The clothes spun round and round, as the machine filled with warm water and soapy bubbles. A fist tightly grasped round a sponge as soapy water squeezed out into the bucket below. The fist released the sponge and it was soon moving up and down on the tiled flooring in the communal eating area of the Mimosa-Inahj homestead. The expectant mother continued sponging the floor until it sparkled. If she looked ever so closely she could see herself in the reflection of the shiny tiles. Little rainbows shone as the lighting reflected the flooring.

It wasn’t long before Kooki started getting food out of the chiller unit and began cooking. She poured some chestnut coloured beans into the conical top of an appliance on her worktop, and began cooking some nuna bacon in a pan, while caf dripped from the beans into a jug below. The Alderaanian toasted some bread and cracked many eggs into some hot oil in another pan. Aromas of spiced caf and various food wafted up the stairs and soon awoke a sleepy Sith. Andrelious groggily stumbled down the stairs in time to notice a massive breakfast spread.

“What…in…the…name…of… Pal…?” he uttered, wearily whilst rubbing his eyes.

Kooki scowled at her spouse at the foot of the stairs.

She hated that name being mentioned in her earshot.

Suddenly she burst into tears.

“I…made…all…this…and you…you…you don’t even like it?” she stuttered tearfully.

“Woah, love. I never said that,” Andrelious said calmly, gently placing a hand on Kooki’s shoulder.

“I love it!” he whispered into her ear.

“Get off me you…you Imperial bastard!” Kooki yelled, moving Andrelious’ hand.

The Warlord held his wife closely and shushed her.

“It’s lovely. Just lovely.” He cooed.

Kooki sniffed and dried her eyes of her dressing gown.

“Looookkk!” she muttered.

Andrelious looked down at his wife’s growing bump.

“I can’t do it up anymore. I’m too fat!” she complained.

It was a rare moment of affection and emotion between the couple. It was mostly hormones raging, but nevertheless Andrelious chose to enjoy the moment.

Andrelious patted the bump and kissed it gently, just as two identical girls entered the kitchen.

“You’re not fat…you’re beautiful.” He hushed.

“Boot-ful mummy!” the twins said in unison, as they hugged their mother.

Kooki’s tears streaming down her cheeks were now those of happy emotions.

Andrelious had headed into the dining area and poured out the caf for himself and Kooki. This decaffeinated beverage was still spiced and fruitier than their usual brand, but it was starting to grow on him.

“Bekfast pease!” the girls demanded.

Kooki gestured her daughters over to the dining table.

Just as the four of them were starting to tuck in, a knock on the door echoed.

Andrelious felt a familiar presence, as Kooki went to allow her Quaestor into her home.

“Ah! Kooki! Just the person I needed to see,” Justinious exclaimed.

It was hard to tell if he was happy or annoyed, but either way Kooki invited him in.

Before he could even state the purpose of his visit, the Alderaanian started bombarding him with breakfast suggestions.

“Bacon? Eggs? Toast? Caf?” Kooki asked, rather frantically.

The Aleena shook his head.

“I’m fine,” he reassured.

“Yogurt? Herbal tea? Milkshake? I think I have some granola here somewhere…and berries too?” Kooki queried.

“Honestly I am fine. I’ve already eaten!” Justinios continued.

Andrelious mouthed something to his colleague, whilst Kooki continued looking for breakfast items and pouring out another caf and plating up some buttered toast for their sudden guest.

“Here. At least have a caf and some toast!” Kooki forced.

“Thank you, Miss Kooki,” the guest nodded.

Between mouthfuls, he tried to raise the topic of the reason for his visit.

“So… with Kagu Shi being…” he began.

“Gosh! Look at this mess! I need to set the droid to clean up all this.” Kooki started scuttling about, whilst changing the subject.

“But…” attempted Justinios again.

Andrelious shook his head at their guest. He could tell Kooki did not wish to discuss things, especially in front of the twins.

“We can wait a few moments if you’d prefer?” the Ektrosis Quaestor offered.

Without even stopping to answer, Kooki ushered Poppy and Etty upstairs.

“Let’s go get dressed girls. We can’t let Drake see us in our night time clothes, can we?” she asked.

The twins giggled as they led the way upstairs, quickly followed by their mother.

Meanwhile, Andrelious continued to clean up the remainder of the breakfast items. This nesting was nice, if a little unnerving at times.

