

Brown paper packages, Tied up in string

Written by Lexiconus Qor #13880



Written for the competition: What have we here? By Rollmaster Elinia Rei #5951

**AED Office,
March Isles,
Judecca**

Lexiconus Qor knew that he couldn't see inside the package, but if he stared long and hard enough at it, that it would reveal itself to him. A package, that's all it was. Just a brown paper box tied up with strings, but these weren't a few of his favourite things. The contents themselves seemed to knock around inside the fragile cardboard walls. While Qor didn't sense any life inside, he did detect something peculiar that caught his attention. On the string and around the centre of the box, small brown stains dotted the area. Qor couldn't leave it any longer and decided to open up his holo communicator, he typed in the Rollmaster's name on the database and a hologram of the Togruta appeared before him in her lab coat. She held a datapad pad and typed furiously on it, without giving eye contact or a sign of greetings towards the Quarren.

"What is it, Lexic? I haven't got time for chit-chat. I have vermin to," A scream from the hologram caught the Rollmaster's attention, she quickly pressed a remote control that caused a shocking sound while the screams slowly decreased to silence. Elincia then looked back at the Quarren and sighed. "Put to the test. What's on your mind?" Qor slowly raised a brow at the techniques the Augur used, but he shrugged the curiosity off and used the Dark Side to levitate the box into perspective of Elincia. "I got a package on my desk today and I see brown stains on the wrapping. Want to confirm with your laboratory equipment that i'm not crazy and it is indeed blood." The Quarren paused a second before he said that final word, it wasn't something he was uncomfortable with, but if this were blood then it would seem the package was supposed to be a sign of danger or threat. "Sounds like you have yourself a fan, Lexic, let's hope someone hasn't put their penis in a box in order to prove their undying loyalty, hmm? Use your scanning apparatus on the desk and i'll tell you what it is right now." Qor nodded as he picked up the stylus like tool with the wide, circular head. He never considered this to be a sign of obsession from a fan, as he slowly circled the trace evidence with the blue light. The Quarren hasn't been the kindest person to anyone in this clan, especially to the younger members of the House. Suddenly Elincia returned back on screen with a picture of an oxidized bleed cell on her datapad, and Qor gulped. "Just as you predicted, stain blood from someone wrapping in a rush. It's 100% Zeltron too." The Rollmaster said as she showed him a diagram of the ancestry statistics. "Zeltron? Is our Proconsul doing something he shouldn't?" Qor asked as he sat forward and began to open the package. "Could be, or it could be your apprentice. Not my problem though." Elincia then disconnected the call and Qor was too busy to care, he needed to know what was inside.

As the packaging came away it revealed a very shoddy cardboard lid, folded very carelessly and stained with more maroon blood fingerprints. Qor knocked the lid off quickly to the side of his very organised desk to see something horrific staring directly at him. On a singular piece of parchment was a messy attempt at writing a message saying 'HELLO QOR, I WANT TO PLAY A GAME' with the latter word being angrily rubbed into the parchment. At the side of the parchment, a Sith Scroll was taped on that glowed a ruby aura. Qor could see from the data percentage it was bursting with data, with the storage device almost full. Feeling rather impatient at this threat attempt, the Quarren ripped the scroll from the

parchment and inserted it into his console. A flash of recordings and images appeared across the rendering screens, depicting Qor crawling through the jungles of Judecca, conversing with the animals, hunting the settlers and natives of the local tribes, as well as the Quarren forcing himself onto a young female Quarren. These pictures were enough to convict the Aedile from his position, something a Zeltron could definitely take the Consul and Emperor as imposing evidence.

With a mission of strife and haste, Qor recalled the Rollmaster and paced the room as he thought his way through this plan. "I assume you found more than just a penis and a blood-drawn heart on a parchment?" The Togruta chuckled as she watched the impatient Quarren march across his floor, then strike his hand into the door of his office. "Worse, someone has been stalking me through the jungles and watching my every move. See who's blood is that and I will make sure they get the justice deserved." Qor spat out as he slammed his palms against the desk. He wanted a bloody sentencing for this infraction on his privacy, and he wanted it done personally. Elinia whipped her fingers across the datapad in swiftness and revealed the true identity of the blood. "It seems to me you're going about this the wrong way, Lexic. This isn't Eether's blood. Nor is it Blade's" The Rollmaster said as she showed the Quarren a stranger's face, which matched with the blood. Qor growled lowly as his teeth snarled and he cursed in Quarrenese. He wasn't about to be outwitted by a stranger, and he sat himself back into the chair of his desk as he searched the database for the cameras in this room. "Surely there would of been a few seconds of the delivery person. Thanks for the help, Eli. I owe a vodka." "You owe me more than a vodka, but i'll see you after this for a night we won't remember." The Togruta gave a wink before shutting off the communications as the Quarren finally found the image he was looking for.

"Ithorian." Qor growled with some venom in his voice, as he slowly stood and called forth his lightsaber from the book stand, then marched out the office and towards the reception. Stomping and growling to himself as he stormed down the hallway, the Dark Side flowed and poured from his immediate aura which caused bystanders to shiver or stand aside from the Battlemaster. A window nearby vibrated and contorted out of place as his free hands formed a fist, aggression now became his fuel. He approached the reception desk for the House Imperium offices and tapped the glass front for a second before the Gand female looked up in wonder. "Yes Mr Qor? How can I help?" The female said, as the wheezy respirator gave her a softer accent. "You had an Ithorian deliver my a parcel, the address had no sender, do you have that on file?" He rushed out as he tapped the glass more, Qor figured the sight of his clenched lightsaber it making the scene even more tense and decided to attach it to his belt for now. As a limb of the slim pink coral slithered out and snaked itself around his belt ring, the Gand whisked up the sender address for the Aedile. "Here you are, sir, it appears to be a self-storage unit in the lower circles of Ohmen City. Would you like the directions forwarded to your data brace, sir?" "Yes please, Tanahka." Qor quickly replied to her question as he lifted his wrist towards her, while looking around at the worried and pale faces. His actions of fury and impatience were causing a stir in the area, panic wasn't something he wanted the culprit to see. By breathing calmly and relaxing his mind and posture, the Quarren calmed himself down as the Dark Side began to fade from it's build up around him. "There you go sir. You can now track the sender's address at your convenience. Have a nice day!" Qor smiled at the Gand's wheezy reply and exited the offices.

