

Emere Galo
37ABY
Voidbreaker
0330 Hours

The woman jolted awake from her slumber, her breathing labored as the hair on the back of her neck stood on end. Sitting at the edge of her bed, she placed her head into her trembling hands. Sleep was a luxury she didn't have as of late. "Collective bastards..." She muttered as she stood up from her bed. Her hand extended to her nightstand, fingers grasping the datapad laying on the surface. 0332 Hours. Shit.

A sigh escaped her lips as she set it down, deciding it was a good hour to do some physical training. Swiftly, she grabbed a towel, a change of clothes and headed for the Voidbreaker's training room.

The room was empty, which was Emere's best element. Air filled her lungs, alleviating the feeling of suffocation she felt in her room.

"Why don't you scream?!" Doctor Ikere'Rin'Desori demanded, before jamming a needle into Emere's spine.

Not a few seconds later she gave in, letting out a blood curdling scream.

Her eyes searched the area before setting her stuff down next to the nearest weight-lifting bench. She began a warming up with a few stretches, eventually working her way to push-ups. The plan was to move onto a more intense exercise, but she mindlessly kept going.

"Yes! Good specimen! The serum I've injected you with attacks the nervous system to make you feel excruciating pain. I've nearly perfected the timing of it." The female Chiss explained as though explaining a prescription drug to a patient through the screams, soon muffled by the hand of the large Kiffar guard standing nearby.

Soon she was covered in a sheen of sweat, controlled breaths entering and leaving her lungs.

"Hey there." A disembodied feminine voice said, immediately grabbing Emere's attention.

The mercenary scrambled to her feet, a bit of vertigo washing over her as she got view of the person who spoke. It was Eevie. The pair had become something like friends with benefits. Nothing more.

"Dammit Eevie, don't you know better than to not sneak up me like that?" Her fear had subsided into mild irritation.

“I was just checking in on you, no need to be a grump about it. You weren’t in your room...” The sephi shrugged. “Why are you up so early?”

“Doesn’t matter.” She retorted, turning her attention to the weight bench. “I should be asking you the same thing.”

“Alrighty... Well. Do you need a sparring partner? I happen to know a bit of martial arts.”

Metal began clinking against the bar as Emere began adding weights to it. “No. Don’t you have someone else you can bother?”

Eevie shifted uncomfortably, her eyes looking toward the human. “Emere. Please Look at me.”

At the sound of her name, her gaze snapped toward the sephi. “What.”

“I won’t pretend to know what you went through, but let me know how can help. Please. As your friend, I worry for you...”

“Don’t worry about me. I’ll be fine.”

Eevie wasn’t keen on taking no for an answer, despite being in front of the most stubborn person in the galaxy. “Here. I want to show you something.” The sephi reached out and grabbed Emere’s hand.

“Fine. But make it quick.”

Eevie rolled her eyes and pulled Emere along to the unknown destination.

“Eyes closed.”

A look of disapproval appeared on her face. “You’re pushing it—”

“Just...” The pilot interrupted a small grin on her face. “Do it. No peeking!”

Reluctantly, Emere closed her eyes, wondering where in the world the sephi was taking her. “If you’re taking me to your dungeon, at least tie my hands in front of me.”

“Hush, you!” Eevie couldn’t help but giggle at the thought.

They traveled through the Voidbreaker for a short while, Eevie leading the way while Emere kept her eyes closed. It wasn’t long before they arrived.

“Alright,” Eevie said after a door swished open, the pair stepping through, Eevie releasing her hand. “Open!”

They were on one of the starboard decks, a crisp clear view of the stars as they slowly drifted by.

“See?!”

Emere nodded quietly, taking in a view she hadn't seen in a while. She spent most of her time working or running around she didn't get a chance to stand still and... enjoy a view.

“Such a vast sea of stars! One of the reasons why I love piloting. It's beautiful.”

“Yeah,” she said absentmindedly, remembering the days on Coruscant where here and her father would stargaze on the roof of the building they lived in. She wondered what her father would think about everything she was doing. In her own mind, he would be angry with her for the life she chose, but the reality was, the man rarely got angry. Just as level-headed as could be. No matter the shit she did. However, what the Collective had done to her... the old man was probably rolling in his grave.

The screams ceased after few minutes, which felt like an eternity. Her face had turned red from the result of the serum, but it was still causing pain, but none she couldn't handle. While her hands were behind her back, she noticed they were wet. Probably from the sheer force she used clenching her fist.

“Are you going to tell me?” The doctor picked up a scalpel

“...no...” She struggled out, feeling as though she was going to pass out any second.

