

Corellia. I don't remember the last time I was here. While my memory can be sharp as a shard of glass, some of my missions have begun to blur together with time. Is this what it feels like to get old?

Nonetheless, I'm back here on Corellia. The objective seems fairly simple. Prevent the Jedi from getting an asset that could aid them in their resistance against the *Inquisitorious*. *Inquisitorious, peh*. Names are important and carry power. So, why did they have to pick something so ostentatious that I often have difficulty typing it out on my terminal. I guess that is not really the point, however. I never signed up to be a Grand Inquisitor, but here I am, a servant to the man that my Clan--my family--has been struggling against.

A lot of people have asked me which "side" I'm on. For anyone that knows me (actually, knows me, at least) the answer is pretty simple. My existence is to protect Arcona and ensure it's continued survival and success as a Clan. This of course puts me at odds with my duties as Combat Master of the Brotherhood. While most of my time is set to training and guiding the new members who come to us from the Shadow Academy, I am still asked to go out on these missions. And so, here I am.

"You'll never get away with this. The Resistance will strike back!" the man clutching at my boots barked.

I was actually impressed that he was able to talk at all. He had two neat puncture wounds on his chest from my hidden-blade dagger. I had coated it with a unique type of poison--of my own creation--that shuts down the nervous system slowly. He would eventually go into a paralytic state and the second reactant I'd mixed in would do the job of putting him to sleep. He'd go into a near comatose state that would, for all intents and purposes of those checking, make him appear dead. Except he wouldn't be.

I looked down at him and kept my face a stoic mask. It's easy as breathing for me, at this point. Atyiru would not approve, but at least the man would live. There was that, I guess. Still, I had a role to play, and others were watching.

"The Resistance will crumble like an autumn leaf," I said coldly in my best imitation of Timeros' voice. He was my go-to for cold-hearted intimidation.

I looked over and watched as Pravus' forces unloaded from a dropship hovering over the dropzone I had just cleared. The CR90 Corvette that the Resistance had been looking for would be confiscated. A blow to the Jedi and their sympathisers, no doubt.

Atra Ventus strode down the platform of a private shuttle. He surveyed my work with a critical eye, and then nodded once. Understanding passed between us as he walked over to oversee the capture of the Corvette, idly stepping over the rail of "dead" bodies I'd left littered around.

Just then, my comm beeped. I made sure no one was paying that close of attention to me and casually checked the message. I scrolled through its contents and smiled inwardly.

Sure, they had managed to stop the Jedi from getting their hands on *this* Corvette. It seemed that another such vehicle was not receiving the same treatment, and had indeed been recovered by a splinter group of Jedi.

I guess there was only so much a single Grand Inquisitor. I shrugged, pocketed my comm and made my way back to my personal shuttle.