

TuQ'uan Varick - Dossier 14964 - 511 words:

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/14964/snapshots/4718/8005>

Kanal O'Neill - Dossier 13944 - 552 Words:

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/13944/snapshots/4675/8025>

Locke Sonjie - Dossier 10311 - 566 words:

<https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/10311/snapshots/4564/8018>

Canto Bight Casino

Cantonica

40 ABY

The air in the casino was filled with a mix of excitement and trepidation as members from all over the Brotherhood answered the Plagueian Consul, Selika Roh's call to set aside their differences and convene in neutral territory for a summit of the clans. This, however, was easier said than done for most involved. The clans of the Brotherhood had a rocky and sordid past of competition, betrayal and in-fighting for nearly as long as the Brotherhood has existed. Some of the members gathered here had come excited by the prospect of working together and forming stronger alliances with the other clans. Others came despite believing this to be a trap, worried that if they didn't come the other clans would ally against them. A few people were like TuQ'uan Varick who came as an excuse to relax, and more importantly, gamble his credits away.

Fixing his hat as he went, TuQ made his way across the opulent casino, his black leather boots squeaking softly with every footfall on the gold inlaid flooring. The travel here had been long and tiring and the Plagueian just wanted to get some food into himself and relax for a bit before checking out the legendary nightlife that the city of Canto Bight had to offer. Just like the rest of the casino, the turbolifts up to the hotel levels of the building were ridiculously luxurious. A set of oversized gold doors were set inside of an ornate stone frame engraved with local Cantonican flora all of which was built into the white marble walls and polished to near a mirror finish.

The Kel Dor's crimson hand reached forward for the button to call the turbolift.

Click.

Locke Sonjie stood next to TuQ'uan, his hand outreached and his finger pressing the turbolift control button leaving TuQ's hand awkwardly hanging in the air mere inches from the controls. Locke nodded his head in greeting, a hint of amusement in his battle hardened green eyes.

Who does this guy think he is? I hate him already, TuQ thought to himself.

"This is quite the place, huh?" TuQ made a terrible attempt at small talk while the two men waited for the lift. Locke responded with a simple grunt. With a ding, the lift doors slid open bringing an end to the uncomfortable silence.

"Hold the door," the gruff voice of Kanal O'Neill called out, increasing the speed of his walk only marginally. The three men shuffled their way into the turbolift, where despite its size, things seemed to feel a bit cramped.

Time seemed to slow to a crawl as TuQ'uan locked eyes with Locke and they both reached out to select their destination, the third floor. Both men wanted to be the one to push the button first and neither would accept defeat.

Ding.

Simultaneously, both heads snapped to the side, eyes focusing on the control panel for the turbolift and Kanal's finger holding down the button for the third floor. TuQ and Locke both let out an angry huff.

Locke rolled his eyes and tried not to look annoyed that Kanal had pushed the elevator button before him. Only, he was very annoyed. *I'll get him back and show him who's boss*, Locke told himself. A distant part of his mind - a small part - said that this was a completely irrelevant thing to be mad about. He crushed that thought. Pressing the turbolift button first was simply an act of war between the clans - unless he happened to do it first, of course.

Seething as the lift silently ascended, Locke tried to focus on the here and now. This was supposed to be a diplomatic event or some such. Supposedly, this was a chance for (most) of the clans to hang out, let off steam, and improve their relations. He was sure the Consuls had some plan and since they did not tell him, did not want him involved. So he would try to play nice. For a bit. To a limited extent. "Just enough to say I tried," he muttered to himself.

"What was that?" TuQ asked.

"Nothing Mr. Bounty Hunter," Locke said. Then to himself he added. "I hope I can get a drink here."

The turbolift doors opened to reveal the expanse of a lavish restaurant. Circular tables dotted the large room, each one sparkling with a gold sheer like a star in space. All manner of beings stood or sat around those tables, eating, drinking, and talking. Occasionally raucous laughter rose above the din of everything else. Locke's eyes scanned the room. He saw one table where someone was using the force to carefully stack shot glasses while others cheered them on. At another table someone was showing off their skill at illusion by covering their face and then revealing a different one with an expression of excitement, like one might to a baby. Then there were the mandalorians, who simply stood around their table and watched everyone.

