The room was made of cold durasteel, with artificially white lights and furnished with an assortment of heavy metal crates. It was the kind of improvised training room that the sole inhabitant was all too used to. The tall Epicanthix, adorned in a set of fatigues, hefted the last crate onto a stack as he finished setting up a course that spanned the whole room. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and flicked it onto the floor. The Plagueian was about to run through it when the door hissed open across the room.

“Furios!” the voice of his Quaestor called.

“Here!” he replied as he stepped out into plain view. Laren Uscot stood at the door. Next to him was a human the Battlemaster didn’t recognize.

“Since you elected to stay on the ship and train, I’ve brought someone to join you. This is Jason Hunter of Tarentum,” the Pantoran stated, gesturing to the man. He stepped forward, each of them subtly eying each other over, summing each other up.

“No killing each other, by the way,” Uscot said as he left, the door hissing shut behind him.

A moment of silence passed between the Battlemaster and Savant.

“Sabers or fists, big guy?” the Corellian asked, a light-hearted tone in his voice.

Furios offered no reply. He simply drew the saber from the clips on the back of his belt, ignited the blade, and jumped up and back onto the nearest column of crates, landing carefully on the stack.