

Rhylance stood alone aboard the starship. He held in his right hand a confiscated datapad from an Inquisitorious officer within Arcona. The handheld device beeped as he scrolled through the most recent message sent through the AIN. A plan formulated within his well developed brain. A plan to bring himself into a more advantageous position of power. He couldn't let the opportunity slip through his fingers.

Having called another member of his clan to meet him, the Chiss continued to review the message. He waited several moments before the telltale sounds of the Trandoshan named Grot's approach alerted him to the lizard's presence. Rhylance turned to meet his situational ally's gaze.

"Thank you for meeting me here Grot. I had hoped our recent activities together would not have left a sour taste in your mouth."

"Enough of the polite talk, Rhylance. What am I doing here?"

"I have come across our enemies plans, Grot. The Collective is planning on launching a strike against the Principate. They will disguise their ships as ours. A diversion to make us look untrustworthy."

"So we break the Collective trash before they jeopardize the peace talks?" Grot asked in interest.

"The Severian Pricipate are not so easily fooled. The Collective's attack may cause some initial strife, but it is nothing that will not be quickly resolved. More important is the second part of their plan."

"And what is that, Rhylance?"

"The Collective is setting up a strike against our Clan leadership, as well as the leadership of the other Clans. They will strike at our Consuls, or even our Proconsuls."

"So you wish me to protect you?"

Rhylance smiled at the Trandoshans words. He could tell that the lizard held disdain towards him and would be unhappy to be placed on protection detail. The Chiss had other plans for Grot.

"I have my own ideas for protection. No, I want you to stay by our Consul's side during this campaign. You are a fearsome warrior, and he will feel safer having you at his disposal."

"So, I will still be on a protection detail, just for Kordath?"

“On paper, yes. But truly, when you find it your most advantageous position to do so, I want you to eliminate our Consul.”

Grot was stunned. Rhyllance would use this information to cause the death of the Shadow Lord, and he would be made to be responsible. This was a situation that could go wrong a good many ways. Grot's self interest was in question.

“What is in it for me?”

“Aside from credits and a high standing in Arcona? You get my full support and the knowledge that you destroyed our Clan's weakness and paved the way to our future.”

While he was unsure of Rhyllance's request, he could see the merit behind it. There were pro's and con's to Kordath's reign, and for the most part, Grot agreed with the Ryn's decisions. That being said, his death would lead to many advantages for the Trandoshan.

“With a heavy heart, I must accept your proposal.”

“Good, now let us discuss our plan in greater detail.”

As Ryllance led Grot to a more secure area, the Trandosahn smiled. He was in a position to turn the tide of Arcona. He could hardly wait. The menacing look on Rhyllances face meant that he knew the consequences of this action. He just didn't care.

“Arcona Invicta!”

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