Question of Loyalty

“Obsidian!” the voice comes from the door way of his room.

Standing from his meditative stance Obsidian turns to the door. He didn’t really need to see whom it was he felt his approach the moment he entered the hall to his chambers. What he didn’t know is what he is here for interrupting his silent meditation.

“This had better be good.” Obsidian asks with an acidic tone to his voice. He then walks to his table where he calmly sits in his high back leather chair.

“I was just reading the report from a mission you have just recently worked on and I am finding things a bit too convenient with your story.” He states as he steps just within the door so that the sensor will shut behind him.

Obsidian turns to him and looks him in the eyes and sees true conviction within them. “*This Sith is questioning me?!*” he thinks to himself incredulously. The man before him is a sith whom works with the Clans to ensure accuracy and proper protocols on submit ion of mission reports. To which he is unaware that the overall mission report is bunk because the true mission is not mentioned. It was a mission just for Obsidians skills to work.

“So Obsidian your report states that your mission, took you into contact with another Clan and was there among them for over a weeks’ time.” He states like he was reading from the report itself.

“Yes you are correct.” Obsidian states with a matter of fact manner.

“Your mission was to set up some trade agreements and find out some inside information but your report says nothing more than a simple trade was agreed upon.” He again states as if reading from the report. He is good at his job if his memories are like this.

Obsidian stands and walks over to his work bench. There he has been working on a new weapon that is designed to surprise the enemy. This weapon gives Obsidian a unique twist to his arsenal and will prove useful in a pinch. He has never tested it out. He takes the disk and looks it over. The simplistic design is nice, the weight is just a bit heavy but the mechanisms are made of sturdy metal and the krystal within is the key. With a slite toss it leaves his palm and lands safely back where it started and Obsidian does this for a moment. Obsidian turns to the Sith.

“Are you questioning my ability to write the report, or are you questioning my loyalty to this Clan?” He states. He looks deep into the Sith’s eyes for the answer. The Sith looks at Obsidian and with casual glance looks for Obsidians weapons. He feels a bit of relief as he glimpses Obsidians Lightsaber sitting on the desk on the other side of the room.

“The time you spent among them and the report don’t seem accurate. You spent more time that it would need to justify your time there.”

“ Here take a look at this and tell me your honest opinion on it.” Obsidian asks as he tosses the disk to the Sith. The man catches the object in his hand easily and looks at Obsidian questioningly. Then with no response from Obsidian he brings the object up closer to his face to examine the disk. Turning it over and about looking along its edge and over again, then turns to Obsidian with hand held out with the disk held with his thumb and forefinger.

“What does this have to do with my question?” He demands. Then Obsidian looks to him and with the slightest nudge with the force the weapon activates. A glowing energy much like the light saber comes into existence but it is focused out in a circle. In fact the circumference of the metal disk, out to about 6 inches. Before the Sith even realizes what happen the top half of his hand falls along with the disk to his feet.

It only takes about 3 seconds for the man to realize what has just happened. He immediately jumps back away from where the now spent disk lies with his hand held close by the other. Obsidian immediately pulls the force in and pushes the Siths mind. Bringing the images of far more deliberate decapitation to his mind and feeling for the deeper fears. The sith started to shout but lost all sound and steps back again. Looking to Obsidian with eyes wide and aghast.

“My loyalty to this Clan is without fault. You will be mindful of EVER questioning me again. Is THAT clear?” Obsidian says as he allows the terror wash over this Sith.

“My report is accurate and if you decide you don’t like still then take it up with the Master who sent me on the mission and see if they will be any kinder to your plight.”

The man now bends down and carefully takes up the piece of his hand and quickly turns for the door. He is definitely moving much quicker leaving then entering. Once the Sith is safely down the Hall Obsidian again returns to his quite meditation the wounds he suffered at the hands of the other Clan still need minor healing.