

**Daleem**  
**Satele Shan Base**  
**Quaestor's Office**

Len anxiously paced back and forth in Alethia's office. His Quaestor sat behind her desk, eyes tracking the battleteam leader. With each completed circuit Alethia's annoyance grew. Seraphol sat quietly on a comfortable couch to one side of the room. The new Aedile had learned quickly that it was best not to provoke silver haired woman.

"Iode! Sit down," the Quaestor finally shouted out as her hands flew up in exasperation. The Chiss' red eyes widened as he stopped mid stride. The quiet chuckling from Seraphol snapped Len back to reality, the cold sweat that had formed on his brow solidified him there.

"Yes, Ma'am," the Pathfinders' leader stammered out, as he scurried into a seated position beside his Aedile. Len could have sworn for a moment that Alethia's voice had ignited the illusion of his death.

"Seraphol, his check in is late."

"It is Ma'am, but it has only been five minutes since the designated time. Perhaps his mission has made it impossible to send a transmission."

"Or maybe he got carried away again." the Quaestor muttered as she punched a few buttons conveniently hidden on the desk. In response to the commands a holo projector rose from the center of the room. Len waited patiently as the word '*Connecting*' spun slowly.

"What is it Commander." The Seer's emotionless face appeared, a sickening crunch was barely masked by Henymory's voice.

"Have you completed your mission?"

"Calling wet work a mission, how noble of you." The Quaestor blinked puzzled as the utter lack of emotion in the man's joke struck her as odd.

"That is not an answer Mako," Alethia's irritation come through in her voice.

"Yes it is completed, made contact with the local who requested our assistance, removed those who were forcing his people into slavery." Mako's monotone voice full of boredom only proved to irritate the former Imperial further.

"And the freeing of the slaves?"

"Yea took care of that too, you got follow up orders for me?"

“You missed your check in Henymory,”

“Oh, well a few of the scum tried to hide, had to drag them out of the vents.”

“Just return to base.”

“Roger that, see you planet side in a few days. Henymory out,” Alethia was left a little unsettled as the bored look had never left the former Quaestor’s face, as she had thought it would.

“You are right, he needs more than SeNet missions and training to fill his time. Iode you mentioned needing a spy master and tactician.” The calculating blue eyes turned to the Major once again.

“Yes, the team is starting to come together, but we still lack one with a practiced hand in the intelligence field and all out warfare,” Len answered sheepishly, the team so far only consisted of himself and Junazee.

“Very well, I shall assign him to the Pathfinders once he returns. I highly suggest you read up on his background, Major. It will illuminate why our Consol has elevated Mako within SeNet.” Alethia nodded to Seraphol as she opened a desk drawer. The Jedi crossed the room quickly and took a large folder filled to bursting with flimsy.

Len swallowed quickly as the heavy folder was deposited on his lap. Scrawled on front of the folder were several words in red ink, most notable were the words ‘*Top Secret*’, ‘*Mako Henymory*’, and ‘*Digital copies prohibited*’. As the Major skimmed through the files quickly a few snippets popped out at him ‘*Dijora Intelligence Agency*’, ‘*Deep Cover Agent*’, ‘*Arcona Special Forces Operative*’, ‘*Special Forces Commander*’, ‘*Nighthawk*’, and ‘*Talons*’. The old Arconan files began to fill the Battleteam leader in on his former Quaestor’s past. A past that had never been shared with the members of the House.

**Daleem**  
**Satele Shan Base**  
**Barracks**

Mako tossed the small rucksack onto the small bed. His mission had been a success, but these quick trips lacked the excitement. He never found a challenge in them, Sight had been much more suited for straight up wet work than the Seer. With a sigh Henymory stepped into the refresher.

His hair was still damp from the cleansing as a gentle knock came upon his door. With a flick of his finger the magnetic lock disengaged and the door slid open with a hiss. On the other side of the door Alethia smirked at the half dressed Force user.

“Henymory, new assignment. You answer to lode now,” the Quaestor’s voice seemed to cackle with glee as she shoved the Chiss into the Seer’s room and quickly disappeared down the hall before he could object.

“I don’t remember agreeing to join the Disciples, Archenksova!” Mako yelled out as his emerald eyes bored a hole into Len.

“No you did not. Welcome to Garza’s Pathfinders,” the Battleteam leader’s smile and cheerful tone seemed placed more to catch the Seer off guard than be truly heartfelt.

“Never agreed to to join them either.”

“Oh, I think you will like it with us Commandant,” lode’s smile grew larger as he spoke.

“How much of that file did she show you?”

“All of it!” the Krath could have sworn a rainbow had formed and twirled around the Chiss as the Battleteam leader spoke.

“When do we start?” Mako’s eye twitched slightly as he spoke, the words coming out slowly.

“Immediately, you get to fill the role of spy master.”

“Lovely.”