The Spice Debacle

Being back on Corellia was certainly an experience for Kookimarissia. She hadn’t been backfor some time and things were quite different. However, the memories echoed in the back of her deep, dark mind. The female had also changed quite a bit cognitively and physically, even though her distinctive hair was more apparent.

Dawn was breaking and the Corellian sun began streaming through a gape in the long, velvety curtains adorning the large windows. The slightly warm rays sliced onto the large bed in a relatively pleasant and accommodating hotel. As the warmth approached her face, Kooki’s deep slumber was disrupted. It made a change from being awoken by the wailing of her twin daughters, who were staying with their paternal grandparents elsewhere on the planet. The rooms in this accommodation had all been single-occupancy, much to the annoyance of Kooki and her spouse. But, after a night of drinking various beverages, the sleeping arrangement annoyance couldn’t have been further than the Krath’s mind.

Kooki awoke, slightly groggy and stretched, before noticing an unusual sight on the nightstand beside her.

*Why have I got a note?* She thought to herself.

Kooki trailed out of bed and stumbled to the en-suite shower to freshen up, in a vain attempt at remembering the events of the night before. Admittedly, she was slightly hung over. A night off being mother, she had let her hair down and clearly made a night of it. Hopefully this shower would help clear her fuzzy head. If that wasn’t to work, she could always ask a fellow Arconan she had partied hard with.

Surely someone remembered something.

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Dawn was breaking and the Corellian sun began streaming through a gape in the long, velvety curtains adorning the large windows. The slightly warm rays sliced onto the large bed in a relatively pleasant and accommodating hotel. It wasn’t long before the Miraluka felt the temperature change and was soon awoken with a fuzzy head from the previous night. Something didn’t feel quite right. Atyiru reached out her hand and felt something strange on her nightstand.

*A set of keys? But why? And who?* She thought to herself.

Deciding to clear her head, Atyiru headed to the en-suite bathroom to freshen up. Maybe after a shower and some breakfast she might recollect what had happened to result in mystery keys. She would ask the others over breakfast and see if they could help ease her confusion.

Surely someone remembered something.

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Dawn was breaking and the Corellian sun began streaming through a gape in the long, velvety curtains adorning the large windows. The slightly warm rays sliced onto the large bed in a relatively pleasant and accommodating hotel. However, the bed was empty, but the room was clearly inhabited by an occupant who was nowhere to be seen. There were previously worn robes on the bed, yet little else. Strangely the bed didn’t look slept in either.

**Elsewhere…**

Outside a Corellian hotel, a speeder-van sat. A plain, simple speeder-van. Moments later, a male awoke from deep slumber. Years of heavy drinking and borderline alcoholism had meant he’d built up an immunity from after affects the following morning. This being said, however, Andrelious still woke with hazy memories of the night before.

Upon noticing he wasn’t in a bed, or even a hotel room as expected, the Warlord sat bolt upright and stared in confusion at his location. A strange, yet slightly pleasant smell reached his nose. It didn’t take long for him to identify the source of the aroma. He knew WHAT, but didn’t know WHY.

*Spice!!!! And un-cut too!! There must be a good few dozen kilos here. Yet no reason as to why it’s here. I must find someone familiar,* the male thought to himself.

Andrelious seemed to recall he had been drinking with his spouse and Atyiru. His immediate plan involved getting out of this vehicle he had been passed out in, and without drawing attention to the speeder-van, he would locate his wife, and godmother to their twin daughters.

Surely someone remembered something.

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Meanwhile, Kooki emerged from the en-suite bathroom, her body wrapped in a towel and her wet hair clung to her naked shoulders as she walked into her room. She made herself a caf, which steamed away as the female dried herself and got herself dressed in some fresh robes. Sipping gently at the warm beverage, Kooki began to revitalise and began reading the mysterious note.

