

Imagine Me And You

A'lori Kituri

**Somewhere in the Esstraan Sector
Rotha's Mobile Estate
Holding Room**

“Schutta! Wake up, tailhead!”

Words and insults blurred together in the Councillor's throbbing head. It was the same feeling as waking up hungover from too much Chandrilan wine. Senses dulled from the grogginess she felt, A'lori was roused from her unconscious state. How long had she been passed out? Searching her mind, she found no recollection of celebrations—or getting soused, for that matter.

Fingers poked and prodded against her skin, “C'mon, Lekku-brain!”

It wasn't so much the figure startling her to full consciousness as it was the sound of rattling chains. Coming into focus, the figure straddling her form would have been unknown to her, were it not for the telltale marking on her chest—the insignia of the Brotherhood's Inquisitorius.

Seeing the realization dawn on A'lori's face gave K'tana some satisfaction, licking her tongue around full lips as if examining a tasty morsel. Something seemed off about this whole ordeal, A'lori thought as she creased her brow at the Twi'lek's teasing. If the Arconan was an agent sent for her, then what was the reason for dressing like a dancer at some scum-ridden cantina? More discomforting was the soft feel of silk against her own lavender skin, in place of where she had worn the usual leather outfits.

“Not bad, tailbuns.”

Turning several shades more vibrant, her Lekku darkened at the realization that the Twi'lek was admiring her under some sort of similar costume. Flustered and without a word, she flipped the Twi'lek above her onto the cold, stone floor.

“Wait! Schutt—!” K'tana managed as the stronger woman overwhelmed her. On the other hand, she mused, that was something she could get used to.

“Tailhead?” A'lori remarked with an ornate accent, “You're one to talk.”

Recovering her composure and grimacing at the grime clinging to her arm, the Inquisitor dusted herself off. “It's not everyday I get to meet someone with such beautiful Lekku, sweet-thing,” she smirked, “It's like we're sisters!”

"I don't think so," A'lori rebuked, "a sister of mine wouldn't be serving a mass-murderer and bearing that tattoo." For emphasis, she jutted a finger at the marking bearing the insignia in ink.

"Oh, we're both servants now, darling. Just not to **that** murderer."

As if on cue, A'lori felt a tug on her wrist. Remembering the rattling of chains earlier, she failed to realize earlier through the fog of grogginess that she was connected to the other woman across from her, and that a Gamorrean thug held the chain's center from across the room.

"How exciting!" the Twi'lek positively shrieked with glee, "Me, and the 'High Councillor' of Odan-Urr. Just wait until the rumours!"

"Last time there were 'rumours,' it ended with the other person needing time in a bacta tank. Be careful what you wish for, K'tana."

"Boss wants them brought to his audience," another voice demanded from the vaulted passage connected to the room; it wasn't the voice of the Gamorrean, A'lori's noted. Snorting something that was either an insult or negative to the invisible voice, the Gamorrean must have been arguing with the newcomer.

"I don't **care** if Rotha's late on your credits! Remember what happened to the last one that complained? He **ate** them!"

A'lori raised a brow and glanced at K'tana, "Ate?"

"In case if it wasn't obvious," K'tana gestured at her own outfit, "Rotha's a Hutt."

Rotha's Mobile Estate Throne Room

"Rotha would remind his guests that the 'treasures' are not to be touched," the modulated voice of a Cybot Galactica protocol droid translated for the arrangement of guests. Housed in an exterior of gold metal, the translator failed to reflect the overall cleanliness of Rotha's abode—or the lack thereof.

Unable to care less, the guests were drawn to other forms of entertainment. Business dealings, gambling and a various assortment of narcotic spices were the lifeblood of Rotha's entourage. Two Balosar women lounged behind a table of Militto, smoking a blend of relaxing herbs laced with glitterstim.

Seated, or rather cushioned on a duracrete platform, Rotha gave to mind to the Gran that grabbed a bottle from the rack bolted to the droid's shoulders. Instead, he seemed sedated—a ruse for those that would want to offend a resting Hutt.

“Pravus wah ning chee kosthpa, Togruta.” The Hutt bellowed, letting out a chortle.

