

The bright neon lights lit up the night on the busy Nal Hutta street like the twin suns of Tatooine at noon, luckily it didn't include the sweltering desert heat. Pulling the brim of his hat down low, TuQ'uan Verick di Plagia slunk his way through the crowded street of rambunctious partiers milling about and taking in the nightlife, searching for the perfect place to either win or lose some credits...probably lose. And probably a lot.

Like the Force pulling him to the Dark Side a lone establishment called to him, guiding him closer and closer. *The Onyx Vulptex* was a golden beacon in this city of scum. Sure, he had been sent here on a mission but once he saw the location, TuQ knew he was going to have some fun before he had to get to work. The Vulptex didn't have the same over the top style as every other establishment on the street, it was a little more high-class with subdued tones and no neon. Above the guarded double door was a black sign with gold lettering that simply stated the name. There was no line of people trying to enter, no shouts of inebriation drifting out into the street, no pulsating music. Just a lone Zabrak standing guard at the door with a look on his face that dared someone to try and enter without his permission. Something about this place spoke to the Plagueian mercenary.

As the Kel Dor approached the stoic guard put out his hand to block his entry. TuQ smirked, slipped the Zabrak a few credit chips and continued through the doors of the Vulptex.

"Welcome to the Onyx Vulptex, **all** weapons must be checked at the door," a sultry Twi'lek greeted him from behind a barred window. The mercenary slowly unloaded onto the countertop between them, saving his precious DL-44 blaster for last, his fingers lingering on the hilt for a moment before taking the ticket offered to him.

The main room of the Vulptex was decadent. Black carpet with gold filigree covered the floor and a dozen wood tables were filled with gamblers dressed in their finest with stacks of credits piled up in front of each. TuQ'uan found an open spot at a Sabacc table near the back of the room and got to work.

Over the course of the next hour credits at the table moved around between the six players as everyone playing both won and lost, some losing much more than others. The biggest winners, and least inebriated at the moment were TuQ and the handsome human with a disarming smile and mischievous green eyes sitting across from him.

"Minus twenty-three," the human spoke, his voice just above a whisper as a smirk crept across his face. He leaned back in his chair with a sense of satisfaction. One by one the players tossed their cards on the table in frustration until it came to TuQ'uan. Leaning forward in his chair, TuQ slowly flipped his cards face up on the table.

"*Positive* twenty-three," he spoke slowly and deliberately, giving his opponent a moment for the words to sink in.