

Scenario

As Battlemaster Khryso Mallus felt himself return to consciousness, the immediate sensation he experienced was a sharp pain in the back of his head. It took a few seconds for his eyes to adjust to the darkness of his surroundings, but the Sith knew that his current location was somewhere unfamiliar to him. He blinked his eyes several times, trying to recall the events previous to his present circumstances.

The presence of the Force within him helped to clear his drowsy thoughts and bring clarity to his memory. Some kind of confrontation on the casino floor. That's right, he had come to Canto Bight to rub elbows with the elites that frequented the planet. The staff had been entirely unreasonable and accommodating, however. Very unfortunate, but somehow things had escalated to a point where security had detained him against his will. At the time he might have been able to dispatch them, but some sense of dignity had driven him to cooperate. All the good it had done him. From what Khryso could tell, he was now being held in some kind of detention facility after having been knocked unconscious.

Putting a hand to his head, the Chiss rose to his feet. His hand reflexively reached for his belt, where he would have kept his saber, but the sword was missing. Khryso looked down, his lips pressed tightly together, and realized that all of his possessions had been taken from him save for the robes that clothed him. Very unfortunate. Frustration began to bubble up inside of the Sith, but he kept himself in check, instead grasping onto the emotion and using it to sharpen his mind.

A quick survey of the roomy holding cell revealed that he was alone. He could sense some lifesigns through the walls, only a few rooms away, though he could not entirely ascertain whether they were prisoners or the very guards that had detained him. Khryso decided to operate under the assumption that the clusters of beings he felt were hostile, no matter who they may be.

It didn't take him long to spot the mysterious bundle of cloth shoved into the corner of the cell. A cursory sweep with his Force enhanced senses didn't alert him to any potential danger, so Khryso decided to approach the package. Carefully unwrapping the cape, he found an odd assortment of items contained within. Some of them seemed nothing more than trinkets, while plenty of them could prove useful in his present circumstances.

Khryso took the DDC Defender Sporting Blaster Pistol and checked its charge before tucking it into his belt and switching the weapon's safety on. He activated the glowrod, casting a soft glow around the cell and fully revealing its layout to his gaze. After sorting through the rest of the items and taking a mental inventory of the contents, he wrapped them back in the cape. Carrying the cape behind him with one hand and holding out his glowrod with the other, Khryso carefully approached the door of his cell. He stretched out his senses beyond their normal capabilities into the halls outside. Nobody seemed to be in his immediate vicinity.

Turning to the door, he crouched to inspect the locking mechanism. As he examined it, the slightest touch caused the door to slowly and silently swing away. To his surprise, the door was unlocked. Khryso straightened up, immediately suspicious. From what he could detect, this didn't seem like some kind of trap or ruse, but he couldn't just believe this was normal. Why would they have gone through the trouble of detaining him just to leave the door ajar? He was wary, but quickly came to the conclusion that he would much rather find his way off-planet before seeking out the answer.

His senses remaining on high alert, the Chiss moved into the hallway, being careful to move the cell door as little as possible. He was confident he could handle himself in an encounter with average prison guards, but causing an unnecessary scuffle would just waste his time. Khryso began to move through the hallway, avoiding any presence he sensed. Unfortunately, he had no idea what the layout of this facility was, nor even its scale, so until he could locate some kind of map, he would have to rely on his luck and intuition.

Those did not carry him far enough, however. It was only a matter of minutes before he realized he was trapped. Someone approached from behind him while there was a room full of about a half dozen people just ahead. Reaching into his bundle of odds and ends, Khryso quickly retrieved the small yellow bag he had spotted earlier. Just as the being behind him would have come into sight range, the Sith reached into the bag and produced a small handful of similarly colored dust, hurling it into the path of the oncoming security officer.

The middle-aged human man was stunned as the dust flew into his eyes, his hands reflexively reaching up to brush it away. It was only after a moment, however, the guard realized that he could no longer see. Khryso took advantage of those few moments of confusion to draw on the Force, pouring the authority of his will into the words he spoke. He gestured slightly with his hand, approaching the guard confidently. "There's some kind of chemical leak in here," the Chiss said, his gaze boring down on the startled guard, "we should get some air."

"We should get some air," the guard said, rubbing his eyes again and turning to leave. Khryso quickly fell into step behind him, hoping the exit the man would take him to was close enough that his influence would remain for the whole trip. Of course, should they encounter another guard, he would have to come up with some other plan to deal with them. He quickly slipped on the goggles that had been in the bundle of mystery items, just in case he might need them.

Fortunately, though, the exit wasn't far. Once the guard opened the door to the facility, Khryso was able to slip out and began moving quickly. The Sith knew he needed to find the spaceport as soon as possible. He hoped his ship, *Solidago*, was still parked where he had left it. Khryso wasn't sure how thorough the security forces were on this planet, so he didn't know whether to hope they hadn't thought to impound it.

Fortunately, they hadn't, it was right where he had left it. Khryso handed off the bag of misfit items to a spaceport worker and jumped in his ARC-170, quickly taking off and leaving behind Canto Bight.