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

**War Room**

“And that was that. Despite the best efforts of our fighters, your man got away,” Captain Bresnan explained.

“Let me just make sure I understand this situation. The enemy agent, Nubian Sun, murdered a member of your bridge crew and took his place?” Rhylance questioned, gazing at his Rollmaster.

“It’s certainly possible. Kooki can change her face, and a few other things, with the aid of the Force. I can’t imagine it’s at all a unique ability,” Andrelious said.

“Shortly after Nubian Sun’s escape, the body of the real Colman Harrigan was found in the main trash compactor. The man we had on the bridge was convincing enough to fool all of us, sir,” Bresnan added.

“I am still going to have to arrange for a full investigation, Captain. An enemy agent managed to slip onto your bridge undetected. If anything, we can make sure this does not happen again,” the Consul ordered.

“I suggest you get Kooki on that. You’ll know exactly what you’re looking for then,” Andrelious stated.

“I will keep that in mind. Meanwhile, I have a mission for you, Andrelious. Captain Bresnan, you are dismissed,” Rhylance instructed. The Captain saluted, marching out without another word.

Rhylance’s eyes darted about, as if to check the room was truly clear.

“I am afraid that the situation is far more serious than I have been making out. Once Nubian Sun escaped from this ship, he was able to gain access to our complete order of battle. Put simply, that means that the Inquisitorius will know exactly what we have acquired since Karufr,” Rhylance began.

“If I’m right, Consul, the order of battle files contain more than just a list of our ships. Intel being Intel, they liked to have all kinds of information about our personnel. It’s possible that the enemy could use that information to induce defections,” Andrelious replied.

“That is where you come in. Intelligence had the foresight to place a tracker on these particular files. That tracker is now transmitting from somewhere on Dantooine. Your homeworld, Andrelious,” the Consul replied.

“It’s technically my homeworld, but my family and I left when I was 2. I’ve not been back there in over 40 years,” the Sith declared.

“Yes, yes. But right now, technically is enough. I need you to get to Dantooine. Try and find Nubian Sun, or at least, our stolen files. We are not exactly sure what he’s up to there,” Rhylance continued, almost rambling over his Rollmaster.

“So get the files back. Nubian Sun, or whoever he is supposed to be, is a bonus. Understood. I take it you would prefer if I did not take Kooki with me for this one?” Andrelious queried.

“Correct. For this one, you’re working alone. Your wife will be busy enough assisting Captain Bresnan with his new security arrangements,” the Chiss responded.

**Iz’Naer Cantina**

**Dantooine**

For a change, Trentam Jebbac wore his own face. He had almost forgotten just how pointy his nose and chin were, and his sunken, brown eyes seemed like those of a stranger.

The Iz’Naer cantina was one of the many meeting points throughout the wider galaxy that the Inquisition used for covert rendezvous. The fact that it was well away from Brotherhood space came with its own hazards, but it did mean the location was also completely safe from the so-called Lotus and their allies.

Jebbac was enjoying his third Corellian brandy of the evening when he noticed that the cantina had become almost completely deserted.

“Quiet around here,” he stated, his undisguised voice a low growl.

“What are you expecting? This ain’t Coruscant!” the barman replied jovially.

“People around here must be lightweights,” Jebbac observed.

“It’s getting quite late! Going to close up soon if things don’t pick up!” the barman answered.

“I’ll be here a little longer. Keep the brandy flowing and I’ll keep the credits going,” Trentam said with a wink.

As the barman moved over to refill the Inquisitor’s glass, he heard a loud crash from somewhere under his feet.

“Looks like something’s fallen down in my cellar. Back in a tick!” he exclaimed, disappearing far more nimbly than his large frame suggested he was capable of.

A cloaked figure stepped out from the shadows.

“Pretty clichéd,” Jebbac snapped.

“What can I say? I save the planning for my missions. Not my entrances,” the new arrival stated in a broad core accent.

“You’ve got my next destination for me, then?” Jebbac demanded.

“Of course, Nubian Sun. Taldryan’s intelligence services managed to track you here. We’re not exactly sure how, but we think one more stop before you head back to Arx should be enough. Get yourself to Wobani. And make sure you get a different ship,” the figure ordered, still not revealing his face.

“Understood. Did you want me to transmit my findings?” Trentam questioned.

“Taldryan’s intelligence services thought of that. That particular set of files automatically corrupts itself if it’s transmitted. You’ll have to keep hold of them until you’re back on Arx. Don’t try to find a slicer, either. A lot of Taldryan’s encryptions were designed by Saskia Ortega-Inahj. I believe you met her father?” the cloaked man asked.

“If you’re meaning Andrelious Mimosa-Inahj, it was him who found me on the *Dragostae*. That cost us three months of work!” the Inquisitor snarled.

The figure allowed himself a small chuckle. “He was once one of the Inquisition’s best. We were *almost* sad to lose him. But, like the rest of the Taldryan traitors, he will pay for choosing that particular company.”

Without giving the agent known as Nubian Sun a chance to further the conversation, the cloaked figured walked briskly away.

