

TuQ'uan Varick gingerly lifted his wide brimmed hat from its resting place on his head and gently wiped away the bead of sweat tracing its way down his crimson forehead. TuQ had a lot on the line here, what happened next could make or break him, he had to choose what he did next very carefully. A sudden beeping came from his pocket, shaking him from his reverie.

"Varick, drop whatever it is you're doing and get your ass over here, I need an evac!" the Dread Lord growled through the comm's speaker.

TuQ looked from the cards in his hand to those visible on the table and back again. Selika was going to owe him big time for this, he had bet a lot on this hand and was so close to breaking even. With one last longing glance at the credit chips lying on the table, the Kel Dor threw his cards down and took off.

The casino floor was shaped like a horseshoe with a pool area filling the centre. TuQ would have an open path by going around, but clearly time was of the essence and he would need to risk the crowded pool area in order to save his Consul. Running as quickly as his feet would safely carry him across the slick surface surrounding the pool, the Kel Dor pushed and shoved past anyone and anything, leaving a trail of frustration and anger in his wake. An anger that paled in comparison to the wrath he would face if he were unsuccessful.

A realization struck the Plagueian like a ton of duracrete. All of his weapons were stowed away in the safe in his room. The distraction nearly cost the Kel Dor gravely, his right foot hit a slick pool of water, slipping backwards causing him to tumble forward. Reaching out, TuQ'uan's hand landed on the back of a lounge chair, saving himself from a face plant and steadying himself.

Draped over the back of the chair he now found himself using for support was a wet nerf-wool towel hanging to dry, it wasn't much but the Plagueian figured he could put it to at least some use. Grabbing that and a crumpled up poncho that had been left on the seat of the chair, he took off, the sounds of angry shouting erupting from behind him.

"Do you think us fools Selika?" DarkHawk spat, guards standing on either side of him with blasters drawn and leveled at the Plagueian Consul. "You brought us here under the guise of bringing us together, well don't worry you have done just that! Let's see how the *fearsome* Plagueis fares against the combined might of the clans of the Brotherhood."

TuQ slowed as he approached the scene, the Sadowans had their back to him which allowed him to signal Selika with a nod, wordlessly telling her to ready herself to run to the left. Twisting the towel, TuQ twirled it as tight as possible turning it into a whip. With a crack he snapped the towel across the back of the Sadowan Consul's head before diving for cover behind a slot machine.

"What the frak!" he cried out and turned to determine where the attack had come from while feeling at the back of his head where the nerf-wool towel had made an impact. The gang of Sadowan guards all looked around in confusion. Selika took the opportunity to make her move

and ran in the direction TuQ had indicated. Now that his Consul was out of immediate danger, the Kel Dor needed to escape.

Throwing in the poncho, TuQ slipped into a crowd of unsuspecting gamblers and dropped the towel. It was a snug fit, but the disguise would do for now. He felt a weight in the stomach pocket and reached in to find a small model of a Star Destroyer.

It seemed in his haste, the Plagueian had stolen a child's ship.