
Exildine Safety Deposits
[Redacted], The Unknown Regions
36 ABY

The lobby of Exildine Safety Deposits was stark yet grand. Marble pillars lined the open room drawing one's eyes to the single large wooden desk at the end of the room where a well dressed Corellian man stood with his warm, friendly eyes looking straight ahead greeting those who entered his place of business. A single door stood directly behind him.

"Welcome," his voice echoed down the long room, he didn't wait for his sole customer to reach him before offering a greeting. "And how can we at Exildine be of service to you today?"

It did not look this large from the outside, the Kel Dor thought to himself as he slowly closed the distance to the counter.

"I've heard *rumour* that your vaults are the *best* in the galaxy," TuQ'uan embellished his words in order to flatter the Corellian. "I have an item of *great* importance to me and I don't trust anybody with it." He pat his hand on an empty pocket. "And I am willing to pay a great deal for it' safe keeping."

The Corellian man spread his arms wide and smiled.

"I assure you we can meet your needs and exceed your expectations!" With that, he clasped his hands together and turned towards the door behind him. "If you'd like to follow me, I can show you our facilities."

Hak's Hideout
Aliso City, Aliso
36 ABY
2 Weeks ago

The rambunctious laughter of the inebriated filled the inside of Hak's Hideout. People from all across Aliso City gathered in the dimly lit cantina to celebrate, mourn, or simply relax after a long day of gruelling work.

TuQ'uan was merely here to get away from his official duties for a little while. He stood at the bar, hat pulled down low as Naesc poured what he claimed was his finest ale, which, while it very well may be true, barely looked digestible to the Kel Dor. The crimson hand placed a fist full of credits on the bar and grabbed the large glass full of cloudy orange liquid.

“Thanks,” TuQ’uan murmured unenthusiastically as he turned back and pushed his way through the crowd of people towards the poorly lit booth he had been occupying in the corner of the cantina.

With a light thud and a sigh, the mercenary dropped himself into the empty booth. Using a workaround for his antiox mask he had developed, the Kel Dor took a long drink from his ale and was pleasantly surprised to find out that it didn’t taste as bad as he had expected, which was still not very good.

Setting the glass back down on the table, the mercenary stared straight ahead at the wall lost in his own thoughts, his back was to the majority of the cantina to avoid having to talk to anyone.

“That’s just a karking wives tale!” TuQ’uan was woken from his reveries by the sudden exclamation coming from the booth behind him.

“No, I swear! I have it on good authority too. I don’t know what’s in this vault but it’s said to hold wealth beyond your wildest dreams, one good heist and your set for life!”

Subtly the Kel Dor shifted in his seat in order to better listen to the conversation. They had piqued his interest.

“Oh right, and what is this wonderful place called then?” a third inquired with a mocking tone.

“They call it,” the man was speaking barely above a whisper, “the vault of Erised.”

A moment passed amongst them men at the table.

“Right,” the third man broke the silence, “well that doesn’t sound made up now does it?” The entire fable erupted into laughter save for the man telling the tale of Erised.

TuQ’uan promptly finished his drink and excused himself from the table.

“Peek, I need you to do me a favour,” the Kel Dor spoke into his comlink as he made his way through Hak’s. “I need you to find anything you can on a place called Erised.”

Security Deposit Room, Exildine Safety Deposits
[Redacted], The Unknown Regions
36 ABY
Now

The walls of the security deposit room was covered from floor to ceiling with locked boxes of all sizes designed to fit anything as small as a comlink to as large as an astromech. In the centre of the room was a marble plinth used as a table, two meters by two meters.

After taking a lengthy tour of the facilities, TuQ'uan had told his guide that he was convinced and would store his "item" in one of their safe boxes. This item was actually a few grenades and a datapad he had set to detonate remotely. This would come in handy if he needed a distraction to make his escape with his prize.

He carefully locked his box with its new contents and placed it in the empty spot on the wall. Careful to make as little noise as possible. Once that was safely stowed away he made his way to the only door in or out of the room and cautiously poked his head out the door to make sure the coast was clear. Strangely enough he had not seen a single person here other than the man who greeted him.

Satisfied that the coast was clear, the mercenary crept from the room and began making his way towards the vault known as Erised. He just had to remember they layout of the facility from his tour.

The Krayt Dragon's Breath
The Unknown Regions
2 hours ago

"I'm telling you, I've got a good feeling about this place," the excitement was audible in TuQ'uan's voice. A twitter of beeps and whistles came as a response from his PK droid.

"Oh come on, I wasn't *wrong* about that one!" he argued with the droid. "However, it could have gone a little better."

The Kel Dor ignored the droids counter argument and decided to put his concentration into angling his U-Wing towards the planet below. In a small city on the planet below was a place where this legendary vault resided. TuQ'uan has to admit, this was a good place to hide a vault, even the location of the planet seemed to be a closely guarded secret. After quite a bit of digging and just a little bit of bribery, the mercenary was able to get the co-ordinates.

The ship now had its nose pointed directly at the largest city on the planet—which still wasn't very large—and the pull of gravity was beginning to aid the descent.

"Look," he turned to face the droid. "Just let me have this okay? And if you don't stop arguing with me then I'll shut you down."

The droids defiance was clear from series of short whistles and beeps.

“Oh, yes I will.” Turning back towards the controls, TuQ’uan continued to guide the ship into the atmosphere.

Exildine Safety Deposits
[Redacted], The Unknown Regions
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The alarms rang throughout the building, the volume was near unbearable.

What the frack happened? the Kel Dor questioned himself. As far as he could remember he had done nothing to set off the alarms. One second he was sneaking down the hallway and the next he felt like he was going to be sick from the noise.

