Karran Val’teo traversed the streets of Ol’val with his IG-100 droid in tow. He doubted that he would run into any trouble he could not handle on his own, but his superiors had insisted that he take some kind of backup, in case the Dawn Conclave tried to make an attempt on the Zabrak’s life. Karran wished they would. In any case, he consented and they were satisfied with the droid. The model had a reputation for being a capable bodyguard after all.

He was looking for a smuggler with whom he had a...complicated relationship. The Rodian was good, but as big of a slimeball as they came. He was typically a font of information though. Even if it took some encouragement. The information was rarely perfect, but it served its purpose.

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A window shattered as a diminutive Rodian flew through it. He landed on the ground and ragdolled across it before coming to a stop. Pedestrians stopped in their tracks to look at the poor victim of this assault, one even stopped to try and help, until the cantina’s doors opened as a Karran strode out, flanked by a droid wielding an electrostaff. The pedestrians took one look at the Sith and scattered, not wanting any part of this trouble.

“Chaka, I will soon tire of this game. Answer my question and you can be on your way. Who and where is Geldi?”

The Rodian scrambled away, “Karran, buddy, I told you, I don’t know nothing about the Conclave.”

The Zabrak simply kept walking. He extended a hand toward the alien and channeled the Force across the gap between them and took hold of Chaka’s throat and lifted him off the ground. “First, I am not your buddy, friend. Second,I do not believe you. Surely you must have heard something in your smuggling.”

*”Dai maka chuba! Sleemo karka Sithka!”* Chaka choked and gargled as he swore at the Sith.

With a sigh, Karran lifted the Rodian slightly and, with a pantomining gesture, slammed his informant into the ground. He released his grip through the Force and knelt down next to Chaka. He took the smuggler by the ear stalk and pulled him up to look him in the eyes.

“Chaka, please, I do not wish to keep doing this, but it is very important that I get this information.”

The Rodian’s black eyes widened. His green-grey skin was clammy and sweaty. This was always the hard part. Rodians were always so hard to read. Karran continued to stare into the black orbs until he felt a stabbing pain in his abdomen.

The Zabrak looked down to where Chaka had sunk a knife up to its hilt into his gut. Warm blood began pooling out of the wound, staining the robes Karran was wearing. The Sith released the Rodian and dropped back to sit on the street. *This is what I get for letting my guard down.*

“I’m Geldi.” The Rodian stood over Karran holding the vibroknife, still dripping with blood.

As Challadan began advancing on the Rodian, he pulled a blaster and put a bolt right into the center of the Magnaguard’s chest before kneeling down in front of the bleeding Zabrak.

“Don’t you see, Val’teo? I’m Geldi. I’m the one you’re looking for. All this time of you beating information out of me gave me the seeds I needed to stay ahead of your ilk. Now, I’m going to leave you to bleed out in the street like an Akk mutt.”