***The Great Ferret Heist***

Keirdagh's private shuttle slowly eased its way into Karufr's atmosphere with the expert precision of a craft being handled by a true savant. If the Consul had brought anyone along with him on his journey, he is sure they would have barely noticed the reentry, but as it was, the small unmarked shuttle merely glided through the night sky attracting no attention from Taldryan's or the planetary sensors: after all, ultimately Keirdagh was the one who controlled all of them.

Which was why the hot orange glow surrounding Taldryan's Great Hall was so troubling to the Consul. He'd merely been away for three standard days. It had been a simple matter of checking in with some of his more clandestine and paranoid contacts. The fleet had been placed at a high state of readiness in case Taldryan's enemies had detected his movements and struck when he way away, but there was no sign of the emergency transponders or battle damage that would follow a major military operation.

All there was was an ominous glow reflecting off the night sky's clouds, and a growing fear in Keirdagh's gut as to just what had happened to his home in his absence.

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*It started off quietly enough*, Howlader thought to himself as he winced at the wreckage ahead of him in Taldryan's Great Hall. The old hirsute Prophet had walked the Consul off to the private shuttle, and everything had started off just swimmingly. The old bearded one had flown off into the sunset, and never seemed to suspect for one instant that Howlader had managed to pickpocket the key to the man's liquor cabinet.

All that was left to do was figure out a way to break down the security the paranoid old bastard constantly had around his office and quarters, but Howlader hadn't been worried.. among Taldryan's membership were scoundrels and tech wizards aplenty, and some of them would revel at the chance to wrap their lips around a big, beautiful, tasty bottle of the high end liquor that Yacks always squirreled away from his various club contacts around the galaxy. *It's amazing really, just how much running a brothel puts you in touch with primo grade a booze suppliers*, Howlader had mused as he wandered back.

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The team the Proconsul had assembled very much looked like one you'd find in an old fashioned holo drama about a bank heist, if you could even believe that people used to store all their currency in physical vaults, that is.

Aiden Dru had been recruited to be the safe man, apparently he'd been busy trying to learn how to slice his way into Halcyon's underwear drawer for months now, and while the Green one's ivy thongs were still secure, it had taught the man a lot.

Sean "Nero" Desmond was the grease man. Mostly just because nobody knew when there might be an air duct someone had to crawl through, and it seemed like the best plan was to shove the normie in there and push him through like a pipe cleaner with the Force… nobody had told him though.

Rounding out the four man team was Omega Kira, as the face. Nobody actually expected his beard to be able to fool any of the guards, but if you threw a bucket of red paint on the guy, and told him to grumble loudly, most of the normie soldiers would be hightailing it away just as a precaution.

The plan wasn't foolproof, by any means… after all, this was a Howie plan. But it was enough, or so the delusional old Prophet had believed.

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"***WHERE DID YACKS EVEN FIND FERRETS?!***"

Alarms were blaring. Fires were burning. Somehow the plan had all gone to hell. Howlader didn't even have a clue how it had happened, but at some point the majority of the Wardens had shown up, thinking the Great Hall was under attack. Seyda was busy directing her troopers from afar, while looking like she was trying to keep a grin from breeching her defenses.

Flaming rodents were running around everywhere. Everyone had known the Old Man liked to protect his booze, but nobody had ever assumed he'd go so far as to rig the doors with exploding firey ferret bombs. The idea of such an invention was so outlandish, that it hadn't even occurred to Howlader. Suddenly, one of Taldryan's newest members Andrelious J Inahj burst into the hall with his saber ignited... the former Arconan had recently been appointed as Taldryan's Gatekeeper and was doing his best to prove his loyalty to his new Clan by staying ever vigilant.

The scene he ran into though was pure, unadulterated chaos. It was normally the type of environment that Howlader thrived on, but just this once, the old man thought he may have truly bitten off more than he can chew.

Fishing his comm link out of his pocket, Howie keyed Halcyon Rokir's personal channel as he watched another ferret detonate against a support beam, bringing a corner of the Grand Hall down on itself. "Uh, Halc, I need to go wash my hair, you're in charge!"

FIN.

Prophet Keirdagh Taldrya Cantor  
Dossier #83