

Correctional Facility
Meridian Prime Space Station
Kessel Sector
36 ABY

The muzzle of a DL-44 blaster pressed carefully against the blue denim of a torn jumpsuit, a crimson finger rested gently on the trigger, though TuQ'uan didn't expect any need to pull it. The two Plagueians marched down the passageway that connected the docking bay to the main portion of the station.

"Believe me, I am sorry about this," TuQ'uan whispered to the Twi'lek subjugate. He felt a small paign of guilt looking at the patch of dried blood sitting below his blue ear. "I had to make it look real."

The Twi'lek marched on with a glazed look in his eyes, barely registering TuQ'uan who at this point was more pleading to himself than his captive. A whistle came through his comm.

"Thanks Peek, that's exactly what I wanted to hear right now," the sarcasm in his voice was evident even to his droid counterpart.

"Hold up!" a guard called to the pair as they approached the end of the passage, his stun baton held in a way clearly meant to assert dominance. He and a partner stood in front of a turbolift. "What's your business?"

The mercenary raised his blaster in the air, finger off the trigger.

"Woah, woah, woah! I come bearing the gift of a new prisoner," he called back. "Can I...put this...away?" He looked up to his DL-44.

The guard nodded but didn't relax the grip on his own weapon.

With one hand the mercenary slipped his blaster back into its holster and with the other he gave his Twi'lek prison a rough shove sending him stumbling forward.

"So who do I talk to about getting a reward for bringing in some Plagueian scum? I've heard you pay good credits for anyone associated with the Dark Jedi Brotherhood, especially if they're a part of Plagueis. The most fearsome and battle ready of the six clans, ready to fight and kill..." a twitter in his ear cut him off as Peek warned him that he may be taking this part a little *too* far. He cleared his throat and continued on, "right, anyway, about them credits."

The two guards slowly stepped forward to inspect their would be convict.

“He doesn’t look very fearsome to me,” the lead guard mocked, suspicion creeping into his voice.

“He’s sedated.” It wasn’t exactly a lie.

“Mmhmm.” The Collective soldier looked up to a camera mounted above the turbolift door and waited a moment. “Alright, 750 credits for this one. Now, take it and get out of here.”

“Alright, alright, I’m going. But while I’m here, is there anywhere I can spend these credits and get a drink?”

The second guard pointed to another door and spoke for the first time, “Go through there, down until you can’t any more and that will take you to the lower markets. I’m sure you can find a cantina as disreputable as you are.”

Shaking his head, TuQ’uan made his way to the indicated door.

“Pleasure,” he called back to the guards. As the doors hissed closed the heavy footsteps of a sentry droid could be heard coming to take away the newest resident of the correctional facility.

Public Trading Hub - Lower Levels
Meridian Prime Space Station
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The station was busier than TuQ’uan had expected it to be. Hundreds of people made their way through the trading hub buying, selling and begging. The mercenary felt bad for what was going to happen to all of these people, but a job was a job. He made his way through narrow, dimly lit corridors, if his information was correct—and it usually was—then there should be an access to the lower levels containing the power core around here. Rounding a corner, the Kel Dor came face to face with a dead end.

Frak, it should be here, he cursed inwardly. Frustration mounting, the mercenary punched the wall blocking his way. *Thunk*. A hollow sound resonated from the dark durasteel wall. There was still hope. Quickly his fingers began searching the wall for a crack. He had to work fast before someone found him where he shouldn’t be.

It only took a moment before he found what he was looking for. His fingers slid into position and the wall began to slide open. The Kel Dor glanced around quickly to make sure he wasn’t being followed before slipping through the fresh crack in the wall. Inside there was it was even more difficult to manoeuvre with barely any enough room for even TuQ’uan to shimmy through the winding, sloping passageway. Eventually the mercenary came to another dead end, but this time he knew what to do.

