

Idris 3783 Snapshot:

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/3783/snapshots/4741/8006>

Thran 5101 Snapshot

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/5101/snapshots/4724/8020>

Zxyl 9056 Snapshot:

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/9056/snapshots/4748/8021>

Suite 3B(astards)

Hotel Canto Bight, Canto Bight Cantonica

The once-extravagant suite was a scene of pure *carnage* and *ruin*. Holo-televisions destroyed, furniture mangled, half-fallen and ripped curtains, it looked as though a fierce storm had ripped through the hotel. A towering pyramid of empty champagne bottles, adorned with several brasseries throughout the structure, stood tall in the center of the suite's main room. Thran Occasus-Palpatine, the Praetor to the Regent of the Brotherhood lay half hanging off of the shredded couch, bare and unconscious. In the adjoining bedrooms, Zxyl Bes'uliik - Regent of the Brotherhood - lay face down in his sheets while Idris Adenn - Voice of the Brotherhood - hung upside down from the ceiling with synth-rope fastened to each of his ankles. Several small chickens tukked quietly as they roamed various parts of the suite.

Thran groaned as he slowly came back to consciousness, a pillar of sunlight piercing his eyes. With one hand he pushed himself back onto the couch and laid there, taking a deep breath and slowly letting the air escape his lungs. His head was pounding ferociously.

Not again.

The Scholae Proconsul laid there quietly for a moment, memory a blurr. Shortly thereafter Zxyl emerged with his hands rubbing temples, his fine Dathomiri Spider-Silk suit in tatters. The Regent observed the damaged suite, letting out a small suspiration. It looked like whatever they had been doing ended in one *wild* party. The Mandalorian stumbled his way over to the glass tower in the center of the room, eyes half closed. He stood there quietly for a moment, his Praetor unmoving, before one of his knees gave out and he fell into the tower. It toppled over, crashing down on him - covering him in bottles as over a dozen smashed into the floor and shattered across the floor.

The noise was enough to rouse Idris from his perpetual sleep, arms flailing about.

The rhythmic swinging of the Voice's arms had set him rocking back and forth. With each panicked swat, the amplitude of his swinging grew. The commotion started the fowl that roamed the room. One of the birds leapt from the floor, flapping its wings in a futile attempt to fly away from the Mandalorian and his roaring. Zxyl rushed to his brother-from-another-mother's side. He dug through every pocket, looking for a blade or an edge that he could use to free him.

Under the rolling waves of startled confusion of a nearly-still-drunk hangover morning, the Regent felt panic creep into himself. In moments, both Mandalorians were exchanging a series of yelps and grunts as they attempted to slow the momentum behind the swing. The growing racket was harmonized by the tired groans of the nude Sith.

"Terrence, shut up. Daddy needs more beauty sleep."

"Thran, get up and help me!"

A single eyelid fought against the resistance of the promise of more rest. Gradually, it won that battle, revealing a single green pupil. His gaze, blurred as it may be, leveled on the Mandalorians. Seeing the glow of flames behind them, he snapped up. The rapid change from prone to vertical combined with the chemical remnants of a half gallon of hard liquor and enough glitterstim to kill a Gorog set his balance at that of an infant. As the Sith fell, time seemed to slow. At that moment, he sought to scan through the series of decisions that brought him to this point. The effort was in vain. All memory of the night before was absent.

His limp body crashed through the last piece of undamaged furniture. The clear topped coffee table exploded into millions of cubes of tempered glass. Thran immediately returned to his feet. His nude body leaped over cloches and room service trays, each full of various citrus fruits or carved soap figurines.

Idris screamed. In his confusion, the naked form of the Sith bounding his way could easily have been mistaken for an angry Mudhorn, not due to the size of his anatomy, but due to the strategic placement of two googly eyes on the Sith's coinbag. With each step forward, a cloud of glittery dust ejected from his groin. The Praetor met his principal and the Voice with unfortunate timing. He approached the swinging man, as the pendulum swing approached its zenith. Face met crotch.

