

Becoming the Hunter
By Idris Adenn #3783

27 ABY
Adenn Estate
Mandalore
6 AM

The air was thick and heavy with the stench of sweat, blood, and tears. It sat still, unmoving save for the heaving sobs coming from the corner of the room. The brothers sat at opposite ends of the table in silence. Their tears had come and gone, sadness turning to rage. Their mother had collapsed in the corner, unable to look at her sons or what lay on the table between them.

The armor lay bloodsoaked on the table. Several pieces were cracked and bent, the strength of the blows that damaged the beskar plating came from someone of incredible might. It had come at a great effort, first to merely recover the bodies, then remove the armor. For over six-hundred years this armor had passed from generation to generation. The inheritance of Clan Adenn.

Doran shifted uncomfortably in his chair, jawline flexing as he pondered how to proceed. Idris remained unmoving, eyes unblinking and unwavering from the armor on the table. Blood stained his cloths, and it mixed with the dirt clinging to his body, sticky and drying.

“We-,” Doran finally started, breaking the silence. His voice cracked and wavered. “We need to decide what comes next.”

“What comes next? Those bastards butchered them like animals. There is only one thing that can come next,” Idris replied without looking up.

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10 AM

“Sons. Please focus. This is important,” Vaeden said. He stood tall, firm, solid as the armor he wore. Idris dramatically rolled his head along his shoulders, back and then over towards his father, locking eyes with the patriarch.

“We are listening,” he said. Doran didn’t look up from his tablet.

“Idris is listening. I’m not interested. It’s a trade agreement for weapon parts. Sooner or later this family will realize this isn’t the Old Republic anymore, there is more to our people than being able to kill things,” Doran said frustrated.

“Right, so it seems I’m listening and the politician’s head is too far up his own ass to hear you father,” Idris said rolling his eyes at his brother. Doran looked up to glare at his younger brother before returning to his tablet. Vaeden sighed, shaking his head. He muttered a few curses under his breath.

“This deal represents massive opportunities for this family. Clans Tannister and Larjoc have plenty of bad blood between them. Us helping broker this deal will take great strengths in terms of unifying our people, Doran.”

“And make us a lot of money in the process,” Idris interjected. Doran made rude gesture at his brother.

“If Doran isn’t going, may I, father?” Elia asked as she skipped into the room, unable to remain listening from outside.

“Ugh of course you want to go. That pompous idiot Rhang will be there with his father won’t he?” Idris exclaimed.

“Of course Rhang will be there. He is Aradas’ only child. Literally the future of Clan Larjoc,” Elia said enthusiastically. Vaeden sighed again.

“Fine, Elia, you may come. Just try not to disrupt the meeting by flirting with Rhang,” Vaeden finally said.

4 PM

Tannister Estate

Idris winked and flashed a smile at the serving girl pouring his drink. The meeting was as boring as he had expected, but several of the Tannister employees showed *great* potential for a fun evening. Elia continued to slowly creep her chair closer and closer to Rhang Larjoc. Rhang kept inching further and further away, a mildly disgusted expression on his face, every time Elia batted her eyes at him. Idris didn’t understand what she saw in him, but she was enamoured.

The serving staff retreated out the door, leaving the three parties of Clans Adenn, Larjoc, and Tannister alone in the meeting room. Only one person seemed truly out of place, a hulking brute who must have been well over two meters tall. Tysus Tannister introduced him as one of his business associates, a Gregor Bjornsson. He was so large his head almost touched the ceiling, and Idris was certain none of the chairs in the room could support the man. Not that it mattered, he remained standing behind Tysus.

“And then one final signature here,” Tysus said pointing. The corners of his mouth twitched slightly. If Idris didn’t know better he would say Tysus almost smiled.

With the signing complete, the deal was done, set in a nice legally binding bow. Almost immediately it was like a wave of tension was freed from the room, and everyone was able to relax somewhat. Vaeden sat back in his seat for the first time in the entire meeting and removed his hand from resting on the grip of his blasters. It was as if he had half expected this whole arrangement to result in a shootout after all.

Aradas Larjoc’s eyes darted about the room.

“Well I signed your damn papers, lets go over the logistics. We have our first shipment ready to deliver now, just tell us which of your facilities you want it at,” The frail and aging Aradas said.

“Ah yes. That will be handled by one of my staff. They have the relevant details available. I am glad we were able to put these decades of strife behind us Aradas,” Tysus said. He nodded at Vaeden.

“And thank you for helping ensuring a safe and well met agreement between our clans Vaeden,” Tysus continued. Vaeden smiled and nodded.

