

Tincles Hideaway Cantina

Nar Shaddaa

Turel lounged in the comfy chair at the Sabaac table as he waited for his turn. The human Jedi snuck a wink at the Twi'lek serving girl bringing him his third Corellian whiskey. He was a married man but he could still look. Besides, he had been tipping the young girl exceptionally well throughout the evening. He had worked in a cantina himself in a past life so he knew what the serving staff had to put with on a regular basis.

The Jedi played with some credit chits absently while he waited for the Gand to his immediate right to decide whether to up the ante or fold his hand. The three other players eyed their cards with practiced Sabaac faces. A rather attractive Zeltron female, A Devaronian male and a Mirialan male with long hair rounded out this particular Sabaac table.

Sophisticated surveillance equipment and a rather astute dealer droid made the use of skimming cards at this establishment exceptionally difficult if not impossible. What the cantina operators couldn't account for was the Force. Cheating at card games probably violated some segment of the old Jedi code but Turel justified it as "for a good cause" since he never kept any of his ill-gotten gains. Any creds he snagged from unsuspecting underworld ruffians was summarily donated to an orphanage or the praxeum construction project on Kiast.

Plunging himself deep into the currents of the Force, Turel was able to sense the hidden emotional rises and falls in his opponents that they tried to hide from their faces. A flicker of disappointment, excitement or nervousness told him all he needed to know about what was in their hands. He also noticed members of the staff eyeing him closely; his streak of luck was just a little too convenient.

The Gand raised the bet 500 credits, a bold move. Turel sensed he was bluffing and feigned looking at his cards with deep concern. His hand was strong but not a sure thing.

"Call."

The Devaronian glared at the lone human at the table. "I call huuman"

The Zeltron winked at Turel, "too rich for my blood, I'll let you boys fight it out. I fold."

"All players reveal their hands please." The dealer droid announced in a metallic twangy voice.

The Gand went first, his hand was a single pair. His bluff had been called.

Turel went next. Four of a kind.

The Devaronian snarled. Two pair. He lost. The disgruntled thug slammed his fists on the table. "You cheating human filth! Someone check him for a skimmer!"

Turel put both his hands up, waiving one slightly in the Devaronian's direction. "I'll submit to any search or scan you want. *There is no need to get upset. Be calm.*" The ruffian seemed to accept the human's words without protest and sat back down.

Two members of the staff rushed in as if on cue to search the human and scan his cards. They found nothing.

"Well, I think I've pushed my luck far enough." Turel got up and cashed out with a sizable donation to the Kiasst city orphanage. He didn't need to hustle, but he wanted to keep his skills sharp. And it was *fun*.

Now it was time to meet his SenNet contact.