

***Phantom Complex,
Port Ol'val***

K'tana quietly explored the new corridors of the Qel-Droman Headquarters, reminiscing things that had been long since forgotten. Her fingertips brushed along the walls as she strolled along. The Savant couldn't remember the last time she felt as at peace as she did now and something about that irked her. Her mind wandered back to the calm she once felt, the time before leading a Battleteam and before the chaos of Ol'val.

Trees of the richest green encircled a field of grass. The deep blue and crimson blades swayed in an engineered breeze. Droplets of dew brushed off on her ankles as K'tana walked barefoot through the clearing of the Felurigade. She could feel May'riia and Liera close by. The rancor was fully grown now and Liera had become dangerously clever. The air was cool, smelling of flowers and damp earth. The only sounds were of birds and the chattering of a monkey-lizard in the distance. The Twi'lek longed to see the two creatures, but her mind was refusing. She knew, deep down, that she would never be able to be with them again.

K'tana stopped suddenly in the corridor, her head bowing under the painful memories and realizations of the past. She leaned heavily against the nearest wall, sliding down the cold surface to rest her wearied mind. It had been almost a year since she released them into the custody of an animal sanctuary on Felucia . The only beings she ever loved had become a liability because of her affection and devotion to them. The awareness that love was a weakness in the Brotherhood made her heart shrivel in her chest, but she knew it was a choice between selfishness and temporary pain... or death. The Savant placed her hands over her face and tried to remember every detail.

She fought to recall the color of the monkey-lizard's fur, where she was when the baby rancor lost her first tooth and the softness of their skin. K'tana's brow furrowed as she sighed, her heart heavy and the feelings of sadness growing with every breath. But she did not weep. Her children were safe and she would no longer have to fear for her life, or theirs, when in battle. But the pain remained. She knew it would never leave (pain was, afterall, the only constant in life), but hoped that one day she would be able to take comfort in knowing they were protected, living their lives without her influence.

But for now, K'tana knew her heart would continue to ache as she longed for those days beneath the trees. Those precious memories, spending time in the wilderness with her beasts, were all that remained. The excruciating agony burned inside her, making her wish she had left the Brotherhood with them. Fiery tears seared from her eyes as she realized it had been her decision to remain isolated and utterly unloved. It was her choice and she would never forgive herself.