

A blood moon rose over New Tython that day. What was supposed to be a simple paycheck was anything but. Hired to nab a scientist, the Kaleesh blood-letter was discouraged by the lack of violence, the ease of the contract. Until a call came down from the Iron Throne.

Undesirables were to be eradicated.

Was Bok Jal Bessh an undesirable? He liked to think not, rather, he thought of himself as a necessity. An asset in the midst of chaotic power struggles and the ever shifting landscape of leadership and need.

His bounty puck fluttered to life, there on-board Hel, his outfitted Lancer-class pursuit craft. Many beings were dragged to Hel, against their will, in exchange for the fattening of Bok's account. He cared little for who or what he was hired to track, maim, capture, or extract. A job was a job. This job, however, was different. It would test him in unimaginable ways.

Typically, his Bounty Puck revealed a target, this time, it showed the holographic image of Lord Pravus. The intel to the right of his image was a message to any able bodied man, woman, or child. New Tython, was his target, for now. The Jedi were at the top of his list and eradicating them by any means necessary was the job.

Was there ever a scientist? Or was this a subtle way to position a mob for conquest? Hiding intentions from the perceptive Jedi?

It mattered little, Hel tore through the hemisphere, while the Kaleesh Reaver prepared for war.

As autopilot guided the ship with precision, to downloaded coordinates, Bok sat in the middle of his cargo bay. The area itself had been painted with red patterns, hieroglyphs written in blood, covering the walls, the floor, and the ceiling. The ritualistic chamber was lined with the skulls, bones, and pelts of successful hunts and at the room's center was a pedestal with the skull of a human fixed upon it, filled with a red liquid. Surrounding the pedestal were red and tan pillows wrapped in hides and sitting on one, facing the ritualistic focal point, was Bok Jal Bessh. His thick reptilian finger periodically dipped into the liquid and was swiped down the white mask that covered his face, trailed down his uncovered torso, and his golden eyes became possessed by focus. His hulking mass pulsed in mantra as the smoke of a foul incense, pleasing to his people, but putrid to most, swirled around him.

A servant droid prepared his armor, a Mandalorian grade heavy armor, customized and adjusted to work around his species traits; the machine dared not to interrupt. Rather, it waited for its master to finish his mental preparation.

Bok stood to his feet, sweat dripping from his red flesh. With a nod, he acknowledged the droid and it scurried forth, to carry out the task of dressing him. It only took a few moments as the droid became faster and faster the more it performed its duty. It was a new droid, tweaks would come, for now, it was performing well.

Feeling his armor, the Kaleesh felt as though he was being reunited with an old friend as it hugged his musculature. Stepping forward to what appeared to be a shrine, on top, there was an ornate box with golden latches. They squeaked as he flipped them open and lifted the worshyr wood lid. Inside were two BR-5010 slugthrower pistols. Each one was black with orange vents, the handles were wrapped in an aged leather and an incisor was fused into the butt of the handles. They were the fangs of a Gundark. The very same animal that made up the sigil of his armor. A beast he had slain at a very young age, a rite of passage.

Hel's engines hissed as it entered into a hover just outside of the city. The Iron Throne Navy had already been bombarding the surface, blistering it with super-heated turbolasers. Jedi fighters scrambled and fought back, X-wings, A-wings, corvettes. Your typical rebellion era vessels. Bok wondered what he had truly gotten into as he gazed out of the view port, his eyes watching the carnage unfold. It was a massacre, a surprise attack, one that he was gonna be paid to take part in. Credits, the source of evil, was all that he cared about. An inhabitant of Wild Space, he obeyed his own laws, had his own set of morals. Jedi, Sith, the Iron Throne. He didn't care. Had the Jedi paid him more, he may have protected them rather than fight them. Unfortunately for them, they had not.

Having a mind of its own, the mind of a droid, Hel set down outside of the city and blaster fire, lightsabers, and Force tricks were instantly recognized by the Warlord of Kalee. This type of battle was not unheard of, he studied the vids, read the Lore, been a part of Brotherhood space long enough to see many things, some even unnatural and perverse.

The ramp to his domicile lowered and as he stepped out, he could see the glow of a green beam, carried by a young human running towards him. He couldn't have been older than eighteen as his voice was young and his flesh was still smooth and fair. Blonde hair bounced with each step and his green beam flashed out in front of him.

But a child. The only thing he knows of warfare is what he's experiencing now. His body is fresh, unscathed. Bok processed his possible opponent and the lips beneath his mask formed a smirk as the Jedi's stance became an aggressive one. *Fool.*

But a few paces away, the Jedi swirled his weapon, unaware that it was already too late for him to turn back. The Kaleesh, meeting the threat with one smooth pull, drew Rigor from his right hip. It only took a split second for the barrel to clear the holster, but as it did, he fired it twice. The crack and sensation of burning stopped the Jedi in his tracks as one slug melted upon contacting his weapon, sending molten slag into his pasty complexion while the other slug bored through his belly and tore out of his back. A shocked look dominated his face but was briefly replaced by panic as reality set in and he fell straight back.

The heavy crunch of clawed feet carrying mass caused the Jedi's eyes to flicker as Bok knelt beside him and grabbed the symbolic weapon of his Order.

"You won't need this where you're going, boy." The Kaleesh hissed as he clasped the hilt to his belt and fixed his attention on the burning hole in front of him. An entry point, through the large stone wall of what looked to be the temple's courtyard.