“Is she always like this?” Justinios asked.

Andrelious nodded.

“The last couple of weeks its been like this. More so since…what happened.” He explained.

“Do you think she’s alright? Has she mentioned it much?” the Aleena continued to pry further.

“Mhm!” murmured the Warlord.

“However, as for mentioning things? Not much. She’s like that though. In the beginning, there were a couple of night terrors, but otherwise she’s just been cooking and cleaning excessively. I think it’s some sort of ‘nesting’ thing.” He continued.

Justinios pointed at his stomach and Andrelious nodded.

“Apparently a lot of expectant mothers do this around now. She didn’t reach this point last time, since the girls were already here by now.” The father explained, before excusing himself as he turned to go and get dressed.

Soon enough Kooki appeared with two identically dressed daughters with their rucksacks on, ready for a day at nursery. Andrelious prepared to take them, grabbed his keys and kissed his spouse on the cheek and left.

Kooki held back the tears, but it was getting harder and harder to even say goodbye for a few hours to her girls.

The front door closed behind them and she went to the refrigeration unit and got out her berry flavoured bright pink milk drink and poured herself a glass.

“Milkshake?” Kooki offered.

Justinios just shook his head.

“Look I understand this is hard for you, but we really need to discuss things.” He started to explain.

Kooki sipped at her drink quietly and failed to notice the pale pink moustache of milk adorning her upper lip.

“So… with the unexpected death of Kagu Shi, we have another pressing mission to complete. However, given your current…umm…status…we think it is wise that you stay at home and perhaps create a spreadsheet of assets retrieved. It’s very dangerous out there this time.” Justinios explained in more detail.

He sat there expecting the expectant mother to argue or at the very least beg to be allowed to go. Himself and Andrelious had decided it was wise Kooki was not to partake in any new missions. Even with a ‘tag’, this was not a risk either of them were willing to take.

Amazingly Kooki just agreed and quietly finished her milk. Rather sulkily, she wiped her upper lip with her black cardigan sleeve, leaving a milky mark behind.

“Out of curiosity…what ***is*** the latest mission?” she asked slyly.

Justinios let out a sigh.

“I have said too much. I promised him I wouldn’t say…” he trailed off.

Now Kooki was starting to feel very agitated but couldn’t and wouldn’t let this show.

She waved her hand in the air slightly.

“You can tell me the mission.” She said, with a grin.

“I can tell you the mission,” came a robotic reply.

“It’s not like I am in any fit state to go anywhere is it?” Kooki continued rhetorically.

“I guess you’re right!” the male replied.

“Basically, one of Kagu Shi’s supreme leaders, who worked high up within his empire, has taken it upon himself to take over one of his former facilities. We are convinced there’s more to this shady character. For years no one had seen his face, let alone his deepest secrets. And they might be a tad difficult to get hold of now.” Justinios continued, with a wink.

“Mhm. Just a tad.” Agreed Kooki, who was already starting to get excited over this concept of mystery.

“So…how are you planning to proceed?” she asked.

Justinios just wearily shrugged.

“There is no plan! I guess try and locate this guy and hope he has answers for us. Not much to go on. It’s going to be a tough one. We’ve heard through the grapevine that security has increased vastly since the death of Kagu Shi.” He explained, sadly.

The challenge seemed to fuel the female with adrenaline, and it was getting tougher and tougher to hide it. Luckily Justinios spotted a timepiece on the mantlepiece.

“Is that the time?! I need to get moving.” The busy Quaestor muttered.

Kooki saw him out, but as he left he turned to Kooki, held her shoulders and looked her directly in the eyes and almost didn’t blink.

“I promised Andrel I wouldn’t let you get hurt! Promise me you will stay here and wait till we need any information or assistance.” He ordered, firmly.

He noticed some sewing on the arm of the sofa, so he knew Kooki could keep busy.

Kooki waved her hand slightly and crossed her fingers on the other hand, hidden from view.

“I won’t go anywhere!” she uttered, whilst trying to sound disappointed.

Justinios smiled.

“You won’t go anywhere,”

He turned to face the path and prepared to leave. Before he left, he slyly peered in through the window and spotted Kooki sat on the sofa, feet up on her footstool and happily sewing and occasionally sipping at a water bottle. He pulled out his commlink and made a call.

“It’s me. Just leaving. Yeah they are both fine. I’ll see you once you’ve dropped the girls off. She’s not going anywhere!” Justinios stated, rather pleased with himself.

