

Having just finished with her daily routine training, Tahiri headed back to her quarters to meditate. Once she had washed up and dressed in her more comfortable, native Shilian clothing, she sat in the middle of her quarters floor. With a flick of her finger, the music system turned on and began to play the music of the ocean. Tahiri closed her eyes and began to submerge herself in the Force. As the Togruta slipped into the greater folds and flowed with the Force, she felt a disturbance, a cry. *It sounds like a child. No... children crying*, she thought as she wrinkled her brow in concentration.

The Battlemaster focused more on the cry, curious as to the cause of this big of a disturbance to her normally peaceful meditation. However, much to her annoyance, she couldn't find the source, as the crying suddenly disappeared. The only thing she was able to gain from the meditation was that something disturbed the Force, or it might be something was disturbing her.

She knew that her new clan condoned slavery and had many slaves. It was the only thing about Plagueis that disturbed her a little, cause with Tarentum it was more of a servitude to the ruling Consul, many were proud to serve. The Togruta felt a pang in her heart at the memories of Tarentum, and the Yridia system's people. There were many who had looked up to her, a few had been children. "Now they are all gone," she whispered quietly to herself. Though, she hoped that some were able to be evacuated before the attack. However, she knew that many didn't even make it out of their houses before the attack.

With her meditation time now disrupted, she looked at the chronometer on her night stand. The holographic read out said it was 1452. Breathing deeply for a few moments, Tahiri got up and put on her cloak, and began to head towards the door. Pausing at the door she turned around and called her saber to her hand. She was going to clip the saber to her belt, when she realized she still had her native clothing on. Laughing to herself, and shaking her head, Tahiri quickly changed back into her Assassins attire, and headed out to get something to eat for herself, and to make sure that Solan, her pet Akul, was fed as well.

Later that night while sleeping, she was awakened by something crying. Sitting up and looking around her dimly lit room, she could find nothing that made the sound. Even Solan was peacefully sleeping beside her bed. Shaking her head to try and clear the cobwebs, looking over at the chronometer on her bedside table, the display read 0115. Sighing, the Togruta got up and walked over her desk. Turning on her Assassins datapad, she began to search through the Inquisitorius files for any new news that could take her mind off of whatever was disturbing her sleep. As she sat there scanning the different streams of info and files, something caught her attention. A file called "**Plagueis slave compilation**". *Hmmm, well this is interesting. I didn't think that the Inquisitorius would be keeping tabs like this on Plagueis*, she thought, as she absentmindedly stroked her left lekku. Deciding whether or not to open and read the file, was no more than a flicker of thought, before she pressed on the file.

Once the file opened, she leaned back in the chair, propping her feet up on the edge of the desk, and began to read. A lot of the entries of observation were made years ago, so she just

scanned while scrolling through the file entries. Tahiri was finding nothing that wasn't too out there, though she was definitely disgusted by the way most of the slaves were taken, more than half were taken from a fairly young age. Finally, after half an hour of scrolling, she decided to skip ahead to see if there were any more recent entries. Suspecting there probably would be some, Tahiri scanned the dates of the newest entries. Surprised, she saw that five of the most recent entries happened within the last month, two of which were only last week. Arching her eyebrow, she read the first of the five entries. There was really nothing new to the first two entries, however, it was the last three that were the most interesting.

The first of the three were dated two weeks ago, and read about the same as the others, except it mentioned quite a few children being added to the clan. The next two entries were similar, including mentions of those who had bought some of the children, however, one name stood out more than the rest, **Battlemaster Wrathus**. She stared at the name in shock for what seemed like a while. Sitting fully up and resting her elbows on her desk, Tahiri carefully read both entries.

Tahiri read the passages about the number of children her Master, Wrathus, had bought, over and over again, trying to wrap her mind around the fact that her Master had bought children. "Hmmm, apparently, Master has decided to fully embrace our new clans ways," she mused to herself quietly. Setting the datapad down, she leaned back, soaking in the information she had just learned. The thoughts and questions racing through her mind, chaotically bouncing into and off one another. Her emotions raged as well, feeling of anger, disgust, horror, sadness, and yet a small bit of understanding of how her Master could be capable of doing this.

Why would Solas, Wrathus, want with all those children? Unless it is to further his research into the Nightsisters magik. But he knows that adults are easier to work with than children, that it's easier to get more out of adults. It makes sense, and then again, it doesn't make any sense.

An alarm was going off in her mind, no, in her room. Shaking her head, she looked around frantically, but then instantly settled down. It was the alarm on her chronometer. The display showed that it was 0600. Sighing tiredly, she realized that she had spent the better part of the night reading. The crying came back to her mind again, making her anger flare again and her exhaustion subside. Tahiri decided that it may be time to visit her Master and get some answers.