

MC-80 Cruiser *Paragon*

House Ektrosis Quaestor Justinios Drake's much deserved moment of solitude was interrupted by the abrupt opening of his office door. Without even looking up the Aleena blurted out, "I gave explicit instructions not to be interrupted."

"Is that how you greet you Proconsul?" Justinios diverted his attention away from his datapad and to the green-haired form of Halcyon Rokir Taldrya who was now standing little more than a few centimeters from the durasteel desk. The human looked none too pleased.

Justinios slid down in his chair further, letting out a loud sigh in the process. "Can't we go over the intelligence reports later?" the Quaestor whined. "I *finally* have two spare moments to focus on my own research for a change."

"I am here for you and not the Sphere of Research and Intelligence," Halcyon replied. "You joined Taldryan at a difficult time and although your on-the-job training has kept you alive so far, everything you do needs refinement."

Insulted at the attack on his technique, Justinios was momentarily left speechless. The moment also quickly passed as his brain filled with clever retorts. He settled on, "nuh uh," and immediately regretted the decision.

Unimpressed, Halcyon countered, "Well if that is the best you have meet me on the training deck in 15."

Since that was the best that Justinios could come up with he did meet his Proconsul on the training deck at the requested time. With his shoto sized Lightsaber in hand, the Aleena was determined to put on whatever show was needed to end this forced training session as quickly as possible.

Halcyon, it seemed, had other ideas. He motioned for Justinios to hand his weapon over. The Elder gave it a quick look over and then snapped it to his own belt. With both hands outstretched he then summoned two training sabers, one full-sized and one shoto sized, into his waiting palms.

"No, nope, no." Justinios was not amused. "I have survived the destruction of Karufr, running from the Justicar's fleet, fighting on Nancora and now the craziness of the Caelus system..."

"And you looked like bantha poodoo the entire time." Halcyon tossed the smaller of the two sabers towards Justinios who watched it crash onto the padded flooring of the training area. The Proconsul simply shrugged and charged full speed at his apathetic student.

Out of options, Justinios called the training weapon to his hand and backflipped while parrying the charging strike. The Aleena had to repeat the maneuver three more times while Halcyon kept his relentless assault up. After the fourth acrobatic retreat the Elder finally stopped.

“You don’t always need to resort to flashy moves,” Halcyon lectured. “What you should have done is sidestepped my charge and let my momentum take me past your location. You can still maintain your footing that way and more importantly you let me tire myself out instead of you being all out of breath jumping around like a spiced up womp rat.”

Seeing the logic in his Proconsul’s advice, Justinios replied with another well thought out statement. “Hm.”

Halcyon, seeing that he had pierced through the defenses of the former professor’s ego, continued to press his rhetorical advantage. “You have done an amazing job becoming the warrior you are with so little training. The Clan has failed you in allowing you to self-study your way through training with the Force. I am here to correct that mistake and enhance what you have already become.”

The Quaestor of House Ektrosis then saw how he had let his pride again get the best of him. With renewed determination he gripped his training weapon with his blue scaled hands and prepared for another lesson.

Two standard hours later, Justinios stood battered and bruised from his training session. The Aleena also found himself exhausted and dehydrated. In stark contrast his new instructor was hardly even winded.

“Well I think that is enough for today.”

Although Justinios appreciated that Halcyon was ending the intense training session there was also a part of him that wanted to push on. That part quickly lost out to the side that wanted to eat, drink and nap. Instead, Justinios asked a question, “When is our next training session?”

Smirking, Halcyon replied, “When you least expect it.”