Malfrost stared in disbelief at his datapad as the numbers remained static and unchanging before his hazel eyes. That couldn’t be right, right? How was it that he only had one hundred credits to his name? He had been saving up for months planning for a big research expedition; the number of bounties he had brought in and other missions he had gone on had given him a cushy bank account in the tens of thousands but now…a mere one hundred credits!

“Observation: I must say, Partner…you look quite pale. Should we go visit the local apothecary down yonder?” Malfrost’s HK-47 chimed in from the corner in his distinctive space cowboy accent that never seemed to lose its charms. The young man let out a sigh as he ran his hand through his mop of messy brown hair, “No…I think I’ll be okay. I see where the charges came from. It was from that casino that tried to lure me in with that whole ‘trillionth customer’ scam. Oldest trick in the book but…how the hell did they get access to my bank account? I didn’t spend a penny there last night…” Malfrost wondered aloud…maybe some sort of scanner had tagged him somehow and gotten access to his account? If so, the operation running out of that casino was a lot slyer than he had originally thought. It was originally owned by some no nothing family who could barely keep it open…was the place under new management?

“How about we pay that casino a visit, HK? I’m sure we can resolve this diplomatically…like gentlemen, you know?” The young man smiled and laughed softly as he finished clicking on the last piece of his Sith war armor, the alchemically enhanced shimmering in the dim light of his room in the Xeon family headquarters. “Statement: I hope you are right, Partner. Never trust the operator of a den of depravity such as that though.” The HK unit cautioned as Malfrost gave his droid a dismissive wave; people respected the Xeon name around here and after all, what was the worst that could happen?

Malfrost was panting as sweat rolled down his face as his two lightsabers hummed in his hands; on the floor next to him were four Gammorians, sliced into pieces with some of their hands still grasping onto their blasters or axes. Like so many others on Nar Shadda it seemed like the owner of this established liked to hire out Gammorian mercs for muscle…everyone loved to pretend to be a Hutt, apparently. Further behind him were numerous corpses of various enforcers and thugs that he had sliced his way through to get to the main office and nearly all of them bore the insignia of the Black Sun.

Any idea of a peaceful negotiation rapidly went out the window when Malfrost had learned that the casino was operated by some Rodian on the Black Sun’s payroll. Malfrost figured this was just another attack by the rival crime syndicate on his family but in actuality the boss had just picked a REALLY bad mark to be the target for this scam and now the chickens were coming home to roost.

“Please! Please! I already gave you back your credits! Look in your account! It’s all there! Even a little fee for the trouble!” The Rodian was quivering in the far corner of the room as the armored figure approached, the room silent save for the hum of Malfrost’s lightsabers as he stepped closer and closer towards the Rodian, his expression unreadable beneath the cold steel mask he wore.

“You can’t really have me believe you targeted me just out of the blue, right? I mean…what are the odds of that after all? You are telling me you just so happened to pick me, out of everyone on Nar Shadda to be your mark? Don’t make me laugh! This was another attack by the Black Sun…now I won’t ask you again, who gave you your orders!” Malfrost bellowed at the Rodian, his voice cold and anger as he pointed the tip of his purple saber right between the eyes of the Rodian.

“No one! It was no one! I swear I didn’t know you were from the Xeon family! I was just trying to make my monthly quota!” The Rodian dropped to his hands and knees, begging for his life as Malfrost now hovered above him like a specter of death. He silently raised his sabers, seemingly to get ready to strike the Rodian down and in a flash his blades moved. The Rodian was unharmed but the statutes next to him depicting the local boss of the Black Suns were cut cleanly in two but the Rodian had passed out from shock at this point.

“HK, take him back to the hideout and tell the boys to get a clean up crew in here…we’ll be taking over this operation.” Malfrost ordered his droid who nodded its head and obeyed without question. It knew better than to fire off a quip when he was in such a serious and brooding mood. As HK left with the passed out Rodian he took off his helmet and let out a sigh as he gazed out at the casino floor that he had basically totaled in his destructive path towards the office. “Well…I always did have a love-hate relationship with gambling. Never thought I’d own a casino one day though…what a lucky customer I was indeed.” Malfrost chuckled, allowing himself to relax as he decided to pilfer the liquor cabinet until the cleanup crew arrived.