*Deliver the goods to the address noted below.*

*Said goods are in the speeder-van downstairs.*

*Arrival of goods is due at sundown.*

*Don’t think you can hide from us….we are watching you.*

*Simple…. Take from us and we will take from you of equal value.*

Kooki swallowed hard. She had to think fast. Glancing at the time, she realised she had a good few hours to conduct a plan and put it into action. Now all she had to do was to locate her spouse. She seemed to recall the pair of them drinking in a Corellian bar alongside Atyiru. If the Krath could find those two, she may have a better idea of piecing together the enigmatic fragments of the night before. Kooki headed in the general direction of the hotel’s restaurant area to get some breakfast. Not too long after she had sat down, a familiar short figure appeared at the restaurant entrance. He looked a bit bedraggled, but managed to greet the female waiting for food with a smile.

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The Miraluka sat at the foot of her temporary bed and began doing her hair, whilst mulling over the previous night. Once her hair was in its usual style, Atty picked up and pocketed the unusual set of keys. Unusually she couldn’t work out who they belonged to or where they had come from. She seemed to remember some unknown people hanging around, but since her and a few fellow Arconans were not on Selen, this was to be expected.

Atyiru decided she would head to breakfast, as she felt she was going to need a full stomach in order to function properly. As she arrived at the eatery, she sensed two very familiar beings. She waved happily.

“Andrel! Kooki!”

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Andrelious climbed out of the speeder-van, dusted himself down and headed inside the adjacent hotel. The smell of the spice was just starting to tingle inside the nose of the Sith, so he was quite relieved to disembark from the back of a claustrophobic space. He couldn’t help but ask himself the same questions repeatedly inside his head about the previous night. Right now he just wanted to see his wife and have a large caf to help clear the cloud that loomed overhead.

Kooki sat waiting for her breakfast and felt a recognisable imprint approaching the restaurant. She looked up and spotted a rather scruffy looking spouse. His usually glossy, chestnut hair was quite unkempt. The Priestess smiled back at the new arrival in the hotel restaurant doorway who was beaming to see his wife. She ordered a large caf for her husband, and just before they could exchange pleasantries another familiar face appeared. Just as the duo looked up, Atyiru was enthusiastically waving and calling out to them.

Kooki’s former Master was looking and sounding quite chirpy, considering that the three of them had put away quite a fair amount of alcohol the night before. Maybe it was the caffeinated beverages? Or maybe it was the slightly sweet, yet familiar smell that surrounded Andrelious sat opposite her. Kooki had also noticed this unusual aroma surrounding her spouse and was trying her best to ignore it and not say anything. Passing out amongst some tightly packed illegal substances had diffused onto the Warlord’s clothing. Very soon three intergalactic breakfasts were put in front of them and in between mouthfuls they began conversing in an attempt to work out what exactly had occurred the previous evening.

“So what did happen last night?” Andrelious asked, turning to his spouse.

“My mind is admittedly a little hazy, but I remember a little bit,” Kooki replied, slightly screwing up her nose at the continuing sweet smell that kept hitting her nose.

Before Andrelious could question her odd paralanguage, the black haired female began to recall her version of events.

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**The Night Before...**

Kooki entered the bustling bar already in full swing for the organised party. Strangely no one knew exactly who had arranged this event, but as it was an open bar, Kooki was more than happy to accept the complimentary alcohol. Her freshly straightened black hair, with her famous purple tips floated down to her shoulders. A few heads turned, but soon resumed their own festivities. She went to the bar and ordered a beer, whilst she waited for her Arconan friends to join her. She reached out her hand and helped herself to some bar snacks to help absorb the alcohol she was consuming.

A couple of tall males dressed all in black and oversized coats approached Kooki.

“What’s a pretty thing like you doing drinking alone?” one of the strangers asked.

It was a line she had heard a few times in her younger, more promiscuous days. She decided to play along, since she was more than capable at keeping control of the situation.

“I guess even us pretty ones need time to themselves,” Kooki stated.

Just as Kooki finished her last sip of her beer, the second male turned to her.

“Another drink, love?”

Her suspicions of this couple were starting to increase, so she played a safe game.

“I guess I could be tempted. But not too many more, I can’t afford too much.” Kooki said, disappointed.

“Well, maybe you could work for us? Our line of business provides good monies. You will never be unable to pay your way again.” One of the strangers offered.