Yet, even as chaos unfolded around him, as he pushed through the hole, he could see a woman sitting in the lotus position at the center of it all. Her hair ruffled in the breeze as she sat there, focusing on what they called the Force. Remembering better times. Bok sneered as he stomped forward but stopped as his perceptive eyes caught the glimpse of a single tear roll down her cheek.

"Are you here to finish what your handlers have started?" Her broken voice spoke, eyes still closed.

"I have no handler, girl."

"No?" she wondered, "Then why have you come here?"

"I'm in it for the creds." He growled and buried any emotion that may have been stirring within.

"Then that is what binds you."

Irritation began to stir as Bessh recoiled from that hard truth. Still, what else did he have to live for?

His own people abandoned him when he accepted the gift from Mandalore, his new life.

"I think you'll find that I am not without honor."

"Honor," the Jedi scoffed, "what do you know of honor?"

Her words struck him again and he found it increasingly difficult to draw his weapons, to end her as he did the boy moments ago.

"That hilt, it belonged to my Padawan. You will give it back to me." She waved her hand.

"No, you'll have to take it." Her tricks had no effect on the Kaleesh as she finally opened her eyes and stood to her feet.

"I felt him slip into the Force. You will soon follow." She snapped, thumbing the activation switch of her own weapon. The blade was blue, the Kaleesh knew what that meant.

"I don't believe in your Force, woman. I have my own gods."

She growled and in an instant, she leapt from the ground and landed within striking range of the Hunter. She was fast, clearly guided by her power, in tune with it, as she rolled her blade and cut into Bok's armor. Had he been a hair slower, he would have been dead. Luckily, he was able to twist his body enough to avoid full impact.

With lightning quick retaliation, Bok drew one of his pistols, growling as the woman's foot clapped into the side of it. His aim was thrown off and the shot was sent into the stone wall, by the time he could bring it back around, she had changed her position, sliding around him and thrusting with her weapon. Bok ducked, but was not without his own tricks as he spun around while doing so, gripping the hand that wielded the saber. *Control the hand, control the weapon.* It was a wise tactic, but not against a Jedi such as this. With her other hand, she pressed it against his chest and with a strong wind sent him flying backwards into a roll.

It had been a long time since he had been thrown from his feet by a foe, a long time indeed. It was a humbling experience that he had no time to reflect on. His roll stopped with him sliding on his back, the bottoms of his feet faced the threat. She jumped again, perhaps overzealous, her blade overhead as her sleek arms drove it downward. Bok rolled and drew his off hand weapon, Mortis, as her blade burned into the ground but instantly redirected into his barrel. Sparks lit up his face and he growled as one of his prized Slugthrowers was rendered useless. Again, he was not without his tricks.

"Surrender, Kaleesh."

Bok laughed.

"So be it," with a scream, she stabbed downward, hoping to impale the Hunter, but was stopped instantly by cold durasteel slicing into her belly. A dagger from Dathomir, she recognized it as such. She coughed and blood bubbled up from her belly but she didn't fall, not until Bok twisted the blade and kicked her away.

"These Jedi are easy pre-"

Before Bok could finish his observation, the wall in front of him exploded and two Dark Jedi slammed out to the ground crushed beneath the weight of the crumbled wall.

"Wha?"

Stepping out from a cloud of debris, a hulking brute of a Trandoshan, wearing the robes of a Jedi stepped out. His yellow eyes sliced through the courtyard and fixated on Bok after assessing the body of his fallen sister.

"Who the hell are you?!" The Kaleesh growled as he scrambled to his feet. The Trandoshan was well over six feet tall and had to of weighed upwards of three hundred pounds.

"Grudac Gruud, little Kaleesh, and you've made a fatal error." He snarled and charged forward. *There was always a bigger problem than the one on the surface.*

The Kaleesh, refusing to show any signs of fear, planted his feet and once again drew Rigor. However, right as he fired, Grudac slid to the right in mid stride and only hissed as the slug grazed his thick scales. By the time a second shot could be fired, Gruud lowered his right shoulder and plowed right through Bessh.

The Bounty Hunter was leveled, the air was stolen from his lungs by the sheer mass and momentum of the Trandoshan. He had to think and he had to do it fast as Grudac brought a blue blade to life in the midst of the courtyard.

He's sluggish, I can outmaneuver him. He thought to himself as he caught his breath and pushed himself up. However, Gruud was even more relentless than the Master he had just slain. He had an anger that you didn't see much in Jedi, a tamed anger.

Grudac pressured the warrior as he thrust his large clawed hand forward, causing Bessh to stumble. The Hunter fired another shot as he regained his balance, one after another, but they melted where they should have penetrated.

Grudac was the picture of focus as he allowed his barrier to fade and feigned a strike, a strike he knew the Kaleesh was going to evade, and rolled his saber as to guide the tip upward into his intended strike. **crr-pop** the Kaleesh growled and staggered back as his skull mask was flung from his head and he felt the blue beam create a cauterized cut through his right eye.

BOOOM the bombardment commenced and drew a line of turbo-laser fire between them. Grudac had no choice but to abandon his kill as he jumped away and cast a menacing glance over his shoulder as if to say this was far from over. Luckily for the Bounty Hunter, he was still alive, left to lick his wounds as he made his way back to his ship and collapsed onto the ramp.

"Get us out of here. Go, now!" Hel's droid brain answered with an affirmative and the engines of the vessel fired up. He would live to fight another day but would remain vigilant and watchful for the spirit of Doshu he had just encountered.