The muffled screams of terror only ended when the synth-rope that bound him gave in, sending him clanging to the floor. He instantly sprung up.

“I’LL KILL YOU!”

“Oh, stop being a baby. You had worse things in your face last night.”

“Wait...What did I have in my face?”

“I don’t know, but I am sure it was horrible. I mean, given the state of this place, it’s a safe assumption.”

“Relax, Idris...He’s right. We need to regroup, assess the situation. Priority one...put some pants on you spoonbending pervert. Fuck...”

The Voice ruffled his hair and made a face. He spat.

“Why are you covered in glitter?”

“Better question is why aren’t you?”

“I’ll be honest I feel a bit disappointed that I’m not,” Idris replied still attempting to spit out the congealed mass of glitter, Thran sweat, and Idris Salvia. Zxyl tossed what might have once been a full pair of pants to his Praetor. Thran shrugged and slipped the assless chaps on.

Idris screamed in shock once more. His high pitched scream would have woken the dead, but luckily it did not seem there were any corpses to be found. The Voice was holding a glass of champagne. Floating in it was a finger, ring by the look of it (and the gaudy oversized gem encrusted ring that had managed to stay upon the finger). Idris spit some more.

“This doesn’t belong to one of you does it?” He asked after a moment, pulling the digit from the glass, before downing the rest of the liquid within.

The other two quickly glanced at their hands. Thran whispered to himself as he counted each finger.

“Nope all ten accounted for,” Thran said. Zxyl nodded indicating the same.

“We will file this under problems for not right this second,” Idris said examining the ring.

“Problems for right this second are mainly taking a piss,” The Regent said, tripping over a broken chair leg before reaching the suite’s bathroom door. It slid open with a familiar quiet hiss.

It was followed by a less than quiet roar. Zxyl jumped back slamming his fist on the door control button.

“Nexu. There is a Nexu in the bathroom.”

His compatriots paused just a moment. Thran grabbed one of the roaming chickens.

“Well we shouldn’t be rude hosts here,” he said, quickly opening the bathroom door, throwing the chicken inside before closing it once more.

Amid the sound of a rapidly murdered chicken, a series of communicator beeps went off. Zxyl grabbed his pad and checked.

“Seven HUNDRED and sixteen missed calls?!” He quickly began playing back the messages. His expression changed from confusion, to shock, to worried, to something Thran would categorize as constipation, to panic.

Zxyl paced.

“Gone,” he finally managed to grunt out. Idris and Thran shot each other a glance

“Gone.”

“Your mastery of spoken communication continues to impress bud,” Idris said, finally having enough blood return to the rest of his body, he stood.

“ACE’s available funds. Gone.”

“That might make paying for damages on this room a bit difficult,” Thran said.

“Gone.”

“EDI! Anything on the transfer of those funds on file?” Idris asked. The synthesized feminine voice replied nearly instantaneously.

“The Regent authorized an open line last night. Footage is available from the casino’s security feeds.”

The one functioning holoivid player in the room sprung to life.

Casino Floor
Hotel Canto Bight, Canto Bight
The Previous Night

Idris turned his focus back to the card game before him.

“And Revak makes six consuls,” he whispered under his breath. Of course it had been a *total* coincidence that he happened to be on Canto Bight at the same moment the majority of the clans were doing whatever it was they were here to do.

“I raise 200,” Thran said. The Palpatine snapped his fingers and pointed to his empty glass. A pretty Twi’lek was quick to replace his drink with a new one. Thran casually brushed his hand against her arm as she placed it daintily upon the coaster.

“Dank Farris. Fold,” Zxyl said. Idris laughed and downed his own drink.

“You’ve been playing safe all night brother. One of these days you should live a little. Call,” Idris said throwing his own chips into the growing pile. It mattered little to him win or lose. It was fun, and in the end it was all going to end up spent on drink, drugs, or women.

