

*Central Security Building*  
*Lyra Colony*  
*Lyra-3K-a system*  
*37 ABY*

TuQ'uan Varick adjusted the uncomfortable collar of the ill-fitting uniform he had commandeered from a nearby locker room. If the Kel Dor looked out of place among the staff of the Lyra Colony security building, it didn't seem to bother anybody passing by. The cold durasteel hallway was a hive of activity as people rushed in every direction, eager to get to the bottom of recent events, to figure out who exactly was attacking them. And more importantly, why.

That was why the mercenary was here: to prove that the Collective was behind the chaos being strewn throughout the system, sowing distrust between the Brotherhood and the Principate, and building their own case for an alliance. All he had to do was get in, find the right information, and get out. Easy.

The door at the end of the hall slid open, allowing the Kel Dor to step into the main control room. Walking with a steady, purposeful stride, TuQ'uan made his way down a row of terminals, looking for one not currently in use. Few of the security personnel in the room took their eyes from the screens in front of them, and fewer spared a glance towards their new "coworker".

The Twi'lek woman to his left gave him a curious look.

"I'm sorry, I don't recognize you," she spoke with a hint of suspicion.

The mercenary lifted his hand to adjust the hat that was missing from his head. Realizing his mistake and in an attempt to avoid further scrutiny, he awkwardly transitioned the motion to rub the back of his neck.

"Honestly, this is my first day," he said sheepishly, as he let out a forced chuckle. "Crazy, right? I move my family here from, uh, Drukteel to join the Severian Principate, and my first day erupts into chaos!"

The suspicious glare melted away *almost* completely, and the Twi'lek stuck her outstretched hand nearly into TuQ'uan's chest.

"Well, my name is Lucre'tia, and it looks like we're going to get to know each other *very* well..." she trailed off awaiting his response.

"Oh...uh...Ang'gus, but I guess you can call me Ang if you'd like. But I think it's time I got to work."

He turned towards the terminal, staring at it for a moment trying to determine where exactly to start. Suddenly, he felt a tap on his shoulder from Lucre'tia.

"Excuse me, Ang? You may need to turn that on if you want to use it." Her gentle, ribbing tone was starting to sound much too chummy for TuQ's liking.

"Huh, thanks," he spoke under his breath.

"No problem. I understand entirely. we're all a little on edge today."

It seemed like his neighbour was paying far too much attention to what he was doing for him to subtly install a computer spike. Thinking quick on his feet, TuQ picked someone at random from across the room and pointed him out to Lucre'tia.

"Say, do you see that guy over there?" he whispered. "Doesn't he look a little *too* suspicious? His uniform looks like it's three sizes too big for him."

This caught her attention; it seemed like the Kel Dor had sat down next to the office gossip. Lucre'tia stood up and leaned against her terminal to get a better look.

"You know what, it does," she spoke almost to herself, not taking her eyes off of the newest subject of scrutiny. As her eyes bore holes straight through the poor human TuQ had chosen to be the new target, he took advantage of the distraction and, as subtly as he could, plugged his computer spike into his terminal.

"Someone should tell the director," Lucre'tia continued; she seemed to have completely forgotten TuQ's very existence. Without looking back, the Twi'lek wandered off in search of someone to report this supposedly suspicious human to.

Now it was time for the Plagueian to really get to work. Once he had sliced his way into the terminal, he quickly realized that the entire system was organized chaos. Everything was neat and methodically sorted - every file had its place, and every folder had a properly sorted hierarchy. The only problem was the mercenary couldn't make heads or tails of *how* everything was being sorted.

With the clock ticking and few ideas as to how to decipher the Principate's system, TuQ was counting on his luck. As if by instinct, he reached up to pull the brim of his hat lower before realizing, once again, that his hat was in fact not there. He really hated incognito missions.

Pushed into a corner, TuQ began opening random files and folders, following random paths that just kind of *felt* right to him, searching random keywords as he went. Everything he seemed to come across pointed to the Principate believing exactly what the Collective wanted them to about the Brotherhood.

A commotion drew TuQ'uan away from his screen. Lucre'tia and the human seemed to be engaged in quite the heated conversation across the room with a security officer acting as a mediator. He had to get this done and get out of here before this all blew back on him. Snapping his attention back to his screen, TuQ began furiously searching for the right files. The Principate was thorough in its information gathering and had files that ranged from completely useless to absolutely to very promising for a potential ally to have.

Suddenly his luck changed. The mercenary had somehow stumbled on exactly what he was looking for: the original broadcasts from the supposed Iron Navy ships that had attacked the Principate and set off this whole chain of events. This was his time to shine. Like a junkie taking a hit from a death stick, TuQ'uan saw nothing but the code on the screen in front of him, typing furiously on the keyboard as he deleted a line here, added a line there, and after a few moments with great satisfaction, he slammed his finger down on the enter key, finishing his work. The mercenary was in his element here. His work was now a part of the entire system; anyone who looked at this file would now see "evidence" of a Collective call sign hidden below the Iron Navy signatures used to frame the Brotherhood.

Just as before, no one around the Kel Dor seemed to pay any attention to him at all. Removing any evidence of his tampering, TuQ'uan pulled the spike from the terminal and stashed it in his uniform's pocket - and without a moment to spare. A dismayed looking Lucre'tia slunk back into the seat at her work station.

"Well that was a waste of time. The stupid officer over there took his side and said I was 'jumping to conclusions' and 'being overly paranoid'. Clearly, that man doesn't belong here."

"I'm sorry to hear that. If it makes any difference, I believe you," TuQ'uan feigned sympathy. "Look, uh...I have to go to the bathroom. But I think I found something strange, would you mind looking at these files?"

"Yeah, sure. Let's see what you have."

"Thanks, Lucre'tia, I'll be back as soon as I can," he tried to put as much of a friendly tone behind the lie as he could muster.

TuQ stood up and offered the Twi'lek his seat before heading back towards the door he entered. As soon as he was through the sliding door he quickened his pace, eager to get out of here and get his hat back on his head.

"Peek," he whispered into his comm, "give the all clear. It's done."