

Hunting The Hutts

For competition:
"The Hutt Expansion - Acts 1 & 2"
Written by: Kah'ri Marru



Ellac Goes Clubbing... Again

Club Antonia

Colorful lights and a dancing crowd polluted the eye of a young human who starkly contrasting the venue's enthusiasm. He sat quietly at a drink table, considering his environment. He hated Club Antonia the first time and he hated it now. Had he cared at all for alcohol and *not* been on duty, this would be a great time to numb his senses. He closed his eye, letting the aggravation at the club fuel his disdain, feeding off of the hate it brewed inside him.

A splash of alcohol drenched the Sith, breaking his concentration, but speeding up his self-engagement. "Ellac! You should *REALLY* try this orange stuff!" Titius called out as he returned from the bar. As he set an empty glass down on the table, one of his many knives leapt from its holster and into Ellac's hand.

"We are on a mission." The Warrior said sternly, sinking the blade through the table as he pinned the Professional's glove down.

"And you can't even use a knife correctly," the mercenary jibed, "Why did Reiden choose you for this mission, again?"

"Why indeed," Ellac said, returning his attention to the Club's occupants. "Watch your surroundings better. Our Quarren is here." He nodded the the side of the stage where a brimmed hat and trench coat obstructed all but the tentacles of Szygorn Dar.

Focused on his target, Ellac began to wade through the crowd of patrons, leaving Titius to unpin his hand while tuning out his insults. He could sense the paranoia in the gunslinger's mind, wishing he could drag this out. Reiden made it clear that Thran was after swift answers, though, which meant this had to be quick. It didn't mean he couldn't have fun with it. "Szygorn!" Ellac smirked to himself as he called out to the alien. Recognizing his impending doom, Dar's paranoia switched to terror as he burst into a sprint for a nearby exit. Ellac, now properly grinning, pursued his prey.

Titius, having now freed his mostly-salvaged glove, followed the two into the alley, where he found an arm on the ground and the Sith's crimson lightsaber held to the neck of the whimpering Quarren, who was claspng his very fresh wound.

"**WHERE?**" Ellac boomed, but Titius was sure no one inside would hear over the ridiculously loud music.

"In the streets! Late at night! He usually races around midnight!" Dar pleaded, hoping the answer would stave off his very certain of his death. Ellac extinguished his lightsaber, and made his way down the alleyway and opened his holocommunicator.

"That wasn't so hard, now was it? Here. This'll help you forget the pain" Titius mocked, stabbing the Quarren in the leg. Szygorn wailed and slumped to the floor writhing in the pain of both injuries.

As he rejoined with Ellac, the brief image of Reiden dissolved.

"Reiden says he has someone in mind for the swoop races. We're to standby for instructions." Ellac said to his student, turning back to look at the pitiful excuse for a cartel enforcer. "As for him..."



“Show Them The Badge”

Hyperspace

Kah'ri leaned back in his captain's chair, his hand folded behind his head, as he enjoyed the comforting promise of home after an uninteresting mission. Breathing in deeply, a smile showed on his face at the sight of the hyperspace lanes. It was one of his favorite sights and never ceases to bring him peace. It was never this silent and he couldn't help the suspicion creeping into his mind. Looking back down to the navicomputer, the pilot checked his ETA to Seraph, hoping to make it back before something else comes up – and something else *always* comes up.

As if on cue, the image of his former master lit up the holoterminal on the dash. Kah'ri sighed as disappointment washed over him.

“Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't realize I was such a bother.” Reiden said jokingly.

“Not you, master. I just was hoping for some time home before the next mission.” He said, his chin resting in his palm. He looked up at the hologram hopefully. “Unless... it's *not* a mission.”

“I regret to inform you that it is.” Reiden responded. “But this one is rather *close* to home, if it makes any difference.”

“Eh.” the Savant replied, less than enthused but sitting up to regain a serious composure. “Right. Well go ahead, General. What have you got for me?”

“We have uncovered the presence and active operations of the Tiure Hutt Clan within Imperial space and neither the Emperor, nor Thran, will have any of it.” Reiden explained.

A jolt of dread shot up Kah'ri's spine as memories of the Crannix mission resurfaced.

“You are being sent to Ulress to address the kidnapping and spice trafficking problem among the swoop gangs of Uluv. Find out what you can about their operations and shut it down.” Reiden explained.

“Interesting. It's not often the Proconsul and Consul agree on something.” Kah'ri noted, doing his best to hide his fear.

“Yes, well...” Reiden paused, remembering his previous holocall with them. “It seems that CSP citizens going missing, is the line in the sand for both of them.”