“And what kind of business are you in exactly?” she asked, inquisitively.

The concept of not knowing their names or anything about them was of no worry to the now undercover Priestess.

“Obtaining and delivering various goods of high value. We offer very generous profit cuts. You could be very wealthy, Miss.” They said continuing to coax the stunning female amongst them.

This felt like a perfect opportunity to earn some extra credits, so Kooki nodded and agreed.

“Your first shipment will arrive at sunrise. Don’t try and double-cross us. We will be watching you carefully.” The slightly more slender of the two men mentioned, slightly aggressively, before disappearing from sight and into the throng of people in the busy bar.

The two men intended on finding some others to help complete the shipment. More people to pin the blame onto if all was to go disastrously wrong.

After about half an hour, Kooki spotted her twins’ godmother amongst the busy environment and ordered her a drink ready for her arrival.

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**Present Day…**

Having listened to Kooki tell her version of events, seemed to spark a memory in Atyiru’s mind. Just as three glasses of juice were put on the table, the Miraluka took a gentle sip and sighed.

“I seem to recall some strange people approach me. They didn’t account for my acute sense of hearing, as they weren’t too friendly about me upon spotting me.” Began Atyiru, as her story unfolded.

**The Night Before…**

Atyiru was already a few minutes late for meeting her friend at this unusual party and rushed around putting the finishing touches to her outfit. It had been a long, hard day on Corellia and she was looking forward to having a few drinks amongst friends.

The Miraluka arrived at the bar, had her initial drink and began conversing with Kooki. Not long after, she went further down the bar to get herself another drink. Just as she began doing so, she shuddered as two unknown men dragged her aside.

“This one will be perfect. She can’t see, so our identities will be safe.” Mused the taller male.

“I may not be able to see, but I can hear VERY well,” piped up Atty.

“Put me down!” she demanded.

“As you wish, blindly.” the men said in unison and almost threw the female into a nearby seating booth.

Atyiru could already sense that the company she was in was unfamiliar and at the same time unpleasant.

“What exactly are you after?” she demanded.

“Now that would be telling, Miss.” A male voice replied, a slight edge of flirting in his tone.

“Listen here, you will receive a package in the morning. That’s all you need to know.” the other male interjected.

Before Atty could respond in any way, the two men vanished. She sighed and headed back to the bar, where she spotted Kooki still waiting for her.

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**Present Day…**

“I’m assuming the two strangers that approached you, were the same ones that demanded I help them?” Kooki queried her former Master.

Before Atty could answer, Andrelious had begun sarcastically applauding his spouse.

“Bravo! Very astute,” he stated dryly.

“Hush Andrel!” Atty hissed in a playful fashion.

“I believe they were, dear.” She remarked, turning to regain eye contact with Kooki.

“So, did you happen to see these mysterious people last night, love?” Kooki asked her spouse.

The Warlord just sat there eating his breakfast slowly.

“Well… now you come to mention it….” He began.

Kooki and Atty learnt forward across the table to listen to what he had to say.

“No!” Andrelious said stoically.

The two females slumped back into their seats and sighed.

“So you just woke up looking rough and smelling sweet?” Kooki teased.

“Do you remember anything of last night at all, dear?” Atty asked.

“A little bit…” Andrelious replied, as his story began to unfold.

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**The Night Before…**

Andrelious was running late for meeting his friends at the party a few yards away. He had got into the bath in the en-suite bathroom and dozed off a couple of hours before. He was not used to such peace and quiet. Upon waking up startled, he glanced at the time and bounced out of the bathroom, quickly dried himself and got into fresh robes.

By the time he arrived, the party was in full swing and Kooki was still sat at the bar nursing her second drink alongside her former Master. A few other Arconans were recognisable in the large throng of people, yet only nodded to acknowledge the arrival of the short male.

Typically of the Sith, Andrelious ordered an Ebla beer and before long was on his second drink. As the drinks began flowing, Kooki got up and danced around, each drink making the minutes before it become hazy. She was enjoying a night off being Mummy and was really letting her hair down. Andrelious got off the bar stool and drunkenly staggered over to join his dancing and yet tipsy spouse.

