

**Briefing Room B!**  
**Phantom Complex**  
**Port Ol'val**  
**13:00**

Zujenia's chest rose and fell exaggeratedly as the durasteel door slid shut just in time to keep a grabby Celevon from entering — her rear relieved. She rested, back against the entry, while she attempted to process...whatever she witness parading through the complex halls. Qel-Dromans were getting close and personal with each other, either lounging or making out in some corner. The half-Ryn's vest had been pulled out of place from various wishful hands as she had yanked and stepped her way through the chaos. Shaking the public displays of affection from her mind, she blinked and realized her spy bot was missing. Usually, such a thing would be met with a bit of joy; The droid was of a bit too eager to please personality. However, she couldn't help thinking she had caught a glimpse of Dwoid in the cuddling grasp of the Wookiee, Kelviin.

*Fwoosh.* The metal door flew into it's recession in the wall, Zujenia falling backwards suddenly with the disappearance of her support. Only to be caught by two hand firmly. Looking upwards with a twisting sense of dread and an 'oh no, who now?' thought, golden eyes spotted the sharp jaw line of an even more than usual bothered Quaestor. Terran gave her a little shove, enough to upright her and force a step or two forward so the man could enter the room. He plugged in the 'proper' code to activate the locking mechanisms before turning to the hafling. It took a moment for Zujenia to realize she was staring, trying to figure out if her boss was under the influence. His frown, however, confirmed otherwise, his blue eyes gauging her own state of being.

"Well, good. One less mushbrain to have to deal with," Terran muttered as he passed, pulling out a chair and kicking his feet up onto the long table. He pulled out his datapad and started tapping away at it. The Kiffar's frown deepened while he worked, dragging the long curving scar on the left side of his face with it. Taking one last hesitant glance at the secured entry, Zujenia moved to lean against the opposite wall from the Quaestor. She tightened her white-haired ponytail before clearing her throat and addressing the man.

"So, um, do you know exactly what is causing this..." She waved towards the door. "...scene?"

The ice blue eyes snapped closed as Terran pinched his nose. When he released, he ran the hand through his dark, ruffled locks before answering. "Yeah. The Consul," his voice was heavy with derision, "and the rest of the Lotus leaders decided on this grand idea to stop the Iron Loyalists and the war."

"And...that grand idea involved turning the clans, their own clans, into a lovefest?"

She groaned inwardly at his curt nod. *I hope Kord isn't under all this*, she thought before speaking again. "How'd they do it and why aren't we affected?"

“They put this chemical or drug, something,” he waved it off, “in the food. That great clan-wide banquet I take you skipped as well, yeah, it was the method of how the Shadow Lady administered it. Odan-Urr and other allies did the same, and our undercover agents in the other clans as well as the Dark Council took care of them.”

If the look of horror on Zujenia’s face amused the Kiffar, it didn’t show. She worked her jaw in a mixture of astonishment and dread. Before she could voice her worried question, the sound of metal being yanked from its fasteners drew the briefing room’s occupants attentions towards the ceiling. Down fell a grate cover with a clatter, a short grey furry form hopping out after it. It straightened up with a grin at the half-Ryn’s blank face and gave his jacket a dust off.

“Ello, Luv.” Kordath winked, then turned to the Qel-Droma Quaestor. “Uh, Terran, mate. I think we should, eh, call off this experiment plan, aye? I just saw Tim ‘n’ the pink-skin’ lass makin’ for a room.”

“So?” Despite the lax answer, void of any real degree of caring but more so annoyance, the Kiffar’s eyebrow did raise by just a smidge. Certainly the fact that Arcona’s oldest statue had coped some romantic feelings had humored the man. “It will wear off, thankfully, in another...twenty-nine hours. Though after a —”

“--Twenty-nine hours? In this state? Is no one concerned about their health?” Zujenia gestured openly in her exasperation. The Ryn beside her placed his hands up in the air to calm the flustered woman.

“Zuj, the lads are only gonna ta romp for a time. The idea ‘tis the after bondin’ will create a peaceful love for ‘nother.”

She straightened back up and exhaled, “Alright...I suppose. I’m seeing a million and one reasons for this to backfire, but what’s done is done.”

Terran gave a semi-sarcastic thumbs up in agreement to her scepticism. The half-Ryn nodded back. Her dark amber eyes turning to lock questionably on Kordath. *Funny how Bleu just happens to show up. I guess it’s...admirable? Eh.*

“Kord, why are you here and how did you escape Atty dragging you to the feast?”

That grin of his widened, his blue tail waving mischievously behind his back. “I gave ‘er the slip. Frankly, was hoppin’ to run into ya. Shame you donnae get a piece of the cake last nigh — ”

Her lover found himself on his ass and rubbing the top of his cranium gingerly while Zujenia shook off her smarting hand from the thwomping she just dealt. Furrowing her ashen eyebrows, it was Zujenia’s turn to massage her temples. Sighing, she took a seat at the table.

“Okay, so we wait out in here for a couple hours, then move off to our own solitude areas?”

“Sums it up.” Terran replied. He then muttered under his breath about something about being cut off to his office. Kordath, seemingly recovered from the head smack, plopped into the chair next to Zujenia and pulled out a deck of cards.

“Sabbacc, anyone?”

Terran folded up his datapad with a nod and flipped his casual lounging position to his left. Figuring there was nothing better to do, against her usual opinions on the game, the half-Ryn nodded. Nimble hands dealt the cards and the three settled in to wait out the muffled noises from the other side of the room.