Kincaids Pub

Lower Estle City

Revs leaned back in the chair as he set his feet upon the table in front of him. He sat at the back of the bar observing the other patrons pitifully. Tonight he had put up his robes, and chose to wear a simple pair of torn jeans, band shirt, and leather Jacket to help blend into the crowd. Upon entering the bar he saw he was almost underdressed. Kincaids Pub was a quiet bar. The type of place where upper blue collar workers and lower white collar workers came to drink away their problems but still avoid the rowdy crowd. Stretching out with his senses the young Miraluka could feel the moods of the patrons around him. The mix of depression, stress, and blurr of drunkenness flooded his emotions, making it hard to tell what his feelings were from those around him.

Revs felt a new series of emotions flow into his mind as the door opened, and a new patron walked into the bar. A mix of depression, anger, confusion, and even a hint of self loathing pulled his attention to this new customer. It was a green skinned Twi’lek that Revs attention fell on. The man stood straight and tall. wearing a blue business suit that said all to well he made to much money to frequent this place. He held himself with pride, and an air of arrogance that gave no hint to the feelings that the Sith could feel flowing from him.

As he scanned the ber the Twi’leks eyes fell on Revs sitting alone at the back of the bar, and started to make his way over. The Assassin could feel how nervous the Alien was as he approached.

He stopped just short of Revs and stammered. “Um…...are you…..um..”

“The one the contract bureau sent?” The young Sith interrupted impatiently. “Yes, and I'm drinking Whiskey to answer your next question. Go get our drinks then come sit down.” he comanded.

The contractor seemed to be taken back by the Miralukas bluntness, but quickly turned to go get the drinks. A short time later he returned handing Revs a strong glass of whiskey, while sipping on his own fruity looking drink while taking his seat.

“Thats better.” stated Revs. “But if im going to deal with your issue then Im going to need more details on the target.”

“Well yes…...UM…..how exactly does this….UM well work.” the client stuttered.

“How does what work?” Revs asked annoyed. “You tell me where he is, and I will put him down.”

“Well….Yes….I mean how are you going to do it?” the Twi’lek asked.

“Well thats easy.” The Assassin replied. “ Im going to shoot him in the head.”

“Oh! Oh my.” the Twi’lek stammered as he fidgeted in his seat. “Well you see. It would shatter his mothers heart if he were to be murdered. I was hoping you could make it seem like an accident.”

“And how do you propose I do that.?” Asked Revs

“He has a rare Medical disorder. if he doesn't take a shot of his medicine twice a day, his heart will stop pumping. If you were to tamper with his doses, it would appear non the more his own fault.” the Twi’lek instructed. “Here this datapad has his address, and everything you need to know.”

“Fair enough.” Revs said while pocketing the Datapad. “I will play it your way, but if something goes wrong i'm doing it my way. It is to late to back out of this deal now.”

As the Miraluka stood to leave he said to the client. “ I will be seeing you around Mr. Kava. It would be a shame if your wife learned her sons death was arranged by his own father.”

With that Revs left the Pub to go set out hunting his target.

Strintu Kava’s apartment

Estle City slums

02:30 A.M.

The assassin stood in Strintu’s small loft apartment overlooking his targets passed out form. Strintu was scrawny even for a Twi’lek. The dark tattoos stood out on his light skinned face. Revs had been on the roof across the street  for the last 6 hours, watching the deader and his girlfriend get high on Spice until they passed out allowing the Assassin to sneak in through the window. Being this close to his Deader made Revs want to draw his blaster and end the job now, but this job required more subtlety.

Reaching down into the nightstand beside the bed, Revs withdrew the syringes that contained Strintu’s medicine for three days. Moving as quietly as the young Assassin could, he emptied all the syringes and quickly refilled them with a simple solution of Saline. Revs was careful not to wake his deader or his girlfriend as he replaced the medicine in the nightstand, and slipped out the window into the night.

Outside Strintu Kava’s apartment

Two days Later

Revs stood across the street as he watched the Paramedics pulled a white blanket over the still body of Strintu Kava. He approached the young human woman, who stood beside the ambulance crying.

“What happened? Is everything alright?” he asked her.

“No.” She replied. “He had a heart condition. It finally caught up to him.”

“Im so sorry to hear. Was he your husband?” Revs asked the woman

“No. We were only together a few months.” the woman weeped

“Come on doll. You dont need to see this. Lets go get you some coffee.” Revs said as he pulled the woman away from the scene while looking over his shoulder at his work. He suppressed a smile as he thought that this contract may end in some fun after all.