

Citadel Medical Ward
Estle City
13:47

Piercing shafts of light drove into the dark abyss that lays only behind one's eyelids. Zujenia blinked her eyes several times, the white unremarkable ceiling zooming in and out of focus—vision blurry. As she stared up at the pocketed surface her mind reeled through her memories, searching and picking for whatever the hell had happened during the apprehension of Teroch. Drawing up with snips and pieces, the most notable was a metal paneled ceiling wheeling away, a sharp crack, then blackness. Zujenia stifled a groan as her head spiked with pain. She wondered if the headache was sympathetic to her recollection or not.

More importantly, where am I?

The Half-Ryn bit down on her molars as her temples were stabbed again by a hundred tiny knives when she twisted her head to her left side. Dark amber eyes shifting from ceiling to various posters and diagrams to a set of chairs. A dark form sat crumpled in one of the chair, grey-fur covered hand haphazardly held up his dozing head—white goatee tousled under the touch. Zujenia blinked again as her vision finally cleared and she could take in the rest of the Rollmaster's features.

His jacket laid across the back of the adjacent chair. Gaze falling upon his attire, she took in the wrinkles and unbuttoned sleeve cuffs. It was obvious that the Ryn had been here for awhile, wherever here was.

...Bleu? Why is he...?

Zujenia shot upwards into a sitting position, a sheet falling loosely from her torso. Tan hands carefully inspected her own body. A sigh escaped her when she realized that she was in fact still clad in some sort of clothes as opposed to the last night the two had slept in the same room together. Her fingers pinched the fabric, pulling on it to examine its faint polka dots. Something clicked in her mind and the sound seemed to echo into the room. With a sense of dread, she lifted the hem of the gown, willing her fifth appendage to move. Her heart skipped a beat as the short, tan-furred tail waved back and forth.

Sithspit! What—Who saw?!

Her mind spun out of control as worry of her hidden heritage being outed urged her to move, to cover up and move back to the shadows. A hand closed around hers before she could jump of the bed and search for more concealing clothes.

“Zuj...It’s alright lass.” Grey eyes latched onto hers, their cool surface reminding Zujenia to breathe and she focused on deepening each exhale. “Blinky ensured ye were given a private room and that only her most trusted doc was allowed to work with ya. Yer secret’s safe.”

He squeezed her hand lightly and gave a weak smile before releasing his hold, leaning backwards. Her chest tightened, Zujenia was thankful but moments like this reminded her of his sorrow towards her need to obscure her features. Absentmindedly, her tail coiled around her leg, gripping firmly in its familiar hold and taking in what little comfort the position had to offer. The Ryn had a point, was the emotional anxiety worth the extra chance of survival in this world hiding her own Ryn traits provided?

The pounding was back in her head and Zujenia lifted a hand to rub her aching temples. Another sigh escaped her and she pivoted her legs around, letting them dangle off the medical bed before motioning to Kordath to join her. She fiddled with a little tag attached to her skin, it’s label held brief information: blood type, vitals, and other descriptions she zoned off on. A machine ticking to the side was the last piece of her location puzzle, the medical bay.

“So...how long was I out for?” she asked gingerly, it was clear at least a few hours passed but a nagging feeling at her naval had her dreading otherwise. Kord sucked air through his teeth, his hand simultaneously running back through his disheveled hair.

“ A couple days, luv. Ye took a good beating.”

“I...I don’t remember what happened.” she drew her knees up close, hugging them with her arms.

“Heh. Well, thankfully Marick’s need for paperwork to be done has actually come in handy.” Kordath let out a light chuckle before slipping off the mattress and wondering over to a small end table. Picking up his datapad, he swept repeatedly over the screen, swapping between files—most likely a thousand other reports the Rollmaster had been coerced into doing. Zujenia gulped and lowered her head, resting her chin on her knees as she realized they were likely the Arconan casualty reports.

“Ah! Here they are.” Bleu exclaimed, spinning on his heel. He paused, a light grin on his face and his tail flicking. The blood flowed slowly into her cheeks as she realized what exactly he was smiling so smug about, shifting into a new and less revealing position—and coughed. Kord cleared his throat, accompanying it with a disappointed flick of his tail before taking up his spot beside her. “There is all ye should need to jog yer memory, Zuj. As I said, Marick is thorough.”

Zujenia reached out hesitantly, her hands shaking slightly as she took possession of the papers. Her thumb smoothed the screen, wiping away a smudge before she honed in to the black, neat text.

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Citadel Conference Room 5

07:30

The team was debriefed: Revs, Zujenia, Celevon Edraven Erinos, and Adem Bol'era. The plan was simple. Erinos was to arrange a meeting with Teroch in one of the unimpacted warehouses in the Industrial district. The remainder of the team, including myself, would be concealed and in hiding behind the wares. While Teroch was distracted, I would slip in and deal a poisonous blow—

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Zujenia glazed over the remaining words of that section. She could remember now, sitting at the table the chosen warehouse's blueprints projected blue light upon the gathered Qel-Dromans. Marick had been given head on this mission. The reason given was he was more qualified for the job, but Zujenia knew Terran had not been pleased with her explanation of her missing hours. Apparently, getting absorbed into her deep cover alias was not an excuse and shouldn't have been an issue for the second-in-command of Shadow Gate.

