

Under Construction

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Khatte Antilles/Cipher Nine

Former Imperial Agent



[Playlist](#)

[The Khatte Manual \(NSFW\)](#)

Species: Cathar (southern)

Age: 30ish as of KotFE, 33 according to any surviving files on him.

Height: 6'3

Sexuality: Terrible Bisexual Rep™

Relationship status: In a long-term open relationship with Vector Hyllus, has some kind of D/s situation that he refuses to label with Kalarros. Both are aware of his habit of hooking up with random people in cantinas. Legally married to a Voss he met twice but he's also legally dead in the Empire so it's kind of a grey area.

Voice: In-game voice, but significantly better at changing up his accent as needed.

Force presence: Difficult to discern; a tree forced to grow inside a jar, twisted around and into itself and too stunted to clearly see the shape it would take if had been allowed to grow naturally. Something metallic, but corroded.

Personality: Charismatic, quick-witted, and shamelessly flirtatious at every opportunity. In the short term, he can be incredibly likable and has a knack for creating a very convincing impression of familiarity and trust without ever revealing anything important about himself (or at least nothing remotely true). He can maintain an identity or fabricated personality through almost anything and slips in and out of them with an ease that borders on eerie.

Behind the mask, he's slowly coming apart at the seams. Working for Imperial Intelligence from a young age left him badly damaged in more ways than one, but too much of his self-worth hinges on his own resilience and usefulness for him to do more than keep powering through on momentum and spite, even long after his defection from the Empire. The charming exterior falls away quickly if you manage to actually get to know him, and he's well aware that he makes for, at best, a difficult friend or partner to have. He's paranoid, impulsive, and self-destructive, and prone to turning other people into weapons against himself without stopping to consider how he might hurt them in the process. With some distance from the Empire and access to actual therapy, he's gradually learning how to let people in and coming to terms with his own trauma, but it's a process.

For all his many issues and difficulty showing it, he does appreciate and care deeply for the people willing to stay in his life, and when he feels safe enough with someone he can be surprisingly considerate and affectionate in his own way. He rarely expresses sentiment directly, but shows it often through actions and small gestures that usually have a significant amount of personalization and thought behind them. He would also take a bullet for anyone he considers a friend without hesitation, but that usually goes unsaid as well.

Backstory: He was born to an escaped slave near a smaller city on Dromund Kaas. She raised him in hiding after her attempts to get off the planet failed, and did all she could to give him something of a childhood and ensure that he'd have a chance to at least live in the Empire as a citizen. She was killed by an Acolyte of her former Sith master when he was around ten years old, but Khatte was never discovered and his only known connection to the Sith who legally owned him died with her. He managed to survive another three years on his own (mostly via petty theft and the goodwill/pity of a few other homeless aliens) until he had a run-in with Imperial Intelligence that he managed to turn into a job offer by flagrantly lying about his age. Keeper was well aware that he was lying but couldn't prove it or turn down an additional field agent who showed promise, so he quietly did what he could to keep Khatte alive until it was apparent that he could hold his own. Khatte came to see him as the closest thing available to a parental figure, and though their relationship was outwardly a strictly professional and fairly cold one Keeper was somewhat more lenient with him than he otherwise might have been.

A year or so into his new life, at the age of fourteen, Khatte first encountered Darth Jadus, who was quick to take advantage of a young and severely isolated newcomer in Intelligence and maintained a hold over him with a mix of threats, manipulation, and manufactured debts for his "protection" throughout Khatte's training and early career. He ultimately failed to secure any real loyalty, to his eventual great regret. Khatte went on to become one of Implnt's top field agents, gaining an unprecedented degree of respect for a non-human that only prompted him to push himself harder. His success, and reputation in his field, earned him a solidly comfortable life that he was nonetheless careful not to take for granted.

Though he was a staunch loyalist for much of his career, his discovery of the Castellan Restraints broke his faith in the Emire, and Keeper, irreparably. He defected to the Republic about a year after successfully deprogramming himself and began working as a double agent with the promise that there would be a place for him in the Republic at the end of it, but the general state of the galaxy made him too valuable a resource to give up, and the promised extraction and amnesty never came despite an endless string of reassurances and new timelines. Khatte ended up reassigning most of his crew, deserting both sides, and going into hiding shortly after having to take part in the assault on Tython. He spent several years in semi-retirement during the Revanite conflict, monitoring the situation and briefly lending his talents and Red Blade identity to Lana

and Theon on Rishi with the assurance that his involvement would not be revealed to either the Republic or the Empire, but to all appearances he disappeared from the galaxy without a trace once the conflict became more open.

