What-If

Raziel

11584

Tython Squadron

House Sunrider

Clan Odan-Urr

Coruscant

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Smoke and the sickly sweet smell of spilled alcohol filled the nightclub as surely as its patrons, and filled it was. Packed to the brim with some of the Galaxy’s youthful elite, the popup dancehall was as much a place to be seen as it was an entertainment venue.

Of course, places like this, especially considering the clientele, needed security. That was where Raziel filled in. Elbow to elbow with bodyguards, he stood observing the crowd. More importantly however, he was also observing the door. Such a thing was pretty easy given his existence as a Miraluka. His Force Sight afforded him the ability to track so much more than his impromptu colleagues.

“You a Mando?” A Weequay asked, leaning in so he didn’t have to shout over the electronic music. “You look like a Mandalorian.”

Raziel shook his head. “No, but if I had a cred,” he said, and let it hang. He’d long ago given up taking that particular question too seriously.

“You could buy a ship, amirite?”

To that, Raziel nodded. “And not just any ship, a big Corellian one,”

The Weequay offered his hand in response. “Kex, by the way,”

“Raziel,” he replied, took Kex’s hand, and shook. “You working for a guest or for the organizers?”

“Guest,” Kex answered, vaguely gesturing. “Daughter of a senator from Ryloth. They’ve taken big strides in breaking the sexualization of their women, but she’s putting them a few steps back.”

Raziel shrugged, but he still clocked the Twi’lek girl. “Kids need a chance to blow steam, I wouldn’t worry about it. When I was a kid, well, let’s just say if the Empire had caught me, I wouldn’t be here today.”

“That bad?”

“Worse,”

“Wish I coulda seen it. Now I gotta live vicariously through these kids, and to be honest, anymore I’m kinda glad I’m not one,”

Raziel snickered at that. “Kex, you and me both. I wouldn’t be caught dead dancing like that.”

“My legs would give out before I’d get around to the dancing proper,” Kex quipped, and then shifted conversational gears. “You getting good cred from the organizers? My company is always looking for talent,”

Raziel shrugged noncommittally. “It’s good enough to get me to the next planet, that’s all I’m worried about,”

“Suit yourself. Oooh, check out what just came in the door!” Kex’s volume was controlled, but it was clear his excitement wasn’t.

Shifting his focus that direction, Raziel immediately saw what Kex had pointed out. While he couldn’t see her the same way those with light based vision could, he could still see something. What he saw was enough to give him a good long pause.

A bright, vibrant aura surrounded a woman, leaving her shining brightly in the sea of stars that was the nightclub. More than that, it was the way she moved. There was a swing in her hips to her delicate steps, but her stride was so very confident. Whoever she was, she was already owning the room.

“Straighten up, she’s coming our way,” Kex said excitedly. “Zeltron by the looks of her,”

This mystery woman wasted absolutely no time, coming directly up to the two men and then sizing Raziel up. “I’m looking for you I think,”

Her words were as honey sweet as her walk, and that’s all it took to catch Raziel’s full attention. “I think you are. Let me buy you a drink and we can talk about it,”

Sadly, it became clear in an instant that she wasn’t there for the reason Raz had hoped she was. “Oh, no. I’m happily married. No, I’m here for business. I *will* take that drink if you’re still offering.”

“Yeah, sure,” Raz replied, disappointed. “What’ll you have?”

“Same thing you’re having. I’m Zeltron so it doesn’t much matter how strong it is,” She answered, but paused halfway to the drink droid. “Oh, where are my manners? I’m Aura.”

“Raziel,”

“Raziel, what are you doing with your life?” It wasn’t a question in the traditional sense. She sounded more like an exasperated parent than anything else.

“Making enough cred to see the galaxy. I’ve got a ship to maintain and I enjoy eating a few times a week,” he answered wryly.

