

Worst Case Scenario

Khryso Mallus had originally thought this was a good idea. He'd been working hard, applying himself, and learning new skills; a vacation seemed like it was well deserved. Somehow, though, he'd made the mistake of coming to Nar Shaddaa for that vacation. There was nothing inherently wrong with Nar Shaddaa, but if the Chiss Sith had never come to this planet, he never would have found himself in the middle of a casino that wasn't very good at keeping track of its patrons.

Two Zabraks dressed to the nines, had just asked him to step aside. They were not subtle about the blasters that their hands were hovering near. Khryso couldn't fathom what problem they had, he had barely done any gambling. "Are you talking to me?" he asked the two, certain they must have the wrong guy.

"I don't see any other Chiss around here," the thinner Zabrak said, "come on, get moving." Khryso narrowed his eyes at the pair. He didn't really feel like getting wrapped up in anything, so the Chiss decided it would be in his best interest to have the two bugger off with a quick Mind Trick and then he'd find someplace else to spend his evening. As he began calling on the Force, however, he didn't quite feel the same wellspring of power that usually came. Instead, it was an unsteady bubbling.

With a groan Khryso realized his mistake. The dodgy drink he'd accepted from that waitress earlier. The gut-punch it had given him still lingered in the form of a tingling up and down his spine, and it clearly was affecting his ability to concentrate. "Gimme a second," Khryso said, taking a deep breath to clear his mind.

"You ain't got a second," the same Zabrak said, glancing up at his much larger partner. The big boy reached out and planted a hand on Khryso's shoulder. Khryso's immediate reflex was to shrug it off, and he did just that, without even thinking of the consequences. This time the Zabrak used both hands, firmly grasping Khryso's shoulders and guiding him out of the crowd.

"Get your hands off of me," Khryso grumbled, trying to shake off the big man's grip. His efforts were fairly unsuccessful, so he reached down to grab his lightsaber. Which, of course, wasn't hanging from his belt like usual. He hadn't been allowed in without his weapons. If present Khryso could get his hands on past Khryso, he'd throttle him. Instead he decided to try his luck with the Zabraks.

With a quick step backwards, the Hunter slammed his foot down onto the big Zabrak's own, quickly following up on the slack the surprise attack had granted him by swinging his fist up to land an uppercut on the man's chin. Even as he landed the punch, though, Khryso took a knee to the gut from the other Zabrak. Stumbling, the Chiss couldn't recover before his opponent and took a fist straight to the face for his troubles.

Next thing Khryso knew, he was coming to in a dimly lit room, tied to a chair. He immediately began struggling once he knew what was going on. The Zabraks had clearly taken him somewhere and he was now their prisoner. Thankfully, he was alone for the moment, so he had until someone came back to try and make something happen. Unfortunately, it was only a few seconds later that a door opened and a Twi'lek stepped through. He wore a nice brown suit, but even through the layers of clothing, Khryso could tell he was pretty clearly ripped.

["Where's the money?"] the Twi'lek asked. Except, he was speaking in Huttese, so all Khryso heard was gibberish. Khryso decided to pretend like he was playing hardball and simply ignored the Twi'lek, staring him down as he fiddled with the ropes that held him. ["Answer me now or I'll have to get rough."]

Khryso remained silent, but he wasn't making any progress. Maybe he should just explain what happened? Clearly this had to be some big misunderstanding. The Twi'lek, after pacing in front of him for about ten seconds, suddenly pounced, grabbing Khryso around the throat with one hand. ["Which finger do you care about the least, worm?"]

"I don't know why I'm here," Khryso said, keeping eye contact, "I was just walking around the casino when two Zabraks accosted me. No explanation."

A toothy grin rose to the Twi'lek's face. ["You speak! Unfortunately for you, that wasn't the answer to either of my questions."] He released Khryso's throat and moved around behind him. ["I guess I'll just have to choose."]

"I don't speak Huttese," Khryso said, doing his best to keep his voice level, "so I haven't understood anything you're saying."

This gave the Twi'lek pause. Apparently he hadn't even considered the possibility. "Very well," he responded in basic, his voice raspy and heavily accented, "I'll play your game. For now." The blue alien threw his elbow into the back of Khryso's head as he walked back around to face the Chiss. "Let's start over. Where's the money?"

Khryso sighed, his anger starting to make it difficult to concentrate on trying to free himself. "What money? I told you, I don't know what's going on!"

The Twi'lek hesitated. With a quick motion, he reached into a breast pocket and produced a small pair of glasses. They were quickly deposited on his nose and he studied Khryso carefully. After a few seconds, the Twi'lek slapped him. Khryso grimaced, his muscles tensing.

"Unfortunate..." the Twi'lek said, turning to the door. "I may have reason to believe you. However, I'm afraid I'll have to kill you anyway." He reached into his jacket and produced a small blaster, turning and aiming it at Khryso's chest.

Khryso growled angrily, his frustration bubbling up inside of him. The surge of emotion granted him just the foot-hold he needed to summon up a barrier that absorbed the blaster bolt as it soared through the air towards him. The Twi'lek glanced at the blaster, confused, before firing off another shot. This shot was similarly absorbed into the Force barrier. ["Blast it,"] the Twi'lek muttered, putting away his blaster. He stepped over to the door and leaned out. ["Bek, Carlis, take this one out back and crush him."]

Moments later, the two Zabraks made their way into the room. They stepped onto either side of Khryso and hooked him under the armpits, carrying his chair out of the room. Khryso did his best to try to struggle out, but the initial burst of anger that had powered his barrier was gone now as his mind raced with trying to find a way out of the situation.

The two Zabraks eventually carried him out of a rear door and into a narrow, dirty, and quite repulsive smelling back alley. They didn't waste much time, throwing Khryso's chair onto the ground before taking turns punching him. They beat on him for an hour or so until Khryso was himself convinced they'd killed him. They untied him from the chair and dumped his motionless body into a dumpster.

The burning need for revenge was the only thing that kept him going. The Chiss eventually gathered enough strength to begin calling on the Force to heal him, but even then it was slow going. Hours passed and dawn came. A couple times trash had been dumped on top of him and Khryso's stomach was empty at this point, its contents evacuated out of his mouth.

Even though he wanted nothing more than to run into the casino and slaughter every last person in there, once he was on his feet and realized he really had just spent the night in a pile of his own vomit and other people's trash, he wanted nothing more than to get off this planet.