

Emere Galo
Voidbreaker
Emere's Room
7 Hours Before Ship Heist

Emere sat at her desk, an unlit cigarra resting between her lips as she reassembled her new A280C blaster rifle after a rigorous inspection. It was in the best condition it could be from the box. There were a few gripes she had with minor manufacture imperfections, but fixing those things could wait. There was a certain ship that was calling her name and there was plenty of gear she still needed to cover.

A call came through her wrist-comm, tearing her away from her work. It was from Eevie. She'd have to learn how to put the damn thing on silent. Reluctantly, she responded, pulling the cigarra from her mouth, and in a monotone voice answering, "Yes?"

[Are you just gonna stay cooped up in your room for the rest of the night?] the disembodied voice asked from the device.

"Mhm." The Yeoman resumed her work, adjusting the scope of her weapon to the desired location. Lifting the weapon up, she aimed, peering down the sights to assure everything lined up.

[Riiiiight.... so what are you doing anyway?]

"Cleaning my gear. Making sure I keep myself and everyone else alive. And spill an obscene amount of blood."

[Dark. And my god, so boring! Get down here so I can beat you in Sabacc.]

The challenge piqued Emere's interest a tad. "I'll think about it. I'm trying to save some credits up."

[I'll go easy on you, I promise,] Eevie said in a sing-song voice.

She paused her work, putting the cigarra between her lips again, reaching over her desk to look for her lighter. *Where the hell did I put that thing?* The drawers and cubbies were searched thoroughly, but still, no luck. Smoking wasn't her vice of choice, though she did it a few times a year in honor of her father or intense missions.

[Emere? Are you still there?]

"Mm hm," she said, her voice muffled as she continued to search.

[Well I'll be in the Canteen. We should grab some drinks.]

Yet another tempting offer. But it was definitely a bad idea. “Don’t you think we should—? Ah! Found you, little shit.” Her question shifted to exclamation as she found the small metallic lighter, flipping it open with a small *clink* and *flick* as she lowered the cigarra to light it. Inhaling, smoke filled her lungs, causing a small burn that would have made her cough a decade ago.

[Don't I think we should do what?] The pilot nudged Emere.

“Right. Yeah. Maybe we shouldn’t... fraternize so much.”

[Why?]

“I have to focus. We have to get this ship.”

[Are you saying I'm a distraction?] Eevie teased lightly, her voice a bit softer than before.

The Human, too prideful to admit anything near the truth, said a simple, “No.”

[Liar.]

“Whatever. The mission comes first.”

[Oh you're one of those. Gross. Anyway, I'll let you be grumpy by yourself. My invitation is always open if you change your mind.]

The comm went silent a moment later, Emere finally able to enjoy the cigarra while cleaning and inspecting her gear. This routine was something that stuck with her for many years. The method may have been boring to most, but that never bothered her. It allowed her time to reminisce and think of her daughter, her parents, and past lovers.

Criminal life was deadly; her parents and lovers were painful reminders of this. This should have been motivation to stay away. It *should* have been. However, nothing was ever so simple. Morra was still out there, so sitting on her rear, idle, wasn’t an option. The Yeoman respected the Brotherhood because it allowed for a diverse group of people. Force and Non-Force users alike. Good. Evil. People only ever fell into one overarching category in the gangs and cartels: murderers. She didn’t have to kill in cold blood to be an initiate of the Brotherhood.

Leaning forward, the mercenary set her all-purpose hydrosponder on her desk, shifting items about to recover her datapad. She ashed her cigarra, then placed it back into her mouth as she pulled up a picture of a young girl with hair as dark as her own and light blue eyes— a trait inherited from her father. A small smile crept up on her lips as she thought about how happy the young girl was in the photo. Unfortunately, the smile faded quickly. There was work that needed

to be done before she could see that girl smile again. Before Emere herself had the luxury of smiling again.

Setting the datapad aside, she blew out a sigh, both elbows resting on the desk as she pushed her hands into her loose hair. *Would it be possible to find her daughter after ten years? Would she recognize her? Would Morra forgive her? For the abandonment?*

A soft knock sounded thunderous in the Yeoman's ears, startling her away from her thoughts. Steeling herself, she pushed her chair back and made her way to her door. "I said I didn't want to be bothered—" her complaining soon came to a halt as the door swished open. She was expecting Eevie or even Leeadra, but the expectation dissipated when a curly redhead was revealed. "Oh. What do you want?"

