**Quasar Fire-class Cruiser Carrier *Dragostae***

**Crew break room**

Colman Harrigan checked his chrono. It was only ten minutes before he was due to go on duty. As a member of the *Dragostae*’*s* bridge crew, he had become very used to arriving almost exactly on time.

The break room was deserted. Only Harrigan dared relax so close to going on duty; the ship’s senior officers had long since given up trying to get him to arrive on the bridge any earlier than his assigned time.

A figure dressed entirely in black walked into the break room, getting himself a drink from one of the water coolers. He approached Colman, greeting him with a nod.

“I know you’re about to go on duty, but could I trouble you for a light?” the man asked. Harrigan noticed he was carrying an unlit cigarra.

“Careful de captain don't catch yer smokin' dat in 'ere!” Colman warned, tossing the man his lighter.

“Thank you, friend. Now, I just need one more thing from you,” the man replied, moving closer to the crew member.

Harrigan raised an eyebrow quizzically.

“Your identity!” the man hissed, pulling a lightsaber out of seemingly nowhere. The blade was carefully aimed to avoid damaging Colman’s uniform; but his face was not so lucky.

Colman Harrigan fell to the floor, killed instantly by the unexpected act of brutality.

“Inquisitor Jinn? This is Nubian Sun. I’ve found my way in,” the man whispered into a small comlink.

He knew he did not have long, so he quickly stripped the corpse of its clothing, putting them on even while they remained warm. He stashed his Inquisitor’s armour into his backpack, and then started to speak to the Force. He ordered it to re-shape his face, alter his hair colour, even change his voice, until he was a perfect facsimile of Colman Harrigan.

Peering out of the room, Nubian Sun signalled to a pair of nearby officers. They headed straight over.

“Phase one complete. You two get rid of that corpse. Then get off this ship! Jinn’s orders said only I am to stay!” the Inquisitor ordered.

**Bridge**

“Harrigan. Three minutes early. You’re actually starting to listen to me?” Captain Bresnan queried.

“You're an inspirashun ter al' av us, sir!” ‘Harrigan’ answered.

Bresnan smiled. Colman Harrigan had been one of the more undisciplined survivors of the attack on Karufr. In his time aboard the *Dragostae*, he was starting to clean up his act, but he was still a little rough around the edges. To a man like Bresnan, hearing that he was getting through to Harrigan meant a lot.

“Best you take your station. You know what to do. Keep the random hyperjumps coming,” Bresnan ordered.

“T’be sure, sir!” ‘Nubian Sun’ declared, pleased that he had nailed Harrigan’s accent so precisely.

As he activated the console that was assigned to Colman Harrigan, the agent known as Nubian Sun tapped in the commands that Alaris Jinn had given to him. With no response forthcoming, the mole could only hope that he’d inputted the codes correctly.

With the aid of Trentam Jebbac, the Inquisition, Alaris Jinn, and Darth Pravus could not only track the *Dragostae*, but they now had an agent on the inside. All Jebbac had to do was avoid the more powerful members of Clan Taldryan; those who could see through his disguise, and the shroud he had thrown over his own Force sensitivity.

**3 weeks later**

**Delta-class JV-7 Escort shuttle *tseb’si’tsaerb III***

**Cockpit**

Andrelious and Kookimarissia Mimosa-Inahj carefully steered their ship towards the *Dragostae*.

“We’ve been at this for nearly a week now!” Kooki moaned.

“I’m going to keep doing this until I find out where our leak is coming from. Every time the fleet gets away, Jinn finds us again. Now we’ve finally found out that a member of one of our ship’s bridge crew is responsible. I can’t waste this opportunity!” Andrelious responded.

**Quasar Fire-class Cruiser Carrier *Dragostae***

**Bridge**

“Sir. We have a ship requesting to dock. Its transponder codes match those of the Rollmaster’s ship,” a female crew member stated.

“Hmm. Has he said what he wants, Lieutenant?” Bresnan queried.

“Just that he’s going to want to speak to anyone who works on the bridge,” the woman answered.

In one of the bridge ‘pits’, a navigation officer listened to the conversation nervously.

*Rollmaster. That’s Andrelious Mimosa-Inahj. Jinn warned me about him.*

The woman operating the next station turned to her colleague.

“You alright, Colman? It’s not like visits from the Consul and his summit are that unusual,” she said.

“Oi'm jist feelin' a wee shuk. Proobably too much whiskey last noight!” ‘Colman’ answered.

The female raised an eyebrow. “That isn’t like you. Perhaps you should head to sick bay,” she replied, signalling Bresnan.

“Yes?” the Captain asked.

“Colman was just saying he feels quite sick, sir. I think he needs to go down to sick bay,”

Bresnan studied ‘Hannigan’ closely.

“For once, you actually do look pale. You had some bad news today, Hannigan?” the Captain queried.

