

[Arden Karn](#) - #13299 - 538 words

[Teebu](#) - #6643 - 511 words

It was among the final nights of the various clans remaining on Canto Bight, and in the main casino a large sabaac tournament was being held. Among its attendees were various rich individuals of both honest, and dishonest, ways of life, but also two old adversaries. In total, there were twelve individuals seated around the table. A waiter slowly approached the massive sabaac table, and placed a large glass of Whyren's Reserve in front of a brown colored Ewok that was dressed in an all-white uniform with gold colored metal pauldrons on both sides. As he lifted the glass to his lips, his eyes were locked on the person across from him.

Arden was no stranger to high stakes Sabaac games in a place like Canto Bight. While it wasn't his game per se, he had a fair bit of experience and would occasionally play in tournaments like this. What he was surprised by was to have an Ewok across the table, much less another Brotherhood member. Most in the Brotherhood knew to stay away from Arden and his deep pockets in gaming establishments with the possible exception of that blue menace Alaris. Still, Arden was always up for variety. As the waiter placed a glass of Corellian brandy in front of him, he couldn't help but notice the Ewok's drink of choice. With a bit of a smirk he commented,

"Whyren's I see. You've been hanging out with Taveisan?"

"I have not, unfortunately. I have not seen her in ages," Teebu shook his head negatively as he sat the glass down. "Yourself?"

Arden took a quick sip of his brandy before responding. "Been awhile too, probably for the best."

Teebu lifted his cards from the table to peek at what he had for a moment before lowering them back down and leaning against his seat. He tapped his paw against the table a couple of times considering his options before he threw in several credit chips. "Raise."

"Two thousand to you Mister Karn," the dealer droid stated with its mechanical coldness. Being the practiced player he was, Arden didn't react. He barely even looked at his cards because that wasn't necessarily the point. This was a game where you didn't necessarily play your hand as much as you did the person across from you and the Ewok was the puzzling sort. Arden had played many species in the past, but an Ewok was new. It was an odd disadvantage to be at. He could use the Force to even the odds, but Arden made a point to not do that. The corpo could afford to lose the sort of money they were playing for, but could the Ewok.

In one smooth motion Arden reached for his own chips. "Let's make it 7500, assuming your paws can hold that much."

Without so much as a change of expression, he pushed a small stack of chips in to match his bet. He then grasped onto his cards and gave a nod to Karn. The others who were still in all went out, knowing something was going on. Arden flipped his cards over, revealing a 23. The

crowd around the table started murmuring and talking, with a Jawa sighing in relief. That 7500 bet would have forced it out almost, with barely 12000 remaining.

“Pure sabaac. Mr. Nyrrire?” the droid asked.

Teebu flipped over his cards, with the crowd gasping. He had a combination of a 0, 2, and 3. The only hand that could defeat a pure sabaac. A soft smile came across the Ewoks lips.

“Clever.”

The coolly spoken word was Arden’s only initial reaction. While Arden in all right should have won, it was what it was, nothing to be done about it. After turning his head to stretch his neck, Arden took a swig of brandy and sat back in his seat, trying to mentally work out how he’d gotten played. There was no anger, no bluster, just cool and calm calculation much like he would do if he wanted to split the Ewok’s head open with a blaster bolt.

“Now now, Karn...it’s alright. You can’t always win in war.” Teebu said as the dealer collected the cards and dispensed new ones out. “As Plagueis has well learned.”

Arden was nonplussed by the comment. “That’s why it’s best I haven’t seen Taveisan in awhile. She’s the one that started unnecessary conflict. That’s the last I’ll speak of our business, it is not polite in this sort of environment.”

“Indeed, I do sincerely apologize. Speaking is something one should not take for granted, you see,” Teebu coyly said as he took yet another drink of his Whyren’s. Arden’s throat began to tingle. “It’s not something everyone is able to do.”

He tossed his cards back into the center from the fresh deal, folding as he gave a soft and deep sigh. The Jawa next to him tapped the table and put forward 3000 in credits. The droid then looked at Arden. “Mr. Karn?”

Arden pondered a moment, but he felt his throat tightening a bit as he did so. He closed his eyes and focused, trying to keep whatever chemical agent was in his system at bay. He glared over at the Ewok, fully expecting him to have been the one at fault but having little ability to prove it. Still, he didn’t exactly need proof. His gaze locked on Teebu’s, Arden spoke with a labored tone.

“Advice for you in the future.” Arden stopped and coughed loudly. “If you’re going to try and harm someone, you might want to think about the setting.” Arden coughed again and then keyed his commlink. “Someplace your target doesn’t own the security company would be a start.”

Teebu looked at him with a completely genuine confused expression. “What are you talking about?” He looked closer at him, dimming his gaze as he suddenly had a moment of realization

come across his face. The dealer still looked at Arden, waiting for his decision on if to bet or fold.

Teebu hopped off of his chair, tossing a chip to the droid. "I'll be back." As security arrived at the table, the short Ewok was already hidden among the crowd...and gone. And Arden's throat continued to be a pain.