

Port Ol'val
Landing Pads

The Krath reclined as his shuttle approached the landing pads. The last half a day had been a whirlwind of conversations and revelations. Entering the Dajorra system and gaining clearance to land at the Citadel had been simple enough, given a few of Mako's old DIA clearance codes were still active. The Human had been shocked to see the fleet's new paint job. He had heard rumors of it but had assumed it was simply a bad joke.

After a debrief and handing over a large volume of intel on other clans, the Dark Council, and the other organizations, Kordath had apologized to his former shipmate for being unable to give him his former director level position in the DIA. Kordath did assign the DIA Senior Agent to Director Lucine, though as a favor agreed not to inform her until after Mako had reached the Shadow port.

The comm chirped as *The Henymory's Promise* gently touched down at one of Port Ol'val's landing dock.

"Nortorshin's Remorse calling to shuttle."

"This is Henymory, we have landed in port, Shuttle will return momentarily. Please keep further communication to a minimum."

Several minutes later Sylvia, Vestril, and Mako walked through the crowded streets of Port Ol'val, their faces hidden under hooded cloaks.

"This place is kinda a dump," the young Human woman spoke as her eyes took in the various state of repair and rubble around them.

"It used to look better, well at least a bit anyway," The Krath replied as he stroked the stubble on his chin, "Though there is enough gang violence you should feel right at home."

"How sweet of you to say," the sarcasm thick in Sylvia's voice. Slightly behind the two Vestril let out a snort.

"She really has seemed to grow on you these last several months. If you were a half Sephi people may think you were her child." Sylvia cringed slightly at the older Human's words.

"She, make good daughter." The Sephi spoke slowly and deliberately as she fought with her own mind to form the words.

"Fine, if she is mother, then you Mr. Krath are father." The surgeon shot back quickly, glad the hood hid her blushing face. Such high praise from Vestril would have never happened a few months ago.

"I, good, that."

As Vestril spoke Mako guided the small group into an alleyway. After a few turns around buildings they ducked behind a stack of boxes.

"Good, we were not followed then. I spotted fifteen observers seeming to be from multiple gangs," as he spoke the Krath pulled out a datapad and began marking spots on a displayed map.

"I didn't see anything except the crowds growing thinner and thicker." Sylvia hung her head slightly. Vestril simply pointed to different points on the map indicating observers she had spotted and somehow managed to remember a few. Mako added a few spots where DIA observers had been too obvious as well.

"This should be enough to make Lucine happy. Shall we get to the hideout then."

"How soon do you think I will be able to start working? It's been months since I have done my job on anyone except those you and Vestril have brought to me," Sylvia reached over laying a hand awkwardly upon Mako's datapad as she spoke, earning her a dirty glare from Vestril.

"Hopefully soon, though from the reports I have read on Rhyllance, and the special file the DIA has, don't expect him to share your enthusiasm for saving lives." The Krath spoke slowly and quietly as a door further up the alleyway opened.

A young Twi'lek boy stepped out of the still half destroyed building. Mako squinted his eyes as he eyed the boy, something seemed familiar. The Krath flipped through the dossiers on his datapad quickly till he found it. As he read his eyes narrowed.

"Vestril please fetch me that boy, alive." As he spoke the words the Sphei woman dashed off, the Force concentrating in her legs. A slight crunching sound issued forth as the Sith's fist connected with the boy's face. The forced restraint was obvious on the emerald haired woman's face as she dragged the child back to the group.

Mako tugged Vestril's hood back into place then marked the occurrence upon the map, as Sylvia inspected the Twi'lek.

"He will have a bad headache when he comes to, but will be fine."

"Good, take a vial of his blood then sedate him Sylvia."

The young woman sighed and did as she was told. After a few minutes of looking around Mako located a large and mostly undamaged sack.

"What's the sack for?" Sylvia asked as she finished her tasks.

"Transporting him," the Krath replied as his hands searched then removed a knife from the boy. Motioning to Vestril, the Warlord looked at the surgeon, "This was the boy that stabbed Tali, a pregnant woman, in the stomach."

Sylvia mouthed 'OH' as Vestril stuffed the child into the sack then proceeded to sling it over her shoulder.

Another twenty minutes of navigating the alleys got the trio to the Qel-Droma hideout. Ten more and they had found a window to slip through.

Port Ol'val

Lucine Vasano's Office

Lucine cradled a mug of caf as she walked through the door to her office. She set the mug on her desk and jumped slightly as she sat down.

"Strange that you felt comfortable enough to not check the corner," the Krath spoke as he stepped forward lowering his hood, Vestril and Sylvia following suit.

"Henymory?" The Aedile pried.

"Yes, I come bearing gifts," The Human's emotionless voice sent a chill down the Aedile's spine as he tossed a data card onto her desk, "Intel on observers and possible hideouts, also your agents need better training, they are sticking out like a sore thumb."

"Thank you I think?" Lucine's voice trailed off as she eyes the bulging sack over Vestril's shoulder. In response the Sephi stepped forward, a wicked grin spreading across her face as she pulled the Twi'lek child out.

"I kill when Rhyl...Rhyla....blue man done."

"When you finish getting nothing from him come find me, I should be done reverse tracking him by then," Mako spoke holding up the vial of the child's blood as the three walked out of the office.