

**Word Count:** 776 Words

\*\*\**Estle City*\*\*\*

\*\*\**Selen, Dajorra System*\*\*\*

\*\*34 ABY; 2238 Hours, Local Time\*\*

Disguised hazel eyes steadily took in all of the details of the crime scene, from the violent scrapes in the wooden floorboards to the pair of bodies within sight. The Onderonian had yet to hear of a single report reaching the space-bound base of Battleteam Styx when he had been approached on Port Ol'val by one of his former mentors.

With a pronounced frown (even more so than usual), the Director of the Dajorra Intelligence Agency informed Celevon that 'Agent Jason Graus' had been specifically requested to a crime scene that had been discovered within Estle City. The reasoning behind the Arconae's disturbed reaction was that one of the Assassin's deep-cover aliases had been transferred to a fictitious organization within the DIA known as the Behavioral Science Unit, then specifically requested when local law enforcement stumbled upon the scene where the former Quaestor now stood.

The disguise of Jason Graus was fairly simple: Colored lenses changed the Onderonian's distinct eye color, his long hair tucked into the soft gray shirt of his suit gave the appearance of a slicked back style. Beyond that, black slacks with matching tie and blazer completed the facade.

"Do you usually work alone, Agent Graus?" one of the locals questioned curiously, pausing from taking detailed scans of the scene for later perusal.

"Normally, I wouldn't. I have a stack of files waiting for me at headquarters on prospective team members. This, however, couldn't wait - especially so once I noticed the ritualistic nature of the killings."

"And you're convinced that it isn't one of those Arconan types?" the Twi'lek questioned, vocal intonation and body language giving all signs of heavy skepticism.

"I'm certain of it," 'Jason' explained, speaking in a slight lower pitch than his usual vocal range. "The first victim you found was executed not far from the entrance with a slugthrower - Force Users are well-known for their disgust with such primitive weaponry when they have their laser swords." A lie, not that the other male would know it.

“You seem to know a lot about those Force Users...”

“Our Agents have crossed paths with them on occasion. Every single one of them is highly cooperative and useful. In fact, our Director is tempted to open talks with their leaders about recruiting from their talent pool.” Here, ‘Jason’ had to fight the instinctive smirk, transforming it into a half-smirk, half-grimace.

“I take it you’re not fond of them either?”

“Don’t get me wrong - their talents are undeniably useful. However, very few of their members would willingly have someone who cannot manipulate their *\*Force\** as a boss. They tend to think they’re better than us because they can use that mystic shit,” the Onderonian sneered slightly, purposely channeling his former Master’s derisive attitude.

“Veran! Will you let the Agent do his job and stop bugging him,” the highest ranked local investigator barked suddenly. “Those scans won’t finish themselves...”

“Yessir,” the Twi’lek mumbled, moving back to the device.

‘Jason’ didn’t bother to hide the slightly amused look in his eyes, the small quirk of his lips before they reverted to the frown as the ‘Agent’ returned his focus to the bodies.

“Sorry about that, Agent Graus. We managed to find the slugthrower used on the first victim and you were right - there was a suppressor attached. Though... why didn’t the killer just shoot the other two?” the Humanoid local investigator questioned, holding up the evidence bag. “There are several rounds remaining-”

“Based on what I can see here, the man who answered the door was executed in a fairly brutal, yet efficient manner. The clear organization, ritualistic habits... The women were the targets. The suspect you’re looking for is highly methodical, obsessive and likely narcissistic.”

“How can you-”

“Your Medical Examiner said that the blades used to kill both women were not removed until after they had breathed their last. Your killer cares about his appearance, didn’t want his clothes covered in-”

“He? What makes you think it’s a man? Sorry,” the Humanoid retreated at the icy glare sent his way.

“In this case, your killer could either be male or female... or it’s someone who doesn’t view themselves as either gender. If it weren’t for the fact that there are only one set of footprints, I would almost believe we were looking for a pair of killers. As I was saying,” the ‘Agent’ glared again before continuing with the profile.

“Your killer is between the ages of 15 and 25 with psychological issues that were likely never identified. If I had to guess, I would say we’re dealing with a sociopath...”

~(END)~