

**Inquisitor HQ,  
Undisclosed Location,  
34 ABY**

“So they say *There is no emotion, there is peace* as if to detach themselves from the passions that intoxicate our focus?” Lexiconus Qor asked in a whimsical manner, folding his arms in genuine curiosity. The human, Lucyeth, stood in front of him and nodded with a baffled expression.

“Yes, apparently it keeps them strong in the light side of the Force.” Lucyeth replied. Qor shook his head in disbelief, he struggled to believe people would limit their potential so much by committing to this stanza, of what seemed to be, spoken law for Jedi. Questions ran and poured into his mind about the teachings of the Jedi Order, they were genuinely a curious subject. Knowing your enemy is something Qor valued, but this sort of thinking was difficult to grasp. Was the dissection from their emotions involuntary? Did they require a specific Force ability to section off those emotions, or was it more to do with willpower. The Quarren agreed meditation helped him focus, so maybe Jedi needed to meditate more than Sith or Gray.

“If Jedi are without emotion, then how come each time we kill them, they cry out with pain, fear or anger? I’m sure it is not just the younglings, because elder Jedi have done the same.” Qor questioned his Clan-brother. The genuine query from the Quarren seemed to have flown over Lucyeth as his emotions were full of dull and monotone opinions.

“It might be a species-related reflex. I wouldn’t concern yourself too much with the problem,” Lucyeth replied with a depressed tone, but it was quickly cut short when their attention was commended through the Force. Turning from the shadows, the striking white hair and alluring emerald eyes of Evant Taelyan strode towards the duo. Qor immediately bowed in respect, his head lowered in order to avoid eye contact.

“Squid if you’re trying to spit on my shoes, I should let you know I had them cleaned already and I am not above ramming one up your anus.” The Quarren nervously rose back to face the Voice of the Brotherhood, and saw the amusing smile and a wink from the sarcastically quirky human. He then turned his attention to Lucy, who struggled to keep himself from staring in boredom by sighing purposefully.

“Lucy go monitor the younger Inquisitors.” Evant shooed the human away as he turned his attention back to Qor. The duo started to walk together down the dimly lit corridor ahead, with teal torches lighting the ceiling. A blue glow illuminated from the Voice’s hands and Qor saw he was offered a datapad to read. He took the device from Evant and began to study the the information, which told the Battlemaster about a bar in the vertical city of Nar Shaddaa. Qor despised the city with a passion, as it reeked with human contact and social gatherings, but he felt in the Force this was of importance. Evant proved that as he spoke.

“Twelve hours ago, my new friend down in the interrogation chambers told me he had a list of Jedi Sympathisers among the Brotherhood and its hidden inside a waitress droid in that festering city. We’re not sure if it’s safe for a full team of Inquisitors to go back, so sending a

lone wolf will be much easier. Wear something appealing to the eye, not your Sith robes. Also, watch out for more Jedi, we know you've been getting familiar with Xantros so if you see him, kill him. Buy yourself a drink if you need to, I am sure the glasses are totally sterilised. Oh and if there's anymore Jedi, kill them on sight. I ask you because you have a way of, dealing justice without bloodshed, and just a drop of spoiled milk. Can I count on you?" Qor began to like this mission and he needed affirmatively to Ewant. He got to blend in and test his new costumes, he was allowed to murder pestering humans and Jedi, and he was retrieving information for killing more *Undesirables*. If Qor ever wanted to celebrate the anniversary of his birth, this felt like the most appealing way to do so. As the Battlemaster slowly walked ahead of Ewant, his mind was beckoned by the Force to wait, ordering him to turn back around and face the Voice.

"Qor, I don't need to tell you that if you are on that list, I won't make your death quick nor painless." The powerful Seer then let go of his telepathic hold on Qor and walked back into the darkness of the Inquisitor compound. The Quarren felt he had overstayed his welcome, and rushed to the hidden shuttle bay.

**Outside Thrifty's Cantina,  
Nar Shaddaa,  
34 ABY**

The nightlife of Nar Shaddaa boomed and resonated with life and excitement, as the cantina itself echoed with cheers and enticing music. Strobe lighting and neon signs burst from the premise, beckoning people to look and join in. The crowds danced and weaved their bodies wherever they stood, outside the door with drinks in their hands, or right on the tables of the cantina with women by their waist. Qor despised every bit of it. The need to put on a display, the abuse of their body with ethyl alcohol and incredibly poor examples of singalongs. Qor shuddered and pulled a face of disgust, watching from a nearby alley.

But he couldn't go in just yet, as the Force continued to send him vibes of peace, serenity and harmony. A Jedi was close, but from the appearance of the crowd, they could be anywhere. The Quarren slowly knelt down and laced up his leather boots tightly, then buttoned the silver buttons on his formal jacket. Today he pretended to be a Loyalist commander, simply off for have a good shore leave night. Qor knew how to act all brash and laid back, he used to blend in the training camps back on Judecca. Only this time the mission was dire, and the rewards were the most important of all. Pure survival, raw and true.

The Quarren swaggered his way from the alley and towards the cantina, beginning to move his body in a clumsy rhythm to the music. The act of playing drunk was difficult, but he seemed to pull it off, as he squirmed his way past the bodyguard of the door and several heavily intoxicated humans. The room was lit in pink hues, smoke curling from the floor to rise and coat everything with a musky smell. The music and chatter was deafening, but Qor didn't let it put him off. There were a dozen of waitress droids squirming and rolling through the narrow openings of the crowd, they disappeared only to reappear somewhere else. It was become increasingly clear that the right tactic here, would be to pickpocket and inspect. But the harmonious emotions from before stung at his mind stronger, it was distracting him.

