

# Star Wars: When All Hope is Lost...

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*Follow Camille and Caye Xinnex on a daring adventure that leads to a power no Jedi or Sith have ever seen before...*

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# 1 - Prologue

“Caye! Let her go! The Empire is on to us...we have to get out of here now!”

Her scream was barely a whisper to him, just a nagging voice at the farthest range of his hearing. All his attention was focused on the girl lying on his lap, barely conscious and slowly dying. Another explosion rocked the floor below him, sending little pieces of broken glass and metal scraping across the floor.

“No!” he screamed back at the nagging voice, not looking away from the fading life beneath him. “I’m not leaving her here to die!” Softly he whispered to himself while stroking the girl’s blood-spattered cheek, “I can’t lose her. Not here, not now. I can’t live without her...”

“Look Caye, she’s close to dead. You have a broken arm and leg and I’m already trying to limp out of here. We have no weapons and the explosions are coming at quicker intervals. We have to get out of here! There’s no way we can get her out of here without killing ourselves in the process. Let. Her. Go,” the nagging voice said, which Caye now remembered was Kelsey, the bright red-headed beauty they had taken into their company in the past year. Although she was an excellent shot and a quick learner, Caye felt as if he was going to punch her at that moment.

His emotions barely under control, hands shaking and breath coming in ragged pulses, Caye Xinnex looked from his wife Camille who lay dying on his lap, her chest barely moving at all, back to Kelsey who stood about 10 feet away, fingers tapping anxiously against her legs, and then back to his wife. Blood ran down the side of her face and down her neck from an open wound that couldn’t be closed with the very little amount of medical equipment he had available to him at the time; basically, none. Her clothes were basically falling off her body; torn apart in an explosion only minutes ago. Her right arm was turning a soft shade of purple, indicating that there was internal damage and her heart rate was falling fast. Dark shadows were forming under her eyes, making her sharp, bright platinum blonde hair seem even whiter in the flames; almost as if a halo was glowing around her dying features. Red blood stained her hair, casting pink streaks through it as it whipped in the growing wind. Caye had never been more scared in his life than this very moment.

It wasn’t long ago that they had learned the Empire knew of their location. They had been on the run for months now ever since the disaster on Tatooine and the death of Kinn’hah Frayyal, the Jedi Knight Camille had taken in when the Jedi Purge had first begun. Since then, nothing seemed to work out the way it was suppose too...and now the Empire was breathing down their necks, throwing grenades at their feet and watching them dance like kowakian monkey lizards. If Caye hadn’t allowed Camille to convince him that they needed to be fighting the Empire, there’d be a good chance they wouldn’t be in this situation right now. Over the past few years, Caye and Camille had gotten involved into a difference type of smuggling.

Smuggling information.

To the Rebel Alliance.

Once the Empire discovered them, they had been running ever since.

“Kelsey, nothing is stopping you from leaving!” Caye yelled in her direction, never looking away from Cam. “Take the X-Wing and get out of here! I’m tired of your mouth anyway!”

“Darn it, Caye, there is something stopping me from leaving!” she said, anxiety clearly growing in her voice. Caye turned around to look at her. Her hands were slapped down against her side, fingers tapping anxiously against her lizard-hide pants.

“Well whatever it is, grab it and go,” he said, looking back to Camille and trying once again to stop the rush of blood flowing from her forehead.

"I've been trying too, but he won't let me."

Caye stopped for a second, momentarily taken aback by her words.

"What did you just say?"

"You, Caye. Kark it, you're what's stopping me! I...I love you, alright?" Kelsey almost spat out the words like they stung her mouth saying them. She slapped her hands against her side once again, only getting more and more anxious. Caye just continued to stare at her as another explosion rocked the floor beneath them.

"Kelsey, I'm a married man...and besides that point, now is really not the best time to bring this up! What do you expect me to say?"

"I expect you to leave that girl on your lap and save your own skin and mine! Is her life really worth ours too?"

"Yes," Caye answered without hesitating. He couldn't believe he was hearing this. Somehow though, he was remarkably calm.

Kelsey's lips began to quiver and she screamed, her feet pounding against the floor.

