

**Alaisy Tir'eivra**  
**The Sinchi Ring**  
**Docked at Giletta Spaceport**  
**Eight hours before the great ship heist**

The shower was cold, ice-cold even and that's how she preferred it. This was the time she would start planning her entire day, that precious moment where she just let the water rush over her, clearing her mind and allowing her a complete reset.

She always woke up early and today was no exception. There was a frack-load of cargo piled up in her shuttle just waiting to be inspected. Alaisy not only reached Knighthood but also created her lightsaber with the parts she had to find in the Sinchi Ring in Estle City. The credits that came with the promotion were spent only minutes after receiving them so she could order all the ordinance she had planned out to purchase weeks ago.

After showering, she dried her hair and then pulled it into a neat high-ponytail. Alaisy picked up her latex suit that she vigorously cleaned last night, then took her time applying the high quality shining product, ensuring it looked pristine, shiny and easier to slide into.

She sat down onto one of the containers in the shuttle and rolled up her suit to then slip inside with her feet, pull it over her legs, then slid her hands in and stretched the latex over the rest of her body. She then sealed the suit off, put her boots on and with great speed she pulled the straps through the belt buckles as if she was weaving fabric.

Normally she'd apply her makeup, but for today and probably the rest of her life she had something else in mind. During one of her trips with her crewmate, and now deceased lover Quancenn, they came across information on Sith initiation rites in which anthropoid venom was used to burn markings into their skin.

The tomb from which it came also contained several small containers with these bugs still frozen in place. One of which she stored in the freezing unit of her brand new shuttle. Today was the chosen day that'd be used for her symbolic initiation, but she'd have to find someone capable of applying the tattoos first.

She thawed the bugs gently overnight by turning off the freezing unit. When she inspected the unit, it was unsurprising that none of them were moving, considering it must've been hundreds of years ago since they were put on ice.

She picked up a syringe from her spa room and attempted to insert the needle into one of their pincers. With a fair amount of wiggling, she managed to pierce a softer part of the bug's exoskeleton. After extracting the venom, she repeated the process for the remaining five pincerbugs, managing to extract enough fluid to fill the small syringe.

Figuring out that the best place to find someone capable of applying the markings around her eyes and neck would be situated somewhere in the Sinchi Ring, she began her research on the holo-net and marked down a place called the "Wicked Sisters' Tattoos".

She sighed for a moment as she pulled a belt around her waist and placed the syringe into one of the pockets. "This is for you Quance, thanks again for getting me out of that mess," she muttered to herself.

Before heading out, there were still some crates to unload. Most of them she had already emptied during her last mission in the Naboo system together with Eilen, Emere and Eevie. The spa room had been put together fabulously and her new clothing space was getting filled nicely. Now was the time to load up her weapons locker with enough firepower fit for a small army.

Alaisy pushed the empty containers towards the exit of the shuttle and stacked the unopened ones. First one to open was a box marked by several chemical warnings on it, out of precaution she pulled her face mask over her head before unsealing the box.

"These must be the dioxis grenades I ordered from the Brotherhood Trading Company," she said to herself, unaware that her new protocol droid was listening in. "Dioxis? Woe to the organics in your path mistress."

"Indeed, and I wasn't even aware you were activated yet, Phil. Dioxis? That's your cue to start chattering?" Alaisy shrugged at the droid that came with a small "Phil" tag written on it in bloody lettering. "I'm merely admiring your choice of ordinance mistress, and thank you so much for calling me by my name, it truly warms my circuits."

She hooked two of the Dioxis grenades on her belt and placed rest in an airtight container, taking her mask off again. The second container was larger and had an expensive looking golden trimming around the edges. Once opened up it revealed a large incendiary weapon with several small fuel tanks attached to it.

Alaisy picked up the two handed weapon and showed it to Phil, "This girl is going to be my next best friend, my Best Fracking Friend, that's going to be its name. All that will be left of my enemies will be a smoldering pile of ash when she's done with them."

"Excessive mistress, my VerboBrain approves of your violent tendencies," the droid stated optimistically. "Appreciated Phil, we will have to talk about what happened to your previous owner at some point you do realise, yes?" "If it pleases you, mistress," the droid answered with slight hesitation.

