The Templar sat at his usual seat in the Cantina, looking into the reflective surface of the drink he had ordered over an hour ago. Tonight he just couldn’t bring himself to drink anything; the mission on Bosthirda had been one of his toughest yet. Still, he felt a twinge of relief; though unsuccessful in their mission the whole team had come back relatively unscathed. He looked down at his hand where he had sliced it open in the sacrifice chamber. The medical droid had done a superb job of mending the wound, there wasn’t even a scar…but he could still see the wound. Shaking his head and calling the bartender over he turned in his chair just in time to see a passed out Roxas jump up and yell “Never Sober”, before collapsing in his seat once more. He chuckled along with a few of the remaining patrons and settled his tab.

Kairus pushed the button to summon the tubrolift and watched as the number slowly closed in on his floor. The doors opened to reveal the newly promoted Sith Battlemaster Shirai. “Quaestor”, he said straightening his back slightly and boarding the lift. “Ah, Kairus, what a coincidence running into you now, I was just reading your teams reports from the mission. It is really something to discover that a team from Naga Sadow was so close in recovering the blade.” Kairus nodded in appreciation as the Quaestor looked back down at the datapad and continued reading.

The turbolift came to a halt and the door hissed open, both occupants tried to exit at the same time. The Obelisk looked at the floor number and realized he was several off. “Reflex”, Kairus said to Shirai who looked slightly puzzled. “The Quaestor’s office is on this floor, and though it has been awhile it’s almost habit”, he said apologetically. “No worries”, Shirai said quickly, “take a walk with me just the same, I want to ask you more about that sacrifice chamber anyways.” Travelling through the corridors Kairus recalled his memories to the eager Sith all the way up to the office doors.

“Sorry, this will only take a second”, Shirai stated reaching for the door lock to enter his access code. The Force whispered in his mind and almost took over as Kairus raised his hand towards the door. Pushing the last number in the sequence the doors opened as Kairus’s hand closed around the hilt of a vibroblade inches from the Quaestor’s chest. Taking his free arm the Templar pulled the Battlemaster back so that they both collided against the corridor wall away from the office door. Shifting the blade to his left hand, Kairus drew his lightsaber with a snap-hiss and charged the open door. Much to his dismay there was no one to fight. The launching mechanism of the trap lay in a smoking heap, apparently self-destructing after activation leaving no traces. “It’s clear my Lord”, Kairus said sternly as Shirai entered the office.

The two stood in the office in silence for a few moments when Kairus went to speak, but before he could Shirai raised his hand. “Now isn’t the time or place. Gather what you can of that contraption and take it to Macron if you would. Perhaps he can conjure something up to help us identify who is after my life.” Kairus took the dismissal lightly, sure he had saved the Quaestor’s life, but then again, he wasn’t the one targeted for death.