

Championship Match!
By Tuuka Vurr

“HURTMAN! HURTMAN! HURTMAN!”

The crowd was going absolutely nuts for their reigning champion. Tuuka had no idea why people would drive themselves into a frenzy for such frivolous entertainment. Wrestling, of all things. It's not like it was the death match in the fighting pits on Nar Shaddaa. The Mandalorian sighed to himself, he knew what he was planning would not end well.

Kranak and Osik slammed the remainder of their beer's, not long after Kranak put his helmet back over his head and gave it a double tap to signal to his oldest brother that he was ready to go. Osik wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his garment and belched the beer bubble from his stomach. The Medic tapped a few buttons on his vambraces and gave a thumbs up to his brother, letting him know that he was also ready.

Tuuka checked the systems readout on his HUD and noticed all systems for his armor were green. He grabbed the datapad sitting on the locker room bench and flipped through a few of the screens to his bank account. A smile crossed his hidden face when he realized the bank wire from the Galaxy Wrestling Federation had been posted to his account.

“Work your magic, send it to our actual account. Make it untraceable.” He said as he tossed the datapad to Kranak.

The mechanical chuckle came through the vocoder in Kranak's helmet. “Like taking candy from a baby. It really is too easy.” He said, tapping away at the datapad. “Done. Let's double these credits.”

The Lieutenant Colonel swung open the door to the locker room to exit before hearing a crunch behind him. Kranak had dropped the datapad and stomped on it, following it up with two more for good measure, making any data retrieval nigh impossible.

The crowd was being whipped into an even greater fervor as Tuuka could hear Hurtman's monologue from backstage. A few turns down the corridor and they had arrived at the ringside entrance. The lights cut out, followed by Tuuka's entrance video that Kranak had put together from various security footage of his “altercations”.

Instantly the crowd booed at their hero's opponent, obviously unhappy he had cut off his speech. Tuuka didn't care, an arena of unhappy fans was less terrifying than his wife, Liarah, who was waiting for him at home, which he was already late.

He made his way down the ramp, his brothers following him in his wake. One referee accosted the Mandalorian trying to tell him that his weapons weren't allowed here. Tuuka pushed past him and Kranak responded with the butt of his rifle in the referee's face. The crowd cheered for

the villain's theatrics, thinking it was a part of the show. Hurtman, bewildered, turned to look at the crowd and how quickly they seemed to turn on him.

Upon reaching the ring, Osik and Kranak pulled the ropes apart to allow their brother and leader an easy entrance. A member of the sound crew tossed Tuuka a microphone. He looked at the microphone for a second to let the cheers and jeers die down before holding it up to his helmet.

"Hurtman." He paused. The crowd cheered at his name, seemingly coming back to his side. The wrestler responded happily, but muted since his microphone was cut off.

"Hurtman, I told you I'd bring you in cold." He continued with the crowd booing at him. Tuuka motioned to Osik, who pulled a bounty puck from his pocket and tossed it at Hurtman's feet.

"What is this!?" Hurtman yelled at the Mandalorian.

Upon hitting the canvas ring, the bounty puck activated with a hologram portrait of the wrestler and the reward amount underneath him. Sheer dread washed over the wrestler's face before it turned to pure, unbridled anger as he charged at the Mandalorian. Tuuka wasted no time and drew his Westar pistol, unleashing a trio of yellow blaster bolts that crumpled the hulk of a man into a lifeless heap.

The crowd went absolutely silent as all three of them scanned the area around the ring for anyone looking to intervene. When nobody came forward, Tuuka retrieved the bounty puck and holstered his pistol.

"Well, the entire galaxy just watched Hurtman get buried. I guess our employers don't need much more proof than that." Kranak said with a chuckle, pleased with himself from adding the wrestler lingo.

"Let's go." Tuuka commanded his brothers before all three activated their jet packs to exit the roofless stadium, leaving the dazed crowd behind.