

Custom Personality Aspect: Part of the Tribe

As a Kiffar Va'nia Drellik is well versed in the history, lore, and traditions of the Kiffar species. She is able to assimilate and shares an innate connection with any other Kiffar she encounters. She was also taught by the clan spymaster as a child and has learned the best way to infiltrate and imitate other groups of people. Combined with her force skills she is able to seamlessly insert herself into situations where discretion is the better part of valor.

Va'nia stood under an awning doing her best to crouch into the shadows and stay out of the rain. She was already rather drenched from the downpour but she felt that the mission was still feasible. From her vantage point she could see her target area lit well through the rain of the evening. She pulled her dark, wet coveralls off to reveal a dark, floor length shimmersilk dress that was designed to accentuate her form and had a bit of a risque slit on the left side that ended above her knee. She pulled a pin from her head and her dark locks fell from the tight bun to a loose curl that she arranged to fall onto her right shoulder. She removed a pair of stilettos from a satchel and pulled them onto her feet. She then ran through the rain, as fast as the shoes would allow, towards the target area.

She had nearly reached the stairs when a young Devronian male dressed in a bright red uniform descended the stairs holding an umbrella. "Here you are ma'am." he said holding the umbrella over Va'nia's head. When she looked up to thank him her facial tattoos were gone and her hair had lightened several shades through a subtle application of the Force. "Well thank you!" she said doing her best to sound flustered, "I never expected this much rain tonight of all nights!" She flashed the Devronian man a smile.

"Yes ma'am Master Quizati wasn't planning on the heaviest rain of the season tonight but Wukkar's weather has always been difficult to forecast." He said escorting Va'nia up the stairs to the main house and under the lavish portico.

"Well it would have saved Master Quizati a great deal of money during the Honoring of Moving Water." Va'nia said referencing a yearly festival that took place on Wukkar that was marked by the larger houses hosting four lavish parties. The young man gave a small laugh at this as he closed the umbrella and escorted her into the house.

"Is there anything else I can get you miss?" The Devronian asked

"Could you show me to the powder room? I'd like to try and do something with my hair." She said pulling at her soaked hair. He nodded and ushered her down a side hallway to a small isolated room. As he was turning to leave Va'nia placed her hand on his chest and gave the Devronian a suggestive smile as she grabbed him by the collar, pulled him into the powder room and dashed his head against the marblewood sink. She stooped down and broke the Devronian's neck and quickly undressed him and pulled on his uniform and with an application of the Force she was someone else again moving to her target.