For Your Eye Only

Lucyeth walked down like nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. Something did occur but the Battlemaster had to ensure that no one would follow him. His mission and anything he found out was for his eyes only. The only exception would be the Voice of the Brotherhood or the Grandmaster himself. The Palatinaean moved with a large stride to the hangar where his personal ship was. He had not been on Antei for a long time but his presence here was for something of upmost importance. It was also a matter of upmost secrecy as well. As a member of the inquisitorious society, Lucyeth had to ensure that he was discreet but obtained as much crucial information as possible. The society was a spy network for the Grandmaster and with Lucyeth being called for a mission, it was dire to the office of the Voice of the Brotherhood as well as the Grandmaster. He started up his ships and the engines hummed with life. He screamed out of the hangar and made the jump into hyperspace to ensure no one could follow. In his solitude, he put in the code on his datapad and the screen lit up with the decryption key. A list of contacts came up on the screen as Lucyeth skimmed the content. Multiple contacts were on Judecca which worked well for the Battlemaster and being in familiar territory would be a pleasure.

Lucyeth’s ship came out of hyperspace before his home as it loomed increasingly larger in the viewport. This would be good for Lucyeth and he would be able to report back without a problem. The Palatinaean docked the ship at a local shipping port. It would not be far from there and Lucyeth would enjoy a good stroll through the street. The contact he chose would easily be found in the nearby watering hole. The cantina hosted many low life scums. He was a big piece of scum which Lucyeth knew he already was involved in the spice running in the projects of Judecca. Lucyeth walked the few blocks down the streets of Judecca to the cantina with his cowl over his head. He just wanted to be a nobody who wanted to not talk until he got to the bar. At the cantina he saw the brute right away. A large human with a scar on his chin at the back of the cantina with another guy that Lucyeth didn’t recognize. The Battlemaster did his best to listen in on the conversation, with all the technology he could exploit he found out that there was a shipment of power packs coming in the following day. The Palatinaean knew this was exactly what the Voice needed to find out and resources can now be utilized to intercept the shipment with the information that Lucyeth gathered. He furiously entered data in a small wrist device before he walked out of the cantina. He had to get this information back to Antei. Even though he was unable to find out where it was going to occur, Lucyeth knew where the only place nearby that the shipment could go in this area of Judecca. They would learn the next day not to cross the Dark Jedi Brotherhood. Lucyeth smiled as he walked back toward his ship, a black cloaked figure in the night.