**Revak Kur**

**12656**

**Another Bounty**

Chalmun's Cantina was not one of his favorite places to grab a drink, but the loud music, rowdy patrons and warm, moist stench was tolerable after a long flight. Revak walked down the dusty stairs and headed straight to the bar, making sure to avoid eye contact with anyone long enough for them to notice and take offence. He wasn’t in the mood to deal with anyone looking for a fight. He found an empty seat at the bar and signaled for the MixRMastR droid to pour him a glass of Corellian whiskey, which the droid noticed and served after pouring shots for a group of four Weequay to his left. Revak took the glass, rolled the dark amber liquid around a few times before finishing it in one swig. He placed the glass down and signaled for another.

The Jedi had come to Tatooine looking for work. Though not in need of credits, he found the typical Jedi life somewhat boring and sought to regain the rush of his youth when he worked as a mercenary. Kill this beast. Kill that beast. All the jobs were the same. Someone somewhere couldn’t handle something and needed an expert to finish the job. This too grew tiresome.

After finishing off his second drink and leaving a few credits on the bar top, Revak walked over to the Bounty console. He flipped though request after request until something caught his eye.



Revak uploaded the details to his datapad and walked back to his ship. The *Sanctifier,* a VT-49 Decimator, oddly blended into the aesthetic of the spaceport. Plain and worn, the grey durasteel showed signs of heavy usage as did the crumbling walls and dirty floor surrounding it. He walked past the Docking Officer, who had given him a hard time about landing without clearance. Revak made eye contact, uttered something under his breath, and the Docking Officer handed him the 300 credits that were used as a bribe to keep quiet about his arrival before boarding the *Sanctifier* and leaving the spaceport.

Nestled between the Northern Dune Sea and Western Dune Sea, the Jundland Wastes had certainly earned their name as a “*no man’s land*.” Hot, dry and rocky, the various caves of the Wastes where a great place for anyone not wanting to be found, though with the tribes of Tusken Raiders that frequented the region, not many survive long enough to reap the benefits.

Revak landed the *Sanctifier* at the edge of a shallow fissure. While walking down the ramp, he though about reaching out with the Force to try and locate the creature but with the abundance of life scurrying about, he would end up chasing a womp rat across the desert. No, this time he wanted to do things without aid from the Force. The warm wind pelted small grains of sand against his skin as the bright suns baked the landscape, but this wouldn’t last long. It was almost evening.

As Tatoo I sank below the horizon, Revak noticed something a kilometer east from where he was standing. A dancing flicker of light had appeared just shortly after last light. This was where he would start. If whoever were there was friendly, certainly they would know of a beast in the area. He made his way through the canyon.

Two individuals both appearing to be human, inhabited a small camp illuminated by a fire at its center. As Revak drew closer, he could make out a human female panicking over the second who was laying, head propped up on a mound of clothing.

“Excuse me…” Revak announced as to make them aware of his presence, “I was wondering if you could…”

The female jumped up and frantically drew a small blaster from her hip. Shaking in fear, she aimed it at Revak.

“Don’t move! Who are you?! Why are you here?”

“Whoa, easy.” Revak looked past the woman to see her companion clenching his side. By the fire’s light he noticed a glistening dark fluid covering the man’s hands. This fluid was on her hands as well.

“I won’t ask again! Who are you?! What do you want?!” Her voice trembled unsure of the Zabrak standing in front of her.

“My name is Revak. I am a Jedi. I can help.”

“Don’t move…”

“Ughhhhh!” The man groaned in pain loudly.

“Let me at least take a look at him. The longer we stand here the less of a chance he will live.”

The woman, still unsure, slowly moved to the side while keeping the blaster on Revak. He knelt next to the man who, to his surprise, was covered in a dark green liquid. *“Must be Zelosian”* he thought to himself. While never actually seeing one, he has heard about this near-human plant species. He removed the sap soaked clothes the woman had scrounged up to slow the bleeding. He examined the wound.

“Blaster?” He asked the woman while doing his best to wipe the area free from sand.

“Yyyyes.” She replied as she lowered her blaster.

The Jedi placed his hand over the wound, closed his eyes and focused. Directing his Force energy to the wound, the bleeding began to slow. Then stopped altogether. He placed his hand over the man and used the Force to this time bring the man into unconsciousness. Tearing a piece of his robe into a long strip, he used it as a dressing to covered the wound.

