The cool air in the cantina washed over Connor’s face as he stared up at a ceiling vent, the quiet hum of the machine barely noticeable over the hustle and bustle of the busy bar. He began to think of his day and how it had gone so far. The relics he had heard about, the rumors surrounding them, and the various players that sought them. The only one of real importance was the one he held in his pocket, an ancient text detailing the Rite of Immortality, and it’s companionship brought out the best in Connor. He had won his prize, learned what he could, and now sought a way to make some profits that he could then drink. Treasure hunting was thirsty business.

He adjusted his tie as he stared around the room, the various denizens of the bar lost in conversation or squabbles. Aliens of various sizes and shapes snorting and sneezing their languages, the sound blending together as it entered Connor’s ears. A key phrase, however, did manage to discern itself from the rest and it caused Connor to perk up. “That’s him” was the choice words, slithering from the lips of a hooded duo.

Connor got the attention of the bartender droid, a poorly programmed protocol droid with a sarcastic personality module that went back to cleaning the same glass when idling. Connor ordered his usual double Alderaanian scotch, harder to come by since the planet’s destruction and even harder to come by a genuine malt. The droid delivered the drink, quipping about alcoholism and dying in a ditch as it did so. Connor smiled, retorted with some bad joke he practically stumbled over, and grabbed the drink.

It was a game, cat and mouse. He knew the duo was watching him, and he knew they knew he knew. He took a swig from the glass, halving its contents in the process. He rubbed one eye, trying to make it look like he wasn’t paying attention anymore to the two in the corner. He placed some credits on the counter, removed himself from the bar, and began to stumble out of it. It was a game, only this time the mouse wanted to be the cat. He slowly progressed down the hall, making sure to keep an ear out for his new found friends. He got about halfway to the starport when he heard one of them coming quickly behind him.

The pursuer must have been the brawn of the operation, doing nothing at all to try and mask his approach. His hood had flown backward, revealing the large cranial ridge of a Falleen who had broken his nose so many times that it seemed to be sideways it was so crooked. No words came from him, no demands to hand over whatever Connor had, just aggression that spewed out of him in the form of a vibroshiv. It thrust forward with the grace of a two legged feline, the stench of alcohol radiating from the assailant. They had been waiting for some time, Connor wagered.

Dodging it with feigned difficulty, Grey pulled out his shoto as he stepped to the side of his attacker, revealing an opening for the Jedi. Plunging his shoto deep into the Falleen’s armpit, Connor could actually tell the exact moment he punctured his enemy’s heart. The assailant’s mouth hung open, his tongue lolling outward as he slumped to the ground. Connor knelt down to whisper in his ear.

“You have a 1 and 3 chance of surviving a knife wound to the heart. If the blade stays in there...and isn’t made of plasma.” he said, “Just thought you’d like to know.”

“What are the odds of surviving a headshot?” said a voice from afar, the other hooded member of the duo.

Connor looked to his left and saw the female, blonde hair and ruby red lips peek-a-booing out of the hood. He pretended to calculate the odds in his head, making a pantomime to carry an invisible one over to a new column. He made motions as if he were weighing options, and then he returned his gaze to her. A smile flashed on her face, and he could almost feel her squeeze the trigger.

He clapped his hands loudly, startling her and causing her to jump. The blaster discharged and a bolt when whizzing right by his ear, buying him enough time to focus on her. Wielding the Force, Connor caused her eyes to be useless for mere moments. Just enough time to dart down the hall and take a left. It brought him to another hall, which brought him to a lobby, which led to the starport which provided plenty of hiding spots. When he found one that suited him, he gripped his commlink and connected to the person who hired him.

“I’ve got the goods, you got the stuff?” he asked.

“The stuff?” said the voice from the other side. Connor exhaled loudly, slapping his face in the process. He felt like he was surrounded by idiots.

“My payment, do you have my payment.” he replied.

“Oh! Right! Heh, the stuff. Yeah, I’ve got it.”

“I’m en route to you now. Ran into some trouble, so the price has gone up. It’s definitely worth it though.”

“I’m sure our mutual employer won’t mind that in the least.” said the voice followed by static.

Connor smiled as he hid amidst the containers in the starport, aiming his blaster at the entrance while he waited.

“Women.” he said, “Can’t keep their hands off me.”