With a smug grin, the Aleena began heading towards a cheery cantina whilst the fresh white snow crunched below his feet.

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The silver metal blade crunched down as it met its twin counterpart, slicing the purple strand into two. One strand fell to the back of the fabric. The other remained threaded through the eye of the needle. This was then weaved into the corner of the fabric outside of the wooden hoop. The stretched fabric inside the hoop displayed a completed message in purple backstitch.

Three words.

Eleven letters.

*“See you later”*

Rapid footsteps pattered outside.

All that was left behind was a vague message and scattered footprints in the snow.

\*\*\*

Music was filling the room. A slightly stale alcoholic smell loomed. And a mist of cigarillo smoke floated just above numerous heads in the cheerful cantina.

Beside an illuminated machine that tried to entice gamblers to spend their credits in an obviously rigged game of chance, sat two male Taldryanites who were congratulating each other on successfully getting a heavily pregnant and very stubborn Sith to stay at home.

“Well, Drake. You managed to convince her then? I can’t even manage to convince her to sit still. And I’m her spouse.” Andrelious chuckled, as he clinked glasses with his friend.

“I told her we didn’t have a plan. Hopefully that will keep her out of mischief,” Justinios said as he smiled at his newly appointed Aedile.

Andrelious suddenly shuddered. All the colour drained from his face.

“What’s up?” the Aleena asked, worryingly.

“I don’t quite know…” Andrelious murmured.

“Just something doesn’t feel quite right!” he whispered.

He downed the last of his drink, leaving a linear, foamy trail outlining his glass.

“Another round when you’re ready, love.” Justinios called out to the female working behind the bar.

“I think he needs it!”

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**13 Hours to go…**

Meanwhile, a door opened and let out a little chime as it closed behind the female. She approached the counter, whilst looking around on the shelves she past. There was no sign of anyone. To add to the mystery, there was an unpleasant smell around the place.

“Hello?” she called out.

The floor was slippery and wet, so she trod carefully and apprehensively.

She pressed the bell beside the till.

Still nothing.

After a few minutes, she spotted someone whistling away to themselves out the back behind the counter. He caught sight of her and came forward. A doddery old man with arched shoulders approached her.

“Can I help you, Miss?” he asked.

“Umm…” Kooki looked very apprehensive. He didn’t look like he knew what day it was, let alone how to help her.

“You’re on a quest!” the elderly man muttered, without even looking up.

“Umm…” the female said again, this time a bit surprised.

“You want answers to questions anyone is yet to ask,” he stated, stoically.

“Umm…” was all Kooki could say.

“You don’t seem to know what to make of it all,” the male stammered, still not maintaining eye contact.

Kooki merely nodded.

The aged man stumbled forwards and held onto the counter to steady himself. He hobbled round, holding onto the glass topped counter to help maintain his balance.

“My body may be failing, love…but I remember every sale I’ve ever made.” He continued.

“I too want answers… I too feel pain... I too am lost...” He stuttered.

“But there’s no hope for me…not now.” A sense of sadness filled the air, it almost felt cooler.

“Sorry Sir, I just need something to detect metal. Buried underground. Or concealed.” Kooki hushed.

A bony finger pointed at a shelf a few yards away.

“Second row. Third one along.” A sad voice explained.

“I made one for my son…many years ago. That was before…” his voice began to break.

Kooki picked one up off the shelf and brought it to the counter.

She could feel a real sense of loss about this man, but couldn’t work out exactly what and placed some credits on the counter. She placed a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“Is he…dead?” Kooki asked quietly.

“He is now…” he uttered.

“I’m sorry,” Kooki said solemnly.

“It’s not before time, love. He promised me he’d make me some medicine to get rid of this pain,” he explained, pointing at his bad back.

Kooki was actually speechless.

“But he never did…he started meddling and mixing all sorts. Started sampling them too. It was only a matter of time. I’m amazed how long it actually took.”

Kooki hung her head.

“So…umm…twenty credits, yeah?” she asked.

“Yes love,” came a quiet and sombre response.

“See you again one day,” Kooki called out.

“One day for sure. Good luck!” the man replied.

The man took her money, sipped at a hipflask, took out a pipe and filled the end with squished down brown mesh shavings. As Kooki left the shop with her new device, she wiped her feet on the little doormat and began making a swift getaway. She was on borrowed time.