"Caye, I don't CARE about Camille. I care about you...and I'm not going to leave you to your death or something worse at the hands of the Empire!" Kelsey screamed, losing all control over her voice. She walked directly up to Caye and physically tried to grab him to his feet, but he refused to budge. Caye shook her off him and stared into her eyes. Again he was consumed with the almost uncontrollable urge to punch her out cold, but he had never punched a girl in his life and wasn't about to start now.

"Kelsey, listen to me," he started in his most serious voice. "I'm going to make this very clear. I'm not leaving here without Cam. If I die, then I'm dying with her. I've already made up my mind." I made up my mind the day I met her, he thought to himself.

Another explosion rocked the building, wind from the outside air flowing into the building. Kelsey's fire-red hair whipped around her head, making the angry snarl on her face seemed even more consumed with blood-thirsty hate.

"You can either help me get Cam out of here or leave. I really don't care what you do...just do something."

With that, he was done talking. He had no interest in wasting his time, and Camille's, in a worthless conversation that wasn't going to change the fact that they could all die any second. With a broken arm and leg, he pushed through the pain and tried his hardest to pull an unconscious Camille onto his shoulders. He could feel the tension in the air; could almost taste it. Or was that the smell of smoke surrounding them? He couldn't tell anymore. All his attention was focused on getting Camille and himself out of here alive.

After a few awkward seconds of struggling to get Camille on his shoulders, Kelsey walked over and slid Camille's other arm around her shoulder, pulling them all of them to their feet. Caye looked over and saw her eyes were red, crystal tears slowly sliding down her face. She wiped the tears from her eyes with her free hand and started to pull them all forward. Caye followed in step; with each step they took, he was more certain that they would make it out alive.

"Thank you," he said as they slowly made their way to the small hangar bay on the floor below them. A trail of blood followed behind them, painting the floor in a deep red.

"Echuta. You're dead to me, Caye...just like Camille always has been."

## 2 - Day 1

Camille Xinnex couldn't believe what she was seeing. For one, she never thought she would live to see the day it would happen. She didn't think it was possible. But she wouldn't say she was sad either...in fact, she didn't really care. She just never thought she'd get to see the day when the Jedi Temple was in flames.

Looking out the window of her rundown, lower Coruscant apartment, she tucked a couple pieces of her shiny, platinum blonde hair behind an ear as she watched the flames and the smoke pour from multiple places from the infamous Jedi Temple; chunks of the heavy concrete falling to the city below. It was a mesmerizing site, one she would remember forever; never be able to forget. It would be ingrained in her mind. She had never seen anything like it.

Cam, short for Camille, lay in her bed on her side next to her husband and best friend Caye. They had grown up together on a pirate slave ship; had always looked out for each other. Caye had saved her life on more than one occasion; in fact, that was how they met. Cam seemed to always find a way to get herself in trouble. After all those years, they finally had realized the truth; that they were in love. Once she and Caye were able to escape from the dreaded pirate ship, they had gotten as far away from the outer-rim as possible...and into the very center of the galaxy; Coruscant. With those terrible memories of their childhood forgotten, they had gotten married and since then had been living in the lower-cities of Coruscant. Caye ran a small, but respectable, smuggling business under the name 'Kenji Brin' and Camille worked as a bounty hunter-for-hire; one of the best in the business. She was constantly away from Caye, making every second she spent with him priceless.

But as she stared at the growing flames pouring out of the Jedi Temple, she felt something pulling her towards it. She felt as though she had to know what was going on. In the short time she had lived on Coruscant, the Jedi had quickly become known to her as the 'Keepers of the Peace'. Before she and Caye had escaped to Coruscant, she had only heard rumors of the Jedi; secret sects that kept to themselves and carried swords of light, beings of every race with inhuman abilities, monsters with eight tentacles that sucked the life-blood out of the Republic. After awhile, the stories had started to get mixed up when she was in captivity, but now she knew better. There wasn't much she knew about the Jedi, but she knew they weren't monsters, and they could definitely take care of themselves. With the 'Force', as they called it, by their side and their lightsabers able to cut through almost anything, they were practically invincible.

But right now, it didn't look like it, and because of that fact, she was scared. More scared than any assignment she had ever been on and she had no idea why. Why should she care what happened to the Jedi? It wasn't her business. The only thing that mattered to her was Caye...

But the question in her mind remained. What is happening to them? She asked herself as she felt Caye stir next to her in bed. She turned around slowly to look at him to see his eyes slowly opening towards her.

