

Hiding In Plain Sight

By Lexiconus Qor

#13380

Submission made for [INQ] Shrouded Loyalty

**The Inquisitorius Order,
Unknown Location,
Unknown Sector
34 ABY**

Deep within the bowels of the capital ship under the command of Grand Master Pravus, Grand Inquisitor Lexiconus Qor sat at a sturdy metallic desk as his eyes scanned through the *undesirable* check list. He made absolutely sure the check was thorough as he received these orders straight from the Grand Master himself. The command from Pravus was clear to all who read their datapads.

As a presumed loyal Inquisitor, you have been selected to track down and identify the supposed traitor within our ranks, and deal with them accordingly.

Whether there was more than one traitor in the Inquisitorius Order remained to be seen, but Qor was obligated to try his best. But as his eyes scrolled through the roster list in the Inquisitorius, one name prominently stood out above all else. *Archangel*.

The Quarren gulped and nervously rubbed the back of his neck, as it was difficult enough to challenge the large Shaevalian. But to arrest or kill the naturally built warrior, it seemed near improbable. Known as a war hero and natural leader to many made it unnerving, but the icing on the cake was his admission into the *Legacy of Palpatine*. A colossal achievement for anyone, which made Archangel infamous in his methods of battle and leadership. Qor leaned back in his chair and sighed again, he needed expert advice on how to take on Archangel. That's when he saw it, passing him by like a phantom in the shadows, the Emperor of Scholae Palatinae was joined by the Grand Master, deep in discussion of muttered words. The Battlemaster wasted no time and launched himself at the opportunity, by jogging from his chair towards the duo, they both turned at him and waited.

"Sorry to disturb you sirs, but I need master advice about an undesirable in our ranks. It is imperative we do this the right way, or he will kill us for sure." Qor carefully spoke, while Xen and Pravus locked eyes once and returned their gaze back to the Quarren. The Consul was the first to speak. "Who are you trying to apprehend, young Battlemaster?" "Archangel Palpatine sir, a Warlord and Shaevalian." Pravus stroked his stubbled chin slowly, then spoke with a simple plan.

"Hire a sniper Merc. They're easy to find in the galaxy, simple to direct orders to and if you pay them extra, they will use better tactics." Qor liked this idea, it meant there was no way to link him back to the mercenary, as long as he didn't speak. "I will take your invaluable advice. Thank you, sirs." The Battlemaster bowed slowly and then left back to his desk to place the bounty as high as possible.

Several hours later...

Biding his time by reading through a Sith tome, Lexiconus Qor became vastly curious about Palpatine's efforts in genetically engineered monsters through combining the DNA of apex predators, into preganated embryos. It seemed to be the way forward, in order to make much worse things than rancors and krayt dragons. The book spoke of alchemically treating the

zygotes with Force Healing and possibly Rage abilities in order to greatly increase a dominant species, which seemed like fun for the Quarren. Then a whistling Astromech droid appeared from around the corner to deliver a large metal cargo for Qor, who seemed confused. He never usually gets deliveries here, they're usually sent to his office on the *March Isles*. Growing ever more curious, the Battlemaster dismissed the droid and decided to open the lid. A extremely revolting cloud burst from the opening and drown Qor in the putrid smell, which also crawled across the entire floor and turned the noses of other Inquisitorius agents. He slowly opened the lid further to see a tangled mess of body parts, organs and blood. Contorted and shredded to bits, they seemed to be of a male stranger to the Quarren, whose face sat neatly in the centre of the mess. It became clear from a metallic chestpiece that the man was a mercenary, so Qor deduced he may be the one after his Archangel bounty. Then a hologram suddenly appeared in front of the Quarren, one of the infamous Shaevalian himself.

"Try again and you're next Lexic. Love Arch." The Battlemaster leaned back and stroked his tentacles nervously, he wondered how did Arch know it was him and whether the merc was really up to the challenge. He needed a better tactic.

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