

The lights in the Korada Monastery were dim as TuQ'uan slunk his way down the hallway. He had security clearance to every area in the monastery but that was far less fun than sneaking into the Quaestor's office and slicing his datapad. The Kel Dor didn't take shortcuts when it came to pranks, he didn't think it was nearly as enjoyable to cut corners.

Since joining Plagueis, TuQ'uan had decided to keep his prankster side to himself, but tonight his first victim — Furios — was about to learn what he was capable of.

Hugging tight to the wall, the mercenary slowly inched up to an intersection. He poked his head around the corner to check for House Karness Muur security. There were two guards standing in the hallway talking to each other, one with their back to the Kel Dor, the other facing his direction. This could be tricky, it's not like he could kill his own men. TuQ'uan tapped the comlink in his ear.

"Alright Peek, I need a hand here," he whispered as low as possible.

As series of beeps and twitters filled his ear.

"Yeah, yeah, I know, but now is not the time for that conversation."

The droid continued on.

"Look, are you going to help me or not?"

A defiant whistle came through the comlink.

"Alright, fine, you were right. I can't do anything properly without your help, and even then I usually mess things up. Please oh great Peek, will you save my ass from utter failure. There, now will you help?" the response was dripping with sarcasm.

Shrill, angry sounding beeps came as a response.

"You'd get a much more genuine response from me if the phrase you forced me to say were less ridiculous." TuQ'uan let out a deep sigh. "Look, would you please help me with this?"

Silence came from the comlink.

"Peek?"

TuQ'uan leaned himself against the wall, ready to give up and do things the easy way when suddenly a black blur shot past him letting out a high pitched whine.

"What the frak was that?" one of the guards yelled.

“Come on, we need to check it out.”

The guards rushed around the corner away from the hiding mercenary without even glancing in his direction.

The Kel Dor let out a sigh, relieved that Peek had such little faith in his ability that he stayed close by.

“Thanks Peek. Just remember, you’re distracting them, not laying a trap for them. Nobody gets hurt.”

The sound of disappointment filled TuQ’uan’s comlink.

With the guards temporarily out of the way, TuQ’uan had a straight shot at Furios’ office. Running as quietly as possible, the mercenary made his way past the office door to a spot just below a small vent access panel. Reaching up, he gently pried it from the wall and pulled himself inside the vent.

The vent itself was not much larger than the Kel Dor’s body, which didn’t leave him much room to crawl. Luckily he didn’t need to go very far. It took him a few minutes to crawl the thirty feet to the vent opening inside the office.

Once inside the office his job was easy. Furios had left his datapad on his desk, which meant TuQ’uan just had to crack his password—which would be easy for one of his skill level—and leave his surprise.

It took about thirty seconds for TuQ’uan’s algorithm to run through password combinations in order to find Furios’. The Kel Dor looked down at his Quaester’s datapad and chuckled as he read the fake report.

*From the desk of the Dread Lord, Arden Karn Di Plagia,
Effective immediately, TuQ’uan Varick will no longer act as Aedile of House Karness Muur.
TuQ’uan will henceforth be the Rollmaster to Clan Plagueis and is to report to the Pinnacle right away for briefing.*

With the hard part done it was time to leave.

TuQ’uan arose early the next morning, unable to sleep with anticipation for the look on Furios’ face being all he could picture.

With the morning still young, the Kel Dor went for a walk on the monastery grounds to clear his head, he didn't want to appear too eager in front of his Quaestor.

After a lengthy walk, he decided that it was about time that he get to the monastery.

Upon entry, TuQ'uan was greeted by various members of House Karness Muur. As he made his way through the entrance hall his heart stopped. There, standing roughly 40 feet away was Furios Morega and who was he talking to but none other than the Dread Lord himself. Furios looked over at him.

"TuQ'uan, come!" his voice bellowed out filling the large room. Obediently TuQ'uan approached the two.

"Congratulations, the Dread Lord just informed me of your appointment." He started to turn away and paused. "Before you go to your new office TuQ'uan, could you take a look at my datapad? I seem to have received the Dread Lord's memo twice."

A puzzled look crossed Arden's face.

"Of course," was all the Kel Dor could bring himself to say before exiting quickly.