

To say that Zakath was not pleased at the current state of events would be an understatement. The Barabel was seated on the floor of the cargo bay of his stolen freighter deep within meditation, his anger being stoked to ever hotter levels as he waited.

*Undesirable.* He thought bitterly, his talons digging into his palms, breaking through his scales and cause a trickle of dark blood to flow. *Fifteen years of loyal service to the Brotherhood, and they have the gall to call me an undesirable...*

Before his venomous thoughts could continue, the computer clicked on with an announcement.

“Unidentified ship has entered the system and is closing in on this position.”

The Barabel’s eyes flicked open, and he rose from his meditative pose and quickly made his way to the cockpit. Seating himself into the pilot’s chair, Zakath quickly configured the sensors and waited for the data to flow into the computer readout. After a few seconds of waiting with baited breath, he exhaled slightly as the computer identified it as a YT-2400 freighter, which he had been waiting for.

*Good. She is here.* Zakath thought as he sent a quick text message to the other ship, not risking breaking communication silence over holo. *I need to be away from here quickly.*

Within a few moments, the two ships were docked with each other, and Zakath was at the docking hatch, impatiently pacing back and forth as the two ships synchronized their atmosphere. After what felt like eternity to him, the hatch beeped and slid open, revealing a young Iridonian with dark eyes that was clearly affected by the Dark Side of the Force, dark veins running under her pale skin.

“You came, Nath.” Zakath said with a pleased hiss to his tone.

“Of course, Father.” Nath Voth smiled thinly up at her former master. “I said I would.”

“You did.” Zakath replied as he turned to walk to the cargo bay, Nath falling into step beside him. “You brought everything you could?”

“Yes.” Nath said simply as she unclipped a datapad from her belt and handed it over to the Barabel. “All the information I was able to drain from the Brotherhood’s databanks without tipping off Pravus’ inquisitors. It’s not much, but...”

“It will do.” Zakath said as he accepted the datapad. “Some iz better than nothing.”

“What do you plan to do?” The Iridonian asked, concern touching her dark eyes as she gazed up at her adoptive father.

“Hide.” Zakath growled as the two entered the cargo bay. “Hide and watch.”

“You’re not going to fight?” Nath asked, an eyebrow arched. “How interesting. You usually prefer more direct methods.”

“I will fight.” The Barabel replied with a dark hissing chuckle as he placed the datapad onto his makeshift desk, containing a computer terminal. “But timing iz everything, and to fight now iz to sign my death warrant.”

“Ah.” Nath said as she glanced around the spartan cargo bay, noting the few items the Barabel had with him. “You found a safe place then for the moment?”

“No.” Zakath said bluntly. “Nowhere iz safe. I will keep moving and lead Pravuz’ inquizitors’ az far away az pozzible.”

“And if they make themselves vulnerable?” Nath asked with a sinister smile.

“Kill them.” The Barabel returned Nath’s smile with a toothy grin of his own as he turned to walk back to the docking hatch. “They dezerve nothing lezz.”

The two fell into a comfortable silence for a few moments as they returned to the hatch. FInally Nath took one of Zakath’s hands into her own, her pale skin constrasting with the dark scales of Zakath’s hand. Her long fingers traced the wicked curve of one of Zakath’s deadly talons as she looked up to meet Zakath’s glowing violet eyes.

“This will be the last time I will see you for a while.” She said at last. “It will not be safe until the inquisitors are called off.”

“I know.” Zakath said, as he lifted his free hand to caress Nath’s cheek, the Iridonian closing her eyes in response. “Do what you muzt. And know that no matter what happenz, you have made me proud. A better apprentice, I could not ask for.”

“I- thank you, Father.” Nath replied after a long pause. “And I could not ask for a better master.”

The Barabel gave Nath a sad toothy smile. “Go.”

The Iridonian nodded slightly and turned to release the docking hatch door. The door slid open with a hiss, and she stepped through, turning slightly to view her Master for what may be the last time as she reached her ship’s side of the docking link. The Barabel’s violet eyes seemed to glow even brighter as they met Nath’s black eyes.

“Goodbye, Nath.” Zakath said at last.

“Goodbye... Master.”

With that, Zakath hit the disengage button the docking hatches on both ships slid shut as the link between the two ships was severed.

*Now to hide.*

*And plan revenge.*