Aura took a drink from the droid, sipped at it, and then fully regarded Raziel again. Her eyes traveled up and down, and by the feel of her gaze, she was busy staring into his soul. “You’re a Force User,”

“Yeah, I’m Miraluka, we all are,” he deflected.

“No, a real one. Not just using it to see. You can touch it, not just sense it. You’ve been doing it a while too,”

“Okay lady, listen,” Raz began, not liking where things were going. “If you keep up this line of conversation, we’re going to get more attention than I’d like. So, if you’re here to pitch me something then you’re gonna have to cover my night’s wages or else you’re gonna have to wait.”

“Fair enough,” Aura replied. “Let’s get out of here,”

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“So, as you may imagine, the Jedi could use someone like you,” Aura said, her tone one of calm patience, with an undercurrent of hope to her words. She spoke these words on a bench near the spaceport, the night sky this high up full of stars.

Raz glared almost hatefully at his takeout box of nerf and noodles. A deep breath, and then he spoke. “Listen, Aura, the Jedi are as bad as the Sith. Dogmatic adherence creates fanaticism, and fanaticism creates trouble. I’m not too keen on the idea of trouble, not one bit. My blade is better served elsewhere,”

“Like where? I’ve been following your work. You remind me of the Paladins in the ancient stories. You work to help the common folk, the people that are largely ignored by the galaxy at large. I’m offering you a chance to keep doing just that, but with a budget, access to materials, the whole thing,”

Another bite of his noodles and another quiet breath; Raz measured his words, that was for sure. “And live collared to the Jedi order? No thanks lady,”

Aura shook her head, never losing that famed Jedi patience. “You wouldn’t be collared to anything, that’s what I’m trying to tell you. We *want* you to keep doing what you do, we’re just able to help you do it more efficiently.”

“Yeah, that’s how it starts,” Raz retorted. “My Master told me all I needed to hear about how the Jedi rope people in. It’s all fine and dandy at first, and then little by little, they’re changing you, turning you into a completely emotionless being, and suddenly, you’re ignoring what you’ve set out to do because ‘the Force guides us, and we must follow it’. Well, sorry, but that’s not how I operate. I refuse to give up any part of who I am.”

“I can see this is getting us nowhere. I’ll give you my comm frequency if you change your mind,” Aura said with a sigh. “Until which time, I wish you good luck, and may the Force be with you.”

“You’ll need it,” a voice called out in the distance. Aura paused, and Raz could feel the chill roll down her spine.

“Long way from home, aren’t you Plagueian?” Aura called out, even as she rose with her hand against her lightsaber. Such a thing was enough to get Raz moving as well. He came up from his seat and reached behind him, where he kept his own lightsaber concealed.

“Worth the trip to bring your head back with me,” he called out, still striding forward. A quick gesture and his crimson blade erupted from its hilt, illuminating the empty spaceport lobby with an angry red hue. “Your friend there, just a bonus.”

“I’m not her friend, Sith,” Raz spat that last word out, even as he ignited his own icy blue blade. “Not yours either, so get moving.”

“Gladly,” the hostile visitor said, dashing towards them with Force charged speed.

“Stang!” Raz swore. Whoever Plagueian was, they were damn fast. Faster than he’d expected. Fortunately, Aura wasn’t idle, bringing her blue lightsaber up to bear and dashing in to engage.

The pair exchanged blows, the humming and barking of their blades echoing through the empty port. Nearby, Raziel watched for a moment, but then doused his own blade.

“Hell with it,” He said with a shrug. “This is why I don’t get involved, right here.”

Quietly, he walked away, ignoring the mortal duel happening right behind him. Each booted step took him further and further from the fight, and closer to his ship. Glad she’d paid up front, he had more than enough credits to skip out to the mid-rim, where people weren’t as hostile.

“I’ll be after you next,” The Plagueian called out, seeming to have no real trouble combating Aura. “Don’t think I’m done with you!”

Raz merely raised his left hand, giving a truly obscene salute, and kept walking along his path, away from that nonsense.