Once outside and in the midday sun, the heat of the tropical humidity filled his gills which satisfied him. It was beginning to be a dry season for the Quarren, and the smell of humidity meant rain was on it's way. With transport as his goal, the Quarren walked towards a nearby taxi area that was filled with marked speeders. He tapped on the window of the cab driver and the rear door swung upwards for him. Qor quickly stepped and sat inside as the door shut behind them, and he then took out his bag of credits and gave them to the Rodian driver. "Where to, buddy?" "I'm sending you the address now, can you make it there quickly?" Qor replied, without another word the driver ascended into the air with haste and sped off across the sea.

After what felt like a few hours, an orange glow lit the horizon over the bustling Ohmen City, while the speeder orbited slowly towards the lower alleys of the outer circle. The area was covered in shadows and steam, representing the groggy and poorly developed area of the Empire. With a soft hiss, the speeder pulled out it's landing gear and stopped right in front of a storage unit with the same name as the address. "Here you are sir. Thanks for the credits. Just that blue door in front of us." "Thank you, your service will be commended by the Empire." The Quarren said as he opened the speeder door and stepped into the misty street. The speeder quickly took back off into the light pollution above, as the heated air blew rubbish around Qor's billowing cloak. He looked at the details on the storage door and noticed there was a professionally installed locking system at the side. The Quarren chuckled softly to himself as he slowly lifted his hand and fed the Dark Side towards the panel with a slow and crushing force. Contorting and sparking into malfunction, the pad curled into itself as the wires burst from the seams, as if struggling in pain to escape from their impending doom. The shutter door then fell limp as the magnetic seal finally broke free. Qor then focused the Dark Side on the shutter lip and raised the door into the wall above.

Once walking forward to the dimly lit room, the Quarren could see most of the items were neatly placed around and covered in a translucent cover. A reclining chair stood out at the far corner, with a cupboard and a tower of wet boxes next to it. It was obvious to Qor that someone was in here before he arrived, he reached out for the nearby light switch and flicked it on. A small spark ignited from the east side of the room, which caused the poor lighting to flicker and dim slightly, then shine out for the Quarren to see everything. "Ugh, there's nothing here. I should of just blamed Eether." But a stirring in his mind told the Quarren someone else was here, a being was transpiring fearful thoughts nearby in the vision of darkness and forced imprisonment. It was enough for Qor to begin whipping covers away and tugging boxes across the room with the Dark Side, searching and scouring for this diminishing life essence. With a flick of his orange wrist, he ripped the covers from the wardrobe and saw a small padlock on the front. By squeezing his fist, the metal was crushed into dust and flung away like trash. The Quarren grabbed the broken handles of the doors and quickly slammed them open. To his shocking surprise, he saw the same Zeltron from Eli's datapad, the male sitting tied and gagged with a fearful look in his eyes. Qor reached into his pocket to pull out a laser scalpel and smoothly removed the gag from his mouth, as well as the bindings. "You don't want to be here! She will be back soon!" The male stuttered out as he quickly dashed from the storage. Determined to get an answer from this stranger, he extended his arm and restrained the Zeltron with the Dark Side, levitating him in the air.

“Who? I demand to know who sent me a warning!” “The Togruta Scientist!” Qor went pale as he immediately released the frightened Zeltron who ran into the night. He sat himself down carefully into the reclining chair and began to reflect on the information he received. All this time, the help from Elinia herself, the blood tests ran and the direct revealing of this Zeltron from her, it all seemed like a game.

But i'll see you after this for a night we won't remember.

The Quarren gulped hard and gripped the rough leather of the chair. She knew he would arrive here and follow this trail so easily, it was all a ruse in order for him to fall into her trap. The conditions of the trap was what bothered Qor so much. Not a single piece of violence or sacrifice was carried out by the Rollmaster through her game. Even the hostage was carefully looked after as it seemed he had no wounds. Another tingle through the Force came into his mind as he heard the soft patter of footsteps nearby. A soft shadow grew from the street outside, one with horns and a light whip of hips. Coming into clarity through the snow white lights of the storage, the Rollmaster stood underneath the storage door with two glasses and a small smirk on her face. “So, where’s my vodka?” “Where are those images?” Lexic growled as he gripped onto the chair’s arms. Eli tisk as she walked inside and sat on a sturdy chest. “All erased except for that scroll you own. We really need to find a more direct way to contact you than to send threatening messages, even Xen was tired of pulling you from the jungles.” The Togruta said to Qor, who just rolled his eyes and breathed a sigh of relief. “Fine, if you did this much effort just to talk with me. I’ll keep this bracer on at all times, at least that way we can compromise on my end. But no more stalking, got it?” The Quarren replied with a soft tone, relieved he wasn’t about to be another test subject but just a drinking partner. “Agreed, now as I said. Where the hell is my vodka?” Qor groaned in weariness, maybe today he wasn’t the subject. But he wasn’t sure about the morning after.