

## Sweet Little Lies

The young Warrior's presence in his chamber, at this hour, was highly unusual. Calindra's radiant golden blonde hair shimmered as she stood in the doorway. Her excuse would have been comical and a dead give away if not for the welcoming look in her eyes and the way in which the Zeltron hoped, somewhat against his better judgment, that her intentions were as she said. But, Fenn knew, she was there to qualify him as a suspect or not in the conspiracies that were wrecking the Inquisitorius order.

The fact that the order had deemed it wise to send a junior member to assess his involvement was unusual, but a wise move. Fenn had known the woman for some time, and as a good master of espionage and interrogation himself he respected the decision. This would arouse little suspicion, and Calindra could keep watch over him indefinitely.

He invited her in under these false pretenses. For sending such a junior Inquisitorius could only mean the order had no serious doubts about his loyalty. That they were so wrong was immaterial, but surely helped out Fenn's illusions.

Fenn offered a seat to the Warrior, who feigned interest in joining the battle team that he presently was the sergeant of. Shadow Guard could indeed use skilled assets such as Calindra. Having a potential mark so close at hand could also allow him to feed back disinformation to her handlers.

Calindra's appearance, always very comely, was enhanced tonight by slight cosmetics and attention to detail. The Zeltron was not immune to her charms; on the contrary this dynamic was what he needed. He hunched forward on his desk chair, inches away from Calindra and looked her in her alluring eyes. He held her glance for a minute longer than proper, and a glimmer of hope flickered in Calindra's eyes. She must have thought her beguiling was working.

Fenn would use this presumption to his advantage. Calindra let her guard down, and Fenn peered ever closer into those radiant eyes. He focused on her, and likewise focused on releasing his pheromones. He was unsure how knowledgeable she was about his physiology, but surely any ignorance would help him. His people were famous, indeed, but not the most prevalent. He wondered if she was prepared for this attack of her nervous system and her endocrine glands.

The small talk continued, and Fenn started to notice Calindra drop her guard. A slight sweat began to appear on her brow and her hands, slowly being turned over and over seemed clammy and pale. She was nervous. Fenn knew he had her.

She looked at him deeply now, appraising the man and perhaps wondering if she was veering off course from her mission. Fenn subtly pried into her mind, planting

images of longing and dark embraces. Were these images hers or his she may wonder.

Abruptly Fenn stood up, and stating the late hour suggested they talk about this again the next afternoon in the library of the Imperial Winter Palace. The seed of doubt had been planted in Calindra's mind, and she was not off the mark from her goal. She was sure to continue to monitor the Zeltron, but now he held the upper hand.