The Sith gave the weapon a quick inspection, attached the fuel cells and pulled a belt around it so she could place it on her back. A green light lit up as the weapon appeared armed and ready. She then opened another container filled with various grenades and picked out an impact grenade and a thermal detonator, hooking both of them to her belt.

She suddenly jumped up, "Alright enough playing around, you are coming with me to the Wicked Sisters' Tattoos Phil" "Affirmative mistress, with that arsenal you could lay waste to the entire city ring!" The protocol droid expressed with glee.

The jet black haired woman took her whip, lightsaber, and face mask with her, ordering Phil to ask some of the dockworkers to get rid of the empty crates. Once the dockworkers were done scrambling around unloading the shuttle, the woman paid them a small amount of credits and closed the loading hatch.

With a gentle thud the door sealed up and the two made their way through a massive set of tunnels until they finally reached the city's commercial district.

Alaisy walked tall and proudly through the Sinchi ring, with her high heels echoing through the alleyways. Many onlookers tried their best to look away but she was difficult to ignore. The fully black protocol droid followed her loyally and studied its surroundings as they made it through the expansive selection of workshops and guilds, hoping to find the Tattoo parlor.

The Sith was clearly enjoying being looked at by the local residents, however she was still the one to spot the tattoo shop first, pointing at the entrance to the small single-story building. The bright neon lights along its door, windows and front sign were a clear giveaway.

"Mistress, I hate to disappoint, but the sign says they're closed in the morning," Phil stated carefully. "Nonsense, I sense someone inside and I'm not about to waste my time for anyone," the tall woman answered with confidence.

There was no hesitation as she pushed the door open. Once in, she announced herself clearly. "I know you're here, why else would the door be open?" The shop owner appeared from the back and pulled his hood back as he paused for a moment to inspect his guest. "We're closed and *\*ahem\**, what in the galaxy are you wearing?"

"I'm pleased it made an impression, I'm here to get a tattoo made, a very special one at that," Alaisy said with a sultry voice as she pulled a filled syringe out of her pocket.

The purple haired man was about to speak up, but then hesitated as he grew more and more intrigued by the syringe the woman was rolling between her gloved fingers. "Alright what is it?" He answered suspiciously.

“Have you ever tattooed a pale, clean and beautiful canvas with venom from pincerbugs before?” the latex-clad woman asked with a hint of seriousness in her voice.

“We’ve had some strange requests from customers before, but there’s nothing I can’t work with!” The man said with pride, crossing his arms as if he was getting himself prepped for a challenge.

He checked his non-dominant hand for a moment, his ring finger was completely shriveled, then looked back up at Alaisy. “Look the name’s Tekstadt and I don’t frack up, I don’t back away, and there’s no fracking tattoo in the galaxy that I frack up. You sit your shiny hiney down in the tattooing area and I’m gonna make this tattoo happen.”

“You’re going to want to test it first Tekstadt, I mean that finger of yours looks rather sad. It can’t possibly look any worse afterwards.”

Tekstadt stuck out his hand and grabbed the syringe from Alaisy’s hand. “Look! Science! Frack! Here we go then, blast this finger anyway!”

He then proceeded to fill his inking tool with the fluid from the syringe and pressed the needle against his numb finger. His flesh sizzled slightly as he activated his tattoo machine.

“If it spreads I would gladly assist you with the amputation of that horrible looking finger, do I have your permission, mistress?” Phil interjected.

“Keep that droid away from me!” The tattooed man yelled at Alaisy.

“Phil I highly appreciate the sentiment, but please wait outside for me, I need some eyes out there and I do not want to be interrupted by any of the locals.” Alaisy ordered the protocol droid with a gentle smile on her face.

“Okay look, nothing to it, it’s just fracking black like any other ink, let’s just get on with it shall we?” The purple haired and heavily tattooed man said with a hint of relief as the droid closed the door.

Alaisy nodded at him and unbuckled the straps around her neck, then peeling off the part of her suit that covered her neck area.

“My goodness, that is beautiful. Any true artist would be honored to tattoo that lovely neckline of yours.” Tekstadt couldn’t help but stare at her pale skin for a moment.

