



Alignment Swap

Written by Aedile Mystic Alara Deathbane #12681

Ignus... Ignus Manus. Wake up.

Alara was running in a long, dark, crowded tunnel. The dampness of the brick walls seemed to be pulling closer and closer to each other, as if the tunnel was tightening in on itself. Her body shivered with fear and chill as she pressed herself further into the tunnel.

“Where is the end?! Where’s the end of the tunnel!?” Alara hollered at the top of her lungs. Suddenly she felt as if someone were shaking her.

Her eyes quickly blinked open to reveal a dimly lit bedroom chamber. Jorm, her creamy-skinned Kiffar, hovered over her with his hands concerningly placed on her biceps. He raised a single palm to caress her face.

“Alara? Did you have a bad dream?” Jorm spoke softly. He had a worried look on his face, though still managed to crack a smile at her.

“Yes. Must’ve just been a dream.” Alara chuckled, slightly relieved. She raised her hand to hold his, but the Kiffar pulled his beloved half-Sephe into his arms. He squeezed her tightly and placed her golden head onto his bronze chest.

“You’re alright now. Let’s just sit for a bit. Wanna talk about what happened?” Jorm’s voice reverberated through the Dark Jedi’s pointed ears.

Alara happened to look down and spotted her pet Artemis who was just finishing a yawn. She stared back after she was finished with her vibrant yellow eyes, as if awaiting something she knew was yet to come.

“What do you know, my darling?” Alara questioned the tusked cat. Artemis merely meowed at her owner and rested her chin on her own paw to fall back to sleep.

“Hmm? She’s probably just making sure you’re okay too, ‘Lara.” Alara could feel Jorm looking down at her while he spoke. “How about we get some breakfast? I think I might have tired you out quite a lot last night.” A coy tune left his lips.

“Oh c’mon,” Alara flirted back while she traced the Sith’s golden tattoo with her fingertips. “Give my endurance some credit. I kept up.”

“You were wonderful, as always.” Jorm reassured his girlfriend with another tight squeeze, and placed Alara back against the pillows of their bed. He lifted himself from the covers and stood up to reach for his clothes on the floor.

Alara looked over and admired her boyfriend’s exposed, muscular figure, and couldn’t help but smile. She decided to get dressed as well, and reached for her own jumpsuit just behind her feline on the floor. Despite trying to get her mind off of the dream, it haunted her more and more

with every moment that passed by. Where was the light? Why couldn't she find it? What did it all mean? The Force wouldn't call out her namesake for no apparent reason. Artemis looked up from her rest and licked Alara's forearm before going back to sleep. With a smirk, Alara finished getting changed, patted her cat on the head, and hugged Jorm who was already smiling at himself in a nearby mirror.

"Someone's huggy today." Jorm smiled at her in the mirror. He spun around carefully and gave her a full embrace. "What do you feel like eating? Steak? Eggs?"

"All we got is cafe food here, Jorm." Alara sighed.

"What? Not even an Aedile such as yourself can get delicacies?!" the Jester joked around.

"I could try getting us some fruit." the half-Sephi shrugged.

"Let's be off then. Fruit will do better than whatever the rancor behind the cafeteria kitchen wall serves today."

As the pair left their bedroom chamber and headed towards the nearest elevator, something within the she-Marauder's vision changed. No matter what direction she spun her golden head, a hue of orange/red light followed her gaze. Her senses felt heightened, even more than usual. She could practically feel presence of Clan Members nearby. She felt her friend Lexiconus Qor's presence from across the hall and instantly felt anger engulf her gut. A growl escaped her lips as one thought dominated her mind: Coward. To be Gray is to be a coward.

What's coming over me? Alara tried to battle her mind. *I'm Dark Jedi myself... why on Judecca is this bothering me now?* The moment she thought up those words to herself she roared and growled louder.

"Umm... Alara. I sense something is off with you. What's going on?" Jorm grabbed her hand and stopped her from pacing onwards.

"My mind... The Force... Something is off, Jorm. I --" Alara growled once more and grasped her face quickly after she snatched her hand back from the Kiffar's. She fell to the floor and cried out.

"Alara!" Jorm dropped to her side and lifted her fingers to see what was wrong. Alara's teary, usually amber-colored eyes were replaced with fiery Sith-flame eyes. "...Lara? When were you going to tell me you were coming further to the Dark Side?!" the pirate laughed with relief and hugged the woman tightly.

"What!? What do you mean?" Alara wiped the tears from her eyes aggressively and sat up to look at him.

“Your eyes. They’re Sith eyes. I’ll miss your normal eyes, but my these are beautiful too.” Jorm winked at his beloved. Don’t fight what’s happening inside you. It’s the Force bringing you to new levels. We’ll be even stronger in power together now.” he grinned excitedly at her.

Before Alara could speak, a spike of excitement and hunger shot through her body, as if the flame in her gut was further consuming her. She grabbed his hand and the pair lifted up from the ground.

“Well in that case, my dear, we have a medical station to take over.” Alara smiled mischievously.

“Umm... what?”

Alara did not answer, but instead reached for his hand and darted down the hallway.