

Her Blank Foundation

“You’re *karkin* me, right?”

“Even if I *knew* what you were trying to say...I would probably still say no.”

K’tana scowled at the Mirialan man, eyes locked together as she struggled in keeping her gaze from his too perfectly plucked, moss-green eyebrows. Her thoughts every time she saw the Nurse would trail off to how much she believed Marick would like him. Zerwyn Visslo, Head Medic aboard the Last Light. He was a lovely creature, if a little too...symmetrical.

Four perfectly interlocking rows of crystal shaped tattoos lay perfectly parallel to his stunningly perfect cheekbones. Everything about him was so lovely that it irritated K’tana to look at him. So she stopped.

“That’s just rude, Zerry, but regardless...” K’tana hesitated, hoping to have heard wrong the first time, “You *were* joking, right?”

“Nope. He’s really been kidnapped. Tim-napped? Oh! Can you picture-”

K’tana raised her hand and placed it over Zerwyn’s nose and mouth, her eyes widening and shaking her head as her body shook with the laughter she was repressing..

“No! Nope! Nono! Stop!”

She dropped her hand and they both burst out laughing. Timeros Caesus Entar Arconae, his High Lord of Coldfacery, The Terror-Mobile Himself, could not be pictured “sleeping” in any sense. The idea that someone had somehow stolen him was absolutely ludicrous...yet, it had happened.

It took a while for the giggling to stop, but once it had K’tana became the epitome of seriousness.

“Do we know who did it? And where were they taking him? Or what do they want? No one *karking* kidnaps an Arconae and *if* he’s even alive...They’ll have to want somethin.”

“We know that they left the Antei system with a carbonite slab in the back of a transport. The gadget lodged inside Lord Arconae say he’s being brought to Teran...Tortantiam? Tortulous? You know. That other Clan.”

“Terrarium,” K’tana said curtly in her most assured voice. Zerwyn narrowed his perfectly grey eyes.

“That’s still wrong, but it sounds closer. And just because you say things decisively that does not make you right.”

“Wrong again,” K’tana said, flipping her lekku over her shoulders and spinning away from the Mirialan.

“Speaking decisively and leaving doesn’t make you right either!” the Nurse yelled after the Savant as she stormed down the halls, nearly running towards the Command Room on the Last Light.

The Twi’lek was way too excited to care if she was right or wrong on the name of another Clan. Not that she had anything against any of them she just assumed, after so much of her life living in Arcona, they were myths. K’tana had met others who lived in various regions of Brotherhood space, but that still did not convince her other Clans were real. She did, however, believe in Odan Urr.

In her eyes, you were either Arconan or a really angry Jedi.

As she approached the Command Deck, K’tana came to terms with her inability to label the emotions she felt. One was like a knot in her stomach that would grow tight and release bile into the back of her throat. The other felt like a vast emptiness that sucked all the moisture from her mouth. Through the burning throat and dry tongue, the Savant decided it was a sick feeling and as such, not something good.

K’tana brushed it all away as she walked through the door.

“I need a report on the Director’s disappearance.”

“You have no authority on this ship, Twi’lek.” A stern Human woman in a form fitting officer’s uniform said, stepping down from a platform in the center.

“Look here, you glorified pilot-” K’tana snapped as her body tensed, pausing to raise her hand, blue light crackling over her fingertips. “I’m not in the mood for who has the bigger melons. Give me someone who knows the details and I’ll be off your bridge.”

The Human was so tightly bound, from her dark eyes and hair to her shoes, that K’tana decided they should totally get together later and discuss latex. But the woman’s cold glare snapped her out of her reverie. The Officer pointed back to the elevator and gave a sharp gesture.

“D-One, starboard side. He’ll be waiting for you.” The tightly-bound brunette spoke then abruptly turned away, as though expecting that to be enough to dismiss the volatile woman. Luckily for the Officer, K’tana was in too much of a hurry to care.

Inside the elevator, K'tana slapped her lekku side-to-side in impatient frustration. Changing decks was taking too long and the waiting was agitating her. When the doors finally opened, the Twi'lek bolted through them and down the hall. As she reached midway between the far room and the elevator, she heard someone clear their throat...behind her.

The Savant spun around to face the man, a mixture of rage and relief boiled through her veins.

"It is fortunate for us all that we don't need to rely on your investigation skills to survive."

K'tana scoffed.