“Hm. Very well then. You are no longer of use to me, I'm sure your loyalty will be duly noted amongst the Brotherhood.” The doctor yanked her hair, revealing her throat, the scalpel being placed against her jugular. The blade made a small nick before they were alerted by an intrusion alarm. “What the—”

The guard put two fingers to his ear listening through comms. “It's the Brotherhood.”

“Don't you just hate that?” Eevie pulled Emere from her thoughts.

“Huh what?” She rubbed the front of her neck, the small mark nearly gone.

“You weren't listening.” The sephi said, defeated.

“Sorry. Zoned out.” Emere shrugged it off, folding her arms over her chest. “Pretty view. But what were you saying?”

“Not being free—don't you hate it?”

“Of course I hate it.” Her brow furrowed. *What the hell kind of question was that?*

“I was a slave before... it was awful.”

This surprised Emere, her heart sinking. She would much rather die than to be a slave. More importantly, it made her burn that someone enslaved someone as kind as Eevie. If anything she herself deserved to have been enslaved. All the shit she's done. “I'm sorry. Dirty bastards.”

“I know what they did to me was horrible.... But what The Collective did to you was awful too... and I'm here for you if you want to talk.”

Emere nodded solemnly, not feeling up for some kind of heart-to-heart. “Thanks.”

“Sure!” The sephi smiled at her friend, leaning in to kiss her cheek.

“If you don't mind now, I have weights to lift.”

“My offer still stands just so you know. Sparring seems like it would be fun with you.”

“Wouldn't you know?” A devious smirk stretched Emere's lips to one corner. “Maybe some other time.”

“Deal!” The sephi piped, watching as the human turned away.

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Forty-three. Forty-four. Forty-five—

A small blue figure stood beside Emere, arms folded across her chest and a strong look of disapproval. Leeadra was wanting the human to rest, this was not resting.

A barrage of explosions and other sounds became faint as she became dizzy and eventually fell limp...

“Is there a pulse?!” Lee demanded as Emere's unconscious was being examined by Rhy lance.

“Yes, it is faint, however. Leeadra, leave now. I will take care of her.” His red eyes met the pantoran's. “I must work to keep her alive. Time is of the essence.”

"I'm not leaving," she said with resolve, her eyes stern.

Rhylance looked over her shoulder and ushered Alaisy and Eevie to remove Leeadra with a tilt of his head. It wasn't easy, but Leeadra was eventually removed from the infirmary.

"Anything I can help with?" Alaisy asked the doctor, a stoic expression on her face as she studied Emere's form. There were a few superficial wounds she saw, but it was clear there was something beneath the surface that was making Rhylance move so swiftly.

"No. She has been poisoned. I have administered the antidote."

The woman waved a hand over Emere's bruised face, the bruises and scrapes clearing almost instantly. "Let me know. I'll work to keep Leeadra away. She's scared."

Before the chiss could respond, Emere's heart flatlined. Quickly, he tore her shirt, and applied a gel and grabbed the defibrillator, initiating the first charge.

Nothing.

Again.

Still nothing.

Once more.

The pulse came back, but it was still faint. The doctor would have to help her heart from the inside. "I will need you after all." He looked to Alaisy.

"Fine by me."

—

Hours went by, but to Leeadra it felt like days. Eevie paced nervously back and forth in front of the med-bay while Lee was sitting on a nearby bench, clenching and unclenching her jaw.

"How did something like this happen?" Eevie asked absentmindedly.

"I don't know." And she frankly didn't care right now. She only cared her apprentice was breathing.

The door of the med bay swished open and both Eevie and Leeadra hurried to see Rhylance and Alaisy. Rhylance was hard to read, but Alaisy looked pale... well paler than usual.

“Emere will be fine. I will keep her here overnight and monitor her carefully. Her heart was attacked by a slow poison however her neuro system was being attacked by a strange but familiar serum. Whoever did this was intending to kill.”

“I thought they wanted her healthy and well,” Lee retorted tiredly. “Can we see her?”

“Of course.”

Emere sat up from the bench, grabbing her towel, drying her damp face. “Yes?”

“You’re supposed to be resting. Rhy lance said no extraneous activities for at least two weeks. Your heart stopped. Twice. This is not up for debate.”

“I’m fine, Leeadra.”

“That remains to be seen. Did they hit you in the head too? You keep disobeying orders.”

“A couple more days won’t make a difference. If my heart was going to do something it would have done so already. How’d you know I was here? Are you spying on me?”

“I’m making sure your ass is alive and well. No discussion. I will cut your credits.”

“Credits won’t matter if I’m dead—”

“Emere.” The pantoran master warned.

