A Fateful Day

Loyalty to a cause was the most important thing for a soldier to possess and Blair had it in abundance. Sure, she hated how the Sith looked down upon those, not of their ilk but there would be many opportunities to try and rectify that. It was true that Sith ran the Empire, but the Empire’s flaw was that with no Sith remaining the once great Empire splintered into factions. The comparisons were there to be made, but surely having seen the fall of the Empire, their mistakes would not be allowed to happen again. Blair stood up; she’d told herself that something would be coming today, precisely what it was she couldn’t tell. Her valet droid R0-XY or Roxy had already retrieved her morning meal from the mess hall. There wasn’t much the chaotically painted valet droid couldn’t do; she had been programmed to cater to  Blair’s needs, much like a butler.

The droid waited, patiently, for its owner to finish eating before making preparations to return the plate to the mess hall as was routine. However, before the droid could do so, the Kiffar stood up as if to indicate she would be doing this task herself.

“Thanks, Roxy, I’ve got this. Now, would you mind passing me my cloak? Oh and by the time I get back, I’d like you to have my formal attire ready and my utility belt loaded, might be heading out later so it’d be useful if I could just have that available to clip over my armour quickly.” The Captain spoke to the droid as she was looking for her wrist link which she had removed the night before. Finding her wrist link on the small table next to her bed, it was swiftly wrapped around her wrist before putting on the cloak Roxy had fetched dutifully.

The cover was designed to look like that of a soldier, battle hardened and worn. It certainly was Blair’s preferred attire when going somewhere she would be around fellow soldiers and the many slaves Plagueis had to feed. The Kiffar had never been one for a superiority complex that manifested itself so evidently in the Sith.  She believed there were things the Sith failed to see that could be a better motivator than the threat of death.

“Hello men and women of the Ascendant Legion, let it be known that the risks you take and the lives of our fallen comrades do matter. We are the true force of Clan Plagueis. We will ensure victory against any and all threats to our way of life. I wasn’t planning on this as I’m sure you can all tell, but I feel like you need to know you are appreciated, you are valuable, you are every bit my equal, no matter what the Sith say.” One of Blair’s infamous impromptu speeches began with her entering the room, and by the end, she was stood on a table sending her message far and wide. It would certainly help the soldiers morale. Jumping off the table, Blair shook off the slight irritation in her ankle caused by the landing and saw an elegantly clothed figure, one of the Sith to be sure, but which one?

The figure motioned for Blair to follow, then began to walk away from her. Her curiosity aroused, the Captain began to follow the figure, who seemed familiar but the Kiffar couldn’t quite place. As they approached Blair’s quarters, the Loyalist dived in, eager to change and continue her pursuit. The armourweave cloak that had been her only apparel was swapped out for her more formal white dress. After making sure she looked the part of an officer she headed out again, the figure had stopped, as if it was waiting for her. Not wanting to keep them waiting Blair continued to follow as the figure made its way towards the section of the Pinnacle that was assigned as Sith living quarters, more spacious than those of Blair and her fellow soldiers.  Twisting and turning through the wide and sweeping corridors of the Sith quarters, the figure stopped outside one of the rooms in the Knights section.

Blair made her way into the room, which was otherwise devoid of people until the mystery person followed her in and closed the door with a sliding of her hand. Dearg noticed under the bed was a series of armoury weapons, turning to face the entrance she saw the figure had removed its cloak and was wearing a predominantly white outfit with a black belt and boots. The mystery of the figure had been revealed; it was Vanessa Rhode. The pair hadn’t spoken since their mission, but there had to be some reason Vanessa wanted Blair to follow her to her quarters.

“I think I know what this is all about; you want to make sure we tell the same story when we report on how our mission went. I can see why you need to protect yourself after all. I can’t see the higher ups being too keen on you not being as strong as your sister. I’ll tell them it went off without a hitch; you don’t need to worry.” Blair made her best guess at coming up with a reason for the privacy of their current encounter.

“Not quite Captain, though you are right on the summit probably disapproving of why I got you to come here. I’ve felt a closeness to you since our mission, not like the bond I have with my sister but a bond. I feel like I want to get to know you and I hope I don’t have to force you into telling me what I want to know.” Vanessa informed Blair.

“Well here’s a bit about me, I’m 28, a Kiffar from Concord Dawn, my father was a Stormtrooper. I like riding my speeder, shooting my gun and having a good time. As I’m sure you saw earlier, I’m a big believer in keeping morale up and prefer to do so through non-threatening means. Give me a detailed view of an enemy, and I can come up with a plan to defeat them.”

“Interesting,” Vanessa responded, taking note of what she had just heard. The facial markings on the Loyalist’s face made sense now; it was a Kiffar tradition.  She slowly approached Blair, who stood still, wondering what would come of Vanessa moving her slim frame towards her. The Sith certainly admired the soldier’s body, though the right time would come for that to be explored. Leaning in, the Pallian felt something stir within her as she locked lips with the soldier from Karness Muur.

Blair stumbled backwards into the bedroom; the Sith had drawn out something she didn’t think she had. It was most certainly a pleasurable experience, one that would have to be repeated for sure, but being the daughter of a Stormtrooper and a soldier herself, she liked things having an order to them. How would she tell Vanessa, she certainly wasn’t going to stop her. The Kiffar sat on the bed as Vanessa broke off to allow her to do so. This was a good an opportunity as she would get.

“Look, Vanessa, I’m enjoying this, more than I have anything ever potentially. But we know people wouldn’t approve of this, so we shouldn’t dive straight into it. Besides, we wouldn’t want to have nothing to build to now would we?” Blair mixed in logic with emotion, and it seemed to have the desired effect. Vanessa nodded and helped Blair up by the hand.

“Before you go, I think we should go on a date sometime, make this more officially unofficial. Maybe you can learn a little more about me then.” Vanessa handed Blair a card that had contact details for her on, Blair took the card and slid it under her wrist link so she could input the details across her communication devices when she reached her quarters. The pair kissed again briefly before parting temporarily.