“Over there!” a male voice stated.

“Ah I see him. He will do. But make him the last one we get involved. This operation is getting complicated.” Another male agreed.

Between them the two strangers approached the drunken Andrelious and ushered him aside.

“Hey! Who the frak are you?” he slurred.

Before he could say another word, one of the men injected him with a sleep inducing drug.

Andrelious slumped into the arms of the second unknown males. As he was so short, he was easy to transport to the speeder-van not far from the bar. Without caring for his welfare, the Arconan was bundled into the back of the van surrounded by expensive spice.

“Now we wait. With any luck the three friends will unite and deliver our goods without fail. Then sell it, get the money, we take the money and run!” exclaimed one of the excited males.

“Exactly! We get all the rewards and don’t get caught. It’s a flawless plan. Now let’s get out of here!” joined in the other male.

**Present Day…**

“I thought I recognised that smell,” chorused Atyiru.

Kooki was trying to stifle her laughter at her husband having been kidnapped and bundled into a van helplessly. In between giggles, she managed to speak.

“So what’s the plan?” asked Kooki, before looking at her spouse and breaking into fits of laughter once again.

“Well, I have the keys, you have the note and he has the goods. We logically have three options,” began Atyiru, realising someone needed to take charge, and clearly Kooki was in no fit state currently.

Kooki soon composed herself and listened to the Miraluka, who had begun taking charge.

“We can make the drop, report it to the Corellian authorities or just take the spice and make a run for it back to Selen?” Atty continued.

“Well it’s simple, let’s make the drop and take the money and run.” Kooki suggested.

Very soon disagreement broke out between the trio of friends.

“There’s no harm in keeping it. No one would know. A little bit of spice can make life very pretty and less stressful. Why don’t we just take the whole lot back to Selen and sell it there. That way we are far from these strange people and we can still earn credits” Atyiru advocated.

Kooki remembered that back in her training days, Atty had enlightened her to a glimpse into her shady past, which had involved an addiction to a powerful drug called glitterstim. As a result of this, the Priestess was quick to reject her former Master’s proposal.

“Leave that in the past. The last thing Arcona needs is a spice smackhead as its Consul.” Kooki yelled, abrasively.

“Maybe reporting it would be a wise AND safe option,” proposed the only male of the small group.

“After all, Kooki darling, you and I are parents now and we can’t leave the twins for my parents to raise. And like you said, we can’t have a Shadow Lord being high as the stars. You’ve seen what she’s done with the throne room already. Imagine that multiplied by many.” Andrelious continued ranting.

He looked over at Atty who was frowning crossly at him, trying to look serious, yet was trying to hide her yearning for a sample of the good stuff once again.

After what seemed like forever, Kooki banged her hands hard on the table causing the raucous to cease immediately.

“Right! Enough! Here’s what we will do….” The Alderaanian shouted, then calmly explained her plan.

Andrelious and Atyiru smiled smugly.

“Then let’s go!” demanded Kooki, who was happy to be dominating the group.

**Later That Day…**

Kooki was all disguised with blue in place of purple in her hair and her outfit, and was ready for action. Since Andrelious had succumbed injuries on his latest mission, he was unable to fly a speeder-van to his usual competent standard. Luckily Nadrin was amongst the Arconans staying at the accommodation in Coronet and he was able to assist his friends. Andrelious couldn’t help but feel useless, yet seeing his dominant spouse in action and organising everyone soon made him forget his own insecurities.

With Nadrin in the front seat and everyone else bundled into the speeder-van, they began finalising the plan. They were making excellent progress when suddenly some authoritative men held up their hands signally for Nadrin to stop.

“What the frak have we stopped for?” queried Andrelious, slightly annoyed at the hold up.

“Hush! It’s not ladylike to use such language.” Hissed Kooki, silencing her spouse.

Atty and the few others that had accompanied them just said nothing, causing an awkward silence.

“Leave it to me,” Kooki stated, as she hopped out the van, closing the door behind her.

Immediately the officer in charge armed himself.

“Don’t move!” he shouted at Kooki.

