

Drifting within the void of the Lyra system aboard an Arconan cruiser, Rhy lance shuffled through reports and data points in his office. The room was moderately spacious, open enough to hold a dozen or so people comfortably. A large metal desk lay in the center of the room, adorned with stacks of datapads and hologram projectors organized in a neat orderly fashion. A large viewport stood behind the desk, taking up the entirety of the back wall through which the system's star shone through in a vibrant display of light which bathed into the room.

The Chiss sat silently in his chair, his back turned, uncaring to the spectacle behind him. His blood red eyes narrowed behind his thinly framed glasses and his brow furrowed with a studious concentration as he poured over numerous reports and data sets and correspondences from his peers within the Arconan leadership. Operations had been far from smooth, and despite efforts to maintain a cordial relationship with the Principate it remained undetermined where allegiances would stand in the end.

Eventualities had to be prepared for, information gathered, field agents set into position should the worst come to pass. This on top of trying to combat the Collective presence in the region and deescalate hostilities from Severian forces without starting a war.

It was a lot to handle at once. A lesser mind might crack under the strain. But thankfully for Arcona, Rhy lance was no lesser mind. His fingers tapped over screens as he continued to dive into his notes, though his eyes briefly flicked up to the woman sitting across from him.

Clad in her midnight black armor, though having removed her helmet for the sake of comfort, Scarlett sat across from her Proconsul absentmindedly fiddling with her lightsaber. She kicked her feet repeatedly against the leg of her chair, the boredom and frustration etched clearly on her face. Information had gone out across the Intelligence Network that the Collective may be employing assassins to strike a blow against the heads of the Brotherhood Clans. In response, she had been assigned to guard her Proconsul as he performed his duties within the system.

While she didn't necessarily mind being put on guard duty, Scarlett couldn't help but feel pent up and stir crazy. She was a woman of action, not one for waiting patiently. She needed to be moving and doing. Giving a long disgruntled sigh of exasperation, she flopped her head backwards over the head of her chair.

"I do need to concentrate, so if you could keep quiet I would appreciate it," Rhy lance clearly spoke, looking up from the datapad in his hand.

"Oh, frak off would you? It's bad enough I have to sit here with my thumbs up my rear for hours on end, but you can't even let a girl have a touch of spice to help pass the time?"

"We went over this, and I do not enjoy repeating myself over something so obvious. I cannot and will not have my bodyguard impaired by narcotics," Rhy lance said, the tremor of irritation coming through his tone.

"Says you, I'm better at my job loosened up. Maybe if..."

Scarlett's words fell from her mind as a feeling of fear and anger swept over her. Danger. Giving herself no time to think, she flowed through her instincts, leaping from her chair over to Rhyllance and tackling him to the ground.

From the vents above them a single bolt of red simmering plasma blasted through the air straight through where the Chiss had sat but a moment before. Jumping to her feet, Scarlett flicked on her lightsaber and leapt to the vent cover, thrusting her blade deep into the shaft. Without losing a beat, she pried the rest of the cover off and pulled out the now still corpse of the would-be assassin.