

Eight years ago

Tarsus was on his own. He had long split from his family, and decided to go his own path. As a new mercenary on his own, the young Mandalorian was eager to accept any job to put his name out there on the market. What he desired was the glory of the job, and the emerging wealth that one can accomplish from this very dirty job.

Tarsus was on Nar Shadaa. He was in a dark room with a small group of powerful men, and their guards standing in the shadows.

“So, you think you can just, uh, walk in here and expect work from us?” one of the men asked Tarsus. “You’ve no real name to yourself... How the hell you expect us to... pay you handsomely with a job?”

“Think of it this way,” Tarsus replied. “I’m a nobody... a job like this is... very sensitive. If I die or fail, they won’t expect you gentlemen to send someone like me after them. After all, your target does have many enemies.”

The men in the room began to talk quietly amongst themselves. They bickered back and forth as they discussed which move was best. They finally came to a conclusion as some nodded and others shook their heads.

“We made our decision, young merc,” an older voice stated. “We’ll hire you. You know what to do. We expect results.”

War is what these men of power wanted. They wanted a war with their main enemy, and his allies. No, they needed a war. Their target was growing more and more powerful. If a war were to suddenly break out, it’ll give these crime lords all the excuse they’ll need to finally take him out of the picture. It also gives way for much profit for a mercenary such as Tarsus.

Tarsus’ mission was clear. He was to kill the only son of his target. This would cause a chain of events that’ll be in favor of his clientele. Killing a child isn’t an easy thing to do, however. Several moral complications popped in his head as Tarsus stood before the young boy; who he had taken to a more private location.

*It's just not right... to kill a young kid... so young and pure... Sure, he'll end up like his father most likely, but that doesn't change the fact that this boy is still... a boy... but... the money that I could make off of this. On top of that, his father doesn't know that it will be me that has killed him... I can turn around, and sell him information on the men who hired me... doubling my profit... triple if he chooses to hire me... but this boy... This young and pure, innocent boy who doesn't know nor understand his position he's in... who doesn't know nor understand the concept of death... or what his father does... he doesn't know that he might die... but... the money... and my reputation as a merc...*

Tarsus found his decision. He pulled out his blaster, and shot the boy in the head without hesitation. Doing so, the merc chose to kill off his basic humanity and moral compass for a huge profit.

A huge profit it turned out to be. War broke out. The man who Tarsus killed his son ended up tripling his money he earned for the assassination. On top of that, the men who originally hired Tarsus to end up granting Tarsus five times his original profit. In the end, the war ended with the criminal factions killing each other off, and Tarsus a very wealthy man. In his thoughts, killing the innocent child was well worth it.



