

House Karness Muur Aedile Office
Korada Monastery
Aliso
36 ABY

The datapad bounced across the desk TuQ'uan Varick had just tossed it on. Standing up, he began to pace across his office in the Korada Monastery, he had some planning to do.

Earlier that day a mysterious package had appeared on his desk without setting off his alarms, contained in it was a datapad detailing a job opportunity. It had come from Laren, of course it was Laren, he probably still had a key or a secret passage into the office. The Aedile made a mental note to search the office thoroughly later.

The gears in TuQ'uan's head were turning so furiously he swore he could smell smoke. It took the Kel Dor a moment to realize that it wasn't in his head, the datapad had smoke trickling out of it. That trickle quickly became a torrent.

Damnit Laren.

Someone can clean that up later, TuQ'uan thought to himself as he exited his office. He didn't really need help with this particular job but he did want to see if he could bring one of the newer Plaguians recruits under his wing because you never know when you need a scapegoat or what other people would an "assistant". The Aedile had just the person in mind too.

LATER

"Vash Bisel, please report to Aedile Varick's office *immediately*," putting extra emphasis on the last word a female voice rang out through every corner of House Karness Muur's headquarters. TuQ'uan needn't use subtlety here, calling in a new recruit wouldn't raise any suspicion.

It took Vash approximately four minutes and thirty six seconds to reach the office, not that he was being timed or anything. Out of breath the Muurian knocked on the office door. The Kel Dor walked out the door and began striding down the hall, not waiting for his Correlian recruit to follow.

"You can fly a ship?" TuQ'uan asked as if to no one, Vash took this as his cue to follow.

"Uh, yessir, well enough anyway."

The mercenary simply let out a grunt. "And you know your way around a blaster?"

"I visit the range daily, sir."

The two took a sharp turn down another hallway.

“How do you feel about large sums or credits?”

“Well, sir, I’d say the more the merrier.” A smirk grew across his face.

Coming to a stop in front of the turbolift, TuQ’uan turned to Vash. “Well then, it looks like I’ve chosen the right person for the job.” The doors to the turbolift opened and they stepped in. “I’m going to trust you with my ship, and I swear if there is a single scratch on her there will be a hefty price to pay. You will gather your things and leave promptly. Wait for me on Onderon and I will explain the rest when I arrive.”

Star Destroyer Paladin

The Next Space Day

“And you’re sure you set that thing to stun?” TuQ’uan inquired of his assistant. The two Plagueians crawled through an air vent on the Star Destroyer Paladin as it hurtled through hyperspace to Arx. Just like getting onto the ship, getting the holocron and getting back off would take an insane amount of detail, precise timing and intricate planning to pull off. And hopefully just like getting onto the Paladin, absolutely everything would go off without a hitch and be an incredibly impressive feat that everyone should have the opportunity to witness before they die.

“Of course!” Vash responded at just over a whisper in volume. The Correlian paused a moment to change his blaster’s setting from kill to stun. “ You know they won’t offer us the same courtesy right?”

TuQ’uan simply ignored him and continued on. The mercenary wasn’t sure exactly which room the holocron was being kept in but he had narrowed it down to two options a short distance from each other. He was about 95% sure he knew which room to go for.

The would be theifs sat in the vent awaiting the opportune moment.

It took about an hour but their cue came in the form of a shudder reaching throughout the Star Destroyer signalling it’s exit from hyperspace. Without hesitation they were on the move. Dropping down from the ceiling vent, they opened fire on the guards at the door.

It took no time at all to subdue the unsuspecting guards. Holster in this blaster and pulling out his datapad, TuQ’uan began working at the door.

“Keep an eye out for any unwelcome guests.”

The light on the door controls went green and with a hiss the Kel Dor was inside.

The room was piled high with crates, but right there in the middle of the room was very clearly the one they had come in search of. It looked like something out of a stereotypical heist holovid, almost too perfect.

Taking a glance at the lock on the chest, TuQ'uan realized he didn't have the time to slice it open. Unclipping the Lightsaber attached to his belt he carefully placed the hilt against the seal between the lid and the body of the chest and ignited the saber slowly dragging it across the length of the chest.

With one last, satisfying pull, the lid had been completely separated from the crate. Placing his foot firmly on the lid he gave it a shove and watched it slide off. There it was in a comically oversized durasteel crate, sitting on top of a straw-like filling to make sure it didn't bounce around too much from handling, was the holocron he came searching for.

Snatching up the holocron, TuQ'uan quickly turned and walked out of the room.

"Let's get out of here."

Together they confidently strode through the hallways of the Paladin towards their exit. The Kel Dor quickened his pace, he didn't want to miss his opportunity. He hadn't noticed Vash fall behind.

"Stop right there!" a voice cried out a little ahead of the duo. TuQ'uan slowed his pace to a crawl as the woman walked towards him with a hand on the butt of a holstered blaster. "What do you think you're doing here?" She continued right passed TuQ'uan, he turned to see her approaching Vash.

He couldn't waste anytime, spinning on his heels he marched away from the confrontation. As he rounded a corner he could hear shouting behind him followed by a quick succession of blaster shots.

Well, that's a shame. He thought.

A Week Later
The Sand Pit
Aliso City
Aliso

TuQ'uan sat towards the back of the stands watching the fights below, a Sandy Sith in hand. He had a few credits wagered and eagerly watched the chaos of the free for all in the Pit. His escape from the Paladin was a dangerous and harrowing task, full of adventure and excitement that would have impressed anyone who witnessed or even heard tale of the ordeal.

A figure took the seat beside him and without taking his eyes off the fighting, the Kel Dor handed the figure the drink.

“Thanks,” Laren spoke softly. What’s a drink among *friends*? “None for you?”

TuQ’uan simply pointed at his antiox mask.

“Right, well do you have it here?”

“Of course, but first there’s a fight.”

There were only two fighters still standing, one was the fighter TuQ’uan had put money on. The crowd was electric. With the swing of an axe the fight was over and the Kel Dor had lost his credits.

“Blast! Well at least the day won’t be a total loss.” He reached into his pocket.

“You got a member of your house killed”

“More credits for me, besides now we both know he wasn’t cut out for life in Plagueis. I guess he knows that now too.” TuQ’uan pulled the holocron subtly from his pocket, careful not to show it off to prying eyes. “I’m sure you’ll find it worth Vask’s sacrifice.”

The Pantoran took the holocron into his own hands and inspected it closely. “His name was Vash, and this is the wrong one.” Laren tossed the holocron back to TuQ’uan. “Maybe you could sell it to someone, but it isn’t the one I’m looking for. The deal’s off.”

The Proconsul promptly stood and left, leaving the Kel Dor speechless.

The mercenary quickly looked around for someone looking to take bets on the next fight, something needed to go right for him today.