“Speeder!” she called out, since walking long distances was growing increasingly harder.

A speeder ground to a halt and collected the female Sith.

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A little illuminated stick flickered in the very slight breeze, and a trembling bony hand quivered more than usual. The hold on the stick was released and the orange burning tip fell to the ground. Within minutes he was surrounded in flames and watched as his shop burned. He reached out and grabbed a photo of a younger version of himself with a young woman and a young boy.

He closed his eyes.

He mouthed ‘goodbye’

Zozlin Shi passed away.

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**12 Hours to go…**

The speeder pulled up at the edge of a dismal looking area. Kooki got out and paid for her lift and arranged for a collection of herself in twelve hours’ time. Soon as the vehicle left, the female shuddered at being back here again. Even in the daytime, it seemed slightly less dismal, but an aura of unpleasantness still surrounded it.

The clouds overhead were grey with wisps of white and black and a cool breeze sliced through the air. Kooki put up the hood on her baggy jumper and kept her head down to avoid engaging in any human interaction. It seemed quiet, except for a few distant incoherent murmurs from inside the boarded-up buildings. Ahead of her on the ground, there was a chalk outline of a deceased body from when she was here last. The ground went fuzzy and her head spun. An echoing thud resounded inside her head. Pointless deaths in the past rarely haunted Kooki, but she had never had to return to the scene of the crime before.

Once fully composed, she walked over to the remains of Kagu Shi’s factory. When she was a few hundred yards away, she turned to remove her backpack and was about to unzip it when she was approached by a male in an official uniform. He was alone and patrolling the area.

“You alright luv?” he asked, putting his arm around her.

Kooki instantly recognised him as the officer who helped her before.

“Hey! It’s YOU! What are you doing back here?” he queried.

“Sorry,” Kooki whispered.

“No need to apol…” he began.

Kooki swung her loaded backpack and knocked the officer unconscious with a clean sweep.

He fell face forwards onto the ground, still breathing, but was not going to be poking his nose into Kooki’s business anytime soon.

With a sigh of relief, the female gathered her belongings, removed the male’s coat, put it on and headed towards the ashes and shell of what had been one of Kagu Shi’s largest facilities.

Kooki glanced round, still concealed in her large sized jet-black jumper and newly acquired jacket. The coast was clear, so she put on her gloves, retrieved her detecting device and hastily assembled it to begin her frantic search. The simple scientific contraption skimmed over the ashes’ surface, but it seemed so futile. Soon enough persistence paid off and it started to beep. Kooki scrabbled away at the ashes beneath her feet excitedly. She sighed heavily when the item only revealed itself as a piece of unfamiliar drugs paraphernalia. The tired mother felt so disappointed. As she walked through the remains carefully, pretty much everything had been destroyed.

**11 Hours to go…**

After about an hour of more pointless searching, the device beeped again. Fed up of finding bits of identification lanyards, cogs and broken and burnt machinery, Kooki sighed and once again looked amongst the ashes. The object was relatively small and had a little rusty handle, but the remainder seemed salvageable. She blew the ash off it and confirmed her suspicions.

She had found a key…

But what was it for? …

Suddenly she felt a sharp tap on her shoulder. She spun round and came face to face with a young girl who was at least half Kooki’s age. Unsure what to say, Kooki hoped the other female would speak first.

“Can you ‘elp me, miss?” the young girl asked, sniffling slightly and shaking.

Kooki looked the girl up and down and shook her head.

“Ohh…it’s like that is it…one of ‘em legal people? Too posh to ‘elp someone else?” the latest arrival asked, before turning away.

Kooki felt a deep sadness.

“Look…whatever it is…get out of here…run! It’s full of druggie-types round here.” Kooki exclaimed, nervously.

“Like me?” the girl sniffed again.

Kooki felt a pang on emptiness and loneliness within this troubled female.

She placed a hand on the youngster’s shoulder.

“Course I like you,” she reassured, gently.

The girl let out a laugh, which turned into a nasty hacking cough.

“Nahh! I mean *like me!* I’m one of ‘em ‘types’ you know?” she explained.

The Alderaanian’s heart sank.

“Look! I just want a warm drink an’ a bite to eat. Maybe a bit of spare change? Then I’ll bugger off and leave you ‘lone. Deal?” the girl continued to plead.

