

Creon's GX1 Ship
Voraskel Docking Bay EQ1
Kiast



Creon's mind was forced awake from his mental clock. He had always woken up at 0400 hours, at least, relative to Kiast. His left arm was completely numb, and when he opened his eyes to see what had caused it, he found a beautiful red-haired woman softly asleep. His arm was underneath her, and she rested peacefully on his chest with her legs curled around his.

The woman was Lucine Vasano, a Sith belonging to Arcona. They first shared a conflict on Hoth, and now a bed in Kiast. *What were you thinking?* He thought to himself as he stared at the roof. He knew that if he kept it up, it would have its own set of problems and dangers ahead.

He slipped his arm out from under her and sat up on the edge of the bed, waiting for the blood pressure to return back to normal in his arm. He then sat up, found some pajama pants and a shirt, then made his way to make some coffee. A hallway stretched out to his left that led to a small kitchen installed on the ship. To his right was the open lobby that had a central HUD console. The console table was blinking on the terminal, indicated he had messages waiting for him. After he would make himself, and his new guest, a quick cup he would then take a look to see if there were jobs waiting for him.

Due to his background in the First Order special forces division, he was adept in tasks that required insurgency. Thus he was assigned to the Wildcards for jobs tailored to just that. While the coffee machine was

dripping the heated water from the filter, his droid "Mia", short for Military Intelligence Analyst, approached.

"Sir, I'd like to inform you that you have urgent messages waiting for you on the HUD Terminal."

"I saw," Creon replied as he took out the pitcher of coffee and poured some into two mugs. "You said urgent?"

"Yes, direct messages from the Consul and news about the Inquisition."

The Inquisition, Marick's special ops working for the Dark Council. He had never encountered one but learned enough about them as a thorn in Odan-Urr's side. They've targeted Jedi before, and with the recent attempt on Empress Anayase's life, Creon concluded that the news involving the Inquisitors was likely related.

"Thank you," he said collecting a plate of cream and sugar, "I'll go take a look now."

When he arrived he saw Lucine already on the half-circle couch surrounding the lobby terminal. Her hair was a mess, which to Creon was more beautiful than it being well kept. She made herself comfortable with one of his button up shirts and took the blanket from the bedroom to wrap up the lack of wearing anything else.

"For me, darling?" She asked.

"Yes, I drink mine black. But I wasn't sure how you liked yours," he said placing the plate on a side table and handing her one of the mugs.

"You are too thoughtful. Thank you," she replied as she added a small amount of both cream and sugar to the steaming mug, before taking a grateful sip.

"I usually make my caf strong. I hope it's okay," Creon said with a touch of uncertainty in his voice.

"Generally I prefer tea, but when I do drink caf I prefer it strong. This is wonderful," Lucine assured him.

Creon's attention went to Lucine's datapad when there was a small chime from the device. She retrieved it and began to look it over. It reminded Creon of the notifications on his HUD Console Mia mentioned about the Inquisitorius.

"My my, it seems my leadership has been trying to contact me," she said. "It appears something has happened."

Creon motioned a head nod to his terminal table in front of them, "I've got urgent messages too. Something important must have happened overnight. It's probably the same thing. You can upload your datapad to the terminal if you want a better view. If it's confidential, I understand. Though I have a feeling our leadership has parallel goals."

"I do appreciate the offer, darling. But an info broker of mine who reveals her sources does not stay in business very long," she replied with a twinge of embarrassment in her tone. "If you have urgent messages too, then it must be serious."

She then paused and watched Creon intently out of the corner of her eye. "If you want me to leave so you can retrieve your messages, I understand. Clan security, and all."

Creon rose from his seat and looked over the terminal console. It had a small display screen along the side and allowed him to scroll the messages to see which one to activate. Most were classified, and it wasn't his right to betray the trust of the information given to him. One file, however, wasn't classified. It was actually a link on the holonet; a video. Creon opened up the page and played the video, and allowed it to display in a hologram projection on the console layout.

It was the Gray Fang, Marick Tyrus, Voice of the Dark Council and leader of the Inquisitorius. His speech was an open message about the Inquisitorius targeting the Collective. What this public move was supposed to accomplish, however, Creon had to ponder. He looked to see Lucine, a single eyebrow raised and an intent processing of the speech video that had been played.

The enemy of my enemy, Creon thought as he looked back to the holo video again. He wasn't convinced that Odan-Urr would still be a target. We had our own problems as it were already. It made Creon worried that the Alethia and Aura may drop their guard through this display or even cooperate to try and take down the Collective. If they did that, he knew Odan-Urr would take the brunt of the damage when the fight is over, and be easy to sweep away afterward. He had more faith in his leadership than that, however, and would follow their orders no matter what. Though if it eventually involved collaborative missions with Inquisitors, he may begin to doubt.

"Where do you stand with the Inquisitorius? Honestly?" Creon asked without looking at her. It was a question he didn't want to ask, but an answer he needed to know.

