Sage was walking on the lower levels of Nar Shaddaa.

The air there was heavy, polluted. The pipes that provided fresh air down there needed heavy maintenance badly. But no one cared to go down there and fix it. If the scum living here was dead, even better. Not even the Hutt Cartel tried to control this levels, and for good reason.

Yet, the Zeltron roamed the dark dusty streets by himself.

The sound of cheering caught his attention. He made his way to a larger plaza where a small cantina was run. And outside the cantina, there was a crowd gathered. Sage, being very tall, could see that there were people fighting in the middle. And as he could see the fighting pit well, so could the broker that ran it see the huge man, staring back.

“Well Ladies and Gentleman!” he interrupted the fight, “Looks like we have our next contender!”

Sage chuckled. He had always been sought out for his large build to work as a bodyguard or to go and intimidate someone, so he was used to fighting. “Ya talkin bout me mate?”

The crowd stopped the cheering and turned to face Sage. Then they opened a corridor for him to enter the pit. The Zeltron approached the two fighting Duros.

“Big man, big money!” the Broker said, “What do you say? Double profit for each guy you take down.”

The towering red man pondered briefly on the subject. But he could never say no to a good fight.

“Not that it will last,” he smirked, “but I’m in!”

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“Alright, everyone! Make your bets now. Whoever takes down the big guy gets ten times the money!”

There were cheers and lines forming around the broker to pay their bets. Quickly, a big pile of credits was stacked by his table.

Sage, meanwhile, had finished his warmup, which consisted of cracking his fingers and neck while staring menacingly to his opponents.

“Is everyone ready?!” The announcer waited for no response, “Begin!!!”

Sage’s first contender was one of the Duros that was fighting prior to him. The man was muscular, but nothing compared to the immense might of the Zeltron.

“What you waiting for?” Sage taunted, “Come at me!”

The man didn’t respond. He quickly dashed towards the much taller Sage and tried to punch hard on in his stomach. However, his hand was met with what felt like a durasteel wall. Nonetheless, the Duros quickly stepped to the side and kicked the Zeltron on his legs. Again, Sage was unmoved. Then, the man backed off.

“Done already?” Sage grinned. “My turn.”

The Duros felt fear like nothing he had felt before. But before he could move to escape, the Zeltron lunged forward, coming so close to him. Sage’s right arm was pulled all the way back. And then, like lightning, he smashed the Duro’s jaw and nose.

The man was sent flying back and fell on the floor. He was bleeding and convulsing hard. Some of the audience tried to help him, but the poor man was beyond any help. A few seconds later, he had choked on his own blood.

“He actually died,” Sage grinned, “that’s a first. Guess no one can resist me now.”