

Price
Xantros
11518

41 ABY, Imperial Palace, Seraph, Caperion System

„How did you get here?“ asked a tall Human with brown, military short hair. He was surprised to see an old Duros in his quarters in the Imperial Palace.

„I must admit it was a fairly simple thing to achieve,“ replied the Duros. „You have a knack to pick servants with weak minds. I would have expected something better from the Consul of Clan Scholae Palatinar, if I had not known you so well.“

„No one in my service has a weak mind,“ replied the Emperor. „Your personal hatred to me clouds your judgement, Xantros.“

„Do you really think so, Kamjin?“ asked the Force Adept with an evil grin appearing slowly on his green face covered with numerous scars. „If I were you, I would look outside your window right now.“

The Human stood up from a chair he was sitting on and walked towards the largest window in the room. It provided a view on a large plaza in front of the Imperial Palace. The square was always busy with people, who were entering and leaving the Imperial Palace, but it looked differently at that point. It was full of people, but instead of pursuing their own businesses, they made a huge inscription - „Kamjin must die“. The message was made even worse by the fact that people were dancing in unison, cheering and laughing. Every move was perfectly calculated and none of people involved in the scene made any mistake, like if they were all controlled by a single mind.

The Emperor turned back and Xantros could see man's face turning more and more pale as the Emperor started understanding what was happening.

„It is you...You make all these people dance together, while they keep showing the message, right?“ asked Kamjin.

„You associate facts quickly, Consul.“ answered the Duros and grinned even more evilly. The Master had never thought that it would have been possible to grin so evilly. „Now, it is the high time to pay for your crimes against me. I will not allow anyone to use me for their own goals without my agreement. Since you lied about me to make yourself and Clan Scholae Palatinae look better than both you and the unit did, you will tell the truth to everyone.“

„How are you planning to achieve that?“ asked the Emperor.

„It is quite simple. You saw what I did with your subordinates. I am pretty much sure that if I can mind control few hundred people at the same time, I can whack your mind strong enough to force you to do my bidding,“ explained Xantros and took out a small datapad from a pocket in his dark assassin armor. „This datapad stores a report that explains the truth in the smallest details. You will send its content to the Council. I am sure that they will find this reading extremely interesting. Once you send it to relevant recipients, I will slowly walk out of the Imperial Palace and leave this cursed planet once and for all in my freighter. I do not think anyone will be capable of stopping me from executing any step of my plan. Now, do my bidding!“

„No, you will not stand between me and my nomination to the position of Justicar!“ screamed

Kamjin.

Xantros grinned evilly and reached Consul's mind. He used the Force to crash pathetic defences of man's mind and to force him to do his order. As the Human took the datapad, walked to the communication consol and sent the message with the top priority, the Duros said, „No one asked you about your opinion on this matter.”