“I’m just glad my skills weren’t needed here and everyone can walk away happy,” Vaeden said. Rhang let out a stifled giggle. Several different staff members entered the room carrying a wide array of charts and manifests. Idris leaned over to his father.

“Now that the potentially violent part is over with, and only the boring parts of shipping logistics remain, would it be horrible if I snuck off for a bit to pursue something more... interesting?” Idris whispered to his father. Vaeden smiled.

“The blonde or the brunette?” Vaeden replied softly. Idris shrugged.

“Both?”

10 PM

Tannister Estate

Even fairly drunk, Idris could tell something was off as he wandered by the main entrance to the estate. His family’s transports were still there, and the estate was as silent as a tomb.

“S’Normally this quiet?” he asked the two serving staff he was with.

“It is late,” the woman said.

“But not that late,” the man said. Idris had never bothered to get their names.

Then came a high pitched scream, blood curdling, piercing the air like a dagger. Just as abruptly as it started, it ended. Like a splash of ice cold water to the face, Idris became alert and tense, drunken vibes draining quickly. He pulled a dagger from his boot and ran in the direction of the scream.

He came across the body of Aradas Larjoc first, laying face down in a pool of blood. His body was pale white, no blood left in it, all flooded out amid the dozens of stab wounds. Idris knew this wasn't just an execution. It was a fury of rage that killed the frail man.

Several sets of bloody footprints led away down the corridor. Fearing the worst, Idris leapt over Aradas' body and ran down the hall, hand tightly gripping his dagger. It was in an empty storage room he found what was left of his sister.

Elia's clothes lay ripped about the ground, soaking up blood. Body naked and restrained with ropes, it was obvious she had fought hard against what had been done to her. It was by her bracelet, one she received on her sixteenth birthday that he was able to know for certain it was her. There was no face to identify her by. Her head was a bloody pulp, crushed, smashed, and dashed to pieces.

“She was an odd one, but we enjoyed her all the same.”

The voice behind Idris made him jump. He turned and locked eyes with Rhang Larjoc.

“Do you like what Lord Gregor did to her head? He and the men of his loyal *Golden Fists* sure do know how to have a good time. She was never my type, but I do find her much more appealing this way,” Rhang said with a sadistic grin pointing a large blood-caked knife at Idris.

“You? Rhang? You? But your father?” Idris managed to spit out, arm flinging out to gesture down the hall.

“My father was a stupid abusive man. He nearly destroyed our family. I am merely looking out for the survival of Clan Larjoc. My friends in Clan Tannister were very glad to help in a mutually... beneficial arrangement,” Rhang said condescendingly.

Some pained moans came from further down the hall. It could only be Vaeden.

“Ah he is still breathing? Your moof-milker of a father is hard to kill,” Rhang said. Rhang took his eyes off Idris just for a second, his gaze flicking down the hallway toward the noise of Vaeden. It was all the opening Idris needed. Like lightning he struck, driving his own dagger deep into Rhang's throat. The blood spurt out like a geyser. Idris shoved past Rhang as the

first son of Clan Larjoc fell to his knees, frantically grabbing his throat in a futile attempt to stop the blood.

Idris didn't look back as Rhang gurgled, blood filling his lungs.

Vaeden's body was bent in all the wrong places, in directions that no body should bend. That the man was still breathing was a testament to just how stubborn and resolute he was.

"Father!" Idris exclaimed, grabbing at Vaeden.

"I'll get you help, just hold on," Idris said, attempting to drag his father toward the entrance to the estate. His father let out a few more moans, but was unable to form any words. Wishing for Rayjax's Wookiee strength to aid him, Idris mustered all the might he had to pull his father's broken body out into the night.

6 AM

Adenn Estate

Vaeden was dead by the time Idris had gotten him to their transports. Idris nearly died several times on the flight home, unable to fly straight, combination of alcohol, rage, and sorrow burning his soul.

"What comes next? Those bastards butchered them like animals. There is only one thing that can come next," Idris said eyes transfixed on his father's armor.

"There are already reports that father killed Aradas Larjoc. This can destroy our family," Doran pressed.

"Can?" Idris said, looking his brother in the eyes for the first time that morning. He slammed a fist on the table.

"They raped our sister, murdered her! They killed our father," Idris screamed at his brother.

"Idris, calm down. We are in this together. We need to get on top of this before they come for all of us," Doran said.

"Get on top of this... always the politician. Tell me, does how does your pacifist mandate handle avenging our family?" Idris trailed off, eyes returning to his father's armor. He stood.

"Go play diplomat. Save our family in the public face of our people. It's what you are good at. Outthink them, out play them, and tear them down. But me? That isn't me," Idris said firmly. He grabbed his father's helmet and carefully placed it on his head before turning back to his brother.

“I am going hunting.”