

The Krath brushed dust from his robes as he stared at the outskirts of Dreshdae with Turel Sorenn and Colyn Skybender. Mako's emerald green eyes turned to take in the Obelisks as they looked through binoculars at the settlement. Turel lowered his optics and sighed. Entry to the settlement would be simple, while the One Sith had taken control of it they had not fortified it besides a few roving patrols of stormtroopers. Most of the main One Sith forces had been deployed across Korriban to fight the other two factions in the war. This left little to no actual protection for the places such as Dreshdae that had been taken during combat. However what rang true for the One Sith here rang true for the Loyalists and Separatists as well. They all were spread thin over the planet's surface as they all lacked the sufficient numbers to conduct full scale combat operations and properly defend the places they acquired.

"Whats the plan mister DIA super spy," the Quaestor asked as he looked over at the Rollmaster.

"We should wait here for another hour until twilight has taken hold and sneak in as darkness falls." The cold and calculated reply came from Henymory as he moved from a crouch to a seated position. Colyn put his optics down as well, the soldier had been on plenty of missions such as this in his past and he couldn't argue with Henymory's logic. Twilight was the easiest time to slip past security, somehow the dimming light had a hypnotic effect on guards, luring them with sleep.

The hour passed quickly with the trio of Loyalists checking their gear, eating, and preparing for the short movement to the settlement. Checking his chrono one more time Mako looked to the sky. His emerald green eyes taking in the dimming light, it was time.

"Lets get moving," he said with a nod to Turel and lightly resting a hand of Colyn's shoulder. The three men stood silently as they checked their gear one final time. Turel took the lead staying low and moving quickly. Mako followed next mimicking Sorenn's movements and keeping his eyes up looking for threats. Skybender brought up the rear of their three man ranger file, every few steps the Jedi Hunter would glance backwards to ensure they were not being followed.

Their movement across the last bits of desert before Dreshdae was uneventful, having timed when the patrols would pass by. They slipped into the town their posture straightening and their feet falling into normal stride. The Krath and the Journeyman moved to walk beside the Quaestor as to appear as a group of friends taking an evening stroll together.

Turel checked a map of the settlement on the datapad contained on his lions claw gauntlet. The Obelisk quickly referenced their position to where they suspected a black market vendor would be located from the intelligence reports they had read before the mission began. With a subdued gesture Sorenn pointed toward a side street they would take. Mako and

Skybender acted as if nothing of interest had transpired as not to draw unwanted attention to their little group.

As they entered the alleyway Turel leaned against a wall as he pointed toward a door a bit further down the way. Mako and Colyn passed him by as the Obelisk Equite slumped down drawing a ragged robe around himself to seem for all intents and purposes as a beggar passing out for the night. When in reality he was keeping a vigilant watch on the alleyway while the others two entered the black market location to inquire about old scrolls.

The Krath pushed the rickety door open and stepped into the dimly lit shop, the Journeyman close behind. A single robed individual sat behind a low counter, it was impossible to determine if it was a man or woman. The Rollmaster narrowed his emerald eyes as he took in the small shop, his booted feet causing the boards to creak slightly with each step. Colyn leaned against the wall by the door as Mako approached the keeper of this hovel.

“Greetings, I am here to inquire about some ancient texts,” The Krath said his tone even, his words paced evenly and deliberately.

“I may have heard of such an item recently going on the market,” a mans voice replied in the same even pace but the tone was slightly roguish.

“What would one have to pay to acquire such an item, and where would one have to travel to to obtain it?” The Priest asked with a nod. Picking up on the secret signal Colyn depressed a button strapped to his wrist to signal Turel that they had found what they were looking for.

“It may be here, but it is quite an expensive item,” the dealer replied a hand subconsciously twitching towards his robes.

“I understand, I have the credit’s needed to acquire this item, I need to see it first before payment can be made.”

“I will need to see these credits first.”

“Of course my good sir,” Mako said as he allowed the force to flow through him, a quick twitch of his fingers and the Merchant was pulled through the air toward the Priest. The door swung open and Turel burst through, his lightsaber’s hilt in one hand. Henymory however had already raised a hand the spark of Force guided electricity already flowing forward and into the merchants forehead.

“Was that necessary,” the Quaestor asked as he rolled his eyes at the Priest.

“He was about to swindle us,” The Krath replied as he ignited his saber and relieved the unconscious Connor Grey of his head. It took but a few moments for the Priest to retrieve

several ancient documents from the dead man's robes. Skybender crouched beside the Krath and quickly examined the documents as they were handed to him.

"This is what we came for," the Journeyman replied a smile crossing his face.

"Time to exfill then."

The three strode back out into the alleyway melding into the cover of darkness. Within an hour they were back out of the Dreshdae and making their way back toward their pick up rondevu, the pride of a successful mission keeping their pace quick and their eyes vigilant.