



# **A Night in the Life**

Written by Aedile Mystic Alara Deathbane, Dossier #12681

“Greetings, Aedile. Would you like a glass of rum?” the space station cantina lounge-maiden came up to Alara’s table and smiled kindly at her. Alara looked up without saying anything and nodded to her. The Alderaanian nodded in response and walked towards the cocktail bar. The half-Sephi checked the datapad on her left arm for any texts she may have received.

*\*Nope. Nadah. Thought he said he’d be here by 20:00 hours.\** Alara sighed to herself. She wasn’t quite used to waiting for her boyfriend Jorm to arrive on date night. He was usually here before she was.

The Alderaanian female came back with rum as requested and placed the glass in front of Alara on the cold metal table. “Here you are. Expecting a friend?”

“Thanks, and yes. Supposedly. Not sure where he is though. Not like him to be this late. I’ll take a menu just in case.” Alara replied plainly.

“Oooo... Gotcha. Here ya go. Gimme a shout if you need me.” The barmaid cautiously placed a menu in front of the half-Sephi and stepped away to deal with other customers.

*\*Jorm... Where are you?\**

“Alara!”

The Mystic’s ears perked up at the sound of her voice, but the information they relayed to her made her slightly confused. That wasn’t Jorm’s voice. That was Shadow’s. She lifted her eyes and spotted Shadow dashing through the cafeteria; Artorias on one hip, Deus on another, and canines not far behind on leashes.

“Well this is a sight to see, Shads. What’s up? How are my darling nephews?!” Alara revealed a side she hardly ever let out of herself and began to coo at the babies. She waved a finger at each of the boys who responded with giggles and grasped her finger with their tiny hands.

Shadow panted through her breath. “W-Would you be able to babysit the kids?... Brandon wants a date night...”

“Oh...” Alara growled under her breath, still angry over the fact that her brother-in-law ditched her own sister and decided to come back after his charade was over. “Yes. I can do that. Where’s he taking you?”

“Oh thanks! Apparently he bought tickets for us to see a show tonight at the theatre on the station. I’ll text you to let you know how things are going.” Shadow began handing the children over one-by-one to her older sister. The babies happily reached out for their aunt and began tugging at her long braid once they were sat comfortably on her own hips. Alara sighed and offered her right index finger to take the leashes, attempting not to drop her precious cargo.

“Thank you.” Shadow gratefully accepted her offer and placed the leash in her hand. “I’ll grab the bill here and order you some supper. I’ll text you on what’s going on too. Sorry for ruining your night.”

“You didn’t ruin it,” Alara smiled towards her sister and then to each of the twins, “Jorm was a no show anyway for some reason. I wouldn’t mind some cuddles with my other favorite boys in the universe.” She lovingly rubbed her nose against the foreheads of each of her nephews.

“Hehe,” Shadow smiled at the scene before her. As if snapping out of a trance, the Battlemaster shook her head hurriedly and yanked a bill out of her pocket to pay for Alara’s bill. “I shouldn’t be too long. He’s just at the theatre waiting for me.”

“Just... Promise me you won’t be easily swayed by him. After all, remember what he did. Remember how I found you.” Alara looked at her sister concerningly.

“Yes. I will.” Shadow stepped backwards and headed out the main hall. “Thanks again Alara! I’ll text you!”

“Yes you will!” Alara called back. Deus and Artorias dropped the braid they played with to wave at their mother exiting the scene. Alara looked down at the beautiful babes in her arms and smiled. “Well kiddos, what are we gonna do tonight? Attempt using the Force again? Hot chocolate? TV?”

“GOOOOOOO!” Artorias squealed in excitement at Alara’s tone. Deus began clapping his hands until he decided to reach for his aunt’s hair once again. Loki, Shadow’s anooba, and Tsume, her loth wolf, each let out a happy bark.

“Sounds good, boys! Let’s get going then.” Alara nodded the pets to begin walking, her arms gently but firmly around each of the children as the entourage headed towards the nearest elevator. The babies began to chew on Alara’s braid to entertain themselves along the way. The Mystic couldn’t help but smile and let them. These babies were her pride and joy. They were probably the only two boys in Alara’s life who could get away with anything. Loki instinctively nudged the elevator button with his

nose and promptly sat down as he waited for the doors to slide open. Alara was fixated on her nephews' playing until Tsume barked an alert. The Aedile lifted her eyes to find Jorm leaning against the elevator wall, a smirk on his face per usual.

"Hello my sweet," Jorm flitted his yellow eyes up and down Alara's figure, "I didn't figure our date was an extended invite to the Tarsus family."