“Rotha recognizes a price on the Togruta's head, as promised by a man called Pravus,” the droid's metallic voice translated.

“Well,” K'tana beamed, “I guess that leaves me free to go!”

Rotha must have found the Twi'lek's comment humourous, A'lora decided after the Hutt banged his fist against the translator, **“Beeogola chik youngee. Hoho!”**

“Rotha will demand the Twi'lek in exchange for the other,” C4-K9 struggled to be heard above the clamour of metal being dented.

“E chu ta!” K'tana cursed. It must have struck a nerve, because A'lora felt the chains at her wrist growing taut when K'tana stormed the Hutt's cushioned bed. A tall Weequay bodyguard stood in front of her as a warning; unnecessary, given that the Gamorrean was still holding the length of chain and wrenched her several meters back.

K'tana ignored the glances and remarks from Rotha's guests across the room. She couldn't—wouldn't lower herself to serving another slug. The offending Gamorrean almost choked on his laughter when a foot found his snout, chipping the tusk beside it.

“Enough!” announced an Weequay firing a blaster bolt in warning.

“Coona tee-tocky malia?”

“Rotha would like to know—” C4-K9 started, before the Hutt cut it off with another order.

“Yafullkee!”

C4-K9 stood silent for a moment to collect its aged processes, “Rotha would like to retire to his next meal.”

“I'll see to these two, Lord Rotha.” The Weequay motioned to the Gamorrean, who handed him the chain. Waiting until he was out of earshot within the Hutt or his entourage, the Weequay lowered his voice, “The Twi'lek has a tracker on the shuttle Rotha tracted into his hangar. We'll make our run after the Iron Legion rears its ugly head and escape with Rotha's personal shuttle.”

“Hey **frang-face**, what about me?” K'tana demanded, putting on a childish act—or was it an act?

The Weequay turned his gaze towards the High Councillor, somehow ignoring the fact that she was dressed in a scant Lashaa silk costume. “Should I break the chain and toss that one out the airlock?”

Silent, as if pondering the idea for a moment, A’lora shook her head, “If the Iron Legion is coming for her, it must be for good reason. Rotha was going to sell me to Pravus, and the ‘Grand Master’ doesn’t toss his assets aside for one being.”

“I guess she’s a valuable cover for getting us to Rotha’s personal hangar, whatever the case,” his hand tugged on K’tana’s side of the chain, “move it, tailhead!”

K’tana winced, “That’s **her** name.”

Before the Weequay could form the question, A’lora cut him off, “Don’t use that word again.”

Rotha’s Mobile Estate **Rotha’s Personal Hangar**

“Easier than I thought it might be,” the Weequay agent remarked. From the words traded between the two, K’tana had pieced together that he was an agent of something called the ‘Sentinel Network’—similar, in a sense, to the Inquisitorious.

K’tana didn’t ask the Weequay where he managed to get the access codes to Rotha’s shuttle; she needed to get free. At the foot of Rotha’s shuttle with her’s just beside it, she yanked on the chain connected her to the Togruta, “Now, frang-face! Let me go, or I use this to suffocate lovely tailbuns.”

“What a waste would that be?” she whispered to her rival, barring her teeth to nip at the other’s lekku while the Weequay levelled a blaster in their direction.

Thrown off course as the hangar shook with the force of a charging herd of Bantha, the shot her had aimed at the Twi’lek went wild. Whether guided by some unseen force or just dumb luck, it severed the chain connecting A’lora and K’tana.

“If the Iron Legion doesn’t get you tailbuns, holo me sometime,” she teased, releasing the lekku with her teeth to push the Togruta into an unsuspecting Weequay agent. “It’s been fun, lovelies!” she chuckled while climbing the ramp of her own shuttle.

“Boss?” the Weequay asked, noticing the uncomfortable closeness he was feeling to the soft curves beneath the Lashaa silk. Releasing his instinctive hold on the Togruta, he tried to forget that brief moment before he was found staring for too long.

“Not a word—and especially not ‘tailhead.’”

“Yes, Ma’am.” He managed with a lump at his throat, following the High Councillor into Rotha’s shuttle.