"Look, the whole thing was so *karkin* unbelievable you should be more surprised that I came down here at all."

Timeros looked down his nose at his apprentice as she stalked up to him. He noted the frown and dismissed it with a shrug.

"But could you imagine?" She suddenly said, bursting into laughter and promptly covering her smile with her palm. "Someone creeping into YOUR room and *stealing* you!? I mean, come'on! I would have rushed if I bought it or thought you were SO old and broken that you couldn't handle yourself. But in seriousness? Pfft, I'd have moved much quicker if someone told me you snatched my new lightsaber."

Timeros simply watched as the Twi'lek's mouth opened and closed at lightning fast speed and waited until the vapid grin reappeared. Then he took her lightsaber off his belt and held it out.

"I meant to ask you how this," he gestured to the thorn covered wrist guard, "is supposed to be tactically effective?"

A sudden focus overcame the Savant's emerald gaze as the Elder allowed her to snatch the rose-hilt from his hand. K'tana locked her eyes on his as she took a step back and deftly flipped and spun the lightsaber around her fingers. The Twi'lek switched hands once she felt her point was proven and balled her left hand.

Little spots of crimson blood rose up on her knuckles and palm. K'tana took a quick look at her hand, before wiping it clean on her red Inquisitorious robes. She squinted her eyes together tightly as she lifted her hand in front of them and the little pinpricks faded away.

Had Timeros been a normal male, he would have simply grunted in acknowledgement. However, he was not and thus made a face that stated to K'tana "not good enough", before turning and walking back into the elevator.

The Twi'lek stared blankly as the doors as they closed.
"I'd rather rescue Pervus..." she muttered as she pushed the button and waited.

Her Loving Core

A new kind of hush fell over the people as they stood, scattered randomly, inside the large room of the Serpentine throne. Marick stood on the dias, his expression blank and harder than K'tana had seen in a long time. He seemed very tightly bound, hiding everything behind a visage of ice. Even Timeros, who stood off to the right, bore a grim expression as his jaw clenched. Two other Human males stood closer to the stairs, looks of contemplations holding sway over both their faces.

The Savant found herself alone, sitting with her back against a pillar and staring at the hem of her skirt. She panicked and raged on the inside as her mask of skin held it's perfectly blank stare. The Twi'lek felt her headtails shiver with anxiety as she slowly tried to inhale a calming breath. Calming. Like Atty.

"...no, Uji. We will not tell anyone outside this room. I trust we can find her without making the rest of the Arconans panic."

"She's clearly panicking. Still think bringing her along was a good idea?" Uji said, gesturing towards the Savant on the floor.

"I'll deal with her. You just go do your job and find the Consul. Terran, you'll be well compensated for any information you deliver. You are both dismissed."

K'tana did not stop her introspection to consider why they even listened to Marick. Part of her wanted to make a joke...but she was still too much in shock.

Marick's too-blue eyes fell on her and the Savant could feel the weight of both icy gazes cutting through her. Her breath shook as she slowly exhaled and struggled to meet the eyes of the large and angry men. In her few years of knowing Timeros and Marick Arconae, she had never known either to show such displays of rage. To many who never spent time with them, they would seem to be perfectly placid.

But the rage was visible to the Twi'lek as she locked eyes with each in turn. Small things that she had come to learn about each man called out to her as plainly as if

the men had been screaming. Behind Marick's eyes blazed a fire so hot that it seemed to cure the mask of his face. Timeros reeked of terror and it was no wonder to K'tana why he stood so far from them. She could see the muscles tighten in his jaw and the corner of his eyes wrinkle, just slightly.

"I trust you are up to your task?" she heard Marick's tightly controlled voice, but it sounded far away. Her eyes began to swim as she looked back to the ground. She gave a curt nod and managed to breathe in deeply enough to regain control. With a bit of effort, she managed to get to her feet without waivering.

"Promise me one thing, Mar?"

"No," Marick stated simply as he moved away from her.

"Shutup and hear me out!" she yelled, the rare burst of real emotion slipping from her as she ignored his back. "When you find her..."

Marick paused, but did not turn. "Yes?"

"Save one for me."

The Consul Emeritus gave no acknowledgment to her words, but caught a slight glimpse of agreement on the Entar's face. Meeting her eyes once more, he nodded. Once.

"Let's go find our Shadow Lady." K'tana said, forcing a malicious smile to her lips.