

Sláinte!

Featured Member: [Hilgrif](#)

The Topsy Tusken

Kaerls

40 ABY

Battlelord Khryso Mallus stepped into the murky air of the Topsy Tusken, his nose immediately wrinkling at the mixture of unpleasant smells in the air. It wasn't necessarily that the cantina was more odorous than any other; rather, it had been some time since the Chiss had stepped foot in a building without delicately regulated air. Back at the Fort on Aliso, he spent a fair amount of House Tyranus' credits on maintaining the perfect atmospheric conditions to avoid any undue discomfort.

It wasn't just the atmosphere that was bothering the Sith, however. Stepping foot in Odan Urr space immediately set him on edge. Khryso knew he didn't belong here and he didn't want to stay here any longer than he needed to. When an old contact had reached out to him and requested a meeting, however, the Chiss had been forced to compromise on neutral territory. It had been years since he had heard from the Verpine Hilgrif, so Khryso was very curious about why the bug insisted on meeting in person.

Glancing around the establishment, with his senses on high alert, Khryso's eyes quickly found Hilgrif. The Verpine was tucked into a booth near the back of the Topsy Tusken's main dining area. Stepping with a measured, precise gait, Khryso made his way over to his old rival, sliding into the booth across from the bug. Unsurprisingly, Hilgrif was fiddling with some small hardware, his attention focused on the wires and gears in his claws rather than the still full glass of spirit perspiring on the table.

Khryso cleared his throat, pressing his lips tightly together as he crossed his arms. After a few seconds, Hilgrif looked up. "Mallus, you are here."

"That I am," Khryso said, his expression remaining neutral. "At your request."

Hilgrif hesitated for a moment before placing his current project on the table in front of him. "I have a request of you. My hive is struggling."

Khryso slowly nodded. He had to admit, he enjoyed the idea of having something over the bug. Years ago he was insistent upon proving his superiority to Hilgrif, but it appeared that was no longer necessary. Khryso was in his rightful position of power while Hilgrif had sought him out for help. "I can't promise anything, but let's get into specifics."

With a sideways glance, Khryso caught the bartender's eye and raised his hand slightly. As Hilgrif began explaining the issues he was having with his droids, a server stepped over and Khryso ordered himself a drink. He didn't know what kind of quality to expect in the refreshments of an establishment such as this, but he had a feeling keeping himself lubricated would ease his bristling. This was far from his ideal getaway, but since the Chiss was out of the office, he might as well try to enjoy himself.

"Say that again," Khryso said, his attention returning to the Verpine across from him. "I thought I heard you say something about a self-destruct switch."

Hilgrif nodded eagerly, his eyes wide. "Three of them, actually." Khryso's brow furrowed. He might be here for a while.