

"Are you sure you want to do this?"
"Of course I am. Why shouldn't I?"
"I don't know, maybe because you lost the last time?"
"How are you supposed to say that. I haven't lost."
"Sure you did."
"No, I didn't. It was you who lost and ever since you are complaining that you lost."
"But I didn't loose. You played unfair during the last match and had to be disqualified for that."
"Played unfair? Disqualified? Are you serious?"
"Yes I am, but you know what? I will give you a chance to repeat our last match. But this time we need to set up rules so you won't be playing unfair again."
"Anything to get me over this."
"Kk. First off, this Battle of Aideniles will be a best of three."
"Battle of Aideniles?"
"Yeah, it was my idea. How would you name it otherwise?"
"I don't know. Why give this a name at all. But anyways, what else?"
"Come on, that name is awesome, isn't it?"
"Can we skip this? Any other rules?"
"Yeah, as I said its best of three, so each team will be limited to three members."
"Ok, that's it?"
"Yes, that's it, you are fine with that?"
"Sure, everything that gets me done with that."
"Awesome. We meet today at 3:00PM at the gate." Dru said already chasing away.

I need a team, I need a team, I need a team. Dru's murmured as he chased through the corridors of the Great Hall leaving irritated personnel in his wake. While chasing left and right, Dru eventually ended up in the Hangar bay where he almost fell over a stack of crates that were supposed to get loaded into the belly of the *Ar'kell*. Upon getting up again his eyes recognized a familiar tattooed hand reaching out to assist the fallen Aedile up again. "Are you alright Dru?"

"Rian," Dru replied taking the heartfully offered hand. "You're just the person I was searching for."

Rian lifted a brow. "You've been searching for me? You could have easily contacted me via comlink if you had to find me."

"Yes, but I didn't knew I was searching for you until I found you."

"You didn't know you were searching for me until you found me?"

"Indeed, cause how could I have known I was searching for you until I found you? Wouldn't make sense, would it?"

"Ok, so let's put it a different way. Why have you been searching for someone that revealed itself to be me when you found me?"

"You remember the last time when Aiden and I battled ourselves to see who of us is the better Aedile?"

"I do, and somehow I think I won't like what you will be saying next."

"Ah, come on Ri-guy, I need you. I need you to settle a score against Aiden after he cheated last time to win our match."

"Really? I thought it was a fair game?"

"No it wasn't." Dru almost shouted. "Aiden cheated and only that for he won against us. We need to defend our honor this time and show him that we can win against him and his cheating."

"We? Why do you think I would let myself slip into this again?"

"That's easy, you have a drive for making the right things. And this is definately the right thing to do."

Realizing that any further discussion would be pointless, the former Consul agreed, if not only to

silence the Aedile in front of him. "Alright, alright, I am in."

"Awesome, thank you Rian, you are my personal hero."

"It's ok, just don't make me regret this."

"Never ever." Dru said, already turning again. "But one more thing, we set up a rule for this time that every team have to consist of three members, do you know someone we can add to our team?"

"Yes, and I probably know where to find him."

A few minutes later, the pair entered the rooftop of the Intelligence Service building.

"Let me do the talking." Rian said before calling out. "Arvalis, are you here?"

"Over here." came the entirely calm voice of the Umbaran.

Closing in to the specialist sitting on a bench near the edge of the rooftop, the umbaran looked up from his datapad. "Master Rian, what made you come up all this way for me."

"Actually it's not me who intended to see you, but Dru."

"Hey man." Dru said.

"Well then, how can I be of help for the Ektosian Aedile?"

"You remember the Battle between the Aediles of our two houses?"

Arvalis mouth twitched for the blink of an eye before replying. "Of course I do. Wasn't that when most of the Taldryan dark Jedi ended up drunk at Spanky's because the last match between them was a drinking contest."

"Don't remind me about that, I felt dead for at least four days afterwards. Anyways, they are repeating that and, though they set up more or less rules I suggested you to complete our team this time."

Taking Rian's look, Arvalis considered his next words carefully. "Though I doubt that I will be a great addition when you will be facing a team consisting entirely of Force-sensitives, I agree to join your team."

That being said, Arvalis sprang up heading for the stairway, whispering to the former Consul as he passed him. "Now you owe me another one."

"Yeah, I thought so." Rian murmured turning himself as well to head for the stairway.

"Hrm? What did you say?" Dru asked.

"Just something private."

The End