It was a cold, clear morning. The sun had already started its journey across the sky, its light enough to wake Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj. The Sith groggily began to recall where he was, as well as the events that had led him there.

Andrelious couldn’t move. The larger creature next to him had him pinned effectively. All the Sith could do was make the most of the fact that his captor was resting, as evidenced by the continued snoring. If she woke up in the wrong sort of mood, Andrelious would be doomed.

As he lay down, the former Imperial allowed himself to relax a little, even as scared as he was. He knew that he had at most an hour before the slumbering being awoke. When she did awake, Andrelious would find himself firmly in her sights.

Remaining fairly still, Andrelious looked around for something to do. He started to count some nearby objects, but soon felt himself drifting off to sleep. He quickly stopped; he didn’t want to be asleep when the moment came. The Sith could sense his twin daughters, Poppy and Etty, were asleep nearby. He smiled as he remembered tucking the twins into bed the previous evening.

*At least the girls won’t see me like this. I don’t quite know what they’d think about it!*

The Rollmaster pushed his worry to the back of his mind. He was now fully awake, but still almost completely unable to move. He knew he had to be ready for almost anything at all times.

The sleeping female’s snoring ceased. With a groan, she started to awake, immediately feeling for Andrelious. The ex-Imperial froze, allowing his captor to touch him as she pleased.

“Mmm. I love how available you make yourself, babe,” the female said in a very tired voice.

Andrelious was almost relieved. A suggestive comment in the morning meant that Kooki was in a fairly good mood. When she wasn’t in such good spirits, the comments were far ruder and more aggressive, even to the point that the Alderaanian would threaten to hurt or kill Andrelious. That was why the former Imperial was so terrified of his spouse. He had seen a lot in the near half century that he had lived. The rise and fall of Empires and Republics, death and destruction on a fantastic scale, even the life or death situation of being in the middle of a battlefield. None of those fazed the Sith anything like as much as when Kookimarissia Mimosa-Inahj was annoyed. As he often thought to himself, an angry Kooki was far worse than even ten thousand Death Stars. Death Stars had a weakness. Kooki never seemed to.

Sighing, Andrelious got ready for the most important thing he would say all day. What he said now always defined exactly what kind of time the Mimosa-Inahj family were in for. As he started to think about what to say, Poppy and Etty came bustling in.

“Good morning, darling. What would you like for breakfast?” the male asked.

Kooki’s reaction was positive.

Andrelious would survive another day.