

As the party within the structure continued, the Sephi criminal sighed with the realization he was being called upon by the Constable Yih with his datapad. His thumb quickly flipped up the covering over the screen, eyeing the text with a narrow gaze.

“Great,” Jael muttered, kicking the air and a few rocks as he stood outside the party with the intent of being merely a wall-flower, regardless of how urgently he was needed. This new path he had taken in terms of being a Battle Team Leader and joining the Jedi rank was incredibly difficult for him to maintain as his instincts were to just fuck off.

His droid, BB-8-2X45, let out a set of tones, including a long set of low boops of which would be interpreted as growling by Jael.

“Hey! Don't get upset at me 'bout this mission. You're the one that said 'You should do this for your sister. Your sister would want you to turn a new left',” Jael started to yell at his droid, placing his foot upon the droid's bottom section to keep the droid in place as he began to look into the droid's camera with animosity. “Maybe I should just use my skills to make you a silent, obedient droid...” Jael pulled out his control unit pad with the other hand wiggling his fingers just above the buttons.

As he continued to make motions with his fingers regarding possibly changing the droid's personality, Jael slowly realized that the Constable was standing beside him now, who glared in Jael's direction.

“Ahem... Chi'ra, correct? I was given the understanding your *sister* would be here instead...”

Jael narrowed his eyes at the mention of his sibling and pulled his foot off of the BB-8-2X45 Unit. He placed his pad back within it's hollister, and then crossed his arms across his chest.

“What about it?” He growled while he sized up the Constable with indecent words being shouted in his direction via telepathy.

“I may not be a Jedi, but I know you're speaking ill of me within that brain of yours. It would not take a mystic to know this,” Constable Yih spoke plainly as he motioned for Jael to follow him of which the Sephi Odanite muttered a profanity. As he began to walk, Jael motioned his head for the droid to follow him of which the droid gave off a set of low tone beeps, rolling forward to follow the two.

The trio walked around the kitchen now as the Constable had called for one of the main kitchens to be vacant when he had finally found the Odanite who would be on the case he was presented with.

“So what we have so far is this,” the Constable slid over a tray with the current evidence placed upon it. “What do you make of it so far?”

Jael muttered a word at the sight of a knife placed upon the tray as well as a bloody handkerchief and a cryptic note. With his cybernetic hand of which has synflesh upon it, the Odanite grabbed the cryptic note and handed it to the droid who gave off a beep.

“The BB-8 unit will look at the coding in this note and give us an answer soon,” Jael remarked as the BB-8 fell silent to begin its work. Jael continued to look over the knife as well as the bloody handkerchief without much of actual touching in fear he might forget to use his cybernetic arm.

“So the victim wa-”

“Stabbed with this knife, correct? And this blood handkerchief... has the family crest upon it as well... I would assume there are suspects already?”

“Ah, yes. You get right to the meat of it all, don’t you?” The Constable smirked while sliding over a datapad with information upon it already displayed.

“Poor choice of words in this case, Yih,” Jael muttered as he started to use his fingers to flicker through the information collected. As the information passed by his gaze, the Odanite frowned and let out a sigh. “So you guys don’ have any real information other than speculation upon one person who happen to be *rumored* to have an affair going on... a husband who is estranged with the possibility of having *something* to do with this despite the fact he is off planet... and finally a former employee of the husband... “ He spoke allowed until the Constable finally hushed him with the realization someone might have heard him.

“You have got to keep the voice down,” Constable Yih let out a sigh after he spoke and shook his head. “We got an autopsy going on too regarding the last bits of information we might have, but...”

“But what? Did the victim actually have any possibl-”

A set of estatic beeps and low boops came from the droid as it began to roll around in a circle.

“BB-8, what’s up?” Jael asked as he turned his attention to the projected message now within the space between him and the droid. “The culprit used the service elevator?” The Odanite placed his hand upon his chin, scratching and rubbing through his beard with silent repose. “This means it has to be someone who happened to be working or either previously worked before... I do not expect the husband to sully himself with the service elevator just to kill his wife...” Jael continued to think, starting to pace within the kitchen and periodically looked over the dossiers regarding the suspects. “I believe we might need to find the Sephi... Something in my gut tells me he’s not here for what you believe he is here for...”

****Left off if wanting to finish the fiction as I have the hint of the Sephi being the culprit****