

TuQ'uan sat hunched over on the cold durasteel bench in his sparse quarters. His elbows on his knees and hat clenched tightly in both hands. A weary look carved into his face.

Ever since joining Plagueis it felt like he had been surrounded with never ending death, destruction and war on a massive scale. Now, TuQ'uan had been known to be a cold person. He was no stranger to theft, murder and betrayal, not necessarily in that order, but this was different. It was exhausting.

While it was nice to be able to call somewhere home, to have people to boss around—he did really like that part—and to have clanmates he could rely on, or at least rely on their predictability, more and more lately he longed for the old days. The days where he lived out of his ship, moving from planet to planet, job to job, crew to crew, with little care in the galaxy other than earning credits and gaining notoriety. Tired of the scenery? Move. Tried all of the local cuisine? Find somewhere else. Annoyed by people's attitude? Leave. Pissed off too many hot shot "gangsters"? He and whatever crew he was working with at the time could just up and move on at a moment's notice and never look back. At least until the wannabe crimelords found something else to focus their attention on.

Was his time before the Brotherhood really so much better though? Here he had power, he had respect, and most importantly he had a home, something he had never really known before. Sure, he hadn't exactly been welcomed warmly when he had first joined Plagueis. They were a clan of people who thrived on anger, fear and hatred. People who dedicated their lives to the pursuit of power, no matter what the cost. Who had steeped themselves in the Dark Side of the Force, something some people came to think of as unnatural and horrific.

But he had worked hard to earn his place here. To climb the ranks, to prove himself and to earn their respect. Hell, he had been second in command of the clan for a time and had been honoured as a di Plagia. This is where he belonged. For better or worse, he had decided that this is where he belonged.

TuQ'uan gingerly placed his hat on the bench beside himself and slowly shuffled across the room to his sink and mirror. The reflection of his exhausted crimson face stared back at him, more wrinkles than normal formed at the creases of his eyes and mouth. He did not feel as young as he once had. Cupping his hands, the Kel Dor splashed cool water across his face and scrubbed. Scrubbed both the real and metaphorical dirt and grime of battle from his face, washing away the anger, frustration and horror at the things he had to do and witness in the name of the Brotherhood. As he patted his hands dry on his trousers he made himself a promise. Next chance he got, he was going to take a much needed vacation and explore the Alisoan outback.

A moment later his comm chimed.

"Go for Varick."

“The Dread Lord requires your immediate attention,” a voice responded.

Letting out a sigh, TuQ’uan retrieved his hat, pulled his jacket straight and exited his quarters. His vacation would have to wait a little while yet.