“Pure Sabacc,” Thran said with a wide grin laying down his hand. Zxyl groaned.

“This is boring. Trading credits amongst ourselves. I wouldn’t call this living a little.”

Thran was gleefully stacking up the pile of chips he had collected from the hand.

“We can always move to something a bit more... *fast* paced,” he said gesturing with his head towards the roulette table.

“That is if you're willing to make some real cheddar tonight,” Thran continued. Zxyl was up and halfway to the nearest roulette table before Thran could finish his sentence.

Round after round they played, winning some, losing some, pounding back drinks after every roll of the wheel.

“Now I say...” Thran trailed off. He leaned heavily on his right arm while pointing off into the air with a drink in his left.

“I say...”

“Winner nineteen red!” Idris fist pumped up into the air.

“Luck has always been a wonderful woman to me,” he said.

“You say what?” Zxyl asked.

“That luck has always been a wonderfu-” Idris began before Zxyl’s large finger pressed up against his lips.

“Shhhhh no. Him.” he said head bobbing before pointing towards Thran.

“Oh ‘im? He says a lot of stuffs,” Idris nodded.

“I say you’ve still been playing it safe. Look at us,” Thran said, spreading his arms like the drunken wings of a haggard seagull.

“Him an me? We have been playing real here tonight,” Thran said pointing between himself and the Voice. “You? You do much disappointment boss man. Spreadsheets all day long, even here,” Thran finished slowly pointing towards Zxyl’s face.

“Boop,” he added tapping his boss on the nose.

“Much disappointment? You insult my *honor?!?*” Zxyl yelled far too loudly. He slammed his datapad on the table.

“Putting it all on red then. The whole gods damn thing. ACE is bringing home the bacon tonight!”

Within seconds the ball was released, and the roulette wheel was spinning. It bounced from slot to slot, wheel clicking happily. Then the ball came to a stop.

**Suite 3B(astards)
Hotel Canto Bight, Canto Bight**

“You put it all on *red*?” Thran asked incredulously.

“YOU MADE ME DO IT!” Zxyl screamed.

“I did nothing of the sort. Besides, you always split even-odd and color if playing outside, everyone knows that. Real rookie shit.” Thran replied indignantly.

“I’LL KILL YOU YOU SON OF A BITCH!” the Regent screamed, launching himself at his Praetor’s throat with grasping hands.

The two wrestled for several seconds before Idris was able to pull Zxyl from atop Thran. He had the mind to let them go, but the risk of the trail of the lost ACE funds going cold was too heavy.

“Stop it, you two. We need to work together to get this money back.” Idris said, straining to hold his Mandalorian bro back.

Thran popped up to his feet.

“How the fuck are we going to get the money back? The House took it all. We can’t just waltz in there and take it back. I mean we could... but my attorney is super booked this month and he doesn’t need to fight grand theft charges too.” Thran remarked.

“I don’t know, dipshit. This is your fault. Find a way to fix it, quick.” Zxyl said, tears welling up in his eyes.

“You gonna cry? Big strong Mando gonna cry?” Thran said, poking the metaphorical Acklay.

“He’s not going to cry.” Idris said, evaluating his compatriot’s emotional state. He paused. “He might cry.”

“Gross. I bet he ugly cries too.” Thran replied.

“DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT THE GRAND MASTER WILL DO IF WE DON’T GET THAT MONEY BACK?!” Zxyl screamed.

“Uhhh, wait four weeks to hear about it, then wait three more to sober up enough to do anything? We could disappear into the outer-rim. Become moisture farmers or something?” Idris chirped.

“Farmers? You’re sick in the head. Touch dirt? Manual labor? I’d rather be killed.” Thran scoffed.

“It wouldn’t be so bad. It’d be quiet. We could make spotchka and raise nerfs.” Zxyl affirmed.

“Yeah...That’d be nice.” Idris mused.

