

The Gift

Lucyeth gazed upon the blue screen of the projector in front of him. His office was desolate and he enjoyed the laid back feeling that he so desperately needed once in a while that was a rare occurrence in the Brotherhood. The Palatinaean spent his morning running outside to take in the early air while everything in the city was quiet. Lucyeth enjoyed taking the stress off of himself once in a while between the house and the clan, it was time to spend a little bit of time in relaxation. The Battlemaster leaned back in the chair and watched the projector screen with comic relief. He chuckled to himself at the funny moments of the show but heard a knock on the door. The sound brought the Quaestor out of his relaxed state and jumped from the chair to get the door. It slid open with a hiss as Lucyeth stared back at a young messenger of the House courier service. The Battlemaster didn't order anything in recent days and the package in the courier's hand took him by surprise.

"I wasn't expecting anything today," stated Lucyeth with exasperation at the realization of diminished down time.

"Sorry sir it is addressed to you," stated the courier as he extended the package further until if it was any closer, it would be shoved into Lucyeth's chest. The Battlemaster took the package with hesitation at the unknown.

The courier left down the hall as Lucyeth stared at the mysterious package. It was labeled with all the proper shipping labels but it still was full of speculation. The Battlemaster was not going to be as naïve to open it just yet. He had to find out more about it before the Palatinaean opened something with complete disregard to the possibility of an attack. The Quaestor assumed it to be a danger to the house and clan at large but nothing happened yet so his next order of business would be to find out where it came from. The Palatinaean made with haste toward the office of the postmaster to get more information about the mystery package. Lucyeth walked into the office of the postmaster as a short and stocky human looked at the robed Sith that entered the room. The postmaster gazed at the Battlemaster and the package in his hand with a blank stare at the visit before he slowly opened his mouth.

"What can I do for you today," The stubby postmaster stated with a hint of fear that Lucyeth could feel and welcomed it through the force at the in significant being before him.

"I have this package here and I need to know the exact details of it as the address is unknown to me," Replied Lucyeth with crisp tone to establish the fear in him.

"It was left with this note at the pickup location but the sender assumed you would know who," stated the Postmaster as Lucyeth grabbed the note out of his hand. The note was a surprise to the Battlemaster but knew instantly that the package was not a threat at all. The note was from his one-time friend and associate Agent wolf whom she said she found this on a suspect and thought it would be better with a sith. Lucyeth opened the package and was amused at the sight of a sith

dagger. He was not sure how someone on the street was able to get one but regardless, it was now the Battlemasters as he woven the loop of the sheath through his waist belt.