"What's wrong baby?" he asked, his voice coming out a little raspy. His black, long curly hair stuck up in several different places and covered a bit of his face, but she could still see the concern in his eyes. His hand slowly rose up and he stroked a soft finger against her cheek. Looking over him, she realized she had would never had been happy if she hadn't found him. He always knew when she felt bad; always knew when something was wrong; always knew what to say. She smiled slightly and grabbed his hand, holding it tightly in hers.

"I have to go out for a bit," she said, the words coming out of her mouth before she realized she was

saying them. He looked over her shoulder and saw the flames coming out of the Temple, making the black night sky glow a faint red and orange.

“What’s goin on at the Jedi Temple?” he asked, rubbing his eyes with one hand and squeezing her hand a little tighter.

“That’s what I’m going to find out,” she said as she pushed the sheets off her, letting her hand slip from his grip.

“Jedi business is none of our business Cam,” he said, his eyes following her as she walked around the bed. “Why does it matter?”

“I’m not sure Caye...I just...have a feeling I need to go check it out. I can’t really explain it,” she said, hoping she didn’t sound too mysterious. Grabbing a jacket on her desk chair and slinging it over her shoulder, she walked back over to Caye’s side of the bed. She knew she was being honest with him, but it sounded like she was hiding something. But Caye just smiled and relaxed, a small grin falling over his face.

“And that’s why I love you,” he said. Camille leaned down and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

“Because I always seem to get myself in trouble?”

“Because when you get in trouble, I always get to be the one that rescue’s the damsel in distress,” he said, still smiling.

“Well no worries tonight, okay? I’m just goin for a walk. I won’t get too close to the Temple...and I won’t shoot anyone. Deal?”

“Don’t want me to come with you?” he asked.

“Just stay here and keep sleeping. I’ll be back soon...promise.”

He seemed to contemplate this for a moment, but then relaxed back into the pillows and sheets.

“Deal...and don’t forget your blaster.”

“I never do.”

Cam dredged through the murky puddles that filled the dark streets of the lowercity. The smallest drops of rain had just started to fall against her skin. The air had the faintest smell of smoke in it, but Cam could guess from where. She was getting closer and closer to the orange halo surrounding the most famous building in history. She just had to take a few more turbolifts and would be only a few blocks from the Temple.

She walked through the streets with a dark cloak on, her white blonde hair flowing against her face in the breeze. She looked just like any other person out walking at this time of night; like she was about to commit a crime. As soon as she had left her apartment building, she had been stopped by two clone troopers asking for her identification and to see her without her cloak on. Being a little suspicious, she took off her cloak and handed it to one trooper while giving her ID to the other. Legally, she went by the name Jordan Challing; but to anyone that really mattered, she was Camille, or ‘Cam’ for short. Only Caye called her Cam; anyone else who tried to call her that usually got punched out. Once everything had checked out, they had patted her down for weapons. When they had only found her small blaster, they said she could go about her business.

“What’s this for?” she had asked.

“Just necessary precautions,” the trooper had responded.

“What’s going on at the Jedi Temple?” she had asked, hoping to throw them off balance.

“Nothing to worry about ma’m. The Jedi are under control.”

The last statement had sent her blood boiling and now she walked at a quick pace, hoping to quickly discover what was going on. The Jedi are under control? Since when were they out of control?

The closer she got to the Temple, the more depressing everything seemed to look. Lights were off in

apartments, blinds were closed, people seemed to be in more of a hurry than ever, and the shadows seemed darker than normal. Everything seems off. Reflexively, her hand seemed to hover over the spot on her leg where her blaster was strapped. Something just didn't seem right.

As she neared the final turbolift that would take her right up to the Jedi Temple, she slowed her pace. "I've done nothing! Can't you see the corruption? There is no point in my death!" a light, female voice begged. Camille lightened her step and listened carefully, putting her finely-tuned hearing into practice. "Actually, there is a point," a male voice shot back. "We kill you; we get paid thousands of credits. Sounds like good logic to me!"

"Look at me!" the woman yelled back. "There is no honor in a death such as your offering me! There is no pride in killing a defenseless, wounded female!"

"Does it really look like we care about honor and pride? All we care about is credits; now shut up and sit still..."

