



SUBMITTED IN ENTRY TO DB COMPETITION: THE HEIST

Three-Faced

Author:

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House Scholae Palatinae

NOTE: This entry is takes place immediately after *Seeping Death*, the author's entry for the recent competition 'Looking Home Campaign - Ptolomea - Out with the Old', and contains minor references to events in that submission. The document is publicly available, although this fiction functions as a standalone piece.

October 20, 2013

1 Shore Leave

Things were quiet at the Scholae Palatinae Centre for Scientific Research. Dr. Elincia Rei gazed across the barren surface of Judecca from her office window high in the mountains of Ohmen, the sunlight dancing across her face as absent mindedly twirled one of her cyan and white tinted headtails in her left hand.

The chemical weapons research project she had been hired to conduct had been accelerated by the Quaestor's demands of a discreet assassination of a key target on Ptolomea. A two month project had been condensed into two standard weeks to meet deadlines, and while the togruta was still adjusting to life as a military scientist, the operation was a success, although Elincia had sustained minor injuries to her leg during the implementation. While she planned to revisit the subject later, perhaps publish derivative works, the project was mostly over, and in the downtime, she had set her team to work on scouring the holonet, to see what information they could uncover.

She sat back in her office chair, enjoying the view. It was nice to be back on Judecca, and nice to have a moment to herself. Having moved from Corellia, the scientist was immediately plunged into a project with an impossible deadline, and she felt she had earned the rest. Her thoughts were distracted by a bleep from her workstation. A message from her research student. Elincia's eyes lazily drifted from the view to her monitor.

Dr. Rei,

I was scouring the holocommunications as you advised and came across an interesting message. I don't quite understand it, but I get the impression you might have some use of it. I've attached everything I have.

Regards,

Leeda

Interesting, Elincia mused. *Grand Admiral Zaarin had a hidden vault on Etti IV...* and her student had included the location, security systems, everything she could have possibly wanted to know for a break in. After spinning some story to her boss about some incredibly important conference on Etti IV and no small amount of mind trickery, Elincia gained a leave of absence for a week to visit the capital of the Corporate Sector. After genuinely gaining access to a real scientific conference on Etti IV to strengthen the charade, she departed in the lab's personal transport ship, warning her student not to

tell anyone else of the vault. The credits didn't interest her. Neither did the weapons. It was the personal challenge that piqued her interest.

2 Old Habits Die Hard

Once out of Brotherhood space, Elincia deactivated the internal security cameras. No-one from Scholae Palatinae would know the truth about her. She dropped her illusions, the neatly patterned togruta skin of a young togruta scientist transformed into the ghost it hid, the face of the twi'lek Epis Impetus M'Nar, known galaxy wide for her beauty and promiscuity before her death in the Ryloth Brightlands five years ago. The years had not been kind on her, showing visible signs of ageing as she approached her mid-thirties, but her bright blue eyes still shone brilliantly. With a thick black coat covering her entire body and breaking her outline in the night, she knew she wouldn't be recognised here. Her training as an assassin was about to face its first true test in over half a decade.

Elincia touched down, setting foot in the corporate sector, taking time to familiarise herself with the new surroundings when her attention was distracted by a bleeping in her pocket.

Dr. Rei,

Regarding the previous message, I've looked into it further and found the vault is guarded by a legion of YVH droids. I hear they're a match even for Jedi. If you refer this to the Emperor, whatever team he sends in needs to be prepared for a suicide mission. The place is impenetrable.

Regards,

Leeda

Leeda was right. No team would be able to successfully break in via force. The security was simply too strong. Elincia, however, had no intention of actually breaking in directly. "Welcome to Etti IV," a welcome robotic voice of a guide droid turned her head. "How may I help you in your journey today?"

Elincia turned to the droid, inclining her head in greeting. "I need directions to the planetary headquarters of the Bank of the Core. Please upload them to this datapad." It was always so much easier to obtain information when no-one had any reason to suspect anything and the droid swiftly programmed the directions onto her map. Examining the directions, she observed the droid had suggested a taxi route leading her directly to the

front door of the Bank of the Core.

While trying to maintain meaningless small talk about her work as a scientist, pretending she was still working for the University of Corellia, she felt a thrill about the whole situation. This was the most dangerous thing she had done for five years, in fact the only dangerous thing she had done for 5 years, disregarding an easy recent excursion on Ptolomea. However, with Zaarin's security emplacements almost impenetrable, and still sustaining a slight injury, she opted for a more subtle approach to this one, aware that death or long term incarceration was a likely worst case scenario.

Honestly paying her taxi fare to avoid rousing any suspicion at all, she approached the entrance of the Bank of the Core. Quickly formulating a plan in her head, she took refuge in the nearest public convenience. The woman that emerged was human, middle aged, brown hair starting to show signs of grey, skin losing its battle against the signs of ageing. World-weary blue eyes scanned the world with a sternness matched by the strict expression of a woman with no tolerance for bullshit. She hid her lekku within her coat, keeping herself covered as much as she could.

3 The Admiral's Daughter

The sight of human woman entering the bank in a coat aroused no suspicion as she passed through the weapon detectors with no problem. She joined the back of the queue at reception, eyeing its length with an irritated disdain, turning to her datapad to pass the time.

