Headquarters,

Knights of Allusis

New Tython, House Odan-Urr space

The door chimed, and without a second thought the occupant waved it open. A large, bulky and imposing force filled the doorframe, a slight bow rendering honors.

The occupant waved it away, and spoke. "Come in my friend, please, have a seat." The office, although rather large, was full of quite a bit of reference materials and a huge old fashioned map of the planet adorned a single wall. A planning holotable that doubled as a working desk dominated the center, with various chairs around. The visitor angled towards one, wordlessly setting up shop.

The occupant moved aside some of the scattered paperwork, turned, and from a table behind him picked up a small container and two cups. He poured out the liquid, and set one in front of the visitor, and one for himself. Setting it aside, they lifted their cups and saluted each other, and sipped.

"Reporting as ordered, sir," the visitor said, getting to the point rather efficiently.

"Thank you for coming, my friend. I have a rather... Delicate request of you." The Wookiee in front of him didn't react, so he continued. "I want to again thank you for joining Allusis. Your presence here is a boost to our morale with someone of your rank, experience and renown. Your work in the invasion of New Tython itself was rather brilliant, and I can't wait to see what else you can bring to us."

The Wookiee merely waved impatiently. "Getting to that. As you know, Ji and V'yr both are away on other duties that leaves you as the highest ranking one of us left that can respond to this urgent mission." More silence. The occupant took another sip and continued, in a subdued voice. "Actually I'm rather glad you were around for this. From seeing you practice I know that you have some skill in infiltration and investigations. That will come in handy for this. We've gotten word that maybe, perhaps, there might be a traitor within the Dark Council.

The Wookiee finally had a reaction, but only barely notable. It was a quick look of surprise, but then went back into that look that he had when he was calculating or strategizing things.

"Needless to say, this would be a perfect time to sow confusion within the Dark Council, to make them turn on one another. That would help Odan-Urr's plans along quite nicely, but we've been told that the Dark Council seeks definitive proof, and if such proof were fabricated we would pay dearly. So we can't just randomly point fingers, we need to be smart about this. We really need to do our homework on this and find out for sure. If your investigation proves that there isn't a traitor, fine, put that proof into your report and send that up. Otherwise, if you do find proof, send that up too."

The Wookiee nodded. The occupant continued, this time rather sharply, "I am sure I don't have to mention this to you, Lambow, but... Be careful in your investigations. You may have an amazing understanding of the Force and a damn good fighter, but the people you'll be investigating are powerful and won't appreciate you sniffing about their business, much less if they find out that you're investigating them for their loyalty. You may wind up on the wrong side of a power play, and I have precious little to send to help you in case you run into trouble. You'll mainly be on your own."

The Wookiee said nothing, but swirled the remaining liquid in his glass contemplatively. Then he said, "Ceartas, you can count on me. Nothing pleases me more than to get those arrogant people all hot and bothered, which is amusing to me because merely being of the Dark Side means that eventually betrayal is the stock in trade in what they do. Nonetheless, I'll be careful." With one chug he polished off his drink, and returned the glass to its' owner. "Now, what do I need to know."

Seraphol took the offered glass and put it away, and activated the holoprojector in the table. "Okay, this is what we know so far. The trail starts in Nar Shadda...."

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Common Market Area

Nar Shadda, Hutt Space

Three weeks later

The Wookiee scanned the crowd constantly while imposing his bulk between his client and the biggest concentration of random people. His other fellow hired guards watched the rest, and provided a defensive circle while the client haggled with a random shop vendor.

However, Lambow wasn't merely just looking out for threats. He had a specific target that his eyes were following, flicking to him every now and again and not just simply staring. He used every shiny surface to help keep tabs on his target, on his progress through the crowded market. He knew that here was his only chance to grab his target and disappear. As long as the Wookiee wasn't disturbing the vendors, they couldn't care less what he did to the shoppers. The vendors were paying the guards, not the other way. Besides, too many bounty hunters caught their prey here, and such things were a common sight.

He kept looking, waiting for an opening. He knew it would be soon. Sub consciously he was gripping his blaster rifle hard, not knowing that he was leaving some marks on the weapon, his claws grating at the metal. Rather consciously he was missing his lightsabers in his paws, but he knew that would blow his cover if had worn them visibly, so he had packed them into a side hip satchel. They weren't exactly fast access, but they were close to him and relatively secure from the common and not so common thieves and pickpockets that prowled the area.

There. There was his opening. The mark had ducked into a small side alley that Lambow knew that had no exit, perfect to corner him and disapper in the only way a prepared Jedi could. He growled, "Plenslow?"

"Yeah?" came the annoyed reply on the commlink, "Whaddayawant Wookiee?"

"I quit," he replied while stalking away, ignoring the confusion and alarm coming from the guards that heard the exchange. The Wookiee then took the commlink earpiece and tossed it over his shoulder, ignoring the profanity aimed at him for abandoning his post. The Wookiee didn't especially care, he had signed up without asking for upfront pay and he owed them nothing as he provided his own weapons, armor, and supplies, so he owed them nothing.

