

### Mission: Errand

#### A Taldryan Competition

While the Taldryan Fleet is in a constant move to evade the Forces of the Iron Throne led by long time Son of Taldrya and Justicar Jac Cotelin, one of the last remaining agents of the Taldryan Intelligence Directorate had dispatched within the administrative bureaus of the Dark Council has been uncovered by the Inquisitorius.

Knowing that his persecutors are right on his heels, the agent copied data packages of high value to the Taldryan Summit before requesting his extraction from a [safehouse](#) described in a transcribed message to the Clan before the spy went dark.

With the Forces of the Intelligence Directorate already stretched and no qualified agent at hand, the Deputy Director of Intelligence requested assistance from Rian Taldrya, the Supreme Leader of the Directorate and Quaestor of House Ektrosis, to take care of the situation.

Knowing the best man for the mission, the Son of Taldrya dispatched one of his most daring members to find out about the spy's whereabouts and return him home. But when the member arrived, the spy had vanished and searching up the safehouse revealed the most worst shift in [situations....](#)

Clutching the smaller datapad, Arvalis quickly scanned through the diaries, finding three entries. If he had more time, he would've sought a way to remove the desk-mounted one, but he was certain that he did not have that luxury.

"Let's see here..." Realizing he probably only had two chances before whatever security measures that were safeguarding the data triggered.

"A code starting with a spelled out number, and two starting with vowel letters. I guess..."

Arvalis punched in code Halo.14.7.859. A red triangle started flashing on the datapad in response. "Guess not," he muttered, as footsteps from down the hall resounded in his ears. He wasn't too worried about them and continued his assault on the datapad's security system.

"Come on, come on." Punching in the next code; [Echo.14.5.987](#). This time no flashing lights appeared, just a creaking sound from the base of the desk mounting. "Guess I'll just bring it along." He slid the datapad into his jacket and threw away the smaller one.

Just as he was about to cross the barrier of the door and the hallway, two security guards caught up to him. Not feeling like explaining himself, Arvalis drew his DL-44 and went into a dead sprint in the opposite direction. As he heard the distinct sound of rifles being drawn, he

turned his head, tucked his blaster between his arm and his torso and squeezed the trigger. Streaks of green erupted from the barrel and were sent screaming down the hallway. He heard moans as he rounded the corner, but did not have the time to make sure they would pose no further problems.

Bringing up his comm, he was close to notifying Celia Aurum - the woman that was never too far from him, the joys of having a personal pilot - when he caught another guard patrol coming out of a nearby hallway. Arvalis erupted into a slide as he shot without warning, trusting his skills with blasters and shooting on the run to make his aim true. And it was.

\*Four dead guards, Lord Rian is going to give me an earful\*, he thought as he sprung back to his feet and continued his sprint.

"Celiaaaaaa-," a single guard this time, no guards a moment later. "Start her up, coming in flaming with hot cargo."

"*Paleface*, what the fra- are you shooting these twerps?! *Riguy* is going to give you an earful!"

"Save it Major. Get ready to bounce."

Alarms sprung to life, blaring their high pitched noise through the maze-like hallways. Rounding corner after corner, Arvalis knew he'd be avoiding blaster fire as soon as he got into the hangar bay. Unluckily for him, he was never really wrong about those situations. Not a Jedi, but he was familiar with stopping intruders.

The blastdoor to the hanger bay slid up with immediate blaster fire flowing through. Arvalis went into another slide, screaming "Parkour!" at the top his lungs as he came to a halt behind an outcropping where the blastdoor was mounted into the wall.

"Should have brought grenades. Oh well," Arvalis activated his comms again. "Major, permission to fire quad-lasers granted."

"Isn't that a bit overboard, *Paleface*? You wanna blow this entire hanger?"

"Low power settings, what do I know, you're the pilot."

"Ugh, fine. Whatever."

. . .

Standing in Taldryan dress uniform, Arvalis slid the datapad over Rian's desk. Behind him, pulling at her trousers, Celia was mumbling about the fabric being itchy and the sized being too small. A quick flashing glare from Arvalis zipped her mouth.

"Mission complete, Lord Rian."

"I hope no casualties?"

" . . . "

"*Ri-guy*, he killed countless people."

"To be fair Major, you did too."

"Because you told me to, *Paleface*!"

"Shut it you two. You fill out the paperwork this time." Rian Taldrya, beacon of composure and center of calm in a volatile storm, lost his patience for just a moment. Paperwork is troublesome, no matter how experienced you are at doing it.

"You can do it while you are underway as I got another mission for you." Rian looked up from his desk. "Those informations were the locations of different systems unaffiliated with either the Republic or any imperial remnant faction. We already sent out ships to recon some of systems but there are more and you will be sent to help investigating some of them."