

The lively murmur of indistinct voices muddled with a clattering of glasses that filled Hak's Hideout with a vibrancy that it had not seen in the weeks since the Brotherhood's war with the Children of Mortis. The citizens of Aliso had been filled with a feeling of trepidation, frightened of another attack and their lives being thrown into turmoil once again. But little by little that feeling faded as the denizens of Aliso slowly returned to their normal lives. Tonight Hak's was nearly full of patrons of all walks of Alisoan life, blowing off the pent up steam of a long day of work and weeks without any sort of release.

The doors of the cantina slid open and the golden light of the fading sunset filtered through the frame revealing the stoic silhouette of a figure, jacket unbuttoned and flowing in the breeze, hands nonchalantly in their pockets and an unmistakable wide brimmed hat pulled down low. TuQ'uan Varick's shadow stretched across the floor in front of him as he took his first few strides into the establishment. All in all it was an entrance many would describe as a mix of awe inspiring and mysterious...if anyone were actually paying attention that is.

The Plagueian made his way with purpose to his favourite booth in the place, one tucked off to the side just enough for a bit of privacy while still offering the Kel Dor a view of the coming and goings of his fellow patrons. Four men sat in the booth, empty glasses covered the table laughing as they worked their way through another round. Without a word TuQ placed his hand on his hip, pulling his coat back to fully reveal the holstered DL-44 strapped to his hip and with one finger pushed the brim of his hat back.

"Can we *help* you?!" one of the men said angrily, turning to see who was interrupting their evening.

"Let's go," another man spoke, clearing the empty glasses before anyone else could respond.

As the four men cleared themselves from the booth, they each nodded to TuQ before scurrying off to find somewhere else to enjoy their libations. With the booth now clear and the table cleaned off, he took his seat facing the direction of the door and began shuffling the Sabacc deck he carried in his pocket.

A lot had changed recently for the Plagueian. He had been trying to find himself lately, figure out what his place in everything really was. It had started when he seized the opportunity to leave behind his former battle team and join Sinya on her crazy plan. And while that worked for a time, clashes between TuQ and Sinya's style of working finally came to a head during the Children's siege on Aliso when he was ousted from the battleteam due to disobeying her orders.

A server brought over a drink and set it down on the table, not needing to ask the Kel Dor what his preferred drink was. He wouldn't be drinking it anyway, but he always found people had a tendency of letting their guard down just a bit more around him when drinks were present. TuQ gingerly placed the now thoroughly shuffled deck of cards face down on the table and fanned the cards out while continuing to ruminate on his current position.

Not too long ago he had held a considerable amount of power within the clan. As Proconsul of Plagueis he had the ear of the Consul, subtly bending the clan and growing his own power. But years in leadership had taken its toll, he had grown exhausted and retirement sounded really nice. But when the Dread Lord had approached him about taking on a battleteam, TuQ knew he had to seize the opportunity. His power and influence had waned in the clan and it was time for him to get back to work. Things just felt right leading his very own team of pirates and smugglers in the name of Plagueis.

TuQ'uan's first victim of the night, a dingy looking Bothan, slid silently into the booth across from him. TuQ picked up the cards and began dealing.

Something had certainly changed, but one thing that hadn't was his love of taking other people's credits.