The first Inquisition.

 Aiden stood in the training room working on his skills with a lightsaber. His purple blade was glowing brightly in the dark room as he attempted to sense where each incoming laser would be fired from. With quick reflexes, Aiden blocked an incoming blast from behind by holding the blade behind his back. His reaction time was improving and it gave him a small sense of pride.

 A loud beeping from his Holopad broke him from his concentration, causing a beam to hit him effectively knocking him on his back. Luckily the beams were set to non-lethal. Getting up and deactivating the training program, Aiden walked over to his Holopad to receive and read his message.

 *“Aiden Lee, it is time for your first mission as a member of the Inquisitorium. Complete this task and your membership may solidify. A weapons dealer on the planet of Corellia has taken a monopoly on the sale of many rare materials that we are in dire need of to supply our Loyalist forces with the weapons they need. You will go to Corellia, meet with our informant, Kaladar Nafortue, and retrieve any Intel you can find. If possible trace a shipment, and report the findings back. Good luck.”*

 “Oh, so that’s all is it?” Aiden asked slightly surprised. “Well, might as well get going then.

….

 After taking the first shuttle to Corellia, Aiden found himself walking down a crowded street. He couldn’t find his client everywhere. Granted he hadn’t been given a picture of him, he hoped finding him would be easier. As Aiden walked passed a few merchant stands, a furry hand grabbed him by the back and pulled him away, and into a building.

 The room was dark, and after the door close, the hand let go of Aiden. Looking at whoever grabbed him, Aiden was surprised to see a Bothan looking back at him. He couldn’t help but flinch in remembrance of his first contract, the assassination of a Bothan deserter.

 “Is there a problem?” The Bothan asked.

 “Oh…no, it’s just that reminded of someone.”

 “Another Bothan?”

 “Yes, though if you were anything like him, you’d already be planning my death. He went not so right it in head.”

 The Bothan just grunted in agreement, or maybe it just uncaringly, Aiden couldn’t tell.

 “Are you my contact?”

 “If you are asking my name, it is Kaladar Nafortue. I am the one who gave Taldryan this information. And I am the one who will give you the information that you seek.”

 Aiden looked on, slightly creeped out by his informant, but remembering what was on the line, he was able to focus on the task at hand. He listened intently to the information that Kaladar was providing him. Hopefully it would be enough to complete his assignment.

 “The weapons dealer is a Corellian by the name of Rickard Aschot. About two years ago he started climbing the corporate ladder in his first business. Following a few shady deals he made with the Corporate Sector Authority, he gained ownership over the most profitable trade organization on the planet, and since then he has been buying our all of the smaller businesses first, before hitting the large scale companies. Most people don’t even know that he exists. He doesn’t advertise himself, and whenever people start to talk, he hires someone to, well, he puts a hit out on them.”

 “You seem to genuinely dislike this man.” Aiden stated after listening to what Kaladar told him.

 “He is a greedy bastard who is destroying the overall economy of this planet. Not to mention, because he is helping the Corporate Sector Authority, Correlia will probably be a target soon. I would much rather that not happen.”

 Aiden wrote down all of the details that Kaladar had given him and he had come to the conclusion that this man posed a serious threat to not only this planet, but also the Brotherhood. Without the supplies that the Dark Brotherhood received from Corellia, there would be no way to create their weapons. They could go from someplace else but the quality, and pricing would never be the same.

 “Are you afraid of him, Kaladar?”

 “In many ways yes. He terrifies me. The power he has because of this monopoly on our economy is too much for any person to control. I fear he will destroy this planet.”

 “So you fight back?”

 “Yes, I will continue to fight, as will many of my comrades.”

 Aiden smiled at the thought of these people wanting to protect their planet from this Corelian’s greed. He wasn’t completely sure how the Dark Brotherhood would alleviate this threat, but he had a few ideas. And he wanted to help.

 “Well Kaladar, you’ve done your part, now I shall do mine.”

 “Live long Gray Jedi.”

……

 Aiden spent the next two days scouting out one of the larger stores owned by Rickard. He scoped out the security systems and devised a plan for entry to the building, and a way to get to Rickards books. His plan was ready, so he sent a message informing the Inquisitorium of his plans to move forward.

 Aiden walked up to the building and after noticing the nearby security cameras, he used the Force to move them to face another location. As he approached the store, two armed guards walked up to him.

 “Sorry sir, you are going to have to take off your hood. They are not allowed in the building. For our own safety. You understand.”

 “You don’t need me to remove my hood.” Aiden said softly while waving his right hand.

 “We don’t need him to remove his hood.” One guard said to the other.

 “You want to let me into this fine establishment.”

 Both guards turned to allow Aiden entry into the building. Once inside he used the Force to sabotage the camera’s cloaking his movements from being captured. Aiden walked up to a desk worker who had noticed him, and smiled his way.

 “I saw you staring. See something you liked.”

 “Maybe, why what’s in it for me?”

 “You want to lead me to your boss’s office.” Aiden said again waving her head, until she be good.

 “Follow me sir.” The lady said as she led Aiden to a door that just read office.

 “Thanks for the help, I hope.” Aiden said as he waved her off, back to her post.

 Aiden began to look around the desk and through the pages lying on the desk. He found a journal written by the man, Rickard, himself. It detailed many of the lies he had told, and his years of working with the Corporate Sector Authority. He also discovered many holding areas where Rickard held assets.

 Aiden went through the book and scanned the pages directly the Holocon, so as to send a copy directly to the Dark Council. Finally Aiden was able to decipher a hidden message in the scripts Rickard wrote. The coordinates for the next drop zone are on the other side of the Planet. And the Inquisitorium will see then.

 After identifying the coordinates, Aiden made his way out of the store. As he walked back into the main storeroom, he could see Rickard heading his way. Aiden ducked out of the way, and made his way to a safer area in order to finish sending all the information to the Inquisitorium. A few minutes later a message showed up causing a loud ping to be heard. The Holocon had a return message from someone. It read;

 *Congratulations, you have successfully completed your first task. You may now relax and await your next assignment.*

 Aiden returned to a shuttle, heading back to Karufr, hoping he did well on his assignment, and that the information was helpful.