“He needs a doctor. The bleeding has stopped for now and he’s unconscious to help with the pain.”

“Thank you Jedi Revak. I was so scared you were one of my father’s men coming to finish him off.”

Revak looked at her puzzled for a second before putting it all together. “Your father is Hardic Darin.”

“Yes, I’m Tara Darin. How do you know that?” The woman tensed up and began to raise the blaster again.

He raised his hand slightly while slowly opening his robe. He pulled out the datapad containing the bounty information and handed it to her.

Her eyes began to tear before she burst out in anger, “that nerf herder! He never liked Oprin!” Hastily she began recounting the details of her relationship with the Zelosian with the hope that the man who had come there for a bounty could be convinced to not take it. Revak cut her off.

“I don’t need to know the details. If you don’t get him out of here soon, others who’ve seen the bounty will come to claim it.”

“But I don’t have a ship… wait… do you? I doubt you came out here on just a speeder. Could you get us out of here?” Tara smiled with excitement.

Revak groaned. He hadn’t wanted to get any more involved than he already was. Especially when others could be coming. Conflicted he finally agreed. He took the man over his shoulder and they began making their way back to his ship. As they approached, four speeders raced out from the darkness. Revving their engines, they cut hard and stopped between The Jedi and the *Sanctifier*. It was the four Weequay he noticed in the cantina earlier in the day. Revak stopped.

“Fuck.”

“Thank you Jedi for bringing the bounty to us...” One of the Weequay said as he dismounted his speeder, along with his companions. Throwing his arms up in a grandiose fashion he announced, “I am Quan Tripdo, the most successful bounty hunter in the Outer Rim!”

Revak stood motionless. The lack of amusement apparent on his face.

“Sir Darin requested my services, and while I’m a little hurt he made the bounty public, I have once again fulfilled my promise.”

Quan Tripdo stood about Revak’s height. His brown eyes where barely visible through the large round goggles he wore. Dressed in worn and ripped clothing and whose speeders looked like they had come out of a scrap heap, claiming to be “successful” obviously was a bluff.

“So, in order to move this transaction along, just place the mark on my speeder and we will be on our way.”

The woman went to draw her blaster, but Revak caught her wrist and puller her behind him. Maneuvering the unconscious Oprin off his shoulder, he gently placed him on the ground.

Revak replied abruptly… “no.”

Quan’s nonchalant demeanor did not change. “This… is a shame. Oh well.”

He signaled for his men to attack. The three Weequay drew their baster rifles and began to fire on the Jedi. Immediately Revak drew his saberstaff. His white blades caught each of the bolts sending them back towards the bounty hunters. They jumped behind their speeders to avoid the ricochet. The bounty hunters opened fire again. Revak struggled to keep up with the barrage but with no cover, there was little else he could do but close the distance. One of them threw a grenade that landed right at the Jedi’s feet. He jumped backwards to avoid the blast, but the shockwave knocked him off balance and sent him tumbling onto his back. The woman screened as the rifles where now aimed at her. With a command from Quan, they held their fire.

“See, this didn’t have to be this difficult. I’ve won. So now I’ll just take the mark and be on my way.”

The woman screamed out in anger, drew her blaster but was knocked back as one of the bounty hunters fired, striking her in the shoulder. She fell to the ground. Quan walked over to the woman, kicked her blaster away, drew his and walked over to the Jedi. Aiming the blaster at his head. Revak, still dazed from being knocked backwards, still managed to get a blurry glimpse of the figure and unleashed a stream of Force lightning from his fingertips. Quan fell dead to the ground. Revak stood up and marched towards the others. Shocked they tried to raise their blaster-rifles but the Jedi grabbed one with the Force, picked him up and tossed him head first into the ground. The last two fired. Revak ignited his curved hilt, catching one of the bolts and sending it straight back to the attacker. The other was sent off into the night’s sky. Realizing he could not win this fight, the last Weequay stopped firing, jumped onto his speeder and tried to make his escape. The Jedi leapt at him and with an overhead slash, drawing the violet blade through his chest. His speeder raced off with only the lower half of the bounty hunter.

The Jedi took a second to gain his composure before checking on Tara. Luckily the shot was only glancing and left only a burn. He carried her first to his ship before going back for her lover. He fired up the engines and took off into the night.