*So I need another ship.*

**Spaceport**

**Dantooine**

Andrelious craned his neck around to examine the spaceport, trying to see if he could recall anything from when he had lived on Dantooine over 4 decades previously. He had only been 2 years old when his parents had taken him further into the Galactic Core, but he was sure he could remember the general layout of the area.

His family’s Escort Shuttle had been allowed to land without any issue after the Sith had switched its changeable IFF transponder to allow it to masquerade as a security vessel belonging to his father’s company. He didn’t bother to use a false name for himself; he felt that the name ‘Mimosa-Inahj’ would look far less suspicious than a pseudonym.

The lack of Kooki, or even any other support on the mission, made Andrelious feel a little nervous. Taldryan’s intelligence division did not have much knowledge on the mystery Inquisitor, only that he was definitely a Force user and that he was an expert at infiltration. Mimosa-Inahj had decided that he was simply not going to trust anyone; he knew that, with the correct training, that even Force sensitivity could be hidden. The man he was looking for could be posing as almost anyone.

*I’ve brought up twins. If I can do that, this should be easy*! Andrelious mused.

The Rollmaster did not have much information on his target. He had made sure to download a picture of Colman Harrigan, as well as a few other people whose identity the Inquisitor was known or suspected to have assumed.

The Sith took a swig from his hip flask. He hadn’t wanted to admit to Rhylance that he was relatively clueless on what to do, but having reached Dantooine he still had no clear idea on how to move forward. He reached out with the Force, trying to find the cold presence of another dark side user among the people in and around the spaceport area.

**-x-**

Trentam Jebbac ducked into a shadowy alley. Throwing a large spacer’s bag onto the ground, he opened it and reached inside. Without hesitation, he had changed into an off-white shirt, black spacer’s jacket and a pair of light brown cargo pants. Placing his lightsaber and Inquisitorius clothing in the bag, he quickly returned into the light of day, following the road that lead back towards the spaceport.

It was time for Nubian Sun’s next journey.

**-x-**

Andrelious was preparing for a long wait, so he almost dropped his hip flask in surprise when he felt a chill to his bones just minutes later.

*Glad I waited at the spaceport now. Let’s sort this bastard out!*

Andrelious moved his eyes around the crowd, trying to pinpoint the strong, dark presence that he could feel in the Force. He spotted two spacers examining an old Lambda shuttle. He guessed from the way that they were pointing at various parts of the ship that they were discussing its purchase, or at least its use for transport away from Dantooine. The Taldryanite started to move towards the pair, trying his best to sneak.

“You’ve only got ten thousand. This ship may be old, my friend, but she’s still in good condition! I’d have to ask for at least five times that!” one of the spacers said as Andrelious reached within earshot.

“I’ve already given you another hundred thousand. This is my last instalment!” the second declared, waving his hand.

“Oh, yes. Of course. You gave me another hundred thousand. This is your last instalment. She’s all yours, my friend,” the first man answered.

“Excuse me. I believe that I can make you a better offer for your ship,” Andrelious interrupted.

Trentam Jebbac immediately identified the Taldryan Rollmaster from his Inquisitorius dossier. What he was not so sure of was what Andrelious would do next.

“I’ve not got time for this! The deal is made and the ship is mine!” Jebbac snapped, keeping the spacer’s accent. Before anyone could answer, he sprinted up his new shuttle’s walkway.

“Friend of yours?” the seller questioned.

“No friend of either of us. Check your bank balance. You’ll be a few credits short!” Andrelious advised as he turned to run towards his own ship.

On reaching the parked Escort Shuttle, Andrelious got himself aboard and into the pilot’s seat as quickly as he could, but Jebbac’s ship was already accelerating away through Dantooine’s atmosphere.

Launching without going through many of the safety checks that he was ‘supposed’ to undertake, the Taldryan Rollmaster managed to get his ship off the ground just before its quarry reached space. The chase was on, but, despite being a generally superior craft, the JV-7 Escort Shuttle did not have a massive speed advantage over the T-4a Shuttle. Even with Andrelious at its helm, the distance between the two ships was sufficient to allow the fleeing Inquisitor a good chance at escape.

Trentam Jebbac desperately scanned through his new ship’s unfamiliar navicomp, cursing that Wobani was so far down the list. He cursed even more furiously as the shuttle’s computers took seemingly forever to plot a safe course; Wobani was a relatively long jump.

Meanwhile, Andrelious maintained a safe. There was too much traffic in and around the Dantooine system to pursue ‘Nubian Sun’ closely, so the former Imperial decided to simply observe his target’s vector and establish the next destination by other means. Though a skilled pilot, hyperspace vectors were not something that Andrelious knew anything about.

As Jebbac’s shuttle accelerated away and disappeared into hyperspace, Mimosa-Inahj recorded the vector with his ship’s own navicomp. Processing the information, the computer spat out a large list of potential destinations.

Without bothering to peruse the list himself, Andrelious forwarded it to Taldryan Intelligence.

*Let the spooks figure out the next move.*