Qor swept and scanned the thick crowds of drunk adults, looking for the only sober people here. It was bound to be someone talking with a droid, which helped him narrow it down. But he didn't have time, the sensations of peace and serenity penetrated his mind evermore, like a vigilant reminder of *Undesirable* presence. Then his eyes snapped to the oddly shaped figure near the bar. Commonly known as a Pau'an, the Utapese member was fiddling his hands around inside a waitress droid's compartment. Feeling his fury and anger boil, Qor wouldn't accept defeat from a stranger Jedi and stormed his way through the crowd. With his Lanvarok strapped and activated, the Battlemaster slid up close to the Pau'an and slid slowly back into his drunken loyalist character. Slouching and bumping into the Jedi, Qor hiccuped and put his unarmed hand on the Pau'an's shoulder.

"Listen buddy, don't ask them for sex. It's no good, I tried, the girl wouldn't accept my devilish charms," Qor hiccuped again and slammed his hip into the bar, wobbling to make it look like he lost his balance. With a soft sigh, he closed his eyes and took a gulp of the alcohol in the glass sitting on the bar.

"I mean, who wouldn't want me right?" The acting Quarren gave a drunken chuckle at the Pau'an, who smiled along and patted Qor's shoulder.

"You enjoy yourself and have a drink on me, I'll be back to talk more with you." The Pau'an said, as he tossed the droid some credits and slowly turned. Qor saw the chance and took it.

Flicking his fingers against the Lanvarok, a poisoned disc span to life and blasted from the device. The Jedi had little time to react and quickly jumped onto a table full of glasses, while the disc span through the air and lodged into the wall. The Pau'an grumbled as broken glass lodged into his clothing and skin, while Qor hastily reloaded another disc. With time on his side, the Jedi stumbled to his feet and waddled towards the exit, pushing his way past the crowds as blood stained his robing. With the trigger finally back in place, the Battlemaster fire another disc which arched into the air and slammed down onto the Pau'an's exposed neck, jamming into the skin. Stumbling and coughing his own blood, the Jedi yanked the serrated disc free and found his way into the street.

With Qor quickly following behind, he watched while the Pau'an gained speed and sprinted through the darkened alley. With a displeased groan, Qor began a steady jog and mumbled in Quarrenese. "I hate it when they run."

Running through two buildings and down a set of stairs, the Pau'an was gaining his reflexes back while a hand was placed firmly on his neck. The light side soothed and eased his poisoned wound, but the taint was already flowing through his veins quickly. While the wound began to close, Qor stumbled and crashed into a pile of rubbish and barrels. His body covered in putrid smells and waste, he spat the horrid taste from his mouth and tried to catch back up. Weaving through a family home, smashing his body through a glass art sculpture, the Pau'an raced on ahead while the Battlemaster panted and heaved for breath. Sweat beads soaked into the rotting garbage that stained his uniform, while the Pau'an was beginning to disappear into the distance. With only a silhouette remaining, Qor felt failure on

his part. Tracing the Jedi's steps, he limped and panted down the same alley, looking around for exits or broken windows.

With a loud gasp of pain, Qor caught his toes in a grid and slammed the floor with his face, blood dripping from his cuts and mouth. Chasing targets wasn't his thing, it certainly didn't help when they could heal. The Quarren decided to improvise and stopped a moment to allow the dark side into his system, string together the open wounds and stop his body from bleeding. The pain still resided in his overheating and drained legs, but his healing techniques began to soothe and caress his clammy and flaky skin. Once Qor felt he could function almost normally, his hearing picked up a soft groan nearby. He turned to face an open door, with the lock broken in three places and swinging slowly on the hinges. Another groan echoed the alley, and the Battlemaster confirmed it was coming from inside.

Curiosity got to him and Qor cautiously entered inside, his eyes scanning the room for signs of intrusion or life. In the corner and sitting with his back against a cooking device, the Pau'an panted heavily and healed onto his neck. The shadows of the night covered his face but the Quarren could feel it through the Force, he wasn't going to make it. With an impending victory against the *Undesirable*, Qor strode confidently over to collect the datapad and his reward. The Force told him only milliseconds before it hit his face, a steel gauntlet swung from the shadows and slammed the Quarren off his feet and onto the cold floor. Blood spurted and choking his lungs Qor struggled to see through his disoriented state, but when his face came into the light, he knew him.

Standing over him with an ice cold glare, Mar Sûl crossed his arms and watched to see if the Quarren would rise again. Sighing and wriggling his way into retreat, Qor crawled away from the imposing Jedi and pressed his back against the broken door. He watched as Mar began to approach the Pau'an and comfort him in his last minutes, then shut his eyes and slowly walked towards the Battlemaster.

"I have no idea why he was here or why he was running from you, but if I find out you caused his death. I promise I won't spare your life next time." Mar glared and snarled his teeth once at Qor, before tugging the Pau'an's lightsaber to his hand and leaving the corpse. Could he have really not known about the datapad in the Jedi's possession? Eager to collect his item and leave, the Quarren crawled over in pain and check the body.

Hidden in a secret robe cloth, the datapad was undamaged apart from a few scratches on the back, but when activated it worked perfectly. Scrolling through the list, Qor found several familiar names but one stood out with a very worrying reason.

*Lexiconus 'Nosolar' Qor - for conspiring and planning an elope with Jedi Vanguard Xantros. Punishable by death.*

Qor deleted that immediately and removed all traces of its existence from the pad, the less they knew about his friendship with the Duros, the better. Satisfied it was time to turn the mission in, the Battlemaster decided it was time to leave the human-infested planet. Once his legs found the strength to work, of course.