"It wasn't," Alara smiled, "Though, you're late. Someone's gotta keep me company." After finishing her sentence, Alara clicked her tongue as a signal to the canines to enter the elevator. Once inside, Alara and the boys made their way in as well. Loki clicked the "close door" button and then pawed at their floor number: 140.

"Yes, I'm sorry about that love. Something came up in meeting. Reiden didn't believe that I could take down the new Wookiee. Had to prove them both wrong." Jorm traced his fingers over his cornrows and smiled wider with pride.

Alara let out a chuckle as she rolled her eyes, "Ahh. Can't have that."

"No. But I can make it up to you." Jorm's voice held his smile in his tone as he stepped closer to the half-Sephi before him and lifted his hands to Artorias. The baby giggled and reached out to accept the Kiffar's offer. Alara obliged her beloved and handed the child over.

"Shadow and Brandon had a random date tonight to the theatre. Shadow found me at the canteen and asked me to babysit. Sure you want to make it up to me now?"

"They're just little tykes. We'll get em to bed in about 30 minutes and then they'll be fine...right?" Jorm looked down at the young one in his arms as Artorias reached for his nose to gently squeeze. A rumble suddenly echoed throughout the elevator. Deus looked down at his stomach instantly and began to cry a hungry sob.

"Oohhh dear. Baby's hungry. Easy there, Deus. We are almost home. I'll feed you the minute we get inside." Alara held the baby close to her chest and lightly bounced the infant in efforts to soothe him. Artorias was triggered to tears himself at the sound of his twin crying. Jorm's eyes widened in surprise. He assessed the situation and attempted to mimic Alara in her movements. "Uhhh... There there little guy. We can order a pizza or something."

"Don't worry," Alara laughed, "These babies are pretty well behaved. They will stop crying after they

get some food in their belly.”

The elevator finally came to a stop and automatically opened its door to the rather strange-looking group. They stepped out into the small hallway ahead of them, each gold and metallic wall adorned with intricately-detailed numbered doors like an overpriced hotel. This was one of the levels utilized by the leaders of Clan Scholae Palatinae while they tried to figure out where the Clan would head next since their home system was now destroyed.

“Wow. This level is a lot prettier than the Excidium bunker.” Jorm laughed.

“Sorry dear. You know you can always stay in my room if you like.” Alara smirked at her boyfriend over the crying from her nephews.

“Oh you know I’ll be calling you up on that offer for quite a while.” He winked back.

Once they arrived to door 26, Alara punched in Shadow’s keycode for the door she had memorized long ago and flicked on the lights for the room once they were able to get inside. The suite illuminated to reveal a kitchen, open dining room, living room, and a hallway towards the bedrooms and bathroom. Each wall was the same golden hue as the large hallway outside. The floors were carpeted with soft, beige fabric, all except for the kitchen which was tiled in beige tinge. The Mystic then placed Deus onto a large sofa to free the canines of their leashes. Jorm let down Artorias next to his brother, and quickly made his way to the refrigerator.

“Where’s the baby food?” Jorm questioned, scanning the shelves in the fridge.

“In the pantry above the fridge.” Alara responded. The clicks of dogs being released from their tethers resounded in the room. Those clicks were then followed by the patter of paws running towards the couch, and then giggles of babies being overwhelmed with friendly furry greetings. Alara stepped up from the floor, walked towards Jorm, and wrapped her arms around his waist in a hug. Her warm sigh gently grazed his shoulder as she embraced him in a brief, tight squeeze.

Jorm stopped searching for food for a moment, hugged her arms in return, and continued on searching. “Easy tusk-cat. We’ll continue *\*that\** once the kids are fed and gone to sleep.”

“Agreed.” The she-Marauder squeezed once more, then moved her arms to guide Jorm’s hand towards the jars of baby food awaiting in the cupboard. Once the Battlemaster had followed her guide, Alara went to a nearby drawer and pulled out two infant-sized spoons. Jorm popped the lid of each jar

and handed them to Alara to serve to the children.

“Here ya go kiddies!” Alara sat between the twins on the couch and handed each of them a jar.

“EEEEEEeeeee!” Deus smiled and dug into the purple-jelly food. The Mystic tugged each of the twins onto her lap while they worked on finishing their supper. The Kiffar joined the family on the couch. Once everyone was settled, Loki and Tsume sat nearby Alara and Jorm’s feet to keep them warm.

“It shouldn’t take them long to finish this. After they’re done, I’ll sit here with them until they fall asleep. Sure you want to stick around?” Alara looked up at Jorm and smiled slightly.

“Sure. No problem. Besides, they have a TV.” Jorm smiled back and grabbed the TV remote on a nearby end table.

-----

Once the children were snuggled away in their beds, Alara returned to Jorm’s side at the living room couch to watch tv. A video of wildlife on Judecca flashed across the screen. Tears began to build up in Alara’s eyes at the scenery.

