

The chaotic sounds of laughter and revelry echoed up and down the dingy, trash filled streets of Nar Shadaa. Like any other night, partiers, gamblers, thieves and drunks made their way through the casino district, all searching for their next big score. Shouts and curses drifted out of Jolly Jabba's Casino and Eatery.

"You're out of here!" the angry voice of a Duros cried out as his droid bouncer tossed the man it carried to the filthy sidewalk outside of the establishment. "And if I ever see your face around here again, I won't be so kind!"

Letting out a sigh, the Kel Dor stood and brushed the dirt from the brim of his fallen hat and placed it back on top of his head. TuQ'uan Varick didn't really appreciate how the staff of Jolly Jabba's handled things, even if they did think they were in the right. If you asked him, cheating was simply part of the game, some people were just too sensitive. Making his way away from that karking casino, TuQ kept his eyes scanning the bright lights and neon signs lining the street in search of a place he could re-earn his wrongfully seized credits. He didn't need anything fancy or anything, he just needed somewhere that wouldn't toss him out on sight, or hadn't already tossed him out tonight. Turning out his pockets revealed a paltry number of credits remaining in his possession. He'd either need to win, steal or cheat if he didn't want to leave Nar Shadaa empty handed.

The blinking sign of the Big Wiggly flashed overhead, it wasn't the type of place that he normally frequented, but beggars couldn't be choosers right now. Stuffing his credits back into his pocket, TuQ let out a sigh and entered the establishment. As his foot crossed the threshold of the casino the lights began flashing, bells and music began blaring and staff began running toward him.

*Frak, have I already been banned from this place?!* TuQ started to spin on his heel to make his escape.

"Sir! Congratulations!" A friendly voice cried out to him. The mercenary froze in place, congratulations? "You are Big Wiggly's hundred trillionth visitor. As thank you and congratulations, you have been chosen as our highest roller! Whatever you want, anything at all, it will be our pleasure to provide you with it tonight!" A casino employee with a name tag reading Fra'nk stood before him, he spoke so fast the words nearly blurred together.

Before TuQ could fully comprehend what was happening, the casino greeter had grabbed his hand and was ushering him across the casino floor. Almost out of nowhere, a group of men in suits had surrounded him, one shoved a document in front of the Kel Dor while another put a pen in his hand.

"Of course, there are some stipulations we have to cover first. If you could just sign on the sheet there, we will get started!" Fra'nk's hands flailed around enthusiastically. "Want to gamble away? Your first 100,000 credits are on us! Though they must be spent in this casino. Need a place to

sleep? The penthouse is all yours! Hungry or thirsty, it's on the house..." Fra'nk trailed off as his eyes spotted the anti-ox mask attached to the Kel Dor's face.

"Anyway," he continued. "Once you sign that document, you are good to go!"

TuQ scribbled an approximation of his signature on the page, once he heard 100,000 credits he had stopped listening. As soon as the pen left the page a briefcase was in his hand and he was off to the Sabacc tables.

"If you need anything, I'm your man," Fra'nk called after him.

For the next few hours TuQ gambled away, his credit balance looked like a heart monitor, sometimes up, sometimes down, dropping a bit before spiking back up. At the moment he was down, a lot. But he was confident in this hand, it would come down to how the chance cubes fell, and maybe a card or two up his sleeve, but TuQ wouldn't accept defeat. The chance cubes rattled around inside TuQ's cupped hands. One shake, two shakes, three, and release. Time slowed down as the cubes danced across the green felt table, their faces changing as they hopped and bounced their way to their final resting place. Everything was riding on this roll. As they came to rest in their final resting place TuQ jumped up, pushing his chair back with great force, eager to read the results.

"You karking idiot!" a voice bellowed behind him over a cacophony of shouts and expletives. Before the Kel Dor could check on his fortune, a hand roughly grabbed him by the collar and shoved him face first into the table. "You cost me a lot of credits, I hope you're good for it!"

"Sirs, sirs, please calm down! I'm sure we can figure this out!" Fra'nk ran over, flailing his arms, panic filling his voice.

TuQ wasn't a fan of getting pushed around, especially if it was a cheap shot. Twisting around, he pushed himself off the table coming face to face with his assailant.

"Not my problem, buddy." He pulled his balled fist back and threw a punch aimed directly at the man's jaw. *Crack*. The blow landed with a sickening crunch. Unfortunately, the man had ducked and Fra'nk took the blow instead. Security rushed over as Fra'nk's unconscious body slumped to the ground, restraining the furious Kel Dor and dragging him away from the table. After a few minutes of struggling, TuQ was hoisted up and launched into the air and out of Big Wiggly's and onto the streets of Nar Shadaa back where he had started.