

Trading Places

Mauro Wynter was lead out of the holding cell and shook his head whistfully. He had no idea what was going on over the past forty-eight hours. He was dragged from his quarters under heavy guard and tossed into a holding tank. The security detail later let him go with a warning. When he left the cell he was wearing a duster brown pants a new utility belt and had a fistful of credits. This was all he had to his name. He knew something was going on but did not yet know the machinations.

First he knew he had to appraise the situation. When he looked in a mirror he saw his standard reflection nothing out of the ordinary. He had no weapons and no means of defending himself. He knew he had to get back inside to his quarters to face his doppelganger. Luckily Mauro had many friends in this service division of the clan headquarters.

sneaking in to the HQ was not a troubling task as a friend provided him with maintenance attire and access credentials. Mauro still did not know what was happening or why none of his friends recognized him. No matter, he would have to get back to his quarters and deal with the culprit. He used the ventilation shaft to sneak through the building and made his way methodically to his quarters. He waited for night to come and prepared to face his adversary. From his vantage he was able to look at the man who did bear resemblance to him.

when night fell he saw his adversary had detached a holo shroud - so this was how he had done it. Mauro could not make out who the man was but it mattered not. Silently he undid the ventilation grate and lowered himself into the room. This was his room he knew where his gear was located and made his way to a drawer. Stealthily he opened one of the drawers and removed a dagger. He next took the shroud and sunk the dagger into it destroying it in an instant.

Mauro crouched and made his way to the bed where his assailant was waiting peacefully sleeping. He got into position and raised the dagger before placing his hand over the enemy's mouth and shook him awake. The man hastily woke up and tried to let out a scream but it was muffled. Placing the dagger to the man's throat he slowly moved the hand away to let the man speak.

The man began to speak, "the Inquisitorious sent me to take your place. I was meant to merely get information about Clan Plagueis and sneak out with some information. Nothing more, you were temporarily disfigured as a means to execute this plan."

Wynter grabbed the man and hit a communication button in his quarters, alerting the on duty security detail. When they came to haul the man away they apologized to Wynter for the mix up and brought this intrusion to the Consul and Proconsul to consult on how to handle this transgression.