Camille heard the clacking sounds of blasters being brought into firing position. She peered her head around the corner into a dark alley lit by only one light at the far end. In the center of the light sat a petite, young, female Cathar. Her fur was matted with blood, she held her limp right arm around in her left hand, and her left leg was wrapped in a make-shift cast. Camille saw the fear in her lively eyes as three blasters were moved on her. The men holding the blasters consisted of two humans and a large Wookiee aiming an oversized bowcaster at the girl. The Cathar girl trembled, fear filling her every bone. She closed her eyes tight; her brow clenching tightly preparing for what was to come next. A tiny silver cylinder lay 3 meters away from the girl, presumably her lightsaber. Perhaps she was too weak to use it...she sure looked like it. Camille couldn't take it...she may have been a bounty hunter, but she was one that believed in honor and pride. She never killed her targets...and she hated people who did.

Without having much time to think, Camille snapped out her blaster from her concealed spot on her thigh and fired three quick shots at the two men and the Wookiee, taking time to aim carefully. Each dropped with a thud; their blasters following them down to the ground. The Cathar, tears in her eyes, slowly shifted her gaze from her fallen attackers to Camille, a small smile of gratitude forming on her lips. Camille jogged over to the girl, keeping her blaster in the ready position in case anyone else got any bright ideas. She knelt down next to the girl and put a hand on her shoulder.

"Why did you help me?" the girl asked, studying Camille carefully.

"Why wouldn't I?" Camille replied.

The girl offered a small snort and acted as if she may pass out, but she remained conscious and looked Camille straight in the eyes.

"There are many reasons right now why you wouldn't want to help me."

"Name one."

Camille saw the fear come back into the girl's eyes and a flicker of something she couldn't read went through her face. It was as if she was considering whether or not Camille was worthy of knowing a rare and valuable secret.

"I'm a Jedi."

"So?"

The girl was visibly taken aback, her eyes getting wider.

"You really have no idea what's going on?"

"All I know is that the Jedi Temple is on fire...something I thought I'd never see in history. That's the reason I'm out here tonight. I felt as if I..." Camille paused, thinking through her next words. Did this 'Jedi' really care why she was out here?

"I felt as if something was calling me out. Like I personally needed to check this out...and it's a good thing I did, or you'd be bantha fodder right now."

The girl seemed taken aback, but she recovered herself quickly. Slowly she let go of her wounded arm

and offered it to Camille.

"Then I owe you my life," the girl said.

"That really isn't necessary," Camille replied, not minding letting the doubt and confusion fill her voice. Her hands went up in front of her; refusing the handshake.

"Oh, but it is. Without you, I'd be dead...therefore I'd have no life. With you, I'm alive. It is the work of the Force that brought you out here tonight. Apparently, it has reasons for me to stay alive."

"You Jedi sure have strange ways of phrasing things," Camille replied. "A simple 'thank you' would've sufficed."

For a few moments, the words hung in the air, neither of them thinking of what to say next. Camille looked down at the girl. From up close, she got a much better look at her. Her hair was tangled and stained with blood; her Jedi robes torn in pieces, holding together by threads. Her eyes were sunken and a trail of blood ran down from her feline nose. She looked absolutely pathetic...and Camille couldn't believe what she was about to say next.

"You got a name, kid?"

"Kinn'hah Frayyal."

"Well Kinn'hah Frayyal, do you need a place to stay for a couple days? At least until you're healed?"

"I couldn't possibly put that pressure on you," Kinn'hah replied, almost before Camille had finished speaking. "Even if you don't know what the situation with the Jedi is, I couldn't possibly put you in that kind of danger."

"Look, you should count yourself lucky that I don't know what's going on," Camille said, her patient quickly running out. It seemed like the longer they stayed out here, the more the chances raised that someone would notice them and start asking questions. "Now do you wanna come with me and be relatively safe or keeping running by yourself wounded and be shot in your sleep?"

Kinn'hah's eyes seemed to sink and she looked to the ground and then to each of her wounds. When she looked back up, something had changed in her. She was stronger.

"I'll come with you...but I'm only warning you. Things are only going to get worse."

"If that's true, then I expect you to tell me exactly what is going on when we get back to my apartment."

"It's the least I can do...I just beg that you don't shoot me on the spot."

Camille smiled, offering her hand to the girl and pulling her to her feet. She wrapped an arm under her shoulders and helped her walk out of the alley and into the dark streets ahead.

"We'll see about that."