Undisclosed location

Somewhere in deep space.

The big Wookiee merely stood there, astonished. In his terms, astonished meant just gazing at him, not a movement nor even a breath to mark that this was a living creature instead of a tall and rather inelegant room decoration.

As usual, though, the Wookiee recovered his wits in record time. "Seraphol, you've got to be kidding." The mere fact that the Wookiee was using his first name, which to his recollection had *never* happened previously, gave proof to his friends' astonishment. He continued, "Arcona. Snarfling *Arcona*!" he almost yelled, a not quite there fury already clouding his face. "Do you have *any* idea, just any, of how many times I've almost been killed by them? How many times I've faced them in combat over the years? They simply cannot be trusted!"

The Quaestor took a sip of his ale, cleverly masking the thought process he was going through in a reply to the mighty warrior in front of him. He knew whatever answer he had wouldn't please him, but it's not like he had a choice. He shrugged, "Of course they can't, my friend. That's the point. We need their firepower, and we know that they *must* have a plan to turn that into some sort of sick deception to achieve their goals. However what they won't expect is that we're also going to be devious in return. That's why I need you, why I called you back from your wanderings. We need you, my friend. We're going to need the most powerful of Jedi to not only foresee their actions, but to take appropriate action to stop them from achieving such goals. It's a delicate task, but I know you're up for it."

He knew he wasn't fooling the Wookiee, but he had to say it. Worse, he knew the Wookiee knew that he knew. A few tense moments passed. He snorted angrily, and about cuffed his own glass with his own drink, but at the last second thought better of it and picked it up and downed the horrible thing in one gulp. "What a load of bantha fodder, Ceartas." Then he shook, the vile drink obviously working its' way down the Wookiee's tract. "One person can't make a difference. I know, I've tried."

The Quaestor merely arched an eyebrow. "Now you know that's not true. Plenty of people in the galaxy that have done just that. Skywalker, Antillies, Solo, Revan, etcetera, etcetera."

The Wookiee merely snarled, and signaled for another drink. "Blast you, this isn't the same thing. They played for the biggest stakes possible. This... This is just us trying to improve our corner of the system. It's not quite the same."

"Ah, but I don't think the average person suffering under the rule of *them* would agree. You would be doing much to ease that suffering. Isn't that what we were called to do in any case?"

The Wookiee snorted, this time amused. "I've seen the hero card played before, Ceartas. It doesn't end well for the hero ninety nine percent of the time. I know, I've been there. My old master, he also tried and failed, and lost his life in the process. Although I don't have qualms with moving on in the Force, doing so for the right reasons is important to me."

"So then don't die," was the obvious retort. The Wookiee snorted again, this time in resignation, and the Quaestor knew he had him. Time to soothe the wounds and address the concerns. "Listen, it's not like you'll be alone out there with just a vibroblade and a hearty handshake goodbye. You'll have the rest of the combat teams with you. In fact, you know you'll be leading your people into some really dangerous areas to do what must be done. If anything, do it for them. They trust and rely on you. Hell, you've trained them. How can you *not* be there for them?" He raised his hand to stop the expected outburst, "I'm not saying that you would ever abandon them, but Liika will need you, and so will we. We need to do this. All I'm saying is that a lot of thought and meditation in the Force went into this, and this is the course of action we need to take. And we need you with us."

The Wookiee took his new drink from the droid server and merely stared at it, not saying anything. It was obvious that the Wookiee was pondering and gazing into the Force himself, gauging, testing himself. His resolve. He blinked. He poured the shot into his mouth and swallowed. "By the Black Sun, how can you drink this whiskey nonsense? It's like drinking blaster solvent. Goes down smooth, though," he said as he departed, a massive paw coming down on the Quaestor's shoulder in a silent goodbye.

The Quaestor knew that the Commanding General of The Chosen, 1st Armored Assault Column, K.U.D.F would be ready and waiting, even if he despised it. "Good man," he said to himself quietly, not knowing that the other had same the same thing to himself at the same time.

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SWM Lambow (Sentinel) / Battle Team Knights Of Allusis of House Hoth of Clan Odan-Urr [SA: IV]

SCx3 / ACx4 / DCx9 / GN / BNx6 / Cr:2R-6A-8S-6E-6T-1Q / CFx8 / CIx16 / DSSx2 / SoFx2 / LS / SoL / S:5M-2R-3Al-1C-4Rm-4P-5U-4B-3Cr-1Rv

{SA: MVF - MVH - MVL - MVPH - MVS - MVW}