

“Attention. Now arriving: Lower Promenade. Reminder to all disembarking passengers to watch your step as you exit the transport. Thank you for traveling with Nar Shadda Skyways.”

Leaning against the corner wall, Ellac looked up at the silver 3PO series protocol droid repeating its announcement as it shuffled down the center aisle. A frown tugged at the edge of his mouth as he watched the other passengers shove their way to the opening doors of the shuttle. He hated using public transports, but when the objective is to blend in, it usually works better when you don't fly in on your own ship, not that anyone would particularly notice one more ship in the skies of Nar Shadda, but still... *'I guess that's why Thran's the Vizier,'* Ellac thought to himself as he pushed himself off the wall, assimilating into the mass of disembarking passengers.

“Look, your job is simple: Meet with the informant and get back without making a scene.” Thran's indifference was tangible as he spoke, his attention focused solely on his reflection in the mirror. *“I know discretion is not exactly your forte, Ellac, but lucky for you, Nar Shadda is a busy place, with all kinds of people running about... Blending in should be a piece of cake, even for a brute like you.”*

As he made his way through the city, Ellac's face had subconsciously fixed itself into a scowl. Thran was right; Discretion wasn't his forte. He wasn't accustomed to the nuances of espionage, and he sure as hell wasn't going to fool anyone who was. Yet here he was, 'Blending in'...

Despite his reservations about Thran's 'confidence' in his ability to act casual with his cybernetic arm and the enormous scar on his face, no one around Ellac seemed to pay any more attention to him than they did the bright neon signs that illuminated a good majority of the Lower Promenade's streets. To them he was just another face in the sea of people they had to wade through to get to where they were going, just as they were to him.

Pressing past the passing stream of civilians, Ellac approached the door to one of the maintenance tunnels that led underneath the street. With a wave of his hand, the door unlocked with a hollow **thunk** before sliding open, revealing a set of stairs that descended into the metal framework of the city where he was supposed to meet the informant. *'Maybe Thran was right... Maybe this would be easy.'* he thought to himself as he stepped in, the door sliding shut behind him, sealing him away from the light of the city.

Ellac squinted as his eye struggled to adjust to the darkness of the tunnels. Normally, he would have used his lightsaber for light, but apparently, their informant gets spooked at the sight of weapons, so he had to forgo them in order to arrange the meeting; So onward he waded deeper into the darkness with only the Force and his wits to guide him.

The metallic ring of his boots against the floor echoed through the tunnels as he pressed forward, feeling his way through the cramped corridors as he dodged under and between the

low hanging pipes. Somewhere deeper in the metal maze, the rhythmic dripping of a leaking water line ticked through the tunnels like the seconds on a chronometer. *Drip... Drip... Drip...* The sound chipped away at Ellac's patience as he began to realize that he had been walking through these tunnels for far too long, and still, there was no sight of the informant. Something wasn't right. He should have run into *someone* by now... A maintenance worker, a droid... *Something.*

Behind him, the nearby echo of a blaster shot caused the hair on his neck to stand on end as he spun on his heel, but the sound quickly faded off, leaving him in complete silence save for the distant *drip, drip, drip* of the leaking pipe and the sound of his own heartbeat in his ears.