Tasha'Vel smiled a bit as she read the character profile on her datapad. Assassinating or capturing people was her specialty and she enjoyed a challenge. Dwipp Bruskars was no exception. The Rodian was dangerous and better off dead before he could cause trouble. To the Principate, he was considered one of the main instigators to incite a rebellion against them.

Thanks to some of her connections, they had spotted a matching description of him near the Imperial Depot on Dandoran. As the war against the Revanites was in this Hutt-controlled space, it made sense that he was probably gathering information while trying to lie low from the Principate's prying eyes.

“In the end, it won’t matter.”

Tasha’Vel whistled as the doors to her ship opened and her obedient green and purple varactyl, Varashi sprinted up next to her. She scratched the side of her head as she mounted her pet and took off towards the broken old imperial depot ruins.

The creature moved swiftly across the barren lands of what used to be. As she neared the broken down depot, she kept alert. Experience told her before, things that are too quiet, tend to get noisy soon enough. She surveyed the area, but did not see her target.

“*He is here somewhere.*”

She dismounted her varactyl and whistled it to stay as she moved past old imperial drilling equipment. Slowly, she crept forward listening to any sounds that would betray movement. Suddenly, she caught a glint of metal moving quickly her way. It was a concussion grenade hurtling towards her. Raising her right hand, she grabbed the grenade with her telekinetic powers and threw it backwards.

“Kark!” came a loud cry as she heard her opponent move swiftly from his place behind a metal pillar just in time as the grenade exploded and destroyed the pillar. The violet-eyed Rodian quickly pulled his blaster pistol and fired several bolts at the Marauder.

Instinctively, Tasha pulled her lightsaber out, igniting the blade with a crackling snap-hiss as she deflected the bolts. As she concentrated on keeping the rodian still firing at her, she let out a high pitched whistle. In an instant, Varashi raced towards the Rodian and leaped for the target. The Rodian quickly stopped firing as the varactyl bit his left hand and sent him sprawling backwards with a swing from its heavy tail. Taking the opportunity, the Equite sprinted and leaped down upon the prone Rodian. Pinning him to the ground with her body, the Equite placed the violet-hued blade to his throat with her right hand.

“You best behave, scum. In this hunt, I am allowed to kill you, however capturing you may be better as we could use more information about your friends and what you have been doing.”

Keeping her eye and blade trained on the rodian, Tasha used her left hand and pressed a button on her belt.

“Now we wait while the Principate comes to fetch you. I hope you will enjoy their hospitality.”

“How can you do this, being an alien yourself.” He spat. “They are just using you!”

Tasha laughed menacingly. “Use me, sure, but in the end I will come out on top. Sometimes it isn’t pretty.”