"Hello to you too, dear. No need to be so hostile." The taller woman tilted her head to the side slightly in curiosity. "Am I interrupting something?"

"Maybe. You wouldn't be the first tonight."

"May I?" The Sith gestured with her hand toward the inside of Emere's cabin. "I will only take a few moments."

Had this been some other person, Emere would have shut the door on their face. Regardless of how she felt, Lucine was still considered her superior. The Yeoman was sure there were ways the taller woman could make her life a living hell. "Alright. Just don't put your pretty fingers on anything."

"I assure you, darling, nothing you own interests me. It is quite tasteless."

"That's how I like it," she retorted as she closed the door.

"Not to worry, I have a plan to rectify that."

Lucine examined Emere's room curiously. It was a wonder that someone as hot-tempered as Emere kept their living space so clean. Her bed was made, her clothes were neatly folded, and most miscellaneous items were stored away, save for minor items on her dresser. The only place that wasn't in order was her desk. There was a faint smell of smoke, though the Aedile chose to ignore it. "Have you been working on your gear?"

Emere nodded, leaning up against a wall in a defensive posture as she watched Lucine explore. "Have to."

There was silence for a moment before Lucine turned to the mercenary. "I am glad you are well."

Rhylance informed me of the things you went through. For that, I am deeply sorry.”

The merc grunted and shrugged. “It was my own damn mistake. Nothing to cry over.”

“Very well. I have to ask you something.”

“Shoot.”

“The other night, clearly Rhy said something to upset you. Mind clarifying why?”

The Chiss had said several things to upset Emere, but there was only one Lucine witnessed. Emere let out a sigh and looked towards the metallic floor.

“Don’t worry, darling, this will stay between us.”

Skeptical Emere narrowed her dark eyes. “Why do you want to know?”

“Curiosity, of course. There is no gain here.”

Emere knew the knowledge Lucine had, being an information broker and all... that could be useful. “Fine. But if it gets around like wildfire, I’ll know who it was.”

Lucine’s emerald eyes met Emere’s intensely. “You have my word.”

“Tali lost her child from the attack... it resonated with me. Only because,” she hung her head, her arms folded tightly, her muscles terse. She was clearly uncomfortable. “I know what it’s like losing a daughter. She went missing years ago and your boyfriend’s ridiculous question about a *fracking* nursery pissed me off. I was ready to end the *sculag*. I’m surprised Tali didn’t do it her damn self. Whether it be a game or not, he was way out of line. And he was lucky all he got was tossed. If it were me, I wouldn’t have been so nice.”

“I see,” Lucine said thoughtfully. “Your daughter, is she still missing? Or has she passed?”

“Missing,” Emere said firmly, her eyes snapping to Lucine’s, despite not having proof either way. “I haven’t stopped looking.”

“‘Years’ sounds like it has been quite a long time. Anything could have happened. Do you think perhaps your pursuit may be in vain? Especially without any resources to aid you?”

“No.”

“How optimistic,” the redhead stated truthfully.

The mercenary couldn't deny the truth of her statement, so she decided to simply ask to see where it may go. "You were able to get the dossiers on the Collective prisoners I interrogated, do you think you could find something on a Morra Galo?"

"I suppose I could do a bit of digging. But on one condition..."

Emere had a feeling that something like this wouldn't be so easy. She inhaled and held her breath and braced herself for the worst.

"You must go shopping with me, dearie. This wardrobe has to go. It is dreadful."

Frowning, the dark-haired Human stared at Lucine. "Any alternatives? I need to save credits."

"Not to worry, I have plenty. So do we have a deal, dear?"

"Fine," she muttered. *Hope it's not House funds*, she thought.

A satisfied smile on her lips, Lucine decided to end their encounter. "Well, I suppose there is no need for me to take more of your time. Good luck on the mission, Emere."

"Yeah. Don't break a nail waiting."

Once the tall redhead left, Emere returned to her desk, extinguishing the cigarra that was still lit. There was hope Lucine would find something, and then there was pessimism that she wouldn't find anything. Or she could make Emere her pet. As distasteful the thought was, maybe it was the price she would have to pay.