

This day had been a long time in coming. The situation on Tarthos had been clean, but as was common with the Sadowans, it had left a remarkable mess.

It is quite an oddity, really. How the unhinged Consul had been placed into his position was quite jarring. The Seer had seen the Overlord in his lowest point. He remembered when the Snake Quaestor had been stabbed. He remembered the state of Aeotheran in those days. Still, the city had bounced back as would hopefully Tarthos and the system.

The damage had been extensive. Cimozen Kurios could not dwell for too long or the breadth of it would become heavier than he could deal with. He was not a weakling, but he needed a clear mind. This day needed the work of an Inquisitor, not a philosopher.

As he walked down the streets, he had worn his Inquisitorial garb plainly for all to see. These days needed heroes, or saving the absence of that, they needed symbols. The Collective boasted strength and had yet been toppled. The Sadowans had been the force to overthrow the Collective presence in their homelands. With a Brotherhood presence again gracing Orian, it felt appropriate that he take care to remind the people that the Sadowans were not the only power with eyes on the system.

"Hey!" A ruddy youth, dressed in dirty overalls jabbed a finger in Cimozen's direction. "You have one of those laser swords!"

A smirk tugged at the edge of the Force Disciple's lips as he looked down dramatically in almost mock surprise to the lightsaber hanging from his belt. The youth's face grew as red as her hair, freckles peppering her cheeks completing the ensemble.

"So I am." Kurios spoke with an imperious tone. "It serves as a symbol of my office, my position and in some circles as my rank." The man spread out his left hand toward the youth. "Is there something you require of me? Or is there another reason that you have interrupted my patrols?" There was the barest hint of malice in his words.

"You are with those Sadowan bastards who have been putting down our people for years. How can you strut around like that when people are suffering so?"

"I am but a servant of fate in a galaxy of chaos."

"We have one of those laser-sword-toting assholes down here!" The youth yelled with greater fervor, cupping her hands and shouting. "They are here to take back the land which should be ours!"

Several individuals began to extricate themselves from buildings and alleys along the street. A significant number were armed with little more than sporting blasters while some carried ought but their fists. Cimozen Kurios could have taken a greater note of this threat which surrounded

him, but he knew too much already. His visions had foretold this very encounter a few nights prior.

"Fate is on my side today." He announced clearly, in hopes that all his potential assailants would take notice. "I have my weapon, the Force and the authority to bring due fury down upon you all." He tilted his head back slightly as he made eye contact with the youth. "I do not *wish* such sorrowful violence upon you. I am not a brute, to slay mere children."

"Do'no bring tha' kind of tone about wi' us." A Rodian growled. "We hear' all 'bout your lot on the Frequency!" In the moment Cimozen could not identify the gender of the speaker. In the moment, these beings were all potential threats to pacify.

"Please." He spoke firmly, as though addressing a child he imagined many years the girl's junior. "Could you come again? What frequency are you talking about, now. I have been gone for so long a time."

"Look 'ere." The Rodian growled. "This one 'as never heard of the Orian Frequency." The being shook their head. "He doesn't know how public they sins has become." The Rodian hefted a large piece of lumber, doubtlessly prepared to use it as a club.

"I seek information." Cimozen's voice became cooler. "Not to *discipline* an unruly element in the land."

A snarl escaped the Rodian as the being moved forward with frightening speed. Though in that moment, it was as though everything had clipped into place. As easily as breathing, Cimozen had brought his weapon up, its green plasma blade ignited with a crack and a buzz. As naturally as blinking, he brought the weapon around. As simply as a hot knife through butter, he separated the Rodian from both weapon and arm.

There was an audible intake of breath from a number of the surrounding beings.

"We have you surrounded. You cannot kill all of us. We will not be silenced!" The youth cried the words.

Yet, no being moved to assault the Force Disciple as he observed the Rodian writhing in pain and spitting curses. No being moved to stop the human as he stepped around the wounded attacker with great care. No being intercepted the Seer as he turned his back to them. It seemed the threat of a lightsaber in action may have driven the point home.

Already Cimozen Kurios was thinking hard. He would have to submit a report to the Summit. Though he no longer identified as one of their number, he was sure they would want to know the extent of the system's disenchantment. Hopefully some corrective measure could offset the need for greater violence. Hopefully the rage of the Consul could be sated.

*Their Overlord is not going to like this.* The Force Disciple grumbled to himself as he made his way down the dark streets of the Markosian city.