Eventually, she was summoned by the cringing fake warmth of the receptionist's call. She walked briskly over to the counter, her mannerisms a statement of intent. "I am the daughter of Demetrius Zaarin," she said confidently. "He stored a vast amount of credits in your bank and I'm here to collect my inheritance."

She tapped her finger on the desk impatiently as the worker loaded up the records, delivering a predictable negative reply. "I don't have the authorisation to access that vault, Miss Zaarin," she replied apologetically. "Please go up the stairs to your left and see head of security, Mr. Praji." Seeing she was honest in not having suitable security clearance, there was little sense in pushing her further. Elincia proceeded to the upper level, locating the office of the security officer.

Two security guards armed with E-11 blaster rifles stood flanking the doors ready for combat, no strangers to attempted attacks on the bank. This attack however, they could never have prepared for, raising no eyebrows as the seemingly harmless woman they were waiting for passed through into the office.

A small room of little decor, Praji's office contained more turrets and security cameras than it did aesthetic features. The array of high tech weaponry and sensors with the tall, powerfully built human form of Praji may have intimidated a lesser woman. The security guards followed her in, standing behind her with their rifles drawn. "Miss Zaarin," Praji gestured her to sit. "I was informed of your presence."

"I'm sure you're aware of how much my father stored in your vaults," she said plainly, taking a seat. "I'd like to claim what's rightfully mine."

"You'll understand I'm not just going to disclose information like that so easily," Praji responded with no hint of apology. "Zaarin was never on record of having any children. I need to see some sort of identification."

Simply avoiding showing anything would have aroused too much suspicion from the guards standing behind her. Elinia leaned over the table, showing Praji her old ID card from the University of Corellia and a completely random document on her datapad. "I think this should be sufficient," she said smoothly, waving her hand in front of the officer. "It clearly shows I have rights to the contents of my father's vault."

"I see," he acknowledged. "I can confirm that the vault contains hundreds of millions of credits, along with weapons and armour that were state of the art at the time of your father's death, along with exotic chemical compounds."

"Tell me more about the chemicals," Elinia demanded, the word 'exotic' piquing her curiosity as an experienced bioweapons scientist.

"We don't know," Praji responded. "We've never opened them, but all are marked either hazardous or volatile. Our scanners couldn't discern the contents and we've not wanted to take the risk of opening them."

"I understand," she said, passing over a credit chip. "Please transfer the credits onto this chip and have the chemicals sent to the research labs of Corellia University." The

transfer was immediate, the credit balance showing up on her chip as Praji handed it back to her.

“Pleasure to meet you, Miss Zaarin,” he said, shaking her hand. “I’ll have the chemicals sent to Corellia as soon as I can.”

“Thank you,” Elincia said, inclining her head respectfully before leaving the office, shutting the door behind her. It had all been too easy. Her powers of mind control were far too strong for even the most resilient minds not trained in the Force. Sending the chemicals to Scholae Palatinae would have drawn unwanted attention to the house. She would inform them of the convoy and have it intercepted on route. Meanwhile...

“Who does that bitch think she is, a fucking Jedi?” Praji spat at his security guards. “Take her out!”

4 Escape

“Halt!” Elincia whirled around to find herself staring down the two armed guards, rifles trained between her eyes as they approached her slowly. “Hands in the air!” Elincia hesitated. No-one had pointed a weapon at her in over five years. It took her a brief moment to work out exactly what was happening but that only served to strengthen her disguise. “Hands in the air!” the guard repeated, jolting her mind into action.

“There’s no need for violence,” Elincia said trying to diffuse the situation. “Your weapons... you will not need them,” both guards felt an eerie sense of calm, and holstered their weapons. Just as they did so, light fled the room. Darkness. Total darkness. Never had they felt anything so black. The guards learned a lesson that darkness can be more than just absence of light as it felt tangible, pressing. The darkness repelled the light of a torch, leaving them blind. When the darkness dispersed, their target was gone.

“Send out a search party immediately!” one shouted down a commlink. “Question everyone that enters and leaves! We’re looking for a middle aged human woman who’s just stolen millions of credits! She’s wearing a thick long black coat. Images for visual identification are available to all personnel.” Aware that causing panic would only assist the robber, the Bank chose not to sound any alarms.

A human attempting to leave the bank was interrupted by the entrance guard. “Over

here!” his summons were sharp and clear, attracting the woman’s attention. He looked to his picture, then back to the woman. No match. The coat was far too small and the hair was totally different. “My apologies, you’re free to go.” The confused looking woman continued on her way.

“Have you seen this woman?” a lone rodian was questioned as he waited for service in reception.

“No, I’m sorry, I’ve never seen anyone like that”, he replied, hearing the same question asked on the other side of the room.

“oh I’ve seen her!” A young human teenager said excitedly, enthusiastic about her role in catching a robber, envisioning herself on news holovids. “I saw her walking up the stairs twenty minutes ago!” The guard shook his head in despair. *Useless girl.*

“I think I might have someone that looked like that just now...” a yellow-skinned twi’lek with sharp bright blue eyes responded cooperatively. “I think she’s in the women’s restroom!”

The guards ran off chasing shadows. Elincia shrugged her shoulders and walked out.

WORD COUNT: 1957