Locke only wished he was having such fun. If only he hadn't had to share the turbolift with those two weirdos.

He also saw a bar, and slowly made his way over to it, hoping no one here recognized him. Halfway there, Locke noticed a jukebox to one side. He approached it and, noting no one else was around, began looking through the song selection.

As Locke reached forward to choose his song, another hand lunged forward and hit a different one.

"Don't mind if I do," TuQ said. Locke stood, frozen, as classical Corellian jazz began to play. He had really wanted Bakuran country. It was legendary, like everything from Bakura (since it doesn't exist).

He briefly thought about giving the other man a shove, and possibly knocking him over the head with something heavy, but instead he said. "I'll get something to drink."

He headed to the bar. He got two drinks and came back to the jukebox to find TuQ and Kanal arguing about something. While they seemed distracted, Locke set one drink on the jukebox and selected his song. He punched it in and some rowdy Bakuran country began to play. Locke danced a little jig to it, closing his eyes. *Please let this song finish without anyone messing with the box*, he thought.

It was almost over when he heard a CLICK. The sound stopped, and Locke let out a frustrated sound that would've made a tusken blush.

The sound Locke made surprised both Kanal and TuQ long enough for them to stop fighting over which monkey lizard was going to win the next race. Locke looked as though someone had just murdered his childhood pet.

"Chill out Locke," Kanal said. "It was just a song, and not a very good one."

This sent the male human over the edge to the point where you could see his ears turning red. He turned around and stormed into the restaurant area and took his seat. TuQ and Kanal looked at each other, then they turned and looked as their comrade fumed away. Knowing this was too funny to stop, both men started toward the table to join him.

Kanal saw an entrance to the kitchen and decided he needed to make a detour. The three had previously called orders down from their rooms and they were assigned to one table making this so much easier. Kanal knew that Locke had an aversion to Corellian spices. He especially hated the hot ones. As Kanal slipped through the swinging door he saw plenty of alien species hustling around perfecting their clients dishes before sending them out with the waiter droids.

The Mandalorian Reaver took a shaker of the hottest Corellian spices he could find and poured it all over the food which was earmarked for Locke. With a slight chuckle Kanal exited the kitchen and headed out to the table.

“What happened to you?” The Kel Dor male questioned Kanal.

“Nothing, just thought I saw an old friend so I stepped to the side to see if it was them.” Kanal lied. “It wasn’t. So here I am.”

“Just in time it seems,” Locke sneered as the server droids rolled up next to their table and placed each man's food in front of them.

“Dig in, boys.” Kanal said as he quickly began to devour his Naboo Scuba Fish. A delicacy that not many people had a taste for, but it was amazing all the way down. Tuq and Locke, likewise, began eating their foods. It wasn’t too long before Kanal could see a problem with Locke stirring.

Locke had quickly eaten some of the Kowakian Monkey Lizard steak that he had ordered. There was a slight problem though. Locke’s face was turning bright red. He reached quickly for the pitcher of water sitting on the table. It was quite a sight watching him pouring the water hastily into his mouth. It was spilling all over the front of his suit and all over the floor.

“What’s the matter Locke? Too Spicy?” Kanal laughed like a riled up Hutt watching Locke’s plight.

“Kanal.....what..... did.... you.... do to my food?” Locke struggled to ask.

“I didn’t do anything, but how is that Corellian spice treating you?” he began to roar out loud in laughter and TuQ followed suit.

“I am going to get you back for this. You Mandalorian filth.”

Kanal stood up quickly from the table as Locke reached for his Lightsaber, and ran down the hallway as fast as he could. Locke was quick to jump over the table and follow after him. Not before TuQ tripped him with his arm knocking him onto the floor. He landed on his face but ignored the pain as he ran after the Mandalorian.