“Listen, you two smell bad enough when you wear your armor...imagine a day in the sun on some backwater world farming krill? Yes, the wonderful odor of sweaty mando balls, seafood, and muck.” Thran said.

“Hey, my balls don’t smell.” Idris stepped forward at the suggestion.

“No. He’s got a point. But, that doesn’t help us now. We need a plan.” Zxyl interjected.

“I’ve got it. How much money do you have? We need every penny.” Thran replied.

“What’s your plan?” Idris said.

“Well, I never told you guys this, but I can count cards.” Thran said behind a smirk.

“You cannot.” Zxyl said.

“I can. I can win back the four trillion you lost. It’ll only take forty hands. Two hours, tops.” Thran replied.

“You can’t count to ten. I have read your expense reports.” The Regent stated.

“Counting cards is illegal. But, do you have a better plan?” the Voice commented.

“It’s not illegal. It’s frowned upon. Like masturbating on a Hylian way transport. Thanks, Mon Mothma.” Thran replied.

The Mandalorians shook their heads. Thran laid out his plan. The trio got into action. They had no other choice. The three of them scoured the suite. Twenty-six minutes later they regrouped. They stared at the modest stack of credits.

“How much do we have?” the Regent said nervously.

“Seven credits and fifty four cents.” Thran said, proud that he had counted accurately the first time.

Idris and Zxyl looked at each other.

“We’re fucked.” they said in harmony.

Over the next few hours, the two MandoBros and their Scholae companion retraced all of their misdeeds to see how exactly they had ended up where they did. While they had started at the hotel rooftop with a shot, things had quickly gotten out of hand. Every shenanigan possible had gone down, from ripping off local gangsters to running from the police, ending with their wild and fraught party with tons of ladies in their suite during which they had stashed a galactic-renown athlete’s Nexu in the bathroom even after losing all of the Exchange’s money.

It was amazing the three had even survived the first few hours of their night, let alone the whole thing. Even more amazing was the fact that the two Mandalorians had somehow remained unseen and unnoticed by the Brotherhood dignitaries that had been gathering for their behind-the-scenes meeting away from the prying eyes of The Council.

Alas, it didn’t matter. None of their night mattered at all if they didn’t retrieve those credits, because Darth Nehalem was going to be *pissed* and skin the hide right off of Idris and Zxyl if they didn’t get that money back. The two Mandalorians were so reluctant to go with Thran’s plan; it had a 99% chance of failure, and they knew they were toast. It was just delaying the inevitable.

Casino Floor

Hotel Canto Bight, Canto Bight

The three men strode onto the game floor. The two Mandalorians flanked him on either side. The casino employees clocked them immediately. It was customary for the casino to make the life of their big fish as comfortable as they could. After the windfall they had earned the last night, every available cocktail waitress was at their side.

They resisted the urge to order more drinks. That would certainly make a bad situation worse. On the way to the Vignt-et-un table, they were stopped by a pit-boss.

“Ah, Mister Kast. So good to see you again. I must admit, we are surprised to see you on the gaming floor again. After last night, we assumed your lines of credit had been maxed.” the pit-boss said.

“Well, Giles. Don’t assume. It...makes you an asshole.” Derc replied.

“I don’t think that is the phrase, sir.” the pit-boss said, looking confused. “I see you’ve brought your friends from last night as well.”

“Friends from last night? No. These are completely different people. These are the Twins. Hans and Franz. I pay them to pick things up and put them down.” Derc said.

“These are the same men...” the pit-boss said.

“No, they aren’t, they have only just arrived. Can’t you see they have mustaches **and glasses?**” Derc remarked.

Zxyl had his hand pressed to his upper-lip, securing a false mustache to his beard. Likewise, Idris had his hand pressed against the hairy caterpillar of a mustache that had been secured to his face. The pit-boss looked them up and down.

