

## Good Copy (1)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/35664892) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/35664892>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Wars - All Media Types</a>
Character:	<a href="#">RPG OCs</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Star Wars FFG</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-12-12 Words: 875

## Good Copy (1)

by [AnInformant](#)

### Summary

Cari makes a call, burning a very valuable token she earned with a former employer.

### Pt. 1

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She used what was sure to be a party line in a crowded media hub at The Wheel, having slipped away from Maarek and Whitey while the three of them were boozing at the seedy hotel. Surveillance was always boring work - and it was ninety percent of spycraft in her experience. She had touched up the concealer under her eyes and told them she was off to procure more whiskey.

The viewscreen pulsed with a mesmerizing animation of a collapsing star as she waited for it to connect.

The backlash against Venka was inevitable, especially if she came forward to General Wolen or Serathiss spouting whatever conspiracies she'd assigned to Sosh'acari's actions on the Defender. It was especially certain if Captain Dash continued to endorse her association with Lokanth.

She didn't owe the engineer anything. But, she abhorred collateral damage - it was her duty and moral compulsion to prevent it. The others never talked about their past, and Dash's disdain for his family was predictable, but they were poor, yet safe, on a nondescript moon in the Outer Rim.

A person she had worked with extensively before her knife-related faux pas answered cheerily looking very much human, having toggled out her usual blonde wig for a bright pink one. "Thank you for contacting the Coruscant Halcyon Tourism Bureau Subsidiary, how may I be of assistance?"

Practiced lines; Sosh'acari had memorized those too. Enough of the good ones to get close enough to the top. "Hello, Gena. I'm attempting to reach the Document Control Office, Segment Nine-Alpha." The designations changed daily using a classified algorithm. When she awoke, in between tea and pullups, she would recite the new ones in her head for each department.

Gena, a pseudonym of course (though she hadn't volunteered the name) was already 'close enough'. Why she was manning this channel was anyone's guess. "Agent Yar," she addressed curiously. "It is good to see you." Not many at the embassy would have admitted that. "I must say," she continued, "that I was intrigued to see an inquiry come in from an establishment so deliciously bugged."

"Say hello to the Imperials and the Rebels."

"Hello!" she wagged her fingers delightedly, winking and giggling enough to make even Dash blush. "Goodness, Agent, what have you gotten yourself into?"

"Killswitch, please?"

"Already done. Right after the 'Hello'. Fun to make both sides squirm a bit! Aside from the weirdos passing by you in the background, we're alone."

"A comms freeze is suspicious, so I hesitated. I called you from here so that it would appear innocuous."

"But what you have to ask me isn't, is it?" she said in a singsong, twirling her hot pink ends around her index finger and pouting prettily.

"{I'm calling in a deus praesidium,}" she replied in Cheunh.

Gena's eyes widened and she arched an eyebrow. "{You *might* have one or two still for yourself... but I don't understand. You're not on Coruscant.}"

"{It's not for me. I am requesting the All-Inclusive for} Harlan Finnall."

Gena furrowed her brow and hunched over a nearby, unrelated keyboard, typing furiously. She muted the call and made one of her own, turning away so Sosh'acari could not read her lips.

The whole endeavor took her less than thirty seconds. "{His living accommodations, his associations, his frequent haunts in the gambling district - not difficult to discern. Why would you want to protect him?}"

It was expected. Even Venka's careful hiding of electronic personal details couldn't erase the true bore of actual physical surveillance measures - her musings had come full circle. The fact that Gena had found such information so easily meant that the Ascendancy was already investigating. That likely meant that ISB was too.

"{I don't have to answer questions about my motives.}" She would have a hard time justifying this choice anyway.

Gena shrugged. "{Very well. Consider him untouchable. We certainly have no reason to intervene in his life, and if the Empire values our alliance, which they do, they will stay out of it too. The trickle-down through the mafia circuits with our undercovers should only take a day or two.}"

Sosh'acari took a moment before replying, "{Thank you for your assistance.}"

"{Permission to speak frankly?}"

"{You don't need to ask for that anymore. They wouldn't put me in charge of a shuura stand.}"

"{I know I can't ask what you're working on now. Out here, you were right. And you were

wrong.}”

“{That’s a little distant from frank.}” Sosh’acari understood of course; the Ascendancy was surely listening in too, and she wouldn’t drag Gena through the mud with her. None of her Chiss colleagues with whom she had associated on Coruscant would have objected to the assassination - only her handling of it.

“{Until we can really talk again, then.}”

“{I hope it is soon.}”

Gena reinvigorated the plastic smile and tilted her head. “So sorry for the interruption in the audio feed! Did I properly address your inquiry?”

Her heart deflated a little. “Yes. Thank you again.”

“Of course! And please don’t hesitate to reach out to the CHTBS if you experience any issues with your vacation experience!”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

She did remember the whiskey, something cheap even though she had wanted to steal it.

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