

## What if Sulxiros hadn't been purchased by a kind owner

When all was said and done, the guards came in and put a shock collar around his neck, and led him out to his new owner. As the shuttle door slid open, a green, scaly Trandoshan emerged. He paid his credits and gathered his slave.

The ride was silent, as the Nautolan slave was never spoken to, nor was allowed to speak. The Trandoshan that pulled him onto the shuttle kept a blaster rifle fixed at the slave's chest the entire ride. Once they landed, the slave was grabbed by his head tendrils and yanked down to his knees, as a larger, older Trandoshan came aboard the ship. He wore many badges of honor, and had scars over his arms. One of his eyes were white, with a scar that ran through it.

"This is slave?" He said, with a raspy, deep voice. "Good. Good for labor, then hunt." All the Trandoshans on the ship laughed. The large one turned around and hit the slave square in the face, knocking him cold. He was carried to a small room, with a locked gate door, where several more slaves awaited.

When he came to, the Nautolan had a large knot on his head. He looked around his dimly lit room, and saw several other slaves, all male with decent amounts of muscle on them.

"What is going on?" The Nautolan asked, waiting on anyone to answer. He heard a growl, as a Wookiee stood up and pointed at the shock collar fixed to everyone's necks. "Yeah, I got that much. Where are we?"

"Hey! Shut it. No talking!" A guard outside the door yelled. "I hear another word, and its double duty for all of you" Explicit could be heard whispered under his breath as he banged on the door with something. The Nautolan listened. He was trapped, with these others, in a cell with guards and active shock collars on all of them. There was nothing he could do at this time.

As morning rolled around, the door creaked open, and multiple guards came in, one for each prisoner. Each guard was armed with a blaster rifle and a vibroblade, as they grabbed the prisoners and drug them out. They were taken down into a mine, and given a small pickaxe.

"Start digging! No one stop until told too" one of the guards hissed. All the other prisoners started in like clockwork. As the Nautolan slave looked around, unsure of

what exactly to do, he was hit in the mid back by the butt of a rifle, and knocked forward. While he could see just fine despite the low light conditions, the dust kicked up by the other slaves, and his own working, made it difficult to focus and see correctly.

“May I have something to clean to my eyes, so that I may work better?” The slave asked.

He heard several raspy hisses, like laughs come from the guards. One turned around and grabbed a bottle with an unknown liquid in it. “Here you go, Fish boy” he sneered as he launched the liquid into the slaves face. It burnt, and made it near impossible to see for minutes. After this, ‘fish boy’ learned to hold his tongue when it came to the guards. The slaves were worked for hours straight with no breaks and no sustenance.

This went on for years and years, until one day, the large Trandoshan from his arrival visited. “Here to pick someone to hunt, Foreman?” The Guard asked. The remaining slaves knew what that meant. Several slaves have come and gone, including the Wookiee, to be hunted for sport. A popular Trandoshan past time.

The door reluctantly opened, and the foreman stepped in. He looked around and grabbed one of the few remaining tendrils on ‘fish boy’s’ head. He yanked him out and took him to a small multiple person speeder. The slave was forced down onto his knees, with a rifle notched into his upper spine, right where the skull connected.

They stopped at the entrance to a wooded area. The slave was pushed off the speeder, as the foreman yelled to him. “You get a small head start! I’d run if I were you!” A blaster bolt flew into a tree to the right of the slave. The Nautolan took off running, shackled and malnourished. He knew today would be his last. The fear took over as he ran and ran.