

Coruscant Prime was shining on the planets revolving around it, it was an absolutely beautiful day out in Coruscant's Fashion district. TuQ'uan had just finished a job on the bustling metropolis of a planet and had decided to do something completely out of character, he had decided to just *wander*. Normally when the mercenary finished a job and received his payment he hightailed it out of there and back to the comfort of a seedy casino in order to start spending his paycheck.

He wasn't sure what was different about today but he just felt the urge to explore his surroundings. TuQ'uan had lost track of the amount of times he had visited Coruscant, he had learned the ins and outs of the planet but as he left the Cantina where his contact awaited him it had occurred to him that he had never actually experienced the place.

Lazily making his way down the wide streets, TuQ'uan couldn't help but marvel at the sheer amount of people that seemed to be doing the exact same thing as himself. Everyone seemed to have no where in mind as they walked from store to store chattering incessantly to whomever was beside them at the time.

The Kel Dor was just about done with this experiment of his when something caught his eye.

An inconspicuous shop —or at least as inconspicuous as can be found on Coruscant— had a window with a single item on display. There sat a beautiful wide brimmed hat in a charcoal grey colour with a very tasteful dark red stripe where the crown and the brim met and the same red mirrored on the underside of the brim.

TuQ'uan found himself transfixed.

Right then and there he made a decision, he had to have this hat. Quickly he made his way into the shop and right up to the associate behind the counter.

"Greetings! Anything catching your fancy today?" the slim human asked, her bright blue eyes and gentle smile made for a warm welcome.

"The hat in the window, I'll take it," he responded.

"Very fine choice sir, if you like you can take the one right from the display. I don't have anymore out right now."

TuQ'uan nodded and turned back towards the window. He approached the display and reached to remove it from its place. It didn't budge. He gave it another gentle tug and it still didn't move. The Kel Dor was baffled.

As he looked to see what it had snagged on he noticed a hand on the other side of the brim that was not his, at least he didn't remember having blue hands. He looked to see who's hand this was, a pair of red eyes on a noseless face greeted him.

"Do you mind?" the Duros asked with a hint of aggression in his voice.

"Actually, I do. This is the last one and I was told I could have it."

The large red eyes of the Duros narrowed. "I didn't say that."

"No, but she did." TuQ'uan turned to point at the employee behind the counter. As he took his attention off of the hat his rival hat connoisseur gave it a tug and won the battle of the hat.

The Duro walked to the counter, leaving a stunned Kel Dor behind. He handed the hat to the associate and removed a handful of credits from his pocket.

"Lovely choice, and what name is this going under today?"

"Bane."

As the credits were being exchanged another associate emerged from the storage room.

"I found another hat in the back, where would you like it?" The second associate placed the newly discovered hat on the counter.

"I'll take it," TuQ'uan spoke up before it could be sold out from under him again.

Cad Bane finished up his transaction and turned to leave. As he passed TuQ'uan he ran his fingers along the brim of the hat that was now on his head and gave the Kel Dor a two finger salute. He couldn't help but marvel at how well the Duros wore that hat. It was like a work of art.

Without having to say a word, TuQ'uan knew that a bond had formed between them and the next time they ran into each other would be as friends instead of rivals.