

Gossip Gossip Gossip

Taranae Rhode vs Alethia Archenksova

Myrkr Orbit

The *Bloodsport's* Mess Hall

39 ABY

Breyk licked his lips as he walked to his seat, staring down at the bowl of nerf stew clutched in his claws. The Trandoshan was stocky, his skin a pale green with darker green tattoos lining his face. A veteran of the Saraask'ar, he was clad in simple battle armor and armed with several weapons. As Breyk slid into his chair, placing his bowl on the table, he heard Uish groan.

"Another bowl, really?" Uish muttered in agitation, reclining with his feet up on the tabletop. "Once we finally get clearance to head down to the surface, your full stomach will slow us down."

Breyk glared at the tall, lanky Trandoshan. Rather than retort, however, he picked up his spoon and began shovelling stew into his mouth.

"Leave him alone," Trenank, the third and final Trandoshan at the table, hissed. He was tall, like Uish, but more muscular. "If he can't keep up, that'll just mean more prey for us."

Uish shrugged, resigning himself as he cupped his hands behind his head. "I can accept that. Say, Trenank, you ever caught a Jedi before?"

Trenank shook his head. "One of my brothers once fought a Jedi. It cost him an arm. They are worthy prey."

Uish's tongue flicked out of his mouth. "I can't wait."

"You know," Breyk interjected, broth dripping from his lips, "I heard that some of the strongest Odanners aren't even Jedi."

This drew the attention of both of his tablemates. "Do you have intel?" Uish asked, somewhat doubtfully. Trenank's gaze, on the other hand, was intense and expectant.

"Uh..well, intel, that's not exactly the word I would use," Breyk smiled deviously, "but I've heard some stories about what's going on down there. Apparently, the Hand of Dread fought against Odanner Quaestor of House Sunrider. Sith vs normal human."

Uish snorted. "Maybe the Hand isn't as tough as she's cracked up to be..."

"I think," Trenank said, "this would be a compliment to the enemy rather than an insult of the Hand. Who won the duel?" Even though Uish didn't want to appear interested, it was fairly obvious he was paying very close attention to a potential answer.

"Well, you know the Hand, right?" Breyk began. "Well, maybe not personally or anything, I don't, I mean, I've heard stories, seen some holovids, that sorta thing."

"Get to the point," Uish growled, baring his teeth.

"Okay, yeah, so she's going nuts, tearing through them Odanners, but apparently this Sunrider lady had some kinda plan to outwit her, drew her into this trap."

"Can't Forcers sense that kinda thing?" Uish interrupted, "are you sure-"

"Please, Uish," Trenank said sternly, "let him finish."

Breyk looked back and forth between the two, his eyes wide as he took another bite of his stew. With the beginning of his next sentence, small droplets of broth spewed from his mouth. "So anyway, the Hand was in this trap. It was lookin' like she was done for. But all of a sudden she turns it up to eleven, starts turning the tables. She's got her saber goin' all over the place, she's shootin' her blasters, basically causin' a big commotion.

"Whatever the Sunrider's lady's plans were, I guess she didn't quite expect the blowback. Instead of runnin' and hidin', though, she brought the fight straight to the Hand. Apparently she even held her own, even with the Hand goin' nuts like she was. The fight lasted for hours and like a hundred of their soldiers died, but at the end, the Hand had to retreat. Not cuz she lost the fight or nothin, but there was no one left to kill."

"There was someone left to kill, though," Uish growled, "what happened to the Sunrider Quaestor. Did she kill her?"

Breyk rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Y'know, I don't remember hearing what happened to her."

"Where exactly did you get this information?" Trenank questioned, crossing his arms.

"Oh, uh...y'know, Rottaig said he saw a report or some-"

"I can't believe you," Uish hissed, rolling his eyes. "How do we know who's more powerful if you don't figure out who won?" He slid to his feet, rolling his shoulders. "I'm gonna go ask Rottaig about this, see what he saw."

Trenank stood up abruptly. "I am interested in hearing what he knows as well. This information could prove quite valuable."

Breyk smiled as the two other Trandoshans left the table. Left in silence, he turned back to his stew with vigor. Hopefully, he would be able to finish his meal in peace.