“Alright. Fine.” She scowled, gathering her things.

“Go clean up and meet me in the med-bay. If Rhy lance says you’re okay, then that will determine what you do with your time.”

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“Hm.” The chiss put a thumb and index finger on his chin, while studying the chart that had a detailed analysis of Emere’s heart. “Your heart has spiked to abnormal rates several times during your sleep cycles... Panic attacks combined with PTSD,” he concluded.

“What does that mean?” Lee asked, not a breath later.

“She is reliving her experiences.”

“I know what it means, but her heart, Rhy lance.”

“Her heart will be fine. Surprisingly, her heart rate doesn’t go beyond the attacks during exercise and... other things.”

“Other things?” Lee turned to Emere, a hand on her hip.

Emere had a surprised look on her face. “No idea what that means.”

“Sexual activities.” Rhy lance stated. “The signature is unmistakable.”

“Who me? I couldn’t get a Hutt to sleep with me,” she chortled. “That’s neither of your business, however.”

Leeadra rested her forehead in the palm of her hand and let out a sigh. “Emere...”

“My heart is fine? Great.” The human began getting up, stretching.

“A moment,” Rhy lance said, turning to a cabinet, then returned with a small pill capsule. “Take one before you sleep. If you have an episode again, return to me immediately.”

“You heard the doc. No debates this time.”

“Alright, alright. I’ll go if I have to... but quit worrying about me, Lee.”

“I make no promises.”

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0600 Hours

The mess hall was quiet, save for the chatter of a few crew members and clinking of utensils. Emere ventured to get herself a hot meal, that meal being shaak roast. She sat at a vacant table, and began to eat quietly.

“There you are,” a voice said behind her, a gloved hand resting on her shoulder. Emere glanced up and saw it was Alaisy.

“Hey.”

“Why the long face?”

“Haven’t you realized my face is stuck like that.”

“Not so.” The woman invited herself to sit next to Emere. “When you were unconscious your face was quite beautiful... not that permanent scowl you wear like a tattoo. I see why Eevie is drawn to you.”

Emere shrugged at the thought. “I’m not much to look at, really. And we’re just friends.”

“I know, but if you play with fire long enough, you’ll eventually get burned.”

Perplexed Emere looked at the tall woman. “What do you mean?”

Alaisy raised a brow and smirked.

“No.” She said in response, having an inclination of where Alaisy was taking the conversation.

“Well... she might pull at your heart strings.”

Emere scoffed. “No.”

“My point still stands. Once feelings become apparent— “

“I know. Shit starts getting muddy.” She said rolling her eyes and taking a mouthful of the shaak stew.

Sensing Emere wasn't interested in the topic, Alaisy decided to ask about The Collective.

“Anyhow... what happened that night? How'd you end up in Collective hands?”

Emere chewed slowly, then swallowed, gazing off into nowhere. “A story for another time. I will have to tell Leeadra first. As pissed as she was... she didn't pry and I appreciate that about her. But if I don't tell her first, she will ask and I better be ready to tell.”

“Fair. You doing alright otherwise? Rhy lance kept me posted on your status.”

That shit-eating weasel. “Patient confidentiality have any meaning to that prick?”

“I'm afraid not. You know he has no tact but I'll make sure it doesn't get around.”

The woman nodded. “And I've been coping. Keeping myself busy without a certain pantoran glancing over my shoulder every few hours... especially the first week. Started exercising to shake off the attacks— which I'm sure you know of.”

Alaisy nodded, combing through her long ponytail with her fingers. “That was the most worrying.”

“I’ll be fine.” Emere assured her. “Sleep just isn’t a coping mechanism for me.”

“What do you besides the exercise?”

“Clean my gun, listen to music... soft melodies that the old man used to listen to.”

“Your father?”

“Mhm. But he’s long gone now.” She took another bite of her stew. She wished everyone could meet him. Sure, in appearance they were similar, but the way she acted versus her father was nearly a stark contrast.

“Good man?”

“That’s an understatement. He wasn’t anything like me. Never angry. Kind to everyone... stern when he needed to be. Responsible. The man was damn-near perfect.”

Alaisy let out a laugh. “Then what happened to you?”

“I chose a life of crime instead.” She said simply.

Alaisy was curious to know more but it was a conversation better suited for something over drinks. “Want to join me in the Canteen later? I’d like to see what those soft melodies sound like.”

“Sure.”

“It’s a date then.” The tall woman stood from her seat, striding towards the exit.

“Wait what? A date— “

Before she could finish, the woman was gone, Emere left alone to finally eat in peace.

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