Looking into her young troubled eyes, Kooki’s maternal instinct was telling her to help, but at the same time she had reservations as things could quickly escalate and she could be taken advantage of.

“Tell you what. Do this little thing for me, miss and I’ll tell you what you can do with that key. Deal?” came another request and bargaining chip.

The young girl sighed and turned to leave the scene. Kooki held the girls arm. It was so bony and thin. Her hair lacked vibrancy and resembled matted straw. Kooki couldn’t say, but the young girl emitted a stale, yet sickly smell. No one should get to live like this.

Kooki smiled.

“Come on! Let’s find somewhere warm.” She calmly cooed.

Sometimes you just had to take a chance.

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**10 Hours to go…**

Back at the Mimosa-Inahj homestead, Andrelious and Justinios was scanning the household for any sort of remotest clue to Kooki’s whereabouts. The Ektrosis Aedile’s fears had been confirmed when he discovered that his spouse was missing.

“OUCH! FRAK!” Justinios yelled, falling over a pair of scissors on the floor.

The wounded Aleena placed them next to Kooki’s sewing hoop on the arm of the sofa.

It was there he found her cryptic farewell ‘message’.

“Andrel! I found a clue!” he called, whilst rubbing his sore toes.

Andrelious ran down the stairs, almost tripping over his feet.

“What? Where?!” he barked at his colleague, totally ignoring the fact his friend was injured.

Justinios pointed at the sewing hoop.

Andrelious smiled, but this quickly faded into nothingness.

“What?” Justinios asked, perplexed.

“Well it IS a clue. But it doesn’t tell us WHERE she is.” The male Sith sighed.

All he could do was wait…

And hope…

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**10 Hours to go…**

The warming lights. The cosy atmosphere. The inviting smell of food felt so homely. The walk out of the unpleasant part of town was definitely worth it.

Kooki ushered the young girl to head over to the front desk.

“I’d l…l…like a r…r…room…p…p…please? She stuttered.

The woman behind the desk took one look at her and scoffed.

“Someone like you? No chance!” she hissed, rudely.

The young girl returned to Kooki looking downcast and just shook her head.

“Leave it to me!” Kooki whispered.

She headed over to the desk and coughed forcefully.

The woman looked up and spotted the official jacket.

“Oh, hello officer. Can I be of assistance?” she asked, politely.

“Indeed!” stated Kooki, firmly.

“This young girl needs a place to stay. She has nothing. And no one.” she continued.

“And?” replied the receptionist, rudely.

Kooki waved her hand slightly.

“She is welcome to stay here indefinitely without payment!” Kooki ordered.

“She is welcome to stay here indefinitely without payment!” the woman responded, in a monotone voice, lacking any emotion.

A key card was handed over with a menu and Kooki headed back to the young girl who was now smiling.

Just as the duo went past, Kooki handed the receptionist a toffee sweet from her rucksack.

“Just a small gesture of our gratitude,” Kooki smiled, smugly and headed off up the stairs in the hostel with her newly acquired friend.

“Wow, miss! No one ‘as ever done that for me before.” She smiled.

“It’s fine. Don’t mention it.” Kooki coolly replied.

Whilst Kooki was unlocking the room door with the key card, the girl looked puzzled.

“Ere’ miss. Why’d you give ‘er a toffee for?” she asked, a little annoyed.

Kooki let out a chuckle.

“Toffee? What toffee? I always keep a pack of ‘ReLAX’ handy. You know…on days…when I feel a bit…blocked up,” Kooki giggled, pointing at her bottom.

The girl joined in the giggles and the pair walked into the room.

**9 Hours to go…**

**Sometime later…**

The young girl was now freshly showered and looking much fresher after a bowl of warm soup and some fruit juice. Kooki’s nesting had kicked in here too and she had acquired some clean clothes for her new companion (well swiped a pile from the hostel laundry room).

“So…?” Kooki asked.

“I hate to ask…but me and this one are on a tight timescale here,” Kooki explained revealing her bump, in a vain attempt to get the lowdown on this key.

The girl looked saddened once again.

“I…I don’t k…k…know where to b…b…begin…” she stuttered.

Kooki sat down on the bed beside the young girl.

“Why don’t you start by telling me your name…and how you wound up *here,”*

Holding back the tears, the girl’s backstory began to unfold…

“My name is Aquilla Fei… or Aqui as some peeps call me. And I’ve been ‘ere since me ma and pa died.” She began.

