

## Personal offense

### Xantros

41 ABY, Bakur, Salis D'aar

Xantros was sitting in a small cafe on the streets of Salis D'aar on Bakura. He took another sip of local tea, while waiting for a mercenary he had hired to gather data on Malan Doris, a smuggler of spice. The mercenary was getting late, but the Duros kept waiting as he had learned the importance of patience a long time ago, when he used to be a Krath. The data he was looking for was much more valuable than an hour or two more that he might need to wait to get it.

A quarter later, his patience was rewarded as he noticed a short man with dark hair and brown eyes. It was as typical person as it could be. Similar to hundreds of people. Speaking with no actual accent, just like many other people. Easily blending into a crowd. So average that no one would ever remember him. An excellent person to spy on other people.

Xantros was introduced to the Human mercenary through one of his operatives. They met couple of times and he entrusted the man with following the spice smuggler to gather information about target's daily routine. On that day, the mercenary was supposed to bring the results of his surveillance task. However, there was something wrong about the man. The Adept was able to sense a mix of feelings felt by his interlocutor. Guilt and a desire to keep something in secret were the strongest among them.

Xantros patiently listened to the mercenary. The man tried to be as brief as he could. He wanted to leave as soon as it was only possible. The Duros understood it. Something wrong happened and the man tried to hide it, but man's mind was quite easy to read. And it was weak enough for the Force Disciple to dominate it with ease. He ordered the mercenary to explain the reason he was late.

It turned out that the man was approached by someone he did not know. The only thing he knew was that that person was not working for Malan Doris, but for someone else. It looked like that person had some sort of a military training or at least behaved like if she had. It was a tall woman with long, curly, ginger hair. She blackmailed him into delivering false data to the Adept. He had no choice, but to comply with her order, because not doing so would result in him going to prison for many years.

The mercenary might have not recognized her since he had not known her, but Xantros had. After serving many years in Clan Scholae Palatine, he was familiar with most of the Imperial covert operatives. Though he could not recall her name, he was sure that she had been sent by the Emperor to track him and to follow his steps. If the leader of the Imperial Clan wanted to have him dead or just to be aware of his actions. No matter of all, the Duros was not happy about that. It was kind of a satisfying feeling to know that his former Clan Summit still consider him a threat, but their actions prevented him from learning the daily routine of Malan Doris and kidnapping him to exchange him for a ransom. And Xantros required the money that he could obtain that way. Even more importantly, he hated people who interrupted his plans.

„I did not want it to happen. I did not want to interact with you or any other person from the Brotherhood. We parted out ways and we could walk separate paths. But fine, if you want war, Kamjin, you will get it. ” thought the Duros. „One day or another, you will pay for crossing the line. No matter, if you are alone or if you have the Clan behind you, you will fall and you will meet your demise from my hand.”

If he could not get money from the spice smuggler, he would get it from the Empire. He paid for his tea and implanted the desire to commit suicide in the mind of the mercenary. The fewer people helping the Empire the better and even though the Human was an unwilling servant of Clan Scholae Palatinae, he was the first one to die in the process of eradication of the Imperial pests.