Zakath frowned as he stared into what appeared to be an emptied out office building. Looking down at the address scribbled onto a piece of flims-plast, the Barabel hissed in annoyance before entering the apparently abandoned building. Inside, he was greeted with dead silence as he surveyed the empty lobby, devoid of even furniture.

“What the deuce iz going on here?” Zakath growled softly to himself as he began to move deeper into the building. “Take command of Soulfire, they’ll be here, Braecen said.”

As he passed through another door into what appeared to be a small office, he finally discovered the first signs that this building had been inhabited. The office contained a desk covered with scattered bits of paper and an active terminal. His frown deepening, Zakath circled the desk and leaned forward to examine the terminal screen.

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TO: SOULFIRE TEAM LEADER
FROM: BRAECEN KAETH, GAL QUAESTOR

SUBJECT: SOULFIRE & NEW BEGINNINGS

Zakath,

Sorry about the way you’re going to be finding out about this. Currently on assignment for the Consul so this was the only way to loop you in.

So Soulfire’s being transferred to Clan Summit command, and therefore your new job, effective immediately, is to form a new team, ideally with focus on the Force, since right now all of our teams are oriented toward military and intelligence operations, but nothing relating to the Force specifically. Atyiru would like that to change, and I’m inclined to agree.

Oh yeah, baby, right there. No, keep transcribing, you’re the best at this sort of thing.. Oh god yes.

\*AHEM\*

So draw up a roster of potential team mates, and a work statement, and submit that to me ASAP.

Braecen Kaeth.

Quaestor, Galeres

Hey, you didn’t dictate that last part, did you? No the uh, baby comment. You didn’t? Okay good. Oh, breaking out the oil now, huh? You do love it all lubed up…

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Zakath stared down at the terminal for a long moment before shaking his head and turning to walk out of the office.

“Thiz whole Clan iz nutz. I need a drink. Or a bottle.”