Howlader stood in the control room of the Intelligence Directorate’s not-so-official southern hanger on Karufr. From his perched position overlooking the ground, he could see the special operators of the Counter Intelligence and Domestic Security Division keeping a watchful eye on their prisoners. At the fore of the hanger, Howlader spotted Quaestor Kira and Aedile Lee – issuing orders to the Directorate personnel, as well as their own Jedi from House Dinaari. From the looks of things, everything was going according to plan. Satisfied that these traitors would be swiftly removed, and would no longer be a problem for Howlader or for Taldryan, Howlader breathed a sigh of relief – and started back towards his office – when he noticed the commanding presence of Raeth Elson, Director of the Counter Intelligence Service moving towards him at a quickened and determined pace. Howlader saw the look in the man’s eyes – and that look meant only one thing. The Consul had an inane counterintelligence task for Howlader, and in the end, that meant putting on pants.

Howlader considered, albeit briefly, trying to quickly move out of Elson’s field of view – and quickly scurry back to his Proconsular desk. In the end, Howlader decided to do his damned duty and proactively deal with the inevitable tasking from the Director.

Howlader shouted down the corridor: "I see you, Elson. Let me guess – the Consul has some task that only I have the skills and personality to complete? And instead of telling me himself, he’s sent you.”

The Director shrugged his shoulders in a surprisingly martial and military way: "Yes sir. The usual routine, sir." Elson handed Howlader a red and red datapad – denoting classified material. Howlader began to peruse the content and let out a sigh: "he’s serious about this? There are not a dozen more qualified, and if I’m perfectly honest, less busy Jedi in Ektrosis and Dinaari for this task?"

Elson nodded: "Yes sir. He is serious. If you have questions – best to ask them now. If you look at the timelines for the assignment – you really need to start walking towards the hangar desk."

Howlader groaned: "Well, walk with me – and if I figure out a question you’ll be there to ask. One day, Elson. One day I’ll remember to walk in the opposite direction when I see you."

Elson attempted to stifle a chuckle: "Yes sir."

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*Six Hours Later  
Two Hundred Metres from Expansionary Force Transport Vessel*

Howlader paced around the small airlock of the stealth transport vessel. Waiting for the signal from the bridge. Waiting and patience were things Howlader had gotten used to over his decades of military and Taldryan service – but he was not used to the confines of the constricting stealth suit. Sure, Howlader thought, he had spent years practically living inside of a TIE Pilot’s suit, but that felt positively luxurious in comparison to this.

Finally, his communications system crackled back on: "We’re in position, sir. Ready to launch when you are."

Howlader sighed: "Acknowledged. Let’s get this over with," as he was launched towards the traitor holding transport at a near inhuman velocity.

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*Twenty Minutes Later  
Vents*

Howlader crawled at a painstakingly slow pace through the vents above the makeshift holding area, it’s not just that he was worried about alerting the others aboard ship (and he was), his old bones and jones did not make crawling through these cramped vents easy. Howlader reached out with the Force, looking for his intended target: Wallcav Andromedan. Fifty more metres, ten more makeshift cells, then he could get out of here. Finally, after scratching both his legs on the metal that juts out into the vent, as well as burning his left arm on a conduit, Howlader dropped through the ceiling into Andromedan’s cell.

Andromedan screamed in terror, as this near nude Jedi stood before him.

"What do you want?!"

Howlader responded coldly: "You’ve stolen something from a friend of mine. He’d like it back."

"I’ve already handed over all the information! What more do you want?"

"You know damn well. The bear. Give it to me. I’ll consider letting you live if you do."