Tra’an Reith inhaled a deep breath through his nose slits. The smell of roses and jasmine wafted in, bringing back old memories of a time long forgotten. Then penthouse of the corporate building for Sun Manadyne Holdings on Bonadan hadn’t changed since the last time he’d visited it. It had been nearly eight years since he’d last been here to transition into House Revan. At the time, his lover, Libra Tzo, had been with him.

When he had returned to Brotherhood with the newly established independent House, she had remained behind, only returning once he’d ascended to become Quaestor of Plagueis. As he turned from the flower covered balcony and its magnificent vista of the city beyond, he faced an entirely different sort of vision within. Just as he’d left her corpse on Kapsina, so now did he leave it again, upon the low-lying table in the sitting area of this palatial suite.

Despite being on deployment for the Dread Lord, Tra’an always retained a small micro comm for reciving hyperspace signals. It served only to allow him to get messages, that would otherwise be intercepted, messages that he could decode later. This one, was one he’d never expected to see again.

The coded signals for House Revan were known to few. The older, more ancient codes known to House Acclivis Draco were even fewer. To receive one layered within the other, meant only one thing to the Kaleesh - his lover yet lived. After he had completed his assignment, Tra’an had taken the Chaser, and had Zuser return him to this place out of time, curious and yet terrified at what he might find. The last he knew, she lay dead in repose on Morroth, before he’d destroyed it when they fled the Jusadih system.

He had taken the lift from the hangar to the Penthouse, to find her once again waiting for him as she had in times of old. It filled him with many feelings, ones he’d long since buried and forgotten about, ones that threatened to fracture his control. It was not every day, after all, that the dead he loved came back to life, to stand and breath and live before him. As he reached out to touch her face, to feel the very real skin beneath his fingertips, it left him to wonder what had happened to her.

The very thought fled his mind as they got reacquainted. Hours passing before he was able to think again, his needs and wants satiated as they had not been in so many years. As she had slept, his fingers had run softly through her long, normally braided top knot. The answers to his questions had unnerved him. Even more so, it had placed him in a position which he did not wish to be in. That of being bound by obligation.

He story had been rather simple. The Libra that had died on Morroth had been a clone. A clever clone, but a clone nonetheless. Libra had been captured by a sinister group of the Imperial Remnant that had long worked to clone Force Users, to try and mass produce them as the Clones of old had been for the Galactic Republic. It seemed that they had a problem cloning those who were too powerful, so they’d targeted her because of her inability to rise to the rank of Knight.

They had succeeded, albeit in a limited sense. They had only managed two clones. The second shock being that this was the other clone who was laying next to him. That they had some how managed not only to clone his beloved, but to clone her memories as well, terrified him; almost as much as her request for him to kill her. She had just wanted to experience firsthand the memories that lived wi8thin her, to feel the love she knew to be real.

She had been sent to assassinate him. The fools didn’t know that their brainwashing had failed to take, and so she’d done their bidding, up until now. Either way, she had to die. Not because he wanted her dead, but to make it appear as if she’d failed and he knew nothing more.

Tra’an snapped back to reality, staring down at his love, her arms crossed upon her chest as her breathing slowed. The poison she’d ingested, after she’d given him all the information she had, knocked her out. He stayed to watch, making sure that she passed from this world into the next peacefully, and that she was not disturbed.

When her heart stopped beating, and he felt the life drain out of her, Tra’an stood and examined the room, memorizing and immortalizing it the way it was then. The smell of roses and jasmine filled his nostrils one last time, before he strode to the security console and activated the self-destruct mechanism. As he stepped into the lift, a piece of clear-transparisteel slid into place between himself and the penthouse suite. Nozzles came out of the walls and released a think, viscous fluid over all the surfaces. It ignited seconds later, rendering everything into ash almost instantly.

There would be no more such surprises.

As the lift accelerated toward the hangar, his thoughts had already turned to his vengeance.