Campfire Tales

**Myrkr**

**Myrkr System**

**Inner Rim**

**39 ABY**

Tisto relaxed by the campfire as the night drew on. His right hand held a glass of Ardees, his left a stick he occasionally poked the fire with. Many of Plagueis’s slave soldiers were huddled around the same fire, twitching at every odd noise, hands reaching for their blasters. The Battlelord sighed to himself. They had been like this for several hours, ever since hearing that Clan Odan-Urr had landed on the planet. Tisto took another sip of the Ardees.

“Alright you lot,” he said in a low tone. “Knock it off, I am trying to relax here.”

The soldiers turned. Tisto hadn’t been around in the clan for long, only having come in recently after killing Dirg Bantius. Last time he had been seen by Plagueis was Florrum, where he had fought for Odan-Urr.

“Expecting your friends to come and aid you?” one of the soldiers asked.

The Kiffar took another sip of his Ardees before placing the drink down with a heavy sigh. He reluctantly stood up, stretching his arms out as his shock boxing gloves glinted in the fire light. With an almost casual motion, he called on the Force. He could feel it respond in a sharp jagged fashion, as if pushing against something he couldn’t see but knew others felt, as the soldier who had spoken up was suddenly jerked forward, clearing the fire. The pulled soldier didn’t have long to realize his predicament before Tisto brought his right fist down on the bridge of the incoming man’s nose. Electricity shot out from the gauntlet, stunning the soldier. Without a second's hesitation, the Battlelord shoved the dazed soldier down, forcing his face into the fire. A slow heartbeat passed, followed by a second, before Tisto pulled the man out of the fire.

A quick review of the soldier didn’t reveal much in the way of mortal injuries. A second degree burn across the back of his head and a lack of hair were about the worst the man suffered. Still, Tisto held him in place tightly before he could try to escape. The Force flowed from Tisto into the soldier, leaching into the soldier through his shoulders and moving up towards his head. To his credit, the soldier didn’t make a sound as the pain from the accelerated healing kicked in. The Battlelord stopped the healing before it was complete, but made sure the second degree burn was remedied.

“Funny,” the Kiffar muttered. “You will stay quiet when being assaulted, but are mouthy when I tell you to shut up. Do any of the rest of you need to be assaulted or will you listen to me now?”

The other slave soldiers by the fire did not speak up. Not only that, they moved so little that if it weren’t for their well fitting armor revealing them breathing Tisto would have assumed they were dead.

“I know I came in on a wild ride,” the Kiffar continued. “I’m definitely not the first person any fraking Plagueian wants to see. Much less any of the soldiers who can’t do what the elites can do. I killed Dirg Bantius over a hand of sabacc. I killed many Saraask'ar trying to profit during the Battle of Florrum. I was Aedile to House Shan, Quaestor and Aedile to House Sunrider. I tried to get the Quorahi to revolt against the Vatali to force stability into the Kiast System. I was expelled from Odan-Urr for my actions while weak leaders like Aurora sank the system I had fought so long to protect into anarchy. So no, I don’t expect the peons working for the false queen of the Jedi to come help me out. I expect them to die like good little soldiers being led by the worst Odan-Urr has to offer.”

Tisto watched the soldiers he was talking to react to some parts of his tirade, and give blank looks on others. He didn’t expect them to know what he was talking about, but getting some reactions was better than nothing.

“There are only two leaders to be worried about,” the Kiffar said. “Revak and Alethia. Revak is one of those ‘do good at any cost’ types. Feel free to use that against him should you end up in a fight with a squad he leads. I recommend gassing his troops. Get him angry. He is really good at using telekinesis and creating barriers with the Force, I trained on those two abilities by sparing him. So your goal should be to break him down, force him to watch his troops suffer. He will lash out, and when he does, he can be taken out with some good snipers.”

Tisto went back to his Ardees and took another swig. “Alethia is different. She is possibly the only future the Kiast system has. Do not kill her unless you want to fight me. Kill her soldiers though. Force her to see what Aurora’s leadership will end with. Get her to take control of the Clan and pull out of this planet. She will kill many of you and lose many soldiers. Expect no mercy, expect to die. But push her to do the right thing and remove the damn Zeltron from power.”

The soldiers looked at each other, almost daring another to speak.

“Any warnings about Aurora?” one piped up.

“Leave her to me.”