“Wait. CSP citizens?! In CSP territory?!” Kah'ri said, shocked that the Hutts had already gone that far so close to the Empire. “But if that's true, then that means...” His fear was visible now.

“As you can see, this matter needs a swift and decisive end. Once you have the information you need, regroup with Ellac and Titius. Make sure these gangsters know who you are. Flash a badge, if you must, but make sure they know Clan Scholae Palatinae does not mess around when it comes to protecting our own.” Reiden instructed.

A silence fell over the Firreero as his eyes focused somewhere in the next galaxy over.

“Kah'ri...?” Reiden probed.

“Right. I, umm... Got it. Changing course now.” Kah'ri stammered as he punched the new destination into the nav system.

Midnight...Uluv Streets, Ulress

“Ah, I've missed this.” Kah'ri said, reminiscing to himself. No one could hear him over the turbos of his swoop, anyway, but it didn't take away from the sense of pride he felt revisiting the title of 'Urram, the swift'. Baddest swoop racer in 12 systems and it felt great to use that name again. On his tail, was the *allegedly* 'undefeated' champion, Ixtal Noxus. The Firrereo was always good at racing and he now knew it was due to his ability in the Force, but squashing a dirtbag's ego felt good no matter how it was accomplished.

As they came up on the final turn, the Savant looked over his shoulder, having sensed a shift in the biker's mind. His heart sank. He was enjoying this race and now his mind was jerked back to his purpose on Uluv, thanks to Ixtal's blaster aimed at his thrusters. On instinct, Kah'ri's lightsaber ignited in his hand, the emerald blade returning Noxus's blaster bolt back to its sender. Ixtal fell limp and collapsed on top of his throttle controls, veering him off course and directly into a wall.

Kah'ri slowed to a stop, watching as his opponent went up in flames. Running over to the crash site, the Force Disciple stretched out his hand, reaching into the flames to remove the corpse from the rubble. He patted out flames on Noxus's jumpsuit, fumbling through pockets until he found a hard case with the Tiure insignia on it. He hesitated for a moment, still reconciling the significance of the Hutt's presence in the system. Cracking the case open, he found a small datapad cushioned inside. A few taps on the screen proved it still operable.

“And that, my friend,” the Firrereo stood, looking down at the burned corpse, “is why I never did business with the *Hutts*.” He said vilely, leaning in to emphasize the importance of certain words. Approaching a nearby wall, Kah'ri pulled his lightsaber out and melted the metal into an irreparable depiction of the Clan's emblem before making his way to Ellac and Titius rendezvous point.

Rendezvous

Titius placed his DC-17m on dining room table. It was cramped in the apartment, but the table would suffice for a improvised workbench. Pulling out a hydrospanner, the Professional began operating on the rifle like a surgeon on a patient. Ellac sat across the room, his lightsaber on the beverage table in front of him. His eye was closed, 'likely in his stupid meditation,' he thought to himself while making a mocking gesture to the Sith.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK

Ellac's eye flew open, darting swiftly to the front door, while Titius dropped his hydrospanner on the table and took aim at the entrance. "Answer the door, Ellac," he whispered loudly. Ellac, rolling his eye, was already at the door and reached for the lock and opened the apartment to the outside world. A man stood in the hallway, looking pale and almost withered but otherwise dressed in what looked like Brotherhood robes. "ID him!" Titius barked.

"This is Kah'ri. I know him. I'm not IDing him." Ellac retorted.

"That's just what he *wants* you to think!" Titius snapped back.

Kah'ri reached into his pocket to remove his ID and slapped it onto Ellac's chest as he pushed his way in, his eyes glazed over completely. Ellac threw the ID in the waste bin by the door. Titius refused to calm down as Kah'ri moved a chair to the corner and sat quietly watching the quiet city outside the apartment windows.

"YOU DIDN'T EVEN CHECK IT!" He exclaimed to the Sith.

"And I'm not going to. That is Kah'ri. End of story. One more thing from you and you will be picking up your blaster in scraps."

...Several hours later

Kah'ri pulled out his holocommunicator and Reiden's dignified image flickered into picture.

"I've got a list of information for the intelligence to go through," Kah'ri began.

"Kah'ri..."

"Sending over now," Kah'ri said, plugging a transponder to the datapad.

"Kah'ri..."

"I'm actually sad about this one. He was cocky, for sure, but I couldn't help but feel—"

"Kahri!" Reiden yelled to get his apprentice's attention.

Kah'ri hadn't noticed the grim look on his old master's face.

"Reiden..."

"Kamjin's been shot..."