

May 4th – Entrance Fiction – Zoron 13820

The two guards stood casually at the fourth-level landing of the central stairway. They looked, to all outward appearances, to simply be some generic bouncers, but to any in the know, they was definitely more than meets the eye.

While they were dressed in fine suits, it was the technology woven within and hidden carefully beneath that helped establish that their role was to protect the high-rollers in the VIP Lounge of the *Kandosii Casino*. They were under instructions to keep the riff-raff out – which described the vast majority of the rest of the clientele on the yacht. Luckily, a few high-profile examples of how they handle their business meant they rarely were needed any longer.

Apparently, that was due for a refresher today, as they watched the figure slowly walking up the flight of stairs. The dark blue and black camouflaged armour was out of place in the well-lit casino corridors, but they had certainly seen weirder. They glanced at each other, with one rolling his eyes in exasperation at the approaching fool.

The first guard stepped forward, raising his hand towards the approaching Mandalorian. It was at that moment that he realized the size of the human beneath the armour was well into the upper ranges for the species. He also noticed the man moved with the casual grace of someone who had earned that armour through practical experience. The blast scars and shrapnel pitting on the armour also reinforced that. The guard gulped heavily, but carried on with his job.

“Greetings, friend, I’m afraid you’ve taken a wrong turn. You are not permitted to be here – please return to the lower levels to enjoy the entertainment on offer there. The *Kandosii Casino* is pleased to have you as a client.”

The Mandalorian didn’t even break stride, continuing up the final few steps towards the landing, holding up instead a small beskar coin etched with Jaig Eyes on it. The second guard stepped forward as well, seeming to ignore the trinket.

“Hey, merc, didn’t you hear? Turn around! You’ll regret it. No more warnings.”

The second guard moved his hands to unbuckle his tunic, exposing his beltline – and the disguised weaponry within.

At this, the Mandalorian finally paused, looking as if he had only just heard the guards. He slowly turned his head between the two, taking them in. Without the guards having noticed, he was set in a stable fighting stance.

“Ah, excellent! The Lady Lesseat has won again! How terrif...” The casino’s dealer was rudely interrupted as the first guard was thrown through the doorway, screaming, before thumping solidly into the coat-check desk.

All the patrons in the VIP Lounge froze, staring at the figure silhouetted in the doorway. Those who had bounties on their heads began to look for exits, before realizing they couldn't see a single one visible.

All the tension was broken, however, when the casino's host exclaimed, "My dear General Zoron! How happy to see you here in our fine establishment!" Some porters rushed forward at this, picking the guard up and carrying the unconscious form out of sight.

"You know, Mr. Punctu, it would be beneficial for your guards if they remembered what a Vizsla Challenge Coin looks like – that and the benefits thereof. Otherwise I might stop being so gentle with them in the future."

With that, Zoron removed his helmet and handed it over to the coat-check. The noise in the casino immediately resumed as the dealers all started calling out bets again to bring the players back to the present.