Revak Kur

12656

A Seized Opportunity

“… I don’t care about petty politics; I want to know who’s responsible for the attack!” Her tightly clenched fist slammed down on the table in the small conference room. The tall, sand colored woman’s anger grew as assurances made by the Zabrak negotiator were not to her liking.

“Eminent Cirrus…” Revak said with a calm tone, “I have sources riffling through all the data we’ve collected from both the Brotherhood and the Collective. You’ll get your answers soon enough.”

Amara Cirrus was stressed beyond her breaking point. She partially blamed herself for the attack. Her Lieutenant Colonel, Jacinta Ni’Erilia, tried to ensure her that another attack was preventable.

“Cirrus, I have stepped up patrols. You’ve already increased monitoring Com channels in the system. If there is another attack, we will know and be ready for it this time.”

Cirrus was losing patients. “This shouldn’t have happened in the first place…”

A tall figure standing with his back to the others stood looking out the large window that took up most of the room. He had withdrawn from the tension that filled the room to clear his mind. Slowly he turned to look at Revak who was sitting calmly in a chair at the head of the table.

“Jedi…”

Revak glanced over at the Governor.

“Pardon my rudeness but why are you at all interested in the attack on the colony…”

Both Amara Cirrus and Jacinta Ni’Erilia grilled Revak intensely.

“… Its no big secret the Jedi have formed an alliance with the Brotherhood. If they’re the ones responsible for the attack, wouldn’t that make you just a pawn in their game?”

Revak grinned as he was well prepared for theirs question since he stepped into the room.

“Governor Blazio. The alliance, if you may call it that, was formed to be equally beneficial to both the Jedi and the Brotherhood. The Jedi are a formidable force. The Brotherhood as a whole had the numbers. We had the strength. If this attack had been carried out by the Brotherhood, you wouldn’t be alive. You’d all be dead. They would have come, taken what they needed and destroyed the rest...”

 Jar'deon Blazio’s face reddened.

“… I am here, not on behalf of the Brotherhood. Most of my fellow Jedi aren’t aware that I’m here. I’m here because I see the strength that a partnership between the Severian Principate and the Jedi could have in strengthening both parties. The Jedi will find your attackers. We will get you answers.”

The Head of Security stood up and scoffed at the Zabrak’s offer.

“Its just more lies. We can’t trust you any more that we can trust the Brotherhood. Or the Collective...”

“As you shouldn’t” Revak interrupted.

 “…Yet you come here and talk of alliances!”

“I come here to talk of resolution. The lives lost…”

“The lives lost! I lost family. Friends. We all did!”

“…the lives lost will not have been in vain. They will not have been just cast aside by two factions wiling to destroy yours for their own benefit.”

Amara slammed her fists down on the table once again in frustration. Jar’deon pulled one of the chairs out and took a seat. Jacinta still stood, ridged, as her years of military training taught her. The room was silent until Jar’deon cleared his throat.

“Revak. I don’t feel right committing my people to an alliance with a Clan so closely linked to our possible attackers…”

“I understand…” Revak acknowledged his apprehension.

“This is a war I don’t want. A war we aren’t ready to fight. We want peace and prosperous trade.”

Revak concentrated slightly. He casually waved his hand across the table before setting it down.

“You can trust me when I say this Governor. An alliance with the Jedi will bring peace. An alliance with the Brotherhood will bring prosperity. The Collective is your enemy.”

The Governor winced slightly and Revak could tell the message he was trying to convey had gotten through. The Governor nodded.

“You will bring us peace. The Brotherhood will bring prosperity. I understand.” Jar’deon reached his hand out and pat Revak on the shoulder.

“Wait a minute…” Amara shouted… “You’re agreeing with this? He just waved his hand, he did that thing Jedi do! He’s in your head!”

Jar’deon shot her an intense look. “We have no other choice. It was one or the other for the survival of the colony. Please take your seat, you sound crazy.”

Amara tried to counter the Governors point but was too angry and only could manage a jumbled mess of word fragments. She stormed out of the room. Jacinta bowed her head before dismissing herself as well.

“They’ll be hard to convince, Governor” Revak said.

“They will be on guard, as will I Jedi. Put me in contact with your Consul. Id rather my dealings be with you Jedi then the Brotherhood. Until all this is resolved, I don’t want them knowing anything.”

Revak stood up to shake hands. A friendly grin appeared on his face.

“Understood. Though I don’t want the Brotherhood knowing I’m here either.”