However, that was all but forgotten now. He was stalking his prey now, and now... There he was. He was talking rather impassionedly with someone, or he could have been locked in a kiss, it was a bit hard to tell. It didn't quite matter, though. The Wookiee called upon the Force and cloaked his visual presence, and moved in.

He stopped behind his target and dropped the cloak, and shot him in the back with his rifle. The startled gasp of his paramour turned out to be the only sound she was able to make as he shot her too, although he made an effort to catch her now stunned body and lower it gently to the floor, and away from any casual glances inside the alley so she would suffer nothing ill by being in her current stunned state.

The Wookiee quickly bound his target up, ensuring that his hands and feet were away from any easily reachable weapons. Then from his utility belt Lambow pulled out an attachment for his rifle. He quickly fitted it, aimed high, and fired.

The grappling hook leapt forward, attaching itself to the roof of the building. The Wookiee leaned over, grabbed his now bound target, and ascended. Once on the top, he signaled his extract, a hireling waiting for his signal. After a few minutes of patient waiting, the small transport showed up. Lambow tossed his package in and followed, and then they left.

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*Mina's Shadow* (Ghtroc 720 freighter)

Deep Space

Clear of Hutt Space

24 hours later

Lambow palmed the control to open up the port storage area. His prey was just sitting there, calmly waiting. The Wookiee gently pulled off the mouth piece that kept him from speaking and offered him a glass with a built in straw filled with water. He sipped it down, and with a sudden malice in his eyes, spoke.

"You'll die for that, you know. I have powerful friends."

The Wookiee shrugged, "Death would be an almost welcome release. As is they would have to work at it though. In any case, I have no plans on killing you. I just have a few questions."

He snarled, "No way in the nether hells would I answer anything, scum."

Again, the Wookiee shrugged without interest. "So be it, Ernordeth. You don't have to say anything at all, nothing at all. However," the big Wookiee paused, "that means little if I just rip the information from your brain and just not really especially care as to the tracks I make in may way there. Or perhaps you would prefer a more... Direct way to answer," Lambow said, unsheathing the massive claws in his paw.

To his credit, his target just sneered. "I've been hurt by worse, scum. Do your worst." Lambow would have believed his earnestness, except for the fact that he felt intense fear coming from him when he mentioned ripping out the information from his brain. Well then, if that was the attack vector....

"No, you are right. Direct pain wouldn't do you any good, and you have been a warrior long enough to bear pain, and bear it well. So then, sifting through your brain and memories it is. Before I do so, I wish to ask you if there is anything you wish to keep intact? I'm big and clumsy, you see, and am not especially neat and tidy in there. After all, the last guy I did that to..." he paused, and reached out to the side of the storage area, and suddenly a body of a human male fell in front of the door, clearly in a vegetative state. "You see, he resisted me too, and forced me to start checking facts and re-checking facts, but he got really defensive and left me no choice but to do this." A pause for effect. For maximum fear. "So. I am in a somewhat forgiving mood. I just have a few questions, then you're free to go. You can answer them truthfully, and then be on your way and no one the wiser. Or perhaps," he paused, glancing at the man at his feet, "I can just have a look see for myself."

His targets' eyes had lost their earlier bravado. They were filled with fear, watching the drool coming from the mans' tongue that had sloppily fell from his open mouth. He gulped, but the moment gave him a chance to rally his courage. "There is no way. I am a Sith Warrior. I will resist you."

The Wookiee sighed. "Let me ask you this, no real answer expected. Yes, you are a Sith Warrior. A proud one, one that has seen much combat. However, by this point in time in your battles and travels surely you have seen those that are of higher rank than you, those that have far more powers than you can comprehend, no? You've seen the terrible things they can do, and the knowledge that they secretly horde, the knowledge they keep from you, no?" A pause once again. "Well, let's just say that I'm one of those terrible people. The things I have done..." The eyes of the Wookiee had become unfocused, remembering, "The people I have hurt. The people I have killed. The people that have been permanently scarred by my own hands." He paused again, refocusing, seeing that his target didn't believe him. "Very well. If you don't believe my words, maybe showing you what I have done might convince you."

The Wookiee sat down, closed his eyes, and immersed himself into the Force. He reached out and tapped the brain of his target. He found strong mental defenses, and his will was very strong, but he found cracks and spots that were weak or open. He seeped in that way, finding his targets. Then he brought up his memories of the horrible events that he had partaken of in the service of the Sith. The strong images he knew were being burned into the Warriors' memory, the scents and tastes becoming reality for him now. His shout of fear and overwhelming revulsion filled the small room, reaching out to fill the entire freighter. The Wookiee kept this going for some time, looping the memories and shifting them so that each scene of horror would overlap onto the other until finally the mental barriers collapsed, his will broken.

Lambow withdrew from his mind, exhausted. He normally didn't do such raw projections of the Force anymore, especially with powers that are very, very close to the Dark Side of the Force. However the technique that he used would fade, as he was very careful to keep a light touch and mainly was just amplifying the experiences. Centering into the here and now, banishing the bad memories to that part of himself that he would rather forget, he asked a simple statement.

"Are you ready."

A half choked sob. That would have to do.

"All I want to know is about Valhavoc...."