The time for caution was over, now he just had to move as quickly as possible to find this legendary vault. Doing his best to ignore the noise around him, TuQ’uan took off at a run. He was going to have to do this by gut feeling.

The mercenary quickly glanced left and right at every door as passed them by, certain he would recognize the right way when he saw it. At this point all of the hallways had started to blend together and he wasn’t sure if he was even going the right way anymore, he wasn’t even sure if he had been down this hallway already or not. This place seemed to be impossibly large.

He was getting desperate, someone was bound to find him soon, but he had still only seen one the person this entire time and something inside of him kept telling him that this was the way to go.

He began weaving left and right at hallway intersections, searching desperately for any sign of this vault. After a dozen turns he found himself staring down a dead end with a door different from all of the others he had see. It was ridiculously ornate with what looked like hand carved filigree in the deep brown, wood door frame. The door itself was less ornate but no less impressive, what looked like pillars had been carved into the door itself and a series of words in a language TuQ’uan didn’t quite recognize was carved into the top of the door in an exotic looking text.

One thing in particular about this door jumped out to TuQ’uan, the first word carved into the door appeared to read Erised. This was it!

TuQ'uan pulled out his trusty datapad and approached the electronic lock to the left of the door and set to work breaking in.

City Streets

[Redacted], The Unknown Regions

36 ABY

An Hour And A Half Ago

The “city” that TuQ'uan found himself in was little more than a large frontier town. The streets were sparsely populated and the houses and shops were spread out. Anyone who *was* wandering through the streets seemed to pay the stranger no mind.

If I were a mysterious, legendary vault, where would I be hiding, he thought to himself. There were no giant signs saying “Vault of Erised, this way!” So the Kel Dor decided to ask someone for direction, it couldn't hurt.

The first few people he attempted to approach shifted their gaze and turned to avoid this stranger in their city.

After nearly an hour and an unhelpful barkeep, it was time for a rest and to possibly rethink his strategy.

“Hey stranger,” a deep gravelly voice called out in a hushed tone.

TuQ'uan looked up from an untouched drink to confirm that he was the stranger in question. They were the only two sitting on a patio filled with empty tables and chairs. The man took this as an invitation to join the Kel Dor at his table. As the local shuffled over to the table, limping heavily on one leg, TuQ'uan noted that if the man were any dirtier and clothes any more ragged he would've followed by a cloud of dust. He leaned heavily on the table, his filthy, unshaven face pushed in mere inches from the mercenary's antiox mask. The liquor on his breath was near palpable.

“I know exactly what you're looking for,” he made his best attempt at a whisper. A moment of silence passed between the two.

TuQ'uan looked around the room and then back at his uninvited table guest.

“Well?”

“Hahaha,” the local cackled. “I wouldn't be right to just give it to you would I?” He let out another laugh and stretched his open hand out towards the Plagueian.

Reaching into his pocket, TuQ'uan produced a few credit chips and placed them into the outstretched hand. The filthy man looked down at his payment and then back to the Kel Dor who sighed and added a few more credits.

With a smile the local man retracted his hand and smiled. Instead of talking, he simply turned his gaze to a single story, midsize building across the street.

"You'll find everything you desire there." And with that he got up and walked away.

TuQ'uan was left slightly perplexed. He was almost certain that the plain looking building he was being directed to, had not been there earlier while he was wondering. But then again, all of the buildings were beginning to look the same to him.

The Vault Of Erised, Exildine Safety Deposits
[Redacted], The Unknown Regions
36 ABY
Now

The security panel gave a quick triplet Of beeps that was near inaudible due to the alarms still ringing. A loud, deep clunk came from the door.

With a cautious touch, TuQ'uan placed his hand on the door and gave it a light shove. The beautifully carved door easily swung inwards at his touch. The room was dark with just a little bit of light filtering in from the hallway. The Kel Dor stepped in, his excitement was electric.

As his eyes adjusted to the darkness he noticed something very strange. The rather large room was empty save for what looked like a high backed chair in the middle facing the other direction.

Curiosity outweighed the Kel Dor's confusion and frustration and without even realizing it, his feet carried him further into the room. A figure rose from the chair and turned towards the mercenary.

"Not quite what you were expecting?" the figure's deep voice boomed, it had a sense of warmth to it, friendliness even. His red eyes seemed to light up the room but not in any sinister way.

TuQ'uan was about ready to turn and flee when the voice called out to him again.

"Don't worry," he laughed, "I won't turn you in! Actually, I'd rather just get out of here. Would you care for a drink?"

The mercenary pondered that for a moment.

“You know what, yeah. I think I would.” He reached out his hand to the approaching Chiss. “The name’s TuQ’uan.”

“And mine is lim’mmafri’eend, but please just call me Ima.” Ima threw his arm around TuQ’uan, completely ignoring the outstretched hand and let out a hearty laugh. “Let’s go!”

It never even occurred to TuQ’uan to question his new friend about how he ended up in a Vault.

Epilogue:

City Streets

[Redacted], The Unknown Regions

36 ABY

Two Hours Later

TuQ’uan and Ima has been sitting on the patio across the street from Exildine for quite some time now. They had been laughing and sharing stories of the ridiculous and surprisingly true, with only a small amount of embellishment. TuQ’uan hadn’t realized it but this was the happiest he had been in a long time, it was a nice and relaxing feeling.

The sun was setting over the horizon and the day was coming to an end but it the two new friends would be talking together late into the night. At one point in the night the Kel Dor looked across the street to realize he couldn’t remember where the building that housed the vault was. What’s more is the memory of the day was slowly fading from his mind.