**Undesired Discoveries**

By Augur Locke Sonjie, 10311

**The Lion's Tooth**

**Seng Karash**

**Aeotheran**

**Two Weeks Ago**

Rain blanketed the courtyard as Locke looked out the windshield of the repulsor speeder that carried him and his guards. The near blackness of night time made it difficult to see just how thick the rain really was, but it splattered the speeder furiously. Occasionally, lightning flashed in the sky outside, revealing the gigantic structure of the Lion's Tooth.

Locke opened one door and stepped out of the speeder, rain immediately covering him. One of his aides moved to hold an umbrella over the Consul's head, but he waved the aide away. This storm was a part of Aeotheran's natural fury. He stood tall against that fury, as if to show the world that it belonged to him and his empire.

He slowly walked to the entrance to the looming structure, dim lights indicating it's location ahead. When the Consul finally entered the building, his hair was matted to his face, his robes drenched. A puddle formed around his feet. He had come here to meet the Quaestor of Shar Dakhan, and for a moment smiled at the idea of what she might think of him tracking this water into her headquarters.

Ahead, Marcus and Cethgus stood to opposite sides of the large foyer. Cethgus had his own attendants, but for Marcus' part the Rollmaster was surrounded in at least a dozen soldiers. He obviously had not forgotten Cethgus' distaste for his past actions, and wanted to prevent a repeat of what had happened last time the two had met.

Locke stepped into the middle of the room and looked from one to the other. "Well," he said, "someone seems to be missing." The Dakhani Quaestor, Keira Viru, was the entire reason for this meeting. She had chosen an odd time - the middle of the night - to request a meeting.

Marcus looked at Cethgus, who glared back, and then turned to Locke. "She is not here. Nor in the main hall. Our Quaestor seems to have forgotten our meeting." Cethgus' tone made it seem as if he was ready to attack her as he did Marcus, if she arrived soon.

"We'd better find her, then," Locke said. "Have you two talked to anybody?"

"No," they said, at almost the same time. Again, Cethgus glared at Marcus, who tried to pretend he didn't notice.

"Then let's look," Locke continued. "Cethgus, talk to the troops around the 'Tooth. Don't be mean though."

The Proconsul gave Locke a tooth-filled mockery of a grin before heading outside.

Marcus watched him go, then looked toward a side corridor. "There's probably security records. I'll check them."

When Marcus and his entourage left, Locke sighed and proceeded toward the Quaestor's office. If she was not here, perhaps she would be there, or some sign of her whereabouts would be there. Locke found the correct turbolift and waited for it to ascend. This particular lift stopped on the Aedile's floor first. As the doors slid open, Locke stepped off and decided to check that office to see if he could learn anything.

Surprisingly, Inarya was present. She had large boxes around the offices, and seemed to be packing. Two droids were assisting as things were being loaded on hover carts.

"Where are you going?" Locke asked.

The Twi'lek Aedile stopped what she was doing and looked up. "Oh' it's you. I'm just doing some renovating."

"Right," Locke said. He thought about asking about it, but didn't want to seem too interested. In the world of Sadowan politics, that could send the wrong message. Instead, he asked about Keira.

"Do you know where Keira is?" he said.

"No," Inarya answered as she lifted a large picture off the wall and handed it to one of the droids. She was about to reach for another one when she stopped, lekku twitching as if she was thinking about something. At least, that's what Locke thought it was, but he knew little of Twi'lek social cues. "But I do remember Qyreia one time mentioning that she was going to kidnap Keira. I thought it was a joke, but you never know."

Inarya looked up and gave Locke an odd look. "They have had one...odd run-in in the past. Keira wouldn't talk about it."

"Ah," Locke said. "I'll leave you to this then."

He turned and left, pondering his next move. Locke decided to check Qyreia's quarters, returning to the turbolift and descending to that level. When Locke stepped inside, the mercenary's quarters were unoccupied. There was clothes and other things strewn about, but nothing particular of note. Locke frowned and wondered. He knelt down and gingerly touched the edge of a discarded shirt, closing his eyes and summoning the Force.

Translucent images flooded into Locke's mind, showing him other places and other times. He still did not fully understand the ability he was using, but had found it useful on occasion before. The Consul had never thought such an arcane tool would be of value, but it was turning out to be very useful indeed.

Finally, the image lurched to a halt and Locke slowly became aware of what it was: the room was dark, there were dim lights lining the ceiling, and there seemed to be a stream of some liquid running along one wall. Locke frowned and ended the connection. It had been shrouded in fog, but the image was supposed to be more clear if the object had a stronger connection to it's owner.

The Consul looked around, searching for something that might have had a stronger connection to Qyreia. He saw a bra laying across the bed, and decided that it must have been put there recently to be on the bed and not discarded on the floor. After carefully checking the doorway and the hall outside, Locke placed his fingers on it, trying to make sure they were on the outside.

If his mother or Bakuran friends had seen this, they would have been mortified.

He concentrated, the Force flowing into him and into the bra, and into him again, forming a link. He expanded the link and this time the image was much more clear. In fact, it was clear enough that Locke could read something on the wall in the vision. It read "Sewer Block C35 Seng Karash." He hastily removed his hand from the bra and let the image dissipate.

Locke headed out of the corridor and this time took the turbolift down.

**Sewer Block C35**

**Seng Karash**

As Locke descended into the sewers, his feet immediately landed in a puddle and a horrible smell assaulted his nostrils. He didn't know why Qyreia had come here, but he really hoped it would lead to the location of his Quaestor, Keira.

 He rounded a corner and found the Zeltron there. She had her back to him as he entered the chamber and seemed to be speaking to large, closed door.

"Don't complain, I'll be back in...hey!"

Qyreia whirled around and had a blaster pistol in her hand in a moment. Locke just held up his hands to show he wasn't going for a weapon.

"Oh, it's you," Qyreia said.

"Yeah," Locke answered. "Where's my Quaestor?"

"Don't know, "Qyreia replied.

"Q…" Locke said.

"Only friends call me that," the Zeltron said.

Internally frustrated, Locke put on a calm outward demeanor. He sighed, and reached out with the Force, letting his presence expand. He felt a powerful Force user nearby.

"There's a Force user behind that door."

"Oh," Qyreia said, nonchalantly.

"Really," Locke said. "I couldn't imagine why they're just standing there."

There was a long pause before Qyreia finally threw up her hands. "Oh blast it!"

She turned and hit a button to open the door. A disheveled and frustrated looking Keira stormed out. She took one around and stormed past Qyreia and Locke, leaving the sewer without so much as a word.

For Qyreia's part, she entered the room Keira had just vacated and shut the door, leaving Locke basically by himself.

Locke sighed and held his head in his hands, wondering what he did to deserve this situation and what Keira's mental state was. After a long moment, he fished for his comlink to contact the others and inform them that he had, in fact, found Keira, but that the meeting would probably have to be put off.

Then he resigned himself to find the nearest cantina.