Her throat tightened as she recalled getting distracted during the briefing, memories of her real excursion on Port Ol'val had stole her attention—earning her a reprimanding and tough concern from Marick. *Kela and...and her littles, Alree and Meetra...* her lip quivered and she felt a squeeze around her waist as Kordath wrapped his tail around her in an attempt to comfort the Half-Ryn. To both of their surprise, she sank into his shoulder and resumed reading.

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x The plans were adjusted with suggestion from Sergeant Zujenia. Revs and Bol'era, being both decently skilled in illusion, would mask the scene allowing myself to focus on concealing my Force presence instead of visual appearance.

Warehouse 48

48 Durawood Rd.

Industrial District

12:00

The team was ready and in place. Celevon waited in the shadows, prepared to step forth when Teroch arrived. Revs and Bol'era were concealed on opposite sides of the warehouse. Zujenia held location in the back, ready to cover Erinos in his retreat if things went hairy. I myself was positioned near the entrance.

Teroch arrived at exactly 12:10, the arranged meeting time. While Celevon and the traitor consorted, I moved forward to paralyse Teroch. Simultaneously as I threw the dagger, Teroch went down and Zujenia materialized above him, pinning him to the ground. I was not quick enough to redirect the blade and the

Knight was struck with the full dose of nightcore. Zujenia will be debriefed later on the matter of breaking instructions—

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A tan hand fluttered to the back of her right shoulder. There wasn't much there, just the small rise of a scar. The bacta tank had healed it fairly well. Why did she break position? According to this she risked detection by cloaking herself under the Force, but why? A light bulb flicked on in her mind and she almost facepalmed herself right there.

Precognition, how were we so daft?

Zujenia realized she must have decided subduing the man with no intention of harm would be less likely forewarned than Marick's intentions of poisoning Teroch. Her skills in *Hij'kata*, taught to her by her master back home on Trader E8 had seemed to be the better choice in the matter. The Knight rubbed her forehead again, the headache had seemed to pass some yet there was still a dull ping. A groan escaped her and she hoped that the resulting scramble was still more effective than what it potentially could have been.

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—Despite my attempt to swiftly take over for the Sergeant, Teroch was faster. He grabbed the paralyzed Knight and held her hostage under his lightsaber. Celevon managed to strike Teroch with one of his throwing knife, opening an opportunity for Bol'era to retract Zujenia from his hold. We were able to corner and subdue Teroch despite the upset. Bol'era and Revs aiding me in bouts of amplified speed and lightsaber combat. Celevon supported cover from above after moving the Stewardess from the area of combat.

Timeros Caesus Entar Arconae and K'tana arrived to transport Teroch to the Dusk Station. The exchange to their team was successful, cc Timeros' report for Teroch's relocation.

Injury Report

Celevon escaped with minimal wounds. Bol'era had suffered a shallow saber wound to the upper right thigh. Rev's was grazed on his left arm. Zujenia had the blade wound to the back of her right shoulder and one shallow lightsaber wound across her chest, a result of retrieving her from Teroch. I was unscathed. All members have been treated for their wounds and released. Zujenia is being detained until she awakes from a concussion induced coma.

Farthur information will be reported on later after Zujenia's debriefing.

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Double checking the report, Zujenia peeked beneath her collar and sure enough a thick line zig-zagged over her skin. Kord chortled beside her, her action's must have appeared comical as he had a tough time covering the smirk when she shot a glare at him.

"I suppose I should go speak with him, eh?" she asked, really not looking forward to meeting with the expressionless Marick.

"Er...Blinky was going to—" the door flew open and in waltzed the man in question as well as the white haired Consul herself.

"Marry!!! Come now, let Zujibean rest." Atyiru chirped, a hint of command woven within it.

They both paused before the Ryn pair, well one and a half Ryn pair. Marick raised an eyebrow and the two swiftly sat up right with a cough. Zujenia raised Kord's datapad up in a 'I just read the report' gesture before returning it to the Seer.

"If you give me a moment to change, I will be set for briefing, Sir." she nodded, brushing back her own white hair that was spilling uncontrollably over her shoulders.

"There, stupidface. She'll answer your question in a little bit." the Shadow Lady mumbled before dragging the darkly clad man out of the room. Kordath slid from his seat on the bed and motioned to a cabinet to the side.

"Fresh clothes in there for ye, luv." he said before turning to leave himself. Zujenia quickly grabbed his tail, halting his steps.

"Wait...I..." her stomach fluttered as she thought of him staying with her the past few days.
"Thank you."

Kord smiled and nodded. "Anytime, luv."

And she watched his tail disappear through the ajar door.