

## **Canto Bight**

### **40 ABY**

After a long day of gambling and networking, Khryso felt the need to visit a nearby refresher. The Chiss Sith was quite enjoying the small vacation from Aliso after the stressful last year. He didn't want to think about that, however. Instead, he needed to focus on emptying himself of waste and finding his way to the accommodations he had arranged in the city.

Finding his way into a stall, Khryso settled in for his business. It was less than a minute later, however, when he heard the bustle of a group entering the refresher. A shuffle of feet and voices he didn't immediately recognize, however, he could not help but overhear their conversation. Their voices were barely above a whisper, but thanks to the refresher's acoustics and the volume of speech being spilled, most of it became apparent to any who might be listening.

The gravity of what they were speaking also made itself apparent. These had to be some kind of high ranking officials for various clans, as they were speaking on topics that should likely be somewhat classified. Khryso got the feeling they may even be the various Consuls of the Clans. He tried to listen for specific voices, but he was not overly familiar with any save for the Dread Lord's, who didn't seem to be among the group.

Taking out his datapad, Khryso carefully listened and copied down what he could. He didn't have any specific plans for useful information he might overhear, but you would never know when something like this could come in handy. Today's allies could become tomorrow's enemies, and vice versa. Better to stay informed and in the know than to be blissfully unaware, even should such information prove valueless.

Several minutes later, he had recorded quite a bit. The gathering of individuals had apparently satisfied their needs as they began shuffling out of the refresher. Khryso made some final notes on his datapad before tucking it away and finishing his business. He made sure his datapad was securely locked down and took his time cleaning himself up before leaving the refresher, not wanting to draw attention to his apparent proximity to the group that had just left. Once he got to his room, he would take some time to read through the notes he had taken and truly decipher the information.

Making his way out of the casino quickly, Khryso hailed a speeder, keeping his senses aware of any potential monitoring. If that had been the Consuls, they likely wouldn't have been as sloppy as to let any vital information slip in such a public place, but if something had gotten out that wasn't supposed to, they wouldn't be happy knowing someone had overheard them. Much less that someone had taken note to remember what had been said. Hopefully this paranoia he was suddenly feeling wouldn't cover the entirety of his trip to Canto Bight, but it wasn't exactly an unfamiliar feeling. Being a Sith often got you used to looking over your shoulder.