Misium’s holocommunicator signaled an incoming call. Activating it, the translucent image of Furios appeared. Though their fight in the tomb of Marka Ragnos had happened only a short time before, the Sith had already been promoted for his efforts there. He suspected this higher rank would come with more important missions utilizing less backup and he wasn’t wrong.

“We have word that secret writings on the Rite of Immortality are being sold on the black market in the settlement of Dreshdae. We must retrieve these writings before our enemies get their hands on them. You are to rendezvous with a Sith engineer named Synin Torin outside the settlement. Find the writings and bring them back to our base immediately.”

“I will not fail.” Misium replied sternly.

“I have every faith that you will succeed.” The hologram flashed out and the call ended.

The Sith Warrior moved to a nearby speeder, and took off towards Dreshdae. After a short ride, he found the engineer waiting for him with his droids behind a small hill outside the settlement.

“Synin,” he inquired, though his tone sounded like a statement.

“Indeed! And you must be the Plagueian I was to be expecting!” the bpfasshi replied eccentrically.

“My name is Misium,” he responded coldly. “Any intel on where to begin our search?”

“Right to business! Good!” Synin responded. “Rumor has it that Connor Grey was the one who originally stole the writings. I believe we should begin with him. He likely still has them, which will make this all nice and quick.”

“He doesn’t have them,” the Warrior responded with cold certainty.

“How can you be so sure?” Torin asked with a confused look on his face.

“I splattered his head across a dune outside the tomb of Marka Ragnos,” he replied, his face remaining cold, a slight furrow in his brow.

Though it was normal for Misium to crack jokes and to delight in gruesome destruction he’d wrought, for whatever reason, he just wasn’t in a playful mood that day. Perhaps the war was exhausting him. Perhaps he just wasn’t looking forward to hanging out with some bizarre engineer. Or perhaps he just wasn’t looking forward to this particular mission. Tracking down some random guy to get some writings wasn’t the most thrilling task to be set upon. He just wanted to get the thing over with quickly so he could get back to dismantling people piece by piece, though he supposed there’d be someone to take apart once they located the writings, which made him feel a little better. Perhaps he’d be able to have a little fun after all.

“I see,” Synin stated and then thought for a moment. “Then I suppose we should seek out Dark Necren. She seems anxious to prove something, perhaps she’s already pinned down the target.”

The engineer dialed her up on his holocommunicator and after a moment her visage appeared before them.

“Go away, Torin, I’m busy decrypting a holocron,” she spoke before closing the signal.

Though the call ended quickly, it had lasted long enough to reveal both her lies and had also given them a place to start looking for her.

“Well that proved useless,” the engineer commented disappointedly. “I’m out of ideas, then. I suppose we’ll just have to look around until we find something.”

“The call was more than useful, and I know where to start looking,” Misium responded confidently.

“Did I miss something?” the Elder questioned, again confused.

“You were too focused on her words. There was far more noise in the background than any lab or office would have. Either she likes to do her work in noisy cantinas or she’s lying about her activities,” he replied as he began to move towards the settlement. “And now, something I never thought I’d hear myself say; let’s go hit some cantinas.”

The two Sith began to wander the streets of Dreshdae. Misium disliked alcohol on principle. This left him unknowledgeable on such things and so he was very surprised to learn just how many cantinas the settlement had. It almost seemed that every street corner had one.

“Do people do *anything* that doesn’t involve getting drunk?” he asked with a strong sense of irritation and loathing.

“Whatever distracts them from their worthless lives, I suppose,” came the droid fanatic’s response.

“I suppose it’s good that they don’t put my in charge of the fleet. I’d find it hard to resist the urge to turn these places into burning craters with an airstrike,” the human sneered with disgust.

The bpfasshi cocked his head a bit. “This is One Sith territory. Are you suggesting that you’d kill your allies?”

“I’d kill everyone in the galaxy, given the chance. I loathe people, regardless of who they serve. What good are a bunch of drunks, anyway? Perhaps if they spent more time slaughtering Jedi, we wouldn’t be in this war.” Misium’s irritation showed.

“And I suppose there are no drunks in Plagueis?” the engineer inquired.

“There are drunks everywhere. Useless fools.” The Warrior’s tirade came to a close as they approached what seemed like the thousandth cantina.

The two Sith stepped inside and began to look around and finally they found their target. Darth Necren was heatedly discussing with someone at a table in the back of the cantina. They moved to the back and Misium pulled out his lightsaber. Coming up behind the man Necren was arguing with, he positioned his lightsaber hilt behind the man’s neck and ignited the blade, keeping it mere inches from his exposed flesh. Synin slid into the seat next to the Dark Prophet, who was noticeably annoyed at their presence.

“I don’t suppose you’d know anything about some top secret writings, would you?” the Sith Warrior asked of the man he now threatened.

“Of course he does, what do you think we’re here for?” the Darth asked irritatedly.

“Just making sure,” the human responded with an exaggerated smile. “So what’s the problem? Why haven’t you just killed him and taken it?”

“Because I need to speak with his master. I haven’t been able to find him,” Necren responded, her patience dwindling.

“And who is his master?” Torin chimed in.

“The great Connor Grey,” the stranger replied with enthusiasm.

Misium made a face. “Great as in awesome? Or great as in his head covers a large area of sand out in the desert?” he asked with a tone that clearly implied Connor’s current status as non-living.

“--What? That’s-- That’s impossible!” the man stammered.

“Well, when you smash soft things with large rocks, they tend to make a mess.” the human joked. Clearly has mood had lightened.

Necren sighed. “Well, in that case, do as you please.”

Misium grinned a bit, grabbed the man by the hair and then very slowly moved his lightsaber blade through his neck. By now, the cantina had all stopped their carousing and had begun to stare at the dark dealings. The frantic cries echoed through the building for a short time before the blade severed his spinal column, ending his life. Though he had died, the Sith Warior still took his time making his way through the rest of his neck.

“Was that really necessary?” the Dark Prophet questioned, her annoyance having lessened.

“Of course not. But I’ve been running around from drunken shithole to drunken shithole. I’ve got to have a *little* bit of fun, at least, to make up for the trouble I went through,” Misium replied, his tone becoming more serious.

“So where you taking those writings, Necren?” Synin asked.

“To Esoteric, obviously,” came her response.

“Well then, allow us to escort the lady through this dangerous place. There’s a war going on, you know,” the Warrior joked.

“I can kill you, you know,” she replied with annoyance. “No one would care.”

“Well, I would,” Misium replied, his grin not diminishing, as they headed out the door on their way back to Esoteric and Plagueis’ base.