“I’m sorry. I’m an orphan too. But that’s a story for another day,” Kooki soothed, empathetically, whilst trying to recall where she knew that surname from.

Aquilla continued…

“It was ‘im who killed ‘em.” She explained as she pointed in the general direction of the rough area of town. Me pa, Prindu Fei was that guy’s assistant. One day ‘e went t’work. Never came ‘ome. I ‘eard it was some ‘test’ ‘e ‘failed’. Me ma tried payin’ t’bills. Shi offered me ma money to ‘elp us out…but at a price. She kept sayin’ no. One day ‘e came round and ‘e took ‘is money’s worth. I can still ‘ear ‘er screaming no at ‘im in me ‘ead. ‘e chucked some notes at ‘er and left…”

Aquilla began to cry.

“T…t…that next mornin’ I found ‘er…And a note. Just four words. ‘Sorry…Love you…Run!’ Me ‘ole life…was now four words. Me pa…dead…me ma…lyin’ in ‘er own blood in t’ bath.”

Kooki held the young girl close and shushed her.

“I were stupid. I got ‘igh on t’ spice stuff. ‘e found me slumped in t’ gutter and made me work for ‘im. ‘e ‘ad me mixin’ all sorts of crap. I over’eard loads of dodgy chats. The day ‘is place went up, he said that night ‘e told me ‘e was gonna see if I was as tight as me ma. That was ‘it. I ran an ‘id in that dodgy tavern place. Bloody awful sorts in there, but better than ‘im. That ain’t sayin’ much believe me, miss. I won’t miss ‘im.” Aquilla carried on.

Kooki hated to say, but with a heavy heart, she braved it and asked the dreaded question.

“And the key? Where does that tie in?” she whispered.

“Ah! ‘bout three weeks ago, I ‘eard ‘im chattin’ on his comm-thing. ‘e was arrangin’ a meet up at some other place, with these dep-box things.” Aquilla explained.

“I think I know of a place!” Kooki jumped up happily.

“Yeah…but we don’t know ‘is box-thing’s number, do we, miss?” the young girl pointed out.

“Oh frak!” the Alderaanian realised.

“We need to work this out!”

“Room service we’ll have some of them nerf noodles. And a large drink!” Kooki boomed.

Aquilla looked at the feisty female in shock and pointed at Kooki’s bump

“Of fruit juice…with SUGAR!” she yelled.

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**6 Hours to go…**

The women had been here ages and whilst resting after food were trying to recall anything of significance either of them had seen whilst in Kagu Shi’s presence. Aquilla was fast asleep, whilst Kooki started to close her eyes, but kept seeing flashbacks of the drugs baron’s claustrophobic office.

*The cupboard. The corpse. The desk. The notepad. The padlock!!!*

Suddenly she remembered, that notepad which had the lock combination on it. The four-digit number. The only thing was she had baby brain and could only remember the first three digits.

“Ah ha!” Kooki shouted, as she sat bolt upright.

“MUM!!!” screamed Aquilla, after a nasty dream.

She quickly came round and hugged Kooki.

“What…what is it? You got it?” she asked.

“Yeah!...Well…most of it…” Kooki muttered.

“Go on…” the young female suggested.

“Two-Four-Three…something…!” the pregnant mother stated, glumly.

Aquilla had suddenly gone very pale.

“FOUR!” she yelled.

“But…how? Why?” Kooki asked.

“That was t’date…t’date ‘e attacked me ma! ‘e said e ‘ad come from the graveyard… mentioned anniversary of ‘is daughter’s death or somethink?”

“Right! To the graveyard then!!” Kooki boomed, excitedly.

They were one bit closer…”

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**4 Hours to go…**

The two women eventually found the graveyard, tucked away in a shadowy area, on the border of the nice area of town and the Dark Sector. After the tiresome task of looking at each individual gravestone, under a huge tree, a couple of isolated graves sat. Some letters and numbers were hard to read, due to the shadowy setting.

*Louizia Shi Senior.- beloved wife of Kagu and mother of Louizia Junior*

*Died in childbirth*

*Aged 20*

*16 ABY*

*Louizia Shi Junior- beloved daughter of Kagu and Louizia Shi Senior*

*Died of an overdose*

*Aged 18*

*2-4-34 ABY*

It seemed rather ironic, a drugs baron’s daughter dying from an overdose, but neither decided to say. And he had actually had had a family. He was getting more deep and mysterious the further the women looked. His wife’s grave was two decades old and moss adorned the back and weeds grew over where her body lay. In contrast, his daughter’s grave was only a couple of years old and in much more kempt condition, and the mound were her body lay looked far fresher.

