

"Hurry up, Lyna." The quivering voice behind her caused the Twi'lek to cringe as she worked. The datapad fell from her fingers before clattering loudly on the stone floor panels. A snarl escaped unbidden as the woman turned to glare at the speaker.

"Stuff it, before somebody actually manages to hear you." Brushing a stray lekku behind her shoulder again, the girl bent down to pick the datapad back up. "Besides," her tone was low, nearly a growl, "have you ever actually met my father?"

"Well, no."

Lyna'Vel shook her head before she reattached her device to the lead plugged into the wall panel where it had been attached to moments ago. "Well, have you ever watched a cat stalking a rodent by any chance?" She smiled in spite of herself as she imagined the expression that was doubtlessly adorning her training partner's face. "There are a number of reasons I didn't announce myself coming home, besides you sweetie."

"Oh, I- wait! What?" The Gand's voice echoed in the passageway. A security light on the wall began to flash, bathing the hallway in intermittent hues of red light.

Looking up at the light, Lyna'Vel Versea let out a growling sigh. "Well, it looks like tonight is going to be your opportunity." Rolling her eyes, the woman pulled the cord from the panel before twisting it roughly around the miniature device before dropping it into the pocket of her slacks.

A few seconds passed before the sound of an opening doorway drew her attention. A sandy-colored Twi'lek stepped out from a side room. Recognition flashed in the older woman's eyes. Well, she wasn't that old, but she had been an apprentice, and thus a family friend, of her father's since before she could remember.

"It's been a long time since I last saw you around the family house, *Lynee*." Hearing the once-loved childhood nickname used by this waste of Twi'leki flesh made the Versea daughter's skin crawl.

"Do you really believe that I forget what you tried to do last time?" Lyna'Vel felt her hand slipping down to her side, just past the lightsaber on her belt to the blaster behind it. She saw the former apprentice making a movement for her own weapon.

"Oh, I assure you it was nothing personal. I am sure he would understand given what a sniveling disappointment that you are."

"Stop trying to sell that poodoo. Do you really think either Mom or Dad would approve of this kind of violence against one of our own kin? It wasn't like Dad wasn't pissed enough when you started merely *talking* about preparing so-called contingency plans against the likes of Uncle Firith and Auntie Lilith."

“*Uncle Firth and Auntie Lilith.*” The sandy-colored Twi’lek shook her head as she said the words mockingly. “Aren’t you too old to be calling them by such childish monikers?” The hiss-crack of a angry-red lightsaber blade coming to life punctuated the question further.

“Well, that is the kind of thing that happens when you become *family*, Lav’anre.”

The wording hit a nerve with the older Twi’lek. She stepped closer, causing Lyna’Vel to step backwards down the hallway to keep a distance. As Gand moved to intercept the path of travel to part the two women, Lav’anre turned the weapon on him, cutting the humanoid down with what could almost be seen as an off-hand swing.

Lyna’Vel screamed, her throat constricting as she fired her now-drawn blaster several times before turning on her heel and running for the far doorway, away from the approaching threat. What had she been thinking? I mean, if she just came to the doorway, if she had just asked her parent’s outright she could have been in and out. Bentre would never have allowed his former apprentice to treat her like this. She never would have been treated like this. She was a daughter of Versea. She was a daughter of Kairn’tel.

As this thought hammered into her mind, Lyna’Vel planted a step, whirling herself around to face the threat chasing her. She let out a slow breath as she drew herself into the classic Echani stance her mother had instilled in her from her youth. “I am the daughter of Tasha’Vel and the offspring of Kairn’tel! How **dare** you raise a weapon to a child of the estate you dirty schutta!”

The words hit Lav’anre like a slap in the face. “You-you-*you* are the one who ran away from home! You are the one who decided to turn against your father’s legacy. You joined those filthy Jedi of your own accord. You don’t deserve the title of a daughter of Versea!”

“That,” a voice familiar to Lyna’Vel echoed from the opposite end of the hallway, “is not a matter for you to decide.” Looking up, the girl saw her father, shrouded in house robes walking toward the two Twi’leks. The familiar shape of his old lightsaber, as scratched and dented as it was, was clutched in his mechanical digits. “Besides, she is old enough to make decisions of her own. It’s not like she is here to harm anybody.” He continued to walk until he was beside Lav’anre, stopping before sweeping the weapon around, activating it with a whoosh so that the sapphire-blue blade intersected with the neck of his former apprentice. A small cry escaped his daughter’s throat.

“D-dad!”

“Long time no see, honey.” There was a warmth to the normally gruff voice of her father.

“Glad to see you, Dad.”

“So,” the Versea Patriarch looked down the length of the hallway, motioning with his still-ignited lightsaber, “I hope whatever you came here for was worth the two lives, kiddo. I hope that I wasn’t wrong.” His voice dropped as he looked pointedly at his daughter. “Wait, you are not actually here to do something like stab me in the back, are you?” Though his tone was light, but Lyna’Vel could see his fingers tighten on his old weapon.

“No, it’s nothing like that. I just didn’t know how angry you would be. There is a-”

“Stop.” Bentre sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose with his free hand. “You are still our daughter, Lyna’Vel. You are still a Versea. Now, I can’t exactly bring you around the old stomping ground, but this is your home. Now come inside already. Jedi or not, your mother will be glad to see you.”