Character Question #2

By Tuuka Vurr

Zsoldos System

Daemunn

The Anvil

40 ABY

Tuuka strode through the doorway of the Deathwatch Quaestor’s office with his helmet on his hip. Beads of sweat rolling down his freshly shaved scalp indicating he had moved with the utmost haste throughout the halls of the Vizsla base. Hector was sitting at his desk, flipping through documents on his datapad when his Aedile came through unannounced.

“It’s Darrio.” Tuuka said quickly. “He’s escaped.”

Hector set the datapad down, obviously preparing himself for a lengthy conversation. “And?”

“And? And what!?” He exclaimed. “Our most valuable prisoner is gone!”

“I know.”

The Mandalorian cocked his head to side and furrowed his brow. “What do you mean you know?”

Hector clasped his hands in front of him. “Because I arranged it.”

“YOU WHAT!? WHY?” The Aedile was shook from the obvious betrayal.

The Quaestor still held his emotions close to him, unlike his subordinate. “You obviously fail to see the bigger picture. Along with Korvis.”

“Why don’t you enlighten me then, oh enlightened one.” He spat back at the condescension.

Hector smirked, ready to teach his second in command a lesson. “What good does it do to have Darrio locked up?”

“Good? How about justice? Justice for injuring OUR soldier. OUR charge. WE’RE responsible for him.”

“And so we are. But he’s fine. Who is Darrio?”

Tuuka was confused at the question. “He’s Appius’ brot-.”

“Exactly.” Hector cut him off. “Appius’ brother. The Consul of Talydran. A prominent member of the Brotherhood with the weight of an entire Clan at his disposal.”

“Weight you’re planning to leverage.” Tuuka responded. Hector couldn’t help but smirk at his colleague finally learning the lesson.

“It will certainly help curry favor with the Consul for…future endeavors.”

“Future? Endeavors?” Vurr couldn’t hide the disgust on his face.

“The credits didn’t hurt either.”

“You sold us out? For money!?”

Hector scoffed and stood up. “How did you get here? Vizsla’s bank account. Everything we do here is about bringing in money. This is no different. Plus,” he added, “he would’ve been released anyways. I just saw the opportunity and seized it before it evaded me.”

A chuckle escaped Tuuka’s lips. “So that’s it, huh? Personal enrichment? You’re unbelievable. For a Jedi, you sure are acting like a Sith. The same trash that sold out the Mandalorians time and time again throughout history. Is that something you want to repeat?”

Von Ricmore opened his mouth to respond but was cut off. “I don’t care what your answer is. Whether it’s yes, or no. It doesn’t matter. I won’t let it happen. Vizsla is not your tool. WE’RE not your pawns. I’m going straight to Korvis to tell him EXACTLY what you did.”

“You wouldn’t.”

“I will. And I am. I’ll let him know Darrio escaped. There will be an investigation. And we both know you didn’t cover your tracks well enough, and he’ll know. Once he knows, we both know how Korvis handles prisoners.” Tuuka put two pointed fingers to his head like a gun.

Before Hector could get another word out, Tuuka placed his helmet over his head and stormed out of the office.