

Is It Stealing If They Give It To You?

The fighting that was tearing apart Tipool City had not, as yet, reached the gaming floor of the Garganta Galleria Casino Hotel. Chaos, however, was moving far ahead of the combat between the Principate and the Revenant factions that had overrun the city. It was the sort of thing that reminded Selika of the runs on banking institutions that had come as a result of the collapse of the central government of her homeworld Empress Teta. Selika was, unlike the assembled throng, a point of calm in a sea of turmoil.

Her seat at the Garganta Galleria's bar, raised a few steps above the gaming floors, offered her a commanding vista of the sea of sentients running this way and that. Some were furiously trying to scoop up gaming chits where they lay, obviously thinking they could walk away with a few thousand credits while nobody was looking. The various casino guards, imposing Hylobons holding stun batons while their more lethal weapons remained at their sides for now, were quickly disabusing the opportunistic thieves of such notions. One that was running for the door was close lined across the face with a guard's baton, spilling chits from his arms in a shower as his feet went out from under him and he dropped to the floor flat on his back. Others were simply panicked by the sounds of explosions in the distance, thunderous roars that shook the casino and seemed to be getting closer and closer. Selika was simply watching, and waiting to make her move.

Usually she was not one to obsess about personal riches, but she had spent enough time around Arden of late to learn that a good chance at a few credits wasn't to be passed up when it dropped into one's lap. And, the pair of guards escorting a casino employee wheeling a small cart was one such time. The contents of said cart, heading back towards the casino cages, were not chits waiting to be reclaimed, but cold hard credits. The Hutts, as untrusting as they were, did not favor electronic currency transfers and instead demanded that their patrons cough up hard currency before gambling. Walking away with some of it in the midst of battle would just be something the Hutts would have to consider the cost of doing business.

"You," Selika said, pointing imperiously at the leftmost guard as she rose from her elegant barstool. "Py'zah has ordered you to come with me."

The Hylobon frowned from beneath his helmet and seemed just about to voice his objection, but a sudden wash of Force energy flowing across his mind and that of his companion silenced any objections before they could form into thoughts within his head. "As you say, M'lady. Lead on."

The casino employee, a slightly disheveled Bothan, almost objected. He stopped himself as he caught sight of the lightsaber clipped at Selika's waist that had been revealed as she turned to face him. Apparently he figured that whatever theoretical wrath that faced him from Py'zah and his enforcers was preferable to the immediate death that such a weapon could bring. He meekly nodded and moved to follow where Selika led.

"My ship is docked at the luxury berths," Selika instructed them with an imperious tone as she walked towards the casino exit. "If anyone tries to stop us, feel free to use lethal force, gentlemen."