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RSD *Forsaken*

Eighth Fleet

Dark Council Fleet

Deep Space

Three days later

It had taken Lambow all day to reach the personal quarters of Valhavoc. After questioning his Magistrate Ernordeth, he packed him into an escape pod, jumped to a relatively quiet part of the space lanes, and ejected the pod, ensuring that the distress beacon was active. He would be picked up safe and sound in relatively short order, and as he didn't have to deal with another death on his conscious he felt pretty good about that. Next order of business was to fly the hijacked freighter to where he knew Valhavoc to be, after a quick inquiry from his boss to confirm the location. He jumped to right outside of their sensor range, and put the real pilot of the ship into his chair, and injected the antidote of the paralytic he had fed him a few days earlier. The pilot was that body he had paraded in front of the magistrate as the one that he had torn his mind apart, but it was all misdirection. The pilot would wake up finally being able to control his body, but Lambow reached to his mind and quickly wiped the memories of these past few days from his mind. He would wake up confused, and more importantly, have zero memory of the Jedi that was aboard his ship.

Lambow set the ship to jump right next to the Brotherhood ship, and then left hurriedly to the entrance of the freighter. He ensured that his infiltration suit was properly in place, and waited.

As he knew the procedure to be, the ship was captured by the capital ships' tractor beam and brought aboard, the now completely confused and awake pilot protesting that he had no idea why he was in their orbit area. Using the capabilities of his suit and further enhancing it with a Force cloak, Lambow moved off the freighter and quietly made his way out of the hangar.

The Fist of the Brotherhood lived up to his reputation and the crew of the ship was well disciplined. However, they weren't expecting a single infiltrator, and slowly but methodically he made his way up, dodging patrols and avoiding contact. With the Force, it was difficult but possible.

He needed to get to Valhavoc's personal quarters. According to his boss, the Fist had been temporarily given this ship in preparation for upcoming action by the Dark Council, which was obvious that they were getting ready for combat. However, that meant that any direct evidence of his treachery would be in his personal quarters, and Lambow preferred to wait until the Fist was preoccupied with something else to give him a chance to search the quarters. Valhavoc was legendary in his disdain for Jedi, and more so for cruelly single-mindedly tracking down those that had crossed him in some way and eliminating them. His reputation as an assassin, as all Fist commanders were, was impressive. Although Lambow was sure he could face him in combat, he preferred to not cross the powerful Warlord.

And here he was. He had been slowly snuck through the ventilation system and breached the automated sensors and defenses. Lambow silently thanked all those hours he spent learning infiltration skills with his former Revanites, as the skills he had learned then were paying of handsome dividends now.

The Wookiee ensured that no one was in the room, and like a formless mass slithered in. He quickly went about disabling the various intrusion sensors that were in the suite, including the ones that were secretly put in by Valhavoc himself, apparently, but Lambow's sensor sniffer was really, really good. It was also fantastically expensive, but it was one of the few things he brought with him after his time in Revan had come to an end.

In any case, he now had the suite to himself and started with the main deskcomp. He inserted a chip that contained an automated search program, and while that was running Lambow quickly but efficiently searched the suite, copying various datacards to his own datapad for later study. He was almost finished when the door unexpectedly whooshed open, and hugging the wall behind a tall clothing chest Lambow activated his Force cloak.

Valhavoc strode in, angrily shouting into a comlink. The conversation was incomprehensible, but that was okay because the only thing Lambow was doing was concentrating on his cloak and also dampening his signature in the Force. Valhavoc grabbed at a datacard that was on his bed, then strode off angrily. Just as he was about to exit the suite, he stopped. He turned around, and Lambow felt the prodding of the Force as the powerful Warlord scanned his suite.

Lambow held his breath. The Warlord stood there for a moment, indecisive. Then he abruptly turned and left, the door whooshing closed. Lambow did not move. He waited an endless ten minutes, maintaining utter calm. Finally, he broke the cloak and looked around with his sniffer. Quickly it replied a negative to new sensors being activated or any new bugs placed. With that, satisfied, Lambow moved over to the deskcomp. Seeing the tiny green light on the chip he had placed in it, he removed it. His work was done. He felt glad that he had copied the datacard on the bed before the Warlord had arrived, he had a feeling it was important in some way. Time to get out of here. Leaving the sensors blind, the Wookiee left the way he had come in. He worked his way to the trash disposal area, and after the quick acquisition of an extended EVA suit he allowed himself to be dumped out with the rest of the garbage as the massive ship left into hyperspace, continuing on its' unknown mission. With that, he activated his extraction signal, and waited. Soon enough, an Odan-Urr ship showed up and picked him up.

They were going to have an interesting time with the data...

END

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SWM Lambow (Sentinel) / Battle Team Knights Of Allusis of House Odan-Urr [SA: IV]

SCx3 / ACx4 / DCx8 / BNx6 / Cr:2R-6A-8S-6E-6T-1Q / CFx8 / CIx10 / DSSx2 / SoFx2 / LS / SoL / S:5M-2R-3Al-1C-4Rm-4P-5U-4B

{SA: MVF - MVH - MVL - MVPH - MVS - MVW}

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