The Priestess held her arms up and placed her hands on the back of her head.

“A problem, officer?” she enquired.

“That is strictly confidential information, miss,” he replied.

“Then how exactly do you expect us to comply with your demands, if we don’t know what the issue is?” She continued.

The officer began to mull over the utterance.

“Well…” he began.

“Come on. You don’t have to tell me in front of the others. You can trust me.” Kooki teased playfully, refusing to break her fixing gaze.

“I can trust you,” chorused the smartly dressed officer.

“Rumour has it that a high volume of valuable illegal substance is lurking in my city. And I won’t rest until I find it.” He stated.

Kooki looked at him in shock and disgust.

“That is awful, officer. My van here is empty. You don’t need to search it. In fact I’m disposing of the van. It’s beyond repair.” She sighed and looked downcast.

“I don’t need to search your van. It’s empty and broken beyond repair.” Came the male’s reply.

“It’s time you left me to scrap my useless vehicle. And don’t bother me again.” Kooki said,turning away before a reply could be given.

The officer disarmed himself and waved the speeder-van on.

“It’s time we left them to it. They need to scrap that van. We don’t need to bother them again.” Commanded the officer to his small posse.

Back inside the speeder-van, everyone was applauding Kooki on her actions and they were soon progressing again nicely.

Nightfall was approaching and the sky was darkening. Nadrin pulled the speeder-van up to a nearby alleyway. He dipped his headlights and flashed them twice to give the signal. Out from the alleyway a group of people all dressed in black appeared. Once again Kooki took the lead and dismounted the vehicle.

“Good evening, miss. I believe you have some sort of delivery for us.” The gang leader declared.

“Indeed I do… Mr? Sorry didn’t catch your name,” Kooki queried.

“My name is of no importance, but you can call me Big Don. Now make with the goods.”

Meanwhile, inside the speeder-van, the Arconans were getting the goods ready for easy transport. Atyiru was behaving rather shiftily, but no one seemed to notice their Consul’s strange behaviour. Kooki suddenly appeared and the gang accompanied her and collected their goods. Moments later, the vehicle was empty and Nadrin was beginning the long drive back to Coronet. Everyone couldn’t wait to get a share of the money and head back to Selen, once reporting the gang to the authorities. The Alderaanian looked over at the Shadow Lord and questioned her odd behaviour.

“You’re not back on the spice again?” she asked, rather accusingly.

Atty looked pale.

“Not exactly…. I kind of switched some of the gear we had in here for some of this. Just so I could have a TINY sample,” she explained, and pointed at a pile of waste materials bundled together that looked surprisingly convincing.

That wasn’t the only issue that had arisen. Andrelious and the others had made a nasty discovery.

“Umm…babe,” stammered Andrelious.

“What?!” snapped Kooki, who was starting to feel tired.

“The money we got from Big… whoever he was. It’s counterfeit!”

As expected, the female was livid. She looked out of the speeder-van window and spotted a bar up ahead.

“Stop the van!!” demanded Kooki, who quickly explained a new spontaneous plan she had hatched.

“Make more packages!” she ordered Atty.

“Umm… okay, dear.” the Miraluka replied, but didn’t want to question a determined Kooki.

“And you…” Kooki pointed at Andrelious.

“Go into that bar and whisper to some people that we have some spice for sale. Oh and don’t get drunk!” she demanded.

Andrelious headed inside, whilst everyone else set to work on making fake spice packages.

The ex-Imperial ordered an Ebla beer, in order to not arouse suspicion. He nudged a nearby person at the bar.

“Hey. You interested in a good time?” he asked.

The male he had asked looked nervously at the short male next to him.

“Sorry mate. You’re not really my type. There’s a club for your sort round the back alley.” He replied, deliberately saying a double entendre and then bursting into raucous laughter.

Andrelious tried to avoid smacking the slightly taller male. After downing half a bottle of Ebla beer, he suddenly felt more confident and without thinking, clenched his fist, punched the man in the stomach, winding him slightly and fled to a nearby fresher. It wasn’t long before a woman followed him in. Andrelious looked up and saw the female looking lustfully at him.