“Right...Well, we must caution you against playing again today. With such a substantial loss from last night, we cannot in good conscience advise you to keep playing. Four point three trillion is...substantial...even for a man of your vast wealth.” the employee said.

“Don’t tell me what to do, goober. I wanna play cards!” Derc screamed.

“Jah, he vants to play carts. Zo, he play carts.” Idris said.

“Jess, you are not to be telling him vat he can be doing.” Zxyl added, pausing to reaffix the false mustache to his lip.

The pit-boss shook his head, leading them to the table. Derc eyed the dealer. The pit-boss smiled.

“Good luck...” he said.

Derc reached into his pocket, dumping the modest pile of credits onto the table. The dealer stacked up the credits.

“Cash-change...Seven. Not Thousand. Not hundred. Seven.” the dealer remarked.

Over the next two hours, the small stack of pink chips evolved. In the first ten hands the count had ballooned to three thousand eight hundred and sixty. The pink chips turned into red, blue, and green chips. Finally, black chips fell.

The numbers ran through Derc’s head. Every hand that fell was a winner.

Ten hands later the chips had given way to rectangular plaques. The total was nearing four million. Casino employees began watching the trio with eagle eyes. The statistical likelihood of winning twenty hands in a row was very very low. They suspected impropriety.

Another ten hands passed. With each strong nineteen or perfect twenty one, the stack doubled. Thirty hands in four billion in black chips and plaques sat before the three men. Zxyl had grown so nervous that he failed to maintain his disguise. His false mustache had fallen off entirely. It hung in the chin hair of his beard as he watched.

Idris had also grown nervous, he found himself locking his arm around Zxyl in a half side embrace. It was the thirty-ninth hand. Two Trillion on the table. The crowd had grown with the chipstack. Hundreds were now watching them.

“Are they cheating?” one pit-boss whispered in the ear of the dealer as he passed by.

“No, but the mustaches are freaking me out.” the dealer whispered back.

“Don’t worry about it. It’s probably some weird sex thing. You know how these rich bastards are, perverts all of them. Get off this table, I’ll deal with them next. They need to lose.” the pit-boss said.

The dealer excused himself from the table as Idris and Zxyl exchanged high-fives.

“See ya loser!” Zxyl exclaimed.

The pit-boss sat down at the table. He changed the deck of cards. Derc paused.

“Hey! Those cards were hot.” he said.

“Routine policy, I am afraid. Bet is yours.” the pit-boss said.

The cards fell. Two. Dealer’s down card. Three. Five total for Derc. Dealer’s face up, an Ace. The pit-boss smiled and opened the table.

“I’ll stay.” Derc said confidently.

“You have five.” The dealer said.

“I like to live dangerously.” Derc said.

The dealer turned over his card. A five. Six or Sixteen. He must hit. The dealer took another card. Face. Sixteen. He must hit. A disturbing quiet came over the casino.

The dealer took his last card. Six. Twenty-two! He sighed.

“Congratulations.” he said.

Derc turned back to his friends.

“One more hand?” he said.

“No.” Zxyl said.

“No.” Idris affirmed.

“Ughhhhhh, you guys are soooooo laaaaaaame. Let me do one more hand!” he whined.

Zxyl grabbed Derc by the ear. Dragging him from the table.

“Okay! We’ll cash out!” he yelled.

“Holy shit, you can count cards...” Idris said.

Derc stood up straight, he rubbed his ear and dusted off his linen coat.

“Oh, I can’t. I made that up. I’m still shit-canned.” he laughed.

“What?” Zxyl said, as the smile ran away from his face.

“Ha. I'm still schwasted. I'm just as surprised that it worked as you are. You guys hungry? I could kill a man for some garlic bread, know what I mean?” Derc said.

“I’LL KILL YOU YOU SON OF A BITCH!” the Regent screamed, launching himself at his Derc’s throat.

“I think you two should sort this out later. In private.” Idris remarked, scooping up the chips from the table.