

It was dark, it was damp, it was unpleasant.

Nighttime on Dandoran was proving to be as humid and gross as most Hutt worlds to the cold-natured Chiss. Stres'tron'garmis stood on a rocky outcropping, some half a kilometer from the Principate camp's perimeter. The soft, blue glow of his purge hammer's haft resting over one shoulder reflected off his chrome-plated armor as the Revenant pirates around him spoke.

"He's gonna go in alone? The bastard is over two meters tall, ain't no way he ain't getting spotted!"

"Look, all he's gotta do is grab Reecchi and get back here. The ship is warmed up and ready to blast off, and he's got that big rocket pack on his pack, ya dig? Quick snatch and grab!"

"Yeah, but, like...what about the others?" asked the first one in a more hushed tone.

"**What others?**" rumbled Strong, glancing over, red eyes glowing in the darkness. Helmet tucked under one arm, the big Arconan cut an imposing figure.

"Uh, nothing. The other, uh, teams, lined up for the mission, that's all. Sir. Uh. Big guy," lied the pirate, sweating.

"**Ah, redundancies,**" Strong stated with a nod. "**Smart, but unnecessary!**"

The Chiss lifted his helmet and placed it on his head, snapping it into place and stretching his neck briefly, before taking his hammer in both hands. The outer shaft hummed with power as the electromagnetic generator kicked under, complimenting the illuminated grip, causing the man to stand out even more in the darkness.

"**I shall return shortly!**" declared the noble scion of House Garmis, turning and stepping off the outcropping. The two pirates winced, expecting to hear a crash of metal on rock before a wave of warm air buffeted them, and they saw the armored man, haloed by fire, rocketing his way towards the Principate camp.

"So how's the betting going?"

"Boys got him around fifty-fifty, some of 'em think he's too big and dumb to die."

"Well, I ain't putting money on it neither way, frak that."

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He'd barely made it through the camp's perimeter before the shooting started. Blasters, slugs, and ion bolts alike seemed to converge on the hulking figure that charged through the

undergrowth. Those who were too near to his initial appearance were swatted aside with the imposing hammer, sending them flying.

After that things got more difficult for the Arconan. He had to wonder if the engagements at Lyra colony had changed the Principate training doctrine at all, as what had once been ex-Imperials with a penchant for spray and pray seemed to instead be favoring the aim and fire method. Not to mention the stay away from the person swinging a large hammer and concentrate fire on them tactic.

As his shield generator shorted out from overexertion, Strong considered if perhaps the Principate had begun preparing their troops for inevitable engagements with Force Users. He got his answer when a half dozen concussion grenades landed near him, going off in rapid succession and making his head ring inside his armor. The armor's mag-field generators were whirring loudly, the field they generated causing him to clench his jaw in pain as slugs battered the plating and blaster fire scorched the chrome. Slowly but surely, his armor gave out, and he found himself kneeling, leaning on his hammer with head hunched between his shoulders as the occasional round breached his defense.

He waited for the shooting to stop, for the inevitable gloating that he'd come to be so familiar with amongst the Brotherhood. It never came, but more and more rounds were sent his way. When blackness took him, he felt nothing but shame.

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"Well that has to be the biggest one they sent so far," sighed Reecchi, "strip whatever is still usable and dump him with the others. I'm certain there's still a bounty for Jedi somewhere out there."

"This one wasn't carrying a lightsaber, ma'am, think he was just some dumb merc."

"Well, some of those robed idiots had at least two or more of the damn things, plant one of the bigger ones on his body."

"Yes ma'am!" snapped off the subordinate, turning to see a half dozen of his fellows dragging the dead Chiss towards a pile of robed bodies.

*Why do these idiots keep trying this on their own? One against an army only works in bad action holos.*