“So what sort of good time are you after?” she flirted, in a slightly posh accent.

The Sith’s cheeks went a scarlet shade.

“Well… nothing like that…. My wife and I have some gear for sale and wondered if…” he stuttered.

“Oh, you’re married?” she replied.

“Err…yes,” replied Andrelious, rather smugly.

“Excellent. My husband will be delighted. We are celebrating his new windfall after all. Here’s my number. Meet me outside in five.” She said, rather happily and disappeared.

Andrelious snuck out of the bar and hastily climbed into the speeder.

“Well…?” enquired Kooki, looking rather cross, as she could smell beer on her spouse’s breath.

“We’ve done it, babe. This posh girl has said her and her wealthy husband want some to help them celebrate.” he chirped, rather pleased with himself.

“Excellent!” Kooki and Atty said gleefully in unison.

A knock was heard on the speeder-van doors, which were opened and soon an exchange of fake spice was handed over in exchange for a heavy suitcase brimming with credits, which were soon verified as real.

“Step on it, Erinos!” Kooki yelled.

Soon the Arconans were heading away at a fast pace. Not long after, the same authoritative men from earlier once again held up their hands to get Nadrin to stop.

Kooki got out once again and approached the officer.

“Oh, you again.” Stated the officer, who was armed again.

“I said I’d leave you alone. On you go, miss,” he gestured.

“Your supplier is Big Don. I believe he has a large supply of spice AND counterfeit notes.” Responded Kooki.

“Big Don? Right guys, let’s move!” ordered the officer and was soon out of sight.

Eventually the Arconans arrived back in Coronet. It was time to celebrate. They divided the real money and agreed to leave for Selen in the morning. But it was time for one final round or two of drinks and one final masterful plan courtesy of Kookimarissia Mimosa-Inahj.

Andrelious ordered the drinks and Atty waited nearby to a familiar booth, whilst Kooki sat at the bar waiting for a much needed Ebla beer.

As expected the two strangers from the night before appeared and caught sight of the Miraluka and headed in her general direction.

“Ah blindy. Did you and your little friends manage to get our money without killing each other in distress?” one of males asked.

Atty smiled, despite the insult she had just received.

“Oh yes. In fact it’s just outside in the speeder-van you leant us. And we are all very much alive, despite a few disagreements along the way.” She replied.

The two males disappeared before they heard the second half of Atyiru’s sentence and gleefully stood before their vehicle. They turned the keys and swung the doors open and saw the voluptuous amount of credits. The pair began celebrating prematurely, yet this came to a halt when the smarter of the two made a shocking discovery.

“It’s fake, Lil Zorton!” he exclaimed.

“What??!!” Lil Zorton yelled.

“F-A-K-E! FAKE!!! We’ve been duped.” His accomplice thundered.

“Big Don wouldn’t do that to us. It’s those meddling others. We should have done it all ourselves. I knew there was something odd about them.” Shouted Lil Zorton again.

“Right. No one messes with us. Let’s ‘deal’ with them!” the other male stated, grabbing a blaster from his belt.

Meanwhile, inside the bar Atty gave Kooki a subtle signal once the Zorton brothers had vanished from view. Wasting no time, Kooki was soon outside the bar and adjacent to the speeder-van. Her footsteps had been heard and the two men spun round fast and headed towards her. Hastily the Priestess slammed the doors shut and locked them. She grabbed the keys and threw them into the front of the speeder-van where Nadrin was waiting to drive a few yards down the street. The Warlord quickly made his escape, whilst ignoring the angry pleas of the brothers in the back of the vehicle. Nadrin and Kooki ran back to the bar and turned to watch, just as Andrelious and Atty joined them. Within seconds the speeder-van was obliterated into metallic shards.

“Well it is certainly broken beyond repair now,” Andrelious commented smugly.

“Mhm, it most certainly is,” agreed Atty.

The group turned to Kooki waiting for one of her usual epic lines after a plan of hers coming together. Unusually she just stood there smiling, only one thing on her mind.

“Your round, Erinos?” she said with a smirk and disappeared inside for a drink.

**~tHe EnD~**