Alaisy handed out a datapad, showing the tattooist what she wanted the tattoos to look like, running her gloved hand gently over her neck while explaining the details and motifs. The markings around her eyes were exact copies of the thick, sharp, and dramatic eyeliner she usually applied.

However the large tattoo around her neck consisted of two large circles, one that went around her neck at the top, and one that coiled around at the bottom. The middle part was covered in runes and more decorative motifs, chronicling her passionate first steps in life as a Sith.

“Alright Tekstadt, I’ll be giving you a magnificent canvas, ample amount of credits, and the opportunity to use this rare venom. So don’t frack it up!”

“Yes ma’am- I mean, no ma’am! Forget what I said, you can be assured your neck will be the envy of the galaxy! Oh and your eyes of-course hehe.” He fidgeted around nervously as the Sith woman glared at him.

“Let me make you a holo-stamp of that tattoo you showed me on your datapad.” Tekstadt quickly replied hoping to diffuse the angry stare. He stamped on the holographic example of the tattoo, then put on a pair of gloves, and readed his tattooing machine.

“You ready?”

“Go on, I’m waiting,” Alaisy said as she studied the myriad of holos showing off Tekstadt’s previous works of art.

The moment the needle touched her skin she flinched a little but continued to look up at the green neon covered wall in front of her. The tattooist ignored the reaction and kept his focus as he worked on the top ring of her neck markings. Several seconds later the venom started reacting to her skin and the real pain was culminating.

There was a smell of rotting skin, sulfur and smoke emanating from the area that was exposed to the chemical reaction. Alaisy gritted her teeth and strained her muscles in pain as her skin was fighting the venom. Sweat beads were forming on her forehead as the artist worked away at his artwork as fast and precise as he could.

“This, fracking hurts,” Alaisy grunted as she tried to focus on ignoring the pain as much as possible. She closed her eyes and clamped her hands onto the table while the burning sensation kept getting more intense.

“Done! Well with your lovely neck that is, the smell is truly horrendous though. Want to take a break ma’am?” “*Get, on, with, it!*” She spoke from between clenched teeth.

Tekstadt shrugged and grabbed a mobile armrest so he could continue with her eye markings using a very steady hand. He started with the eyelid, and finished the liner with a very sharp wing on both of Alaisy’s eyes.

“That’s it, all done!” the purple haired guy said proudly with a large grin on his face. Alaisy was still in just as much pain as when he was stabbing her eyelids with that fracking needle. Opening her eyes was difficult and the burning sensation horrendous, but she had to see if Tekstadt did his job well.

“*Show, me,*” she muttered while gritting her teeth. The man quickly made a hologic with the datapad and showed her the results, trying desperately to explain that the redness would probably go away if she treated it well.

Despite having great trouble opening her eyes fully, she was still able to inspect the tattoos thoroughly. “Well done Tekstadt!” the Sith said cheerfully after seeing the results, her eyelids and neck completely swollen. The shopkeeper’s eyes lit up as he heard the reaction, wiping the perspiration off of his forehead as he sighed in relief.

Regardless of the soreness Alaisy pulled her suit over the neck tattoo, sealed it and pulled her straps back around her neck, leaving them a little looser than usual. She then put her facemask on and set it to simply filter the air rather than use the small oxygen supply that came with it, making sure that no one could see her swollen eyes through the blackened visor.

“You can keep the rest of the venom, here’s the credits for your fine work Tekstadt, next time I have to pass through the Sinchi Ring I’ll make sure to buy you a round.” she said with a modulated voice through her mask, while pulling a credit chip out of one of her pockets, and placing it on the tattoo bench.

“Pleasure doing business with you ma’am, do you mind if I add the holo to my collection on the wall?” Tekstadt asked humbly. “Absolutely not, I’ll send you a proper holo when the swelling has receded, don’t you dare show my face anywhere until its fully healed.” “Appreciated, spread the word!”

Once outside again, the Sith was disappointed to see her droid being too occupied to greet her, busy making finger-gun signals at the passing locals. “Phil! Come along now, we’ve got a meeting to attend to.” “Y-yes, mistress, right-away!”