The Frisky Dewback had a low level vibe going, a mix of excitement, amusement, seriousness, sorrow and depression that was almost palpable even without Force powers. The big Wookiee paused for a moment after stepping past the entrance and moving over to the side as to not frame his large body in an easily targeted door silhouette. Taking in the scene, drinking in the atmosphere, sensing the general vibe was standard training, and he listened to his gut.

His gut told him something unusual and possibly dreadful was about to go down, but not necessarily lethal. Curious.

The big Wookiee mentally reviewed the very short message he had received to come and meet here, today at about ten minutes from now. Being early was key, but he knew that if this was a serious effort to capture or kill him that the corresponding people would have been in place hours ago in anticipation of any ambush.

Of course this is why he had sent in his recon droids days ago, but they had not picked up any of the usual signs of weapons, explosives, etc.. Well, any more than normal in any case. These *were* dangerous times.

He noted and finally nodded at the maitre d', whom had politely and professionally had waited for the Wookiee to acknowledge his presence. "Sir, do you have a reservation?"

The Wookiee nodded, and passed over the short invitation over. The gentleman glanced at it and nodded solemnly. "I see sir. Please," he gestured, "this way."

He lead the way to the rear and upstairs on the second floor of the establishment, where the private rooms were located. The Wookiee tensed. If this was a trap, this would be the logical place to spring it, where the myriad of curtains that blocked off view to the rest of the private rooms meant he had no line of sight to whatever could be in them. The Wookiee unconsciously patted down and momentarily relished the solid weight and feel of the steel and wood of one of his lightsabers, the touch easing his fears some, as if they were some sort of talisman that would ward away evil.

Finally, at the very last room the gentleman stopped at a room whose curtain was pulled open, revealing... Actually revealing nothing but an empty booth.

"Please be seated sir, I'll have an attendant for you instantly." The Wookiee nodded, thoughts in his mind being invaded by the non sequitur of the service levels of The Frisky Dewback. He would have to frequent this establishment more often, he thought.

Assuming he didn't die or that this was a trap, of course.

The Wookiee slid into the room noiselessly and quickly but unnoticed took his snooper gadget from his tool belt and scanned the room. No electronic bugs, nor chemical tell tale traces of explosive materials from any possible bomb was found within a ten meter radius. Not even the chemical traces of conventional slugthrowers nor Tibanna gas from blasters were detected, which was... Odd. Very, very odd.

He sensed the waiter approaching and had a seat just as they arrived at the room. "Good afternoon, sir. Your party has stated that they will arrive in exactly eight standard minutes and have instructed us to set up tea for you and your party. I shall return momentarily with our staff to set up, is there anything additional that you would require, sir?"

The Wookiee shook his head, and the waiter bowed and moved out of the room after extending the privacy curtain, blocking out view to the outside corridor. True to his word, the waiter returned in under a minute with several helping hands and set up an actually exquisite tea set, and after inquiring once again if he needed anything, the waiter bowed again and advised the Wookiee that should their services be required to simply press a button set on the table to summon him, then departed.

Five minutes. The Wookiee unclipped his lightsabers and kept them within centimeters of his paws.

Four minutes. Might as well check out the tea. Could be poisoned or otherwise tampered with. His snooper once again came out and reported negative to the sample provided. No drugs or other out of the ordinary chemical compounds, nor any biological agents out of the ordinary.

Two minutes. Mediating on and in the Force. Nothing. No sense of warnings or anything. Condition green, as he pictured normalcy.

Thirty seconds. Waiting. The seconds counted down. No movement by any beings out in the corridor within the Force, nor any droids. He felt the presence of several beings, but they were all staying put. Not one of them, obviously.

Ten seconds. Five. Movement out in the corridor, approaching, one of the beings that was in one of the other private rooms, but at the rate they were coming they would be here a second or two late. The walk was confident and... Amused?

Time.

The cushion on the seat next to him popped open, something coming forth from it with an alarming hiss. The Wookiee's reflexes were equal to the task, instantly at the ready, tea being all but forgotten but flung over the side, but still no flare of danger from the Force, no danger sensed. What in blazes?

The object that had shot forth from the seat filled up in less than a second, obviously from looking at it from a fast acting compressed gas cylinder. The object that was filled... What the kriff?

The flash of light caught him off guard, but more so was the unexpected peals of laughter from the surrounding private rooms. He sensed an unexpected scramble, those same beings making a sudden mad escape via previously unseen concealed escape tubes.

His datapad pinged, and after reassuring himself that there was no immediate threat, quickly took a glance at the screen.

There was a picture of him in a particularly... Interesting reaction of himself with the object that had come from the seat from just a few seconds prior. Obviously the flash he had seen was the flash of a camera from somewhere.

The object was a rather impressive example of a human female inflatable figure. *VERY* female. The caption on the picture read:

"To our Big Guy, hugs and kisses from us, but you may already have that covered.

- Knights of Allusis."

Sigh. Sadly, he was going to have to murder them all now. Very, very slowly.

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END

Warden Lambow / Knights of Allusis / House Hoth / Clan Odan-Urr

#3155.