

# The Day Of...

Entry for CSP Celebration Fiction comp  
By Shadow Palpatine Nighthunter  
11405

---

## Judecca Station

The blaring sound of an alarm going off was heard in a dark bedroom before being silenced abruptly. From beneath a blanket, a hand had reached out and placed itself on the silence button before withdrawing back into the shadows. Not long after, the blankets were gently thrown off as a tired Empress protested with a soft groan. Trying to get herself to full awaken, Shadow Nighthunter stretched her arms before combing her fingers through her hair. It was another day, and just like every other day, she had duties to attend to. Today, of course, was a special occasion.

“Ugh...ceremonies. I hate ceremonies,” she muttered, the Sith fighting off the temptation to pull the blanket back as she slowly slid herself up into sitting position. It was true. Shadow hated ceremonies. Not so much for attending them, as she could find a corner away from people. Hosting them, however, didn’t allow her any escape. That, and she’d have to give a speech.

“Momma...”

The gentle voice of a child disturbed her thoughts, and the Sith looked down at the three year-old gazing up at her. The youngest of the twins had his arms wrapped around her forearm as his head also rested against it. Shadow couldn’t help but smile, the single mother leaning down and kissing the top of his head. “Hey, Arty. How are you, buddy?”

“Tired,” was his simple reply, a yawn escaping the child’s lips as proof.

“Tired, huh? Well, you and your brother kept wanting to hear more stories last night. Soooooo...”

Before he could react, the boy was pulled into his mothers arms and fell prey to a tickle attack. Artorias squirmed and squealed, trying to writhe his way out of his mother’s tight grasp. The sound woke up the eldest twin, Deus’s silver eyes opening as he tried to figure out what had disturbed his sleep. His mother took notice, ending her tickle barrage with Artorias as she then scruffed her other son’s hair. “Morning, kiddo. Did you have pleasant dreams?”

Deus nodded, a huge grin forming on his lips as he then crawled into his mother's lap despite Artorias' disapproval. The Warlord chuckled, pulling her son into a tight hug between the three. "Oh, you two. I know I'd like to spend more time with you, but..."

Shadow sighed, wishing her duties of Empress didn't take her away from her sons so much. "But I have to attend a party. A big one. It's part of work."

Both twins looked up at her, and the disappointment in their eyes cut her deeply. Shadow knew her sons needed her, and she wanted to give them the care and love they needed more than anything. Had they their father, then at least they would have one parent to give them the attention they deserved.

Yet, Shadow couldn't let that distract her from what mattered, and she hardened her heart. The half-Sephi swung her legs over the side, and let the boys slide down onto their feet on the floor. "Let's get you a quick breakfast so I can get ready."

---

When breakfast was made and the twins fed, Shadow focused on getting ready for the award ceremony. She took a quick shower, got dried up, brushed her long, brunette hair, and tried to figure out what she was going to wear to the ceremony. Much to her distaste, she forced herself to give up her usual cloak and inquisitorius robes in exchange for the Dark Sage Sith Armor she had recently acquired. Such armor was a sign of strength and a representation of Sith legacy she hoped to follow.

"I just hope this will be appropriate for a ceremony. I guess I should make a request for something more...regal."

A whine of disapproval was heard, and Shadow turned from the armor stand to find Loki behind her. "I know. I've never done regal before. But I'm not the huntress out in the woods chasing wildlife and picking berries. I have to look the part."

The Anooba growled, though not in a threatening manner. "I know, Loki. I know. Trust me, I miss those days. But...I do what I must. I do what I must to keep them safe."

The Sith looked back at the armor. "If I can keep the clan strong, then Artorias and Deus can be kept safe as they grow. That's what matters to me. The safety and strength of the Empire...and the safety of my sons."

The beast whined and quickly nudged her hand before licking it. Shadow maneuvered her fingers to the top of his head and pet him. "As a parent, you do what you have to do, Loki. I know I haven't...done a great job since I became Empress, but I'm doing my best. I can't afford to fail. There will not be a repeat. This Empire will rise, and it'll rise all the stronger from its struggles. It...it has to. I can't fail the clan like I failed their father."

A sharp bark escaped the canine's muzzle, and he nipped the Sith's hand. The Empress nodded. "You're right. Today is not a day for regret and mourning. It's a day of celebrating the accomplishments of my brothers and sisters."

The Sith ruffled the beast's ears. "Go on. Make sure Tsume is behaving himself," she ordered, knowing the young Arx wolf was probably up to mischief.

Once the Anooba had left, Shadow got changed into some clothes before putting the armor on. When she had put the last piece on, she reached for her cloak only to find it gone. A soft giggle alerted her to the thief behind her. A smile appeared on her lips, and the Empress shook her head in amusement. "I sense a little thief trying to steal from the Empress. The punishment iiiiiiis..."

In one swift motion, she spun around with her arm swinging around the intruder hidden within the stolen cloth. "Tickles!" she declared, delivering the punishment as Artorias' laughter filled the air.

"Thought you could steal from me, did you? No one steals from the Empress and gets away with it!"

"RAAAAA!"

Deus was suddenly upon his mother's leg, the little hero trying to save his younger brother. Their mother just laughed, and before she knew it, found herself on the floor with the twins on top. "Alright! You win! You win!"

The Deus giggled with delight as Artorias removed the cloak from his head. The Warlord sighed contentedly and held the boys close to her. "Oh, you two rascals. It'll be a miracle if I ever get to the ceremony at this rate."

The half-Sephi shrugged. "Oh well. Maybe it'll be a good excuse I can use to avoid giving a speech. Besides, speeches are overrated anyways."