sorry," expressed the Officer with a heavy heart.

Despite, Mostynn's best efforts to comfort his older siblings, tears ran down his face and the twins also broke down and cried.....

**\*38 ABY\***

An ear-piercing cry was echoing in the room. The new mother quickly rose to her feet and scooped her tiny daughters and began feeding them in unison to soothe their tearful state.

"Sshh! Mummy's here," she hushed.

Poppelia and Etholie opened their eyes slightly and joined hands as they continued to feed.

"We will make your thirtieth birthday a quiet one I think girls," smiled Kooki at her peacefully suckling daughters.

As if they understood their mother's statement, whilst locking their small lips around their mother's breasts, each twin's mouth slightly turned up at the corners.