“And to think it’s all gone. Why would they even keep this footage on the channels right now? Of all times!” Alara scoffed and rubbed her tears abrasively off of her chiseled cheekbone. She reached for the tv remote to switch the channel, but Jorm gently grasped her wrist before she could reach it from the end table next to them.

“Alara... It’s important to remember what you’ve lost. I thought you would have known that.” Jorm spoke seriously, initiating contact. “We have lost quite a lot. It’s not going to help to forget it’s happened.”

Alara hesitated for a moment until a few tears streamed down her face. “You’re right, Jorm. I just can’t believe it’s all gone. That Pravus took our whole galaxy away from us.” She lifted a hand to rub her face once again, but her beloved Kiffar brushed her skin clean first. “I’m sorry, you must think I’m weak.”

“I will never think you are weak, my darling. You are the strongest woman I know. I mean, I haven’t known a woman who could hold me down onto a bed for as long as you can.” The Battlemaster brought some comedy into the conversation with a wink. The Aedile giggled at his comment, and

reached to embrace him. She held tightly to his sides and rested her golden head on his toned chest. Instinctively, the Kiffar placed his hand onto her head and hugged her tightly. "Remember our chains, Alara?"

"From the Acklay coliseum?" Alara looked up at him and nodded. "Yeah. You gave me a chain link from it to wear on a necklace. It represents our strength together."

"Exactly. We are meant to win. Always. And that means no matter what we go through, even our entire Cocytus System being obliterated due to a politically-insane Grand Master, we will *\*always\** win. No matter what happens between us. We will always win together."

Before Jorm Na'trej could say another word, Alara pushed herself towards him and locked her lips with his, flipping her leg over his figure. The Mystic's hands went around his neck and her fingers through his corn rows as she pulled him closer into her passionate kiss. She kissed him while focusing every fibre of her body towards him. The Sith responded positively with a smirk and his tongue. He wrapped his arms even tighter around her and gently grazed her back with his fingers. Before she could control herself, Alara tightened her thighs around his pelvis with a squeeze and melded his figure with hers. At that very moment, Shadow and Brandon opened the automatic door to the apartment. Canines once sleeping in the nearby bedroom hopped from miscellaneous furniture and nearly galloped towards the entrance with wagging tails.

"ALARA! YOU BROUGHT THE KIFFAR HERE?!" Shadow hollered at her older sister. With a yelp, Alara hopped off of her boyfriend and landed on the couch cushion at his side.

"Uhh... Yeah. We had a date already planned. Sorry, sis." Alara tucked some stray hairs behind her pointed ears and smiled nervously towards Jorm. The Kiffar smiled widely at her and gently wiped his mouth before he spoke:

"My apologies, Shadow. I found her heading towards your apartment and decided to accompany her. It was my decision."

A cry from Deus' lungs echoed from the nearby hallway.

"Ugh, crap. That was my fault. I'll go to them. You two, stay put!" Shadow glared at the couple and stomped towards the bedroom. Brandon couldn't help but give a chuckle and turned towards the pair. Awkward silence filled the room as the trio exchanged awkward glances. Alara had never been close to Brandon in the first place, and Jorm never really needed to run into the Professional before.

“Well, I suggest you go now before she gets back. I’ll cover for you.” Brandon spoke kindly.

“Really?” Alara’s eyebrow lifted promptly, “Why? What do you want?”

“Peace in the family, for once.” Brandon laughed half-heartedly. “I want nothing, Alara. Just go. Consider it a peace offering.”

“Well, I for one will take the lad’s offer before Shadow comes out to zap me again.” Jorm hopped over the couch and headed towards the door. He gave Brandon’s hand a quick shake of thanks and turned to his beloved.

“You coming, ‘Lara? We can continue the scene somewhere else...” the Sith winked.

Alara snapped out of her confused trance and nodded. She hopped over the couch as well, and bowed slightly to her brother-in-law.

“Thanks, Brandon. Have a good night. Take care of her for me.”

“I will. And this time, I will not fail in keeping this promise.” Brandon nodded and bowed back. Alara grinned and grasped her Kiffar’s hand before the two headed down the hallway.

“Well, that was odd to say the least. I’m surprised you didn’t rip his head off.” Jorm rubbed his neck with his free hand as the two entered the nearest elevator.

“No kidding. I wanted to. He was kind, though. Now what was that about continuing?” Alara spoke seductively while she hugged tightly to his arm.

“A night in the life of Alara. I like how it’s going for Jorm so far too. I believe your floor number is 435?” Jorm’s smile widened.

“You got it, babe.”

As the elevator door came to a close, Alara pulled her boyfriend’s head close to hers and kissed him passionately once again.