

Ryloth

The star, which the denizens of the planet's surface did their best to avoid, was cresting over the rocky peaks and signalling the beginning of a new day. Heat, oppressive in its intensity, pressed down upon the Twi'lek people and woke them from their slumber. Yet not all had been asleep. Two women in particular sat on cots, facing toward each other speaking in low tones. Although they were the same species, they would not have been more different. The only things they had in common, outside of race, was the touch of the Force and the black skintight outfits they wore.

The Twi'lek sitting on the left side of the small thatch hut had bright red skin, black swirling tattoos marbled over her flesh in sharp lines and jagged edges. Her fiery yellow eyes seemed to pierce the dark with their fury, but the slight upturned smirk dancing at the corners of her mouth belied something more than just rage.

The woman across from her was of amethyst skin and with tattoos running over her face and lekku. Only instead of black, the violet woman's would have looked like artistic bruises on any other skin tone. Bright green eyes, glinting with small fleckss of gold, gazed intently back through heavily shadowed lids. Her smile was wide, stretching nearly from ear-cone to ear-cone as her compatriot spoke.

"How does your so-called *Brotherhood* function any differently than the One Sith? And how has this Clan of yours remained off of Darth Krayt's radar for so long?" The *Lethan* Twi'lek sneered, having spent the last few hours calming and enraging the younger Sith.

"How come you never got a name before Darth Talon?" K'tana spat back, wrinkling her nose in amusement at herself. Talon, however, just gave an offhanded shrug and smiled, waiting for the former Arconan to answer first. After barely a moment of silence she, of course, did.

"I don't know. Their politics was all karky to me. Bunch of old, angry men with no personality and a desire t'make everyone as miserable as they are. I think if they got some frang once in awhile they may chill the kark out, but what the frak would I know?" she paused, headtails dangling over her shoulders as she leaned forward. "As for how they stayed off the whatever? Simple. They karkin steal people and never give em back. What's worse is they're kinda like those micro transition games on the datapad. Only, instead of creds, if ya want anything good or cool you pay them with your life and time. Then! Only if yer reaaal good and everyone likes ya do ya ever get anything in return. It's kinda karked up. Probs what happens when males stay in charge a' everythin'."

"Then why have you stayed so long? Clearly you do not owe these people your loyalty. Not if they stole you from a better life to treat you worse than a slave. You have the Force. Are you feeble, unable to make it work?"

"Ex-karkin-scuze me, schutta? I can lightning blast your tats into scarification!"

Ignoring the fact that, technically, tattoos are scarification, Talon pressed further. "Show me. I barely sense a trickle of power through you."

The short tempered, former Arconan grit her teeth and leapt off the cot, her lightsaber snapping to her grasp in less time than it took to cross the room. But Talon was faster. She had far more experience and was counting on the Tyrian Twi'lek's rash aggression. With a flick of her wrist as she twisted off the bed, Darth Talon activated her lightsaber and cut K'tana's hilt a hair's breadth away from the younger woman's fingertips.

"YOU BI—" K'tana started to yell as she dropped her broken weapon to the ground and glared over at the Lethan. She was interrupted as Talon's armored glove came up, striking the young Sith across the cheek and sending her flying into the wall. The emerald eyes blazed orange as a streak of blue lightning arched from her fingers, missing the Lethan by barely an inch.

The Darth merely smiled. And then faded away.

As the dream flickered and spun out of her grasp, K'tana's consciousness faded into the ever present blackness of her coma. The void was comforting, or would have been if she had been able to feel it. Nothingness engulfed her mind as the carbonite shell embraced her close. The Twi'lek felt no pressure, no pain or rage could touch her now. In the heavily guarded room, no one could. And, knowing her keeper, no one ever would.