"I must confess that I am not a fan of their methods. Besides, it is no secret that, as members of the White Lotus, the current Arconan stance is to view them with mistrust."

Creon took a moment to search his memory banks for what the White Lotus was. Regrettably, he had no idea what the name was and guessed that it was likely a faction within Arcona that did things.

When the recording ceased, Lucine shuffled a bit and continued, "Well... I can certainly see why this would cause such a stir. The Collective is almost certain to respond to such a challenge as well," She added as she drew her attention to her own datapad. She checked Creon's gaze and tilted her datapad from his view. It made sense, although the two clans were aligned, each one had their own classified data. He didn't ponder on it too much. What did linger in his mind was the other messages waiting for him, as well as a curiosity on the White Lotus.

"The White Lotus?" Creon inquired.

Lucine looked at him with a touch of shock and confusion. He hadn't known who the White Lotus was, their affiliations haven't come up to Creon in his line of work. After he enlisted into the O.E.F. after completing his Jedi training, he was admitted into the Wildcards task force. If they weren't involved in a mission, he really didn't have time to learn much about that,

"They are a relatively new group that rose out of the outrage related to atrocities committed by the Inquisitorius," Lucine explained. "They consider themselves to be the resistance against the Iron Throne. There are many, both in Arcona and Odan-Urr that count themselves as members. I take it you are not among them?"

"I guess no-" Creon had been interrupted by a figure appearing as a hologram on his terminal. It was Jael Chi'ra, Creon's battleteam leader in the Wildcards.

"The frak have you been?!" He asked until he looked over to see Lucine, "...Oh"

"How did you-" Creon was about to ask.

"I built this thing, come on man."

There was a moment of awkward silence. Jael's face appeared to be disappointed, and a little snooty towards Lucine. Creon kept his demeanor and asked, "What is it?"

"You are needed. The Wildcards are being sent on a retrieval mission to recover data and personnel from the Psi Termina I. You should have the coordinates uploaded already. Tell her to take the walk of shame and hurry up, you're spearheading the Wildcards in this one."

"What what about you?"

"I've got administrative duties to manage, as the new Quaestor of Hoth."

Creon managed a smile, "My congratulations."

"Well, it leaves a vacancy open for the keys to the Idiot's Array. So uh," he glances to Lucine and then back to Creon one more time, "Don't mess it up."

"Roger, I'll make my way there."

Jael nodded and the hologram faded. Once he was gone Creon let out a sigh and looked over to Lucine, "I apologize for Jael's rudeness. He's that way when he cares."

He saw that Lucine had her attention to her personal datapad. She received an encrypted message from an old colleague in the Inquisitorius, Amarite Corsya. It was a distress call, mentioning her possession of important data recovered from the Psi Termina I. "I would hate to see how acts when he doesn't," she replied to Creon's apology. "So, duty calls?"

"I'm afraid so," Creon responds, "There are survivors from a ship that was impacted recently. I'm to lead a team in for a search and rescue op, as well as recovering any data from the destroyed vessel."

The Jedi opened up a hologram projection of the galaxy on his terminal console. He called for his droid to help assist in uploading the coordinates of the Idiot's Array, the Wildcards' main vessel, onto the map and navigation charter. It was in a remote part of wild space without any nearby stars or planets. What struck Lucine's attention, however, was the coordinates themselves. They were identical to the message Amarite sent out. If a team from Odan-Urr were "rescuing" Inquisitorius survivors, then likely members of the White Lotus were involved.

"Is there any place you'd like me to take you before I leave?" Creon asked.

"Well, if you think you have the time," Lucine said as she gazed to the galactic holomap, with only a slight impish smile to Creon. "Actually, I was hoping you would allow me to come with you," she continued. "As it turns out, I have a mission aboard the remnants of the Psi Termina I as well. It wouldn't interfere with your mission, of course, so I can promise I won't get in your way."

She then approached him and held her eyes just below his to implicate shyness, "Besides, I really enjoyed spending time with you, and I loathe for it to end soon."

A feeling low in Creon's gut warned him of this being a bad idea. On one hand, she was of Arcona, allies to Odan-Urr. She also mentioned membership of the White Lotus. What stood in his mind, however, was the path she had chosen. He was also reminded that her charm was her greatest asset, and Creon had a feeling this was more charm.

"I don't know if that's a good idea," Creon answered, "Personal life and work isn't something that should be mixed." The idea of them working together actually sounded like a good idea in theory. Creon was task-oriented, but if the objective was less than clear, he would need the aid of an investigator. Her MO with manipulating people into getting her job done, when you think about it, actually saves more lives. It reduces the chance of violence by changing minds. He wasn't sure if it was right or wrong, he wasn't sure if she was right or wrong. She walks the dark path under the banner of the light.

"Besides, that kind of move without authorization could go as far as a court-martial," he concluded. He doubted something like that would ever actually happen, but it was the best excuse he could make. He was cautious of her, but only for the sake of caution.

