

\*Ugh, what the frak happened?\* TuQ'uan groaned, he felt like he had been hit by a star destroyer. He couldn't see anything, his hearing was muffled, he had a pounding headache and every muscle in his body felt bruised. Searching his memory felt like wading through a swamp, it was hard to concentrate and put the pieces of his memory together. Had he really partied that hard last night? Was it even night?

The last thing he remembered was...walking down the street? Yeah, that sounded about right. He was on...Nar Shadda! He was on a roll now, his memory slowly coming back, bit by bit. His headache on the other hand was getting worse the longer he was awake. He lifted his hand to pinch his eyes only to realize they had bound to the arms of the chair he was in. How had he not noticed that before now?!

As he took a moment to really concentrate on his surroundings he realized that not only had his arms been tied to the arms of a chair but so had his legs and chest. The reason that everything was so dark and audio was so muffled was because he had been blindfolded, ear muffed and gagged. This certainly was a predicament.

"Excuse me, does anyone want to tell me where I am?!" TuQ's question was met with the muffled sound of shocked voices talking back and forth. It took the Kel Dor a moment to process what was happening. "A gag doesn't really work when you put it over my anti-ox mask..."

Really, how had he let imbeciles like this get the jump on him?! Roughly, TuQ's head was pulled back as his blind fold, gag and ear muffs were removed. As his eyes adjusted to the light in the filthy room he spotted the Rodian thug standing before him, knife twirling in his green hands. An identical man stepped around the bound Plagueian, never once turning away. Once the two Rodians were side by side TuQ recognized the twins as thugs of Gitar the Hutt, who owned a casino TuQ had been in a little while before his memory got hazy. He must have really pissed Gitar off.

"Thank you for your hospitality," he slowly fumbled through the sentence in Rodian, he may not really speak the language but he certainly knew how to add sarcasm to anything he said no matter the language. A hand reached out and smacked him across the face. Totally worth it. The slap jogged TuQ's memory, the sound of the slap reminded him of a Zabrak earlier in the night slapping his cards down in frustration as TuQ cleaned him out of his credits. He remembered laughing heartily as he collected his winnings before he moved on to the next casino.

"You're a very stupid man, Gitar wants his credits back, and what Gitar wants, Gitar gets. So, make this easy on yourself, where are his credits?"

Wait, he didn't have the credits? The night was still hazy, but if he didn't have the credits, where were they? Maybe he could find a way out of this.

“How about this, we make a little wager. Double or nothing. One roll of the chance cubes. I win, go free. You win, you get enough credits to pay Gitar back and you two split anything extra, how does that sound?”

Silence filled the room as the Rodian twins exchanged a glance, quietly weighing their options. The one with the knife nodded to his brother.

“Fine. But! You need to get four blue. Anything else, you lose.” His mouth pulled up in the resemblance of a sneer on a Rodian face.

“Deal, cut my hand free and I’ll throw.” TuQ sat waiting, his palms face up in an expectant manner. The threads of the rope binding TuQ’s right hand sliced apart with ease as the Rodian’s knife slipped through the taught fibers. He slipped his freed hand into his pocket and removed his chance cubes.

“So, where do I roll?”

They held a box out in front of him. TuQ closed his eyes and shook his fist, the dice bouncing around his fate now lay with the chaos now contained in the palm of his hand. With one last shake he threw his hand forward releasing the four cubes. They hit the bottom of the box and bounced around, the red and blue faces of the dice teasing him. The first dice stopped, blue. The second, blue. Third, blue! The fourth dice showed red, bounced, angled toward blue and then finally...BOOM!

The door to the room burst off of its hinges, flying into the room a few feet before landing with a thud. The not so subtle entrance shocked the rodian twins, the box in hand and the dice inside falling to the ground. What the last dice would be, nobody knew. Before anyone could react a series of blaster bolts seared into the twins, their bodies crumpling to the ground. A large well dressed chiss entered the room, a pair of guards on either side of him, blasters drawn.

“I had that under control!” TuQ exclaimed while tugging on the knots still holding him in place.

“Yes boss, of course boss. I’m just your backup.” Derry replied, the sarcasm thick in his voice. “You’re right, next time I will just wait outside. Now, let’s get you back to the hotel.”