1. **Braecen: Trick**

Braecen weighed the datapad, fingers running absently across the text as he contemplated the unfortunate contents. “Are you absolutely certain this is correct?”

Opposite the room, Timeros raised a single eyebrow, as if offended at the notion. “Yes. Unfortunately. The Chamber of Justice. It has already sent someone to apprehend you on charges of cheating and abuse of power. The shuttle is landing as we speak.”

The Adepts shared a look, their opinion of the Chamber’s Justice needing no words. “Very well,” Braecen finally said, as he shifted away. “I have no intention of submitting myself to another show trial, but neither will I do so again. I will knock out the Chamber crony when he arrives. When he awakens, I expect to have gone into hiding.”

Timeros nodded, face impassive, as retrieved the datapad containing the injunction and stepped away.

1. **Rrogon Skar: Trick**

The hulking Kaleesh shifted uncomfortably in the back of the shuttle. Like so many things, it had been made for humanoids, and the gigantic lizard had little room to maneuver as he considered his orders.

“Skar,” Timeros’ voice had been calm as he spoke, “I have a mission for you from our Gatewarden.”

“Oh?” the lizard had grumbled, not particularly interested.

“This is important. There has been an opportunity. An enemy of Arcona is about to be brought before the Chamber of Justice for unspecified crimes. The Galeres Quaestor has been asked to testify on certain matters. However, we are nearly certain our enemies will attempt to have him assassinated. You are to be his bodyguard.”

The Warrior had nodded, the prospect of bloodshed gaining his interest. “When?”

“A shuttle leaves in a few hours. I shall inform Braecen of your arrival. And Skar?”

“Yes?”

“Ensure you seem as dangerous and threatening as you can possibly manage. Assassins may already be watching, and we want as many of our enemies deterred as possible.”

1. **Strategos: Treat**

Strategos groaned as he sat down in his office chair, hands moving across the holopad screen. He was sore and, somewhere in the back of his mind, vaguely aware that he was hungry. Still, he focused on the screen, ignoring his aching muscles as he started up another level, aiming carefully before putting the ball into the hole.

*A daily flash game subscription? Who knew such a thing existed?*

1. **Sashar: Treat**

The Erinos frowned as he stared at the gift, uncertain of what to make of it.

Certainly, the Mandalorian armor was a classic. It was, he could tell, decades old but in excellent repair. The paint had been painstakingly applied, and the beskar bore none of the battle scarring so common to the armor. Its wielder had either been very lucky or very skilled.

Then again, the Adept reflected, as he checked the weapons, perhaps he had been neither. After all, a large part of the armor seemed to be missing, and it did make one wonder why such an armor would be missing its crotch section.

1. **Atyiru: Treat**

“Arcy!” Atyiru’s voice reverberated through the hallway, causing the Proconsul to pop her head from a nearby room. “Need you!”

Arcia hurried into her Consul’s office, glancing around, trying to identify what she was needed for. She spotted it almost immediately: A set of papers on the Consul’s desk, written in very light ink against a white background. “You...want me to read those for you?” she said, evenly.

“Please,” Atyiru grinned, settling in her chair.

Arcia picked up a paper from the massive stack, glancing at it. She blushed almost immediately thereafter. “Uhm…”

“Well, go on, read it!” Atyiru urged, still grinning.

Arcia looked at her Consul, uncertain, before starting.

“I surprise you at the funeral bier. Mourning as you are, you do not expect my arms wrapping around you, nor my fingers, suddenly warm and close to your chest. My teeth touch your neck, and you shudder involuntarily as I…”

1. **Arcia: Trick**

Timeros sat, alone, in the Citadel cantina, eating his lunch in small, measured bites as he watched his congregating brethren. The Entar naturally repelled most of his fellows, too taciturn and withdrawn to speak with many of his fellows.

And yet, there was another reason why his aura of fear shone even more brightly than usual this time, and it involved the small wire in his ear, listening to an increasingly uncomfortable Proconsul recite lines of paper to her Consul.

His work almost complete, the Entar flipped a switch, turning on the comms system.

“- Press my lips against your lips, causing you to wail and scream as you look down on me, hand still stroking on my head. I look up at you, still kneeling, and whisper ‘yes, my Consul,’ - “

1. **Marick: Treat**

The package had been unadorned and simple. It carried a ‘gift for my favorite Combat Master’, written in a clear copperplate handwriting. Within it was also a ticket on a commercial liner to Chandrila, a conference invitation, and several scholarly books on a particular topic. It also contained a picture of a visiting lecturer, who was expected to speak on the very same topic “from an Outer Rim perspective”. The professor, himself, was listed as “Marickus Arcna”, with a very long list of credentials and impressive academic bona fides.

Marick sighed, packing his bags. He was, apparently, off to the Galactic Conference of Feminist Thinkers.

1. **Mks: Trick**

“Are you sure this is okay, Adept?” Mks’ voice was somewhat hesitant as he stepped into the shuttle.

“Positive. I have confirmed with all relevant authorities. You have carried out your duties superbly. There will be no arguing this. On *any* side.” Timeros punctuated the last word slightly, and the Miraluka shuddered slightly.

“I...fine. I suppose I *could* use a vacation. Where am I going?”

“Forest planet. A lot of life up and about and very beautiful, I understand.”

“Oh, okay! I guess I’ll see you guys in two weeks!”

“..Probably,” Timeros admitted, as she shuttle rose, ready to take its Miraluka passenger to Myrkr.

1. **Celevon: Treat**

The Savant looked down at the package with dubious like. It was...well, whoever got him the fleshlight apparently had terrible taste. It was far too long long, black and...pulsating somehow. Still, the Savant considered, needs must, and he *had* been away from Kordath for a while…

He gripped the device...and then promptly dropped the lamprey as it grinned at him with a horrific, sharp-toothed mouth.

1. **K’tana: Trick/Treat**

K’tana was still giggling, tears rolling across her cheeks as she watched the holotape of various Clanmates be humiliated and discomfited. “Oh...frang, those karkin’...I can’t stop laughing!”

Timeros nodded, impassively. “Indeed. All ten have been thoroughly tricked.”

“...Ten?” the Twi’lek hiccuped as she managed to temporarily quell her laughter. “I only saw nine. You mean there’s more?”

The Adept nodded at her, indicating a small package labeled ‘part 2’ before turning to the door and closing it behind him.

Grinning, K’tana opened the package with the second holotape and peered inside.

For a moment, she looked confused. And then, the glitter bomb went off, showering the room in flecks of green and orange.