

Asclepius Station
Kaist orbit

Benn released his hands from the controls of his Delta-7B Aethersprite and allowed the computers and tractor beam of the space station to guide his ship into a parking bay.

"Gods I hate being here. Cold and lifeless, space sucks." The Jedi thought to himself.

His ship jostled as different tractor beams took control to park it. Waiting for the all-clear, Benn sat back and closed his eyes. Green lights pulsed as confirmation of the airlock shield was confirmed.

Cracking the canopy Benn breathed in the stale, recycled air. "By the Force that's disgusting." He said aloud.

"Oh I don't know, one hardly notices it after a bit." A voice nearby responded. Startled, Benn looked around and spotted the leader of the Consular Conclave smiling at him.

Getting out of his ship, Benn walked over and bowed low. "Master Ojiman, it is an honor."

The older Jedi threw back his head and laughed. "Benn, please, address me as Ira. Or Warden if we have to be formal."

The younger Jedi took a deep breath and nodded. "Yes sir, Warde-, Mas-, Ira, sir."

Laughing again, the Pantoran shook his head. Benn reached back into his ship and pulled out a small duffle bag. Ira cocked his head at seeing this. "You travel light."

"I won't be here that long," he mumbled. Turning to face his leader, his expression hardened. "I am flying back to my home tonight, I have a dinner to plan and a book to read."

Shaking his head, Ira sighed. "Jedi Nevis, you *ARE* home." He gestured to the station and one or two of the other members that respectfully waited for their initial meeting to begin.

"This is where we will all live, so we can work together more efficiently. We can brainstorm on how to take care of something. And the younger Consulars can learn new ideas and maybe present something we older ones haven't thought of. This conclave is a team and remember, teamwork--"

"If you finish that sentence with 'makes the dream work', I am going to slap you so hard your head will ring for a month and a day." Benn growled, interrupting the speech he was getting.

Ira's eyes widened some and then he frowned. "No, I was saying teamwork is essential to figure out things, because we all have different views."

"Listen, do you want the truth? I'm scared, I hate being in space. Too many things can go wrong. We have put all of our eggs in one basket and if that Bantha-ass Pravus gets it in his head to try and kill us off again. We'll be dead, the best minds in the galaxy will be gone. poof. What's worse? We could develop a leak in the bulkhead and get sucked inside out! Or have our eyeballs bleed, or get cooked by a solar flare, or get melted by a nuclear meltdown." Benn huffed out, wiping the sweat from his brow.

Ira nodded, looking down. "Very well, Jedi Nevis. You have made your peace, now I will make mine. You *will* spend time here with your brothers and sisters. When needed. You can communicate via holo-communicator or when we have a mooz meeting for general meetings. However, if I call you here, it will be for a specific reason, and you *WILL* attend. I only do this because I understand your fears. Also, you have a unique style of diplomacy that many do not understand, and I would not deprive our younglings of your amazing cooking skills. Now come, let's go meet the others."

Benn reached out and touched the shoulder of his leader. "Sir? Ira? I, um, I just wanted to say thank you for understanding. It means a lot to me." He said bowing again.

The older man looked at his fellow diplomat and smiled a fatherly smile. "Benn, you are a wonderful asset to our clan and to our group. Your skills as a Seeker are very powerful, you are a well known diplomat and your Sense abilities are very very strong. That makes you extremely useful. I know you have some trust issues, but give the others a chance. Besides, we need a medic and cook on most of our missions.