

“Stupid karking Dark Sith ruins,” a voice whined as it climbed a set of short stairs. “Why are these people so obsessed with Dark Sith ruins? What is so karking alluring about them?”

*Thunder* sounded in the distance, followed by a flicker of lightning that illuminated the night sky stretched across the gloomy face of Dromand Kaas. “Stupid planet, stupid ancient Sith, the only thing they *empower* is a sense of dreary boringness. And lack of sun, or, you know, warmth. Maybe I’m just biased because of spending time with Alaisy, but an actual Sith would have laughed at this place.”

Wyndell Tyris’ *abhorrent* tone caught up to his figure as he emerged from the ruins of the abandoned “temple”. Temple was a stretch, really, as the carved out stone overcropping and descending stairs formed more of an earthy gazebo than a place of worship or study.

His traveling companion, of course, had gone missing. He had spent the entire day trying to find them. It had been bad enough the archeologist had been a *mute*, so any chance of them calling out for help was gone, but Wyn honestly had no idea where the man could have gotten off to.

Or if they were even still alive. The thought was *guiltless*, and as the light had faded, the Human’s patience and altruism was quickly waning as well.

It would have been great if Wyn had, oh, you know, a brother that could track people just from a piece of clothing. No, that would have been too easy.

So the Defender continued on his fruitless path, stretching out his senses with the Force to try and get...something familiar. Anything, really. But all he seemed to get was static and mixed signals from the “native” wildlife and all that was out to kill him.

Wyn’s twin LL-30 blaster pistols — *Dexter* and *Doakes*, or *the Double-D’s* as they were *sometimes referred to as* — were drawn and ready. He had already had to put down two creatures that he was sure he had read about somewhere and then promptly forgotten about.

That’s when, of course, two mercenaries crossed his path. Terrific. Wyn was really not in the mood.

“Well, look what we have here,” the first merc said. Human woman, red-head, burly but with a crooked nose.

“Out here all alone, are ye’ boy?” the second merc said. Human woman, ratty green hair, dark skin. Zelosion? Were they even canon? Wyn wasn’t sure.

“No, I’m with my two friends—Nun’ya, and Bisness,” Tyris retorted, his tone impatient. He raised both blaster pistols to sell his point and to hopefully avoid any further conflict. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to see about a man with a weird looking hat.”

The two mercenaries traded looks, their leather armor creaking against their movements. “We haven’t seen anyone wearing any hats, but that’s a mighty nice jacket you got there.

Bandits. Tomb raiders. Whatever. Great. That was of course when it started to rain.

“This is the part where you try to intimidate me into giving up my jacket, we have some witty token banter, and then you both end up on your backs beneath my feet and not in a fun way. Can we just skip all of this and you guys go that way, I’ll go this way?”

The two bandits exchanged another glance and then laughed, each readying their blaster rifles and thinking that they had the clear advantage of numbers.

But Wyn had, while talking, started to draw on the Force internally. It was surprisingly easy, here on Dromund Kaas, even if he wasn’t really into the whole “darkity Sith” thing. Force-fuel was Force-fuel.

Wyn’s body became a blur as he leapt up into the air with supernatural grace. He floated gracefully through the air in a high arc, up above the two bandits. His LL-30’s screeched as two volleys of sapphire light lanced from the barrels and found their mark in each of the two bandits.

True to his word, Wyn landed just behind both bodies as they toppled lifelessly to the floor, smoking holes in each of their respective heads.

Wyn did a quick check of his blaster pistols, examined the two dead bodies, and then shrugged.

“Now, where is that archeologist?”