“Deep pockets”

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Since the day I joined the Inquisitorius, I always carry my datapad with me. Even when in a meeting to report to the Clan Summit. When our Rollmaster was talking about recent recruits, a light on my datapad started blinking. I knew it was time to get a job done.

‘’Honorable men of the Summit, with deep regret I need to announce my departure. Another urgent matter needs my attention this instant.’’

A silence filled the room as my eyes turned towards our Consul... A few seconds later he nodded and I stepped into the hallway.

The message I received was marked with three letters: ‘INQ’, followed with the same symbol I carry on my back. Yes, this was it. As I walked through the hallway my eyes kept focused on my datapad, attentively reading the message: *‘’Inquisitor, your services are required. The Grand Master’s Loyalist Forces are in need of materials for their weapons, it’s your task to get these materials. We’ve included a list of individuals connected to Glenn Derr’t-Ank, a weapons dealer in the Core Worlds, who has access to the things we need. Make them share, by any means necessary.’’*

I put away my datapad and immediately took the hallway on my left, towards the docking bay. One of the names on my list was that of a cantina on Coruscant. ‘’Towards coordinates Triple Zero, let’s go have a drink.’’

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*\*Coruscant - At the bar\**

‘’A Coruscant Cooler please, with lemon.’’

‘’Anything else, Sir?’’ The nervous mixocologist asked, while putting together some wine and lemon juice in a pretty glass.

I realised he must have seen my Lightsaber on my belt. I quickly looked around and it seemed that aside from me and the two Zabrak on a table in the corner, the cantina was empty.

‘’Actually there is something else you can do for me, yes.’’ I continued our conversation. ‘’What can you tell me about Glenn Derr’t-Ank?’’

The moment I spoke that name, the two tough looking Zabrak jumped up and came towards me. I raised my hand, pushing them back in their chairs.

‘’Drinks for my friends please!’’

The two thugs turned away their heads as the bartender served them a drink.

‘’Now... Again... What can you tell me about Glenn Derr’t-Ank?’’

‘’Please Sir,...’’ the bartender trembled.

‘’Talk!’’ I yelled as I activated my Lightsaber.

‘’I cannot Sir.’’

At that point I sliced my Lightsaber through the air, braking every bottle of liquor within my range.

‘’Stop!’’ The mixocologist was terrified. ‘’Talk I cannot Sir, but here, take this.’’

He gave me a card, with on it some coordinates. I nodded as I deactivated my Lightsaber, and walked towards the exit. Looking back over my shoulder, seeing the bartender already cleaning up the mess, I said: ‘’Drinks were on the house.’’

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*\*Balmorra\**

Following these coordinates took me to an, at first sight, abandoned factory on Balmorra. Broken windows, rain was dripping in through cracks in the ceiling, and nature had partly taken over. But I sensed that there was more to this place than the things I was looking at that moment. As I closed my eyes and let The Force guide me, I felt there was something strange about the floor. As I took a closer look I spotted a trap door, which after descending through, led me to what I came for. Underneath this abandoned factory was a full operating one.

Huge machinery and hundreds of enslaved creatures, of all species, where working here. Producing weapons. As I was sneaking through the factory I could suddenly hear two people talking:

‘’We need to get this load ready.’’

‘’I know, but we need to firstly unload the cargo that came in this morning.’’

I stealthy followed the workers towards a hangar where the materials got delivered. Suddenly an alarm went off. I looked around and saw one of the workers pointing in my direction and yelling: ‘’Intruder!’’

As the alarm sounded through the entire factory, workers fled and security officers took their place. Me on one side of the hangar, the ship with the material I was after on the other. In between us: approximately 25 security officers.

With the red light of my activated Lightsaber and a grin on my face I started running forward. ‘’That cargo is mine!!!’’