

Quartermaster Disaster

Warrior Khryso Mallus had been assigned to deal with a Collective Infiltrator that Plagueis had some intel on. They were apparently hiding out somewhere in Aliso City. Khryso deployed for the mission, but somehow, he had ended up with all the wrong gear. Odd, to say the least. As he sorted through the items in a mild panic, he picked up the droid leg inside of the pack and held it up curiously. "A droid leg...why is there always a droid leg?"

Unfortunately, he didn't have the option to turn back and get his regular, more useful equipment because of some arbitrary rule that his superiors had given him. He would need to get the job done with this stuff, as much as he wasn't looking forward to it. Fortunately, he at least had bonding tape, so things shouldn't be too difficult.

Following the clues that had been in the mission dossier he had been given, Khryso began his search for the infiltrator. It didn't take him a terribly long time to locate them, fortunately, only a matter of hours. Once he had the human under visual surveillance, walking along the street in a not totally inconspicuous manner, he was able to begin forming his plan.

It wasn't much of a plan, but it would have to do. Running up behind the target, Khryso took the droid leg and smacked them over the head, dazing them for a moment. Then, he grabbed the bottle of booze and did the same, causing them to start bleeding and stumbling. Pulling out the slugthrower, Khryso used it to sweep them off of their feet and onto their back. Placing a foot on their chest, Khryso reached into the pack and pulled out the datapad, slamming it into their face and rendering them unconscious.

Somehow a porg had gotten into the pack, so Khryso stuffed it into the target's mouth to gag them before flipping them over and binding their hands with the tape. With the target captured, Khryso dragged them back to the holding facility that he'd been given the details for and handed him off to the relevant agents.

After passing off his load, Khryso took a final look in the pack. All that remained in it were a trio of small rocks. He couldn't really think of a use for them and the mission was complete, so he simply dumped the pack out. Returning to the facility where he'd first geared up for the mission, he went immediately to the supervisor, asking for the information on who'd loaded up his pack. After perusing their files and records, the supervisor directed him to the correct individual.

Khryso found the being he was looking for, loading up another pack with an assortment of random and semi-useless items. "Not this time, Johnny." Khryso said, grabbing the man by the collar and pushing him up against the wall. With one swift motion he took the pack he'd been given and put it over the man's head, cinching it closed. "I don't know what your game is, but I wouldn't keep doin' that if I were you. You're liable to get someone killed out there." Johnny, being an NPC and one-off character for this story, had nothing particularly interesting to say and no personality to speak of, so he didn't really do anything in response. Khryso could only hope

the man would think twice before doing something like that again. Really, though, he had no control over it, so he could only go home and pretend like this never happened.