

# Fated Obstacles

For some time now, Rins'zler had been working within the Inquisition. His role within the group was complicated; however, he was able to separate himself from it due to the alias of Sol Kahan. Life had become far more complicated ever since the Shadow Man approached him and brought him into the Inquisition, his alias was being utilised more now than ever before.

Rins'zler received a coded com signal; it was redirected from one of the apartments he maintained on Ol'val via a secure routing system he had put in place. He accessed it via the terminal in his room. The encryption was an unusual one, he had to go through several levels to access the information stored within the message. The message was simple, uncover evidence of Undesirables on Port Ol'val, deliver information to the Inquisition, the Inquisition seal was appended to the bottom of the message to verify its legitimacy. Sol Kahan was needed once again.

Kahan exited the shuttle, the hooded robe he wore over his mat-black Mandalorian armour billowed as air poured from a nearby vent. He headed for the nearest Tapcaf. He knew precisely where to go to find the information he wanted, but he needed to drag this out somewhat. Being a double agent of sorts was tricky at times; he had to let himself get back into the role and persona of Kahan. The bar was about half full, all manner of races were there, from Human through to Bith. He even saw a pair of Sephi in one of the corner booths, their ornate clothing making them stand out like a glow rod in the night. As he walked in, a harsh buzzing noise came from a sensor mounted on the wall of the entrance. The Barkeeper looked up and was about to make his usual "hey, no blasters!" comment, but when he saw the Mandalorian helmet, he decided to keep quiet.

Sol made his way to an empty booth and a waitress came over, took his order, then left. Moments later, she returned with a glass of Whyren's reserve and a plate of deep fried Kalothian snacks. In the booth over from him, he spotted two humans staring at him intently. The Mandalorian was used to this, whenever he ordered food and drink people always assumed he would remove his helmet, this was never the case. Like Boba Fett and many other Mandalorians who preferred to their face to remain unknown, he had a drinks tube that could extend from the helmet and there was a small portal that would open to allow solid food to pass through. The two humans looked disappointed when he began eating without taking off his helmet and they went back to their conversation.

Hidden from outside view, he viewed the map of the port on his HUD. In the northern quadrant, he knew of a secret refuge sector of Hapans. The Dark Jedi had never had any love for them, there were very few Hapans he could think of that he would trust bar those within or former members of Arcona. He saw the rest as stuck up and pompous, infatuated by their own sense of being the perfect race. Causing the enclaves downfall would rest easily on his conscience. He finished his food and left a stack of credits on the table and left the Bar. Walking through the port, he took in its sights. He had spent much of his youth wandering around this port, his uncle maintained several properties within it. He would spend hours scampering through the dark tunnels and passages, never once getting lost — perhaps it was the force that had guided him back then, who knows. The Grand Imperial Hotel was off to his left, its gaudy lighting beckoning guests to enter it. Sol knew full well that it was a dive on the inside and its owners would rob you blind, however, by port standards it was luxury. The portal to the northern quadrant was to his right; this led into some of the less well trodden areas of the port. Arcona maintain several properties and facilities within this part, it was via his contacts as Rins'zler that he was able to gain the location of the Hapans.

As he turned a corner, around three hundred meters from where he had entered the portal, he became acutely aware that he was no longer alone.

He didn't allow his stride to break, keeping a cool head. He was Sol Kahan, not Rins'zler he reacted differently to such situations. Continuing on, he wound through alleys and passed through various portals, all the way he was aware of being followed. Eventually, he came to the zone in which the refugee camp was hidden. He scanned around the cavernous space, the carved out zone provided very little in the way of places from which he could observe. High above the zone he spotted was a maintenance room, it had a good view and was nice and out of the way. He never got the chance to even try for it.

Alarms began to blare out around him and from a dozen camouflaged doorways emerged Hapans, all armed, their blasters pointing squarely at Kahan.

He stood there, Death all around him, his targets were locking down their position, and many were running to escape. He did not fear what was happening, he was Sol Kahan, agent of the inquisition, Dark Jedi and most of all, a Mandalorian. Time around him seemed to slow down to a crawl; the movements of the Hapan soldiers seemed languid and diminished. The inquisitor began to move his arms, slowly at first so as not to alarm the soldiers, he wanted to make clear he was no threat to them, at least until he was ready. The entire situation evolved without a single word being said. In the background, Sol could see Hapans making for bolt holes and sympathetic clan members running for cover. It would seem his mission had failed.

Without any warning, the Mandalorian unleashed death. Throwing blades spun out from his cloak and armour, a fan of knives spreading torment around the space. Those lucky enough not to be hit by the spray of telekinetically flung blades instead felt the lethal kiss of his wrist lasers, blackened scorch marks littering their chests as they fell to the ground. Most would not die immediately; their pain would last for some time before they succumbed to the sweet embrace of death. To Kahan, this is a fate just deserved by the high and mighty Hapans, the more of their kind he could remove from the galaxy the better. The Dark Jedi moved round the dying Hapan scum, recovering his throwing blades from where they had embedded themselves in the throats of their prey.

Of the refugee camp, nothing remained but empty buildings and scattered litter. The Hapans had vanished and Sol Kahan was not bothered. Flashing up on his hood was the data stream from his Inquisitorius Scanner, with that and the sensors built into his helmet, he had recorded as much detail as possible, including facial recognition profiles and the routes they had taken in their escape.

As he walked back into the main centre of Ol'val, he allowed himself a small smile, once again he had looked Death square in the face, and Death had been forced to retreat. He made his way to the apartment he rented on the port, once inside he sent a dozen flash messages to a specific com node, into one he triple encoded the data package. The relay then duplicated the data and sent it along a series of relay routes. Eventually the original data would end up in an Inquisition dead drop and be recovered for analysis.

Rins'zler realised he needed to have a break, he had spent that last 6 months double dealing his way through Arcona and the Inquisition, it was wearing him out. He left the port and returned to Selen. He comm'd ahead to his wife, she said she would make some arrangements and would send an LOA message to the clan leaders. Rins'zler was looking forward to spending some time with his wife, and more importantly, relaxing.