

Meeting

Nar Shaddaa

41 ABY

SLUMS

Lifeless eyes peered back at Anders, the body contortions at angles uncommon for most Gand.

This wasn't how this was meant to happen. Just as Anders finally thought he had another lead on this wretched hellhole of a moon, this goes and happens. The Gand lay in a pool of his blood, insects already swarming the corpse that seemed to have been here for hours. The bustling markets nearby seemed like an entirely different world compared to the scene that was presented in front of him.

This had the Children of Mortis written all over it, who else would actively have a hand in wanting Draca to remain out of Anders' reach? Anders kneeled beside the body, inspecting them for any sort of clue as to their attackers. Horrible gashes littered their torso and arms, no doubt being the source of the pool of blood seeping from them.

However, upon further inspection, he spotted strange patterns upon their flesh; a triangle encased in a circle. The other markings were slightly less detailed, but there was no mistaking the confirmation of his suspicions when he laid eyes on the mark belonging to the Children of Mortis.

As per the agreement prior to the arrangement, Anders came unarmed, however, he *did* have an assortment of other equipment that had been left at the scene. He activated the glow rod, shining the neon green light over the surrounding area. It appeared that in their rush to kill the Gand, they had been rather sloppy in covering everything up. An assassin's ring lay beside the body. Anders couldn't trace who it belonged to personally, though the Inquisitorius were full of individuals with varying degrees of talents. He was confident he could find *someone* with the right talents. Attached to a belt on their waist was a set of keys on a ring.

Anders had no conceivable idea why these were here, but if they were on his person, then they must have held some significance. He took the ring of keys, attaching them to his belt. The Inquisitor reached out with the Force, scanning the surroundings for any potential threats. Sure enough, he felt nothing worthy of note. If anyone was going to attempt to strike him down, they would have done so

by now. He was unarmed, and had no reasonable way to defend himself. If they perceived him as a threat, they would have waited and eliminated them both in one fell swoop.

That was going to be a mistake. They were taunting him, Anders knew it. His hands balled into fists at his sides, his teeth grinding together. Did they really think so little of him?

Regardless, there was little he could do about it right now. There was, however, one last task he could complete. He saw a nerf towel amongst the rest of the objects besides the body. Anders considered using it so he could wipe his hands of all the grease and muck in the streets. Instead, he drooped it over the Gand's face. There would be vengeance, there would be retribution...

There would be *justice*.

-End-