*Rollmaster’s Office  
Corridor C  
Karufr City, Karufr, Kr'Tal System*  
The sounds of breaking glass, angry shouting, and marching flowed into the Rollmaster’s office. Howlader recognized the noise – it was the unmistakable sound of riots. Evidently, the population had learned of the influence that Taldryan had on the affairs of state of this world, and they were none too pleased. The people of Karufr City were unhappy, they had been for many days and nights now, and they showed no signs of changing. Howlader knew that things would not improve on their own – something needed to be done. Howlader did not really want to be the one to do it, this seemed like a task for the young and vigorous – but he could spur the leadership into action. Howlader scratched at his face, stretched out his tired arms into the air, got up from his chair and walked out of his office, determined to see something done.

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*Proconsul Cantor’s Office  
Corridor D  
Karufr City, Karufr, Kr'Tal System*

"What do you mean, assemble a team?" Howlader questioned, "the people out there are angry because they found out that we have been running their government for over a decade. Even if these intelligence reports are true, that some…Taupe Paladins…"

"Gray Paladins," Cantor interjected.

Howlader continued: "sure, grey. Whatever. The point is, sending out a Master and senior member of this clan to calm the angry mob out there is not likely to have the happy ending you think will occur."

Cantor sighed: "not into the mob, Howie. If you had let me finish, just this one time, I would have said you are going out there with a team to find the Paladin or Paladins. Nils Anan and his spooks have uncovered, they believe at least, reliable information – that a senior member of their organization is in the city. The Consul and I need to know what he knows – and more importantly, what the rest of the galaxy knows about our existence, and our involvement with this planet’s government. The consequences of this mission going badly are dire, so I am sending you along to make sure it does not go badly. Grab the Wardens and find this guy."

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*Sixteen Hours Later  
Random alleyway, immediately southeast of Spanky’s*

"Just put the wig on," Howlader commanded in an uncharacteristic display of leadership, "this is our one shot at this, Chaos. You saw who he was talking to in there. Whatever he knows will be transmitted or transferred soon."

Howlader noticed the same middle aged black haired human walk out of the side door of *Spanky’s*, holding a small device in his left hand.

Seemingly out of nowhere, a blonde haired visage, decked out in fishnet stockings and a low cut top appeared. The visage was waving around two large fans.

The target noticed the distraction, sighed, and commented: "not tonight, sweetheart. Even if I was in the mood, you’re not my type."

Chaosrain was not used to being rejected in such a manner, and may have overreacted: "not your type? I am everyone’s type!" He then took the opportunity to attack the target with one of his fans in a hilarious, if ineffective manner.

Sensing an opportunity (though not the one that was planned), Howlader motioned to the members of the Wardens to strike. They surrounded the black haired Paladin, and tossed a stun-net over him – rendering him unconscious, and collapsing onto the ground.