Now the number for the safety deposit box was confirmed, Kooki and Aquilla headed towards the Dark Sector, leaving the graveyard behind them.

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**3 Hours to go…**

It was almost like a blast from the past. This building looked identical to the one that had burnt down a fortnight ago. Kagu Shi had been determined to overthrow the entire Dark Sector piece by piece.

As expected, the security had drastically increased since the death of the drugs baron. The former lieutenant in charge here was clearly not going to meet the same fate. From a distance, Kooki and Aquilla watched as the guarding Stormtroopers shooting blasters repeatedly at any strangers who failed the interrogation test to attempt to gain entry.

“Let me do the talking,” Kooki hushed.

Aquilla nodded meekly.

Fearfully, the two of them carefully approached.

“Present yourself. Who are you?” asked a Stormtrooper robotically.

“Officers Salida and Prindu. We are no threat.” Kooki stated, waving her hand slightly.

“You are no threat.” Came the expected robotic reply.

“Go on in!” muttered the second Stormtrooper.

The two females entered the facilities cautiously and scanned around.

“That were easy,” whispered Aquilla.

Kooki glared at her new accomplice, which was enough to silence her. They silently snuck around the bustling facilities. It was scarily like the building Kooki had previously burnt down. The security was much greater and still being installed. To the right of them a droid was fitting a fingerprint and eye scanner on entrances. To the left, ID badge prototypes were being created. It looked as though they were in the final stages, so normal business would be able to resume as soon as possible.

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**1 Hour to go…**

Finally, Kooki and Aquilla found the right room. However, it was full of safety deposit boxes. Unbeknown to them, they had been located by the boss of this facility and were being carefully observed.

“Look ‘ere we go. This is one, miss!” Aquilla hissed.

“I wonder what inside it…” She whispered to Kooki.

“HUSH!” Kooki snapped, who was finding crouching rather uncomfortable.

“With ‘is next o’ kin dead…’oo will it belongs to?” the young girl asked, curiously.

“Findies keepsies!” Kooki hushed with a giggle.

“I think you’ll find that’ll be me!” shouted a confident female’s voice.

“Besides…you don’t think he was *that* stupid, do you?” she continued.

The two undercover females spun round.

The girl looked slightly younger than Aquilla, but had clearly tried to make herself look powerful and intimidating.

“You don’t think my dad wouldn’t hide his secret assets in a silly old box do you?” the stranger mused.

*Dad?* Thought Kooki. *But…she’s…dead?*

“Say girls…why the *grave* faces?” she yelled, sarcastically.

*The* ***GRAVE!*** Kooki pondered and stood up properly with excitement at solving the mystery.

Before anyone could say anything, a trickling sound pitter pattered onto the floor below.

“HA! See I’m so scary…I even can make a grown woman piss herself!” Louizia Shi Junior teased.

Kooki looked down.

*FRAK!* She panicked.

She patted her thigh.

*FRAK! FRAK!*

She grabbed Aquilla.

“RRRRUUUUNNN!!!!” Kooki yelled.

**10 Minutes to go…**

The speeder was surprisingly, and thankfully early.

“Back ‘ome for this ‘un!” Aquilla called out to the driver.

Kooki nodded to confirm this.

As the speeder headed towards Kooki’s homestead, she frantically looked for her commlink.

Soon as she did, she contacted Andrelious.

Before she could even say hello, the panicked Sith garbled lots of questions at her.

“Finally. Whereareyou? Wherehaveyoubeen? Beensoworried. Areyousafe?”

“No time to…explain!! Tell…Drake…the…grave!” Kooki stammered.

“What?!” Andrelious asked, puzzled.

“Don’t worry, miss I’ll tell ‘im…well, I’ll tell ‘Drake’ everythin’ I know when we back!” Aquilla explained.

“Who the frak are you?” asked Andrelious, rather rudely.

“Answers! Our answers!...Ouch!” Kooki yelled.

“Kooki? Are you alright?” asked a fearful Andrelious.

“Fill that birthing pool…NOW!” Kooki barked.

The End…Or just the beginning…