***“Fool’s Day”***

Imperial Winter Palace

Judecca

Cocytus System

The new moon was cresting upon the sky when the Hapan Dark Jedi Knight awoke. It had been nearly four months since he had arrived on Judecca, a spy in the employ of the Hapan Royal Navy. It seemed like eons had passed in the time four moons had waxed and waned in the Cocytus System.

Looking out the long panorama window from his chambers, Zagro Fenn smiled easily to himself. Admiring the vista below of Othmen City, he was able to take stock of his accomplishments. He had been on many missions; both clandestine and overtly as a member of Battle Team Acclivius Draco. Yet, he had only recently felt at home.

His knighthood ceremony had only recently transpired. Returning from a mission, one for profit, he was rescued by the Imperial Scholae Intelligence personnel in a waiting shuttle. It was unusual to have a dust-off vessel ready and waiting, Fenn was sure he was going to be terminated. Yet, when the shuttle landed at the Imperial Winter Palace and an honor guard was readied he was able to sigh and breathe easily.

It was the easiest thing to slice into the shuttle’s data ports as they flew from Hutt Space to the Cocytus System. While most of House Scholae Palatinae were aware of his slicing mastery, it was another thing to set effective firewalls and data-spikes. He did not let the ruined surprise spoil the monumental occasion, however.

“Kor, you are needed in my chambers immediately,” stated Zagro Fenn into his commlink.

The message went directly to the Kel Dor, Kor Vaal. Zagro smiled again. Vaal was his archrival. They had been on many missions together and had two near fatal battles to the brink of death. The Hapan had bested his rival on both occasions but not due to skill. No, Kor Vaal was far more skilled in the arcane arts and Krath esoteric fundamentals. The Kel Dor was smarter too, as much as it pained Zagro to admit it.

No, what had allowed him to defeat Kor Vaal were the Jedi Hunter’s immense pride, ego, and anger. It had allowed Zagro to trick him time and again and turn the man’s strengths into weaknesses. Yet, despite this, they had forged a bond. Only recently they had tackled a mission on Nar Shaddaa together. Covert ops were the Hapan’s specialty; keeping Kor with him was a testament to his skill. Yet, the Kel Dor had proven himself a loyal ally and a stalwart warrior.

The knock on the chamber came in earnest as the slender, tall Kel Dor arrived as directed. “What is it Fenn!” Kor Vaal hissed as his usual disdain became audible as well as visible.

“You can address me as Dark Jedi Knight Fenn now, Jedi Hunter Vaal,” Fenn retorted, letting his eyes flash a steely warning as his hand slowly dropped to his attached saber. Zagro let the hilt catch the reflected light of the vista on the windowpane. His saber was ornate in its simplicity. Fenn had studied ancient Krath scholarly college and their assorted lore. The design he had created was based off of the ancient order and it was truly spectacular; silver coated with a purple hue and a deep purple blade. The Hapan was aching to showcase it.

“The day I address you as anything other than Hapan will be the day one of us leaves this organization for good. Let us not get into another fight I am tired of having to teach you a lesson,” answered Vaal, “anyhow, what the hell did you call me here for?”

It took all the resolve Zagro had not to laugh at this moment. As a seasoned spy and a former Hapan Royal Navy officer he had learned to conceal his emotions and mask his feelings. Yet, this was another matter entirely. It was highly doubtful the sardonic and critical Jedi Hunter had paid attention to the calendar. It was even more dubious if he were to have taken part in previous Fool’s Day festivities. “I cannot look down, or avert my gave. Look directly at this ugly bastard.” Thought Fenn as he faced his rival.

“Jedi Hunter Kor Vaal. It is my burden to make you aware that you have been transferred to my care and tutelage. From this moment onward I will be your Master, and you will be my Apprentice. You are nearly ready for the rites of a knight, but you have a way to go. The House Summit saw fit that I would be the one to take your education to the next level. You will address me as Master Fenn at all times. Infractions on this will be punished swiftly and severely. I have been given the right to demote you at will and to enact corporal punishment as I see fit. This decision comes direct from the Emperor and is beyond any scrutiny or debate.” Fenn smiled as he said the words.

Vaal’s draw dropped and his eyes widened. “This is madness! I cannot suffer this injustice lightly. I will resign my position and depart at once! Test me and I will kill you where you stand.”

Fenn could hold in the laughter no longer. He uttered an audible cackle and began to chuckle a wide and opulent belly laugh. The monotonous and frigid Kel Dor did not grasp the weight of the conversation or the implications. “Are you mocking me Hapan?” The Jedi Hunter reached for his chain-whip and took a step backward, widening his stance and presenting a smaller target.

“Kor…do you have a calendar? It is Fool’s Day you dumb bug. It is a joke. Your people understand jokes do they not? They must with faces like that.” Fenn offered in his defense.

The ramifications of the dialogue finally entered the Jedi Hunter’s mind and he released his grasp on the chain-whip. “You truly are a crass little effeminate bastard Zagro Fenn. But, may I say, you had me fooled. Is this a new trait you possess now as a knight?”

The two friends slowly departed the chambers and walked down the wide, dark, stone corridors of the Imperial Winter Palace. They had other tricks to play and other brothers to deal with on this day of days.