Thinking for a moment, Jebbac thought back to the dossier he had been given on Colman Hannigan. “Yer cud say dat, sir. A bit av a walk wud chucker me gran!” he said, eventually.

“Just make sure you get back for the Rollmaster’s visit. I’m told it’s important,” Bresnan commanded.

**15 minutes later**

Andrelious had quickly eliminated the majority of the bridge crew of the *Dragostae*. Captain Bresnan was as helpful as he could have been; he introduced each of his men personally, in some cases even managing a brief backstory.

“Right. Looks like you’re one navigational console down,” the Rollmaster commented, pointing at the unmanned station.

“Ah, yes. That would be Ensign Hannigan. I’m afraid he’s not big on military decorum. Has a good heart, though. Doting father to his young daughter,” Bresnan explained.

“It would be a shame if he were to turn out to be the mole, then. Kooki always hates it when I have to deal with a parent,” Andrelious commented.

“He won’t be our man. No right minded father would help the Inquisition after what Cotelin did to Karufr,” Kooki added, not taking her gaze from the stars.

“You’re probably right. But we’d best leave nothing to chance. Captain, find me this Hannigan,” Andrelious demanded.

Captain Bresnan confirmed his understanding with a simple salute, heading off to speak to his security teams.

**-x-**

The arrival of Andrelious J. Mimosa-Inahj had indeed been bad news for the man claiming to be Colman Harrigan. Trentam Jebbac had moved several decks away from the bridge, trying to distance himself as much as possible from the Rollmaster and his abilities to see through all but the most elaborate disguises.

“This is Nubian Sun. I suspect I am about to be compromised. I will get myself away from this ship and find new cover elsewhere in the Taldryan fleet,” Jebbac whispered into a comlink.

“Affirmative, Nubian Sun. Get to one of the ships that the Rollmaster has already checked. It’ll buy you a few more weeks. Don’t let him see you!” hissed the comlink. Jebbac knew the voice well: Alaris Jinn, the agent of Jac Cotelin who was charged with hunting down and destroying the remnants of Clan Taldryan.

One of the *Dragostae’s* security officers spotted Jebbac, speaking quietly into a comlink as he approached.

“Harrigan. The Captain wants you on the bridge, now,” the man said.

Jebbac started to move away, quickly slipping back into his role as Colman Harrigan. “Oi'm afraid not. Oi 'av other places ter be!”

“He was most insistent. Said something about by any means necessary,” the security agent replied, patting his holstered blaster.

The perceived threat was enough. Jebbac pushed the other man aside and began to sprint away. He reached inside his trousers, finding his lightsaber still safely strapped to the inside of his right leg.

Colman Harrigan was about to die twice in less than a month.

**-x-**

“Harrigan just attacked one of my security personnel. He’s running for the turbolift, Rollmaster,” Bresnan announced.

“Get a squadron in the air. Everyone else is to remain grounded,” Andrelious ordered, before turning to Kooki. “Let’s go!”

“I’ve just heard he has a lightsaber. I didn’t even know Harrigan was one of yours,” the Captain added.

“I think you will find that he is not even Harrigan anymore. You’ve almost certainly been fooled by an imposter,” the Rollmaster explained. He and his spouse entered the turbolift, the doors closing before Bresnan could offer a further reply.

The turbolift headed downward with such speed that the two Sith inside were almost overcome with the vertigo, but, once it stopped on the hangar deck, they were already armed with their lightsabers.

“He’ll probably already be in the hangar, trying to get launch clearance. He won’t be asking nicely, either,” Andrelious stated.

Sure enough, the turbolift doors opened to a trail of dead bodies. Each had clearly been killed by the blade of a lightsaber. On seeing the situation, Kooki began to sprint towards the hangar. Andrelious followed on behind, hoping that the Alderaanian would leave him with something to interrogate.

The Mimosa-Inahj couple entered the hangar just in time to witness one of the *Dragostae*’s X-Wings blasting its way out.

“Bresnan! He’s in an X-Wing!” Andrelious cried into his comlink.

“We know. Zenith Squadron are already out there,”

*B-Wings. Let’s hope they’re good enough.* Andrelious thought, cursing the lack of TIE Defenders.

**-x-**

Trentam Jebbac, still in the uniform of Colman Harrigan, steered his stolen X-Wing away from the *Dragostae*. He jinked around to avoid oncoming ion cannon fire, having already ignored the multiple commands to surrender immediately.

The superior speed and manoeuvrability of the X-Wing soon showed, especially in the hands of a skilled Force user such as Jebbac.

Pulling the hyperdrive’s activation lever, the man identified as Nubian Sun sighed in relief.

Being Colman Harrigan had been fun while it had lasted, but soon, Alaris Jinn would need him again.

And he’d need another new face.