Shimura ordered Nick to power down the Decimator. Nickraf’s skills as a pilot made sure they came in low and hot, flying underneath any possible radar scanners on the planet. The pair of Nihilgenia saluted him as he walked past with Tesok following close behind.

As the loading ramp dropped to the ground, the warm, wet, humid air slapped them both in the face as they descended which made them feel like they were swimming through the air. Wildlife teemed at the edges of the clearing, the pair of Battlemasters reached out in the Force and found nothing overly large or angry.

Shimura felt Tesok bristle with anxious excitement through the Force. A low growl from the Zabrak was aimed at the Barabel. “We’re here to find DarkHawk. That is the only quarry we’re hunting for today.”

Hissing came from the Barabel that was understood by the other Sith to be laughing. “Thissss one thinkssss you’ve grown ssssoft.”

“Not soft, you stupid lizard, efficient.”

“Ouch. You hurt thissss onessss feelingssss.” He said feigning pain in his voice while hissing more laughter.

“Listen, I’ll make Malisane buy you a bantha when we get back. You can have all the steak you want when we’re not busy.”

He could feel the increased excitement from his comrade when he mentioned the words bantha and steak in the same sentence. They moved quietly through the woods, searching for any evidence that may provide clues as to the Proconsul’s whereabouts.

I wasn’t more than 30 minutes of the pair of Sith trapzing through the forest before they both wheeled around and grabbed their sabers from their belt, snapping them to life. The red hue illuminated the pair and a handful of feet around them.

“Well, imagine seeing you boys here.” A gruff voice said from just beyond the shadows.

Shimura flicked the activation button on his saber staff, killing the blades with a slow thrum. Very distinct cigar smoke finally hit his nose. “You’re walkabout is over Proconsul. Malisane has sent us to bring you home.”

The silence was filled with snapping twigs and the consecutive smacking puffs on a cigar. “Did he now? Well, I’ll have to reprimand him for interrupting my search for the perfect citrus to infuse my whiskey still with.”

“Well, did you get your fruit?” Tesok asked impatiatiently, the bantha steaks still fresh on his mind.

“Why you impetulant…”

“Proconsul…” Shimura cut him off. The Aedile caused his boss’s boss to stifle for a mere moment while he collected himself.

“Correct, Aedile. I did.”

“Well then. I do expect to have a taste when it’s finished, no?” Shimura said feigning decorum.

A bellowing laugh came from DarkHawk. “We both know you’re not that proper. But yes, as of this moment you’re second in line to taste it, behind myself of course.” The laughter continued.

Shimura shrugged, accepting that he’d be found out through his fib of civility. “Regardless Proconsul. You’re expected back. Send me the coordinates of your find and I’ll make sure a detachment comes back to get you as much as you need.”

The long puff of the Proconsul’s cigar accentuated the Aedile’s statement. “My boy, this is why we hired you. I’ll see you back in Orian.”