After Vector's apparent death while trying to negotiate with the Emire on behalf of the Kiliks during the conflict with Zakuul, Khatte handled the resulting mental breakdown by putting his Intelligence training to use again and spent the remainder of the five year time skip hunting down and killing anyone involved with the development of the Castellan Restraints and destroying all data on the project that he could find. Eventually his extremely targeted and reckless murder spree alerted Lana Beniko to the fact that he was still alive (but probably wouldn't be for long the way he was going), and he was more or less shanghaied into the Alliance to oversee its Intelligence operations, to his extreme displeasure. Despite the rocky start it was probably the best thing that ever happened to him, and the unexpected support network it afforded him (as well as reuniting with Vector a few months later) has allowed him to start slowly patching himself back together both physically and mentally.

Other:

- Khatte Antilles is not his real name, he made it up when he joined Implnt and hasn't revealed the fact that he even has another name to anyone since. Considering he chose to call himself the cathar equivalent of Guy Smith, it was probably just as obvious that he was lying about that as his age, but he had no legal records of his existence up to that point so they basically had to take his word for it.
- Despite his open disdain for Force-users, he is himself nearly Force-sensitive enough to have been one himself (definitely not enough to have ever been Sith, but if he'd developed the ability rather than repress it he'd probably be able to manage some very low-level mind tricks and telekinesis). He actively hides this through a combination of suppressants and whatever shielding techniques he's been able to pick up, and does his best to live his life as though he were Force-blind. He doesn't succeed at that as well as he thinks he does, but from the outside even Jedi and Sith rarely pick up on there being anything unusual about him.
- He has a number of health issues from his time with Implnt. Most notably, he occasionally experiences bouts of psychosis associated with the brain damage caused by the Castellan Restraints (mainly in the form of auditory hallucinations and temporary paranoid delusions that far exceed his general distrust/hypervigilance; they were much more common when the Castellen restraints were in active use – and used to include visual hallucinations – but

have dramatically lessened in frequency and severity since then and don't happen without a trigger). He also has reduced flexibility and chronic back pain from the implants installed along his spine by Watcher X, which have shifted over the years to cause problems and can no longer be removed without a high risk of nerve damage and/or paralysis.

Kalarros Oraya

The Empire's Wrath



(art by @artpigeons)

Playlist

Species: Primarily human, with just enough Red Sith blood to make him someone.

Age: 34 as of KotFE

Height: 6'0

Sexuality: Gay, but cursed with unshakable Straight Energy that attracts every woman in a five mile radius. Help him.

Relationship status: Legally speaking, he's been married to the daughter of one of his family's allies for about ten years. The marriage was an arranged one and they see each other as political allies rather than husband and wife. She only wanted to marry for the political security in the first place and considered him being gay a plus, and they generally got on fine both pursuing whatever outside relationships they chose. He hasn't spoken to her since before the Zlost incident and has no idea whether they're still married, but suspects that she probably annulled it to protect herself from the scandal. In actual practice he's in a serious long-term relationship with Malavai Quinn, to whom he would be married if Malavai cared slightly less about Imperial marriage law, and maintains additional relationships with a few subs he's varying degrees of emotionally invested in, including his thing with Khatte that Khatte refuses to label.

Voice: In-game. With perhaps less overacting.

Force presence: Blinding, searing radiance. Harsh sunlight reflected twice as strong off of burnished gold, burning up anything placed in its path and impossible to look at directly for long. A ravenous, predatory hunger, buried deep until it's called upon.

Personality: Kalarros conducts himself with the bearing of someone used to being the most dangerous thing in any given room, because he usually is. He's extremely difficult to threaten, though much less difficult to annoy or offend, and has absolute disdain for the grandstanding power plays many Sith are prone to. Despite his strong affinity for the Dark Side and the exceptional viciousness he's known for on the battlefield, he rarely rises to deliberate attempts at provocation, preferring to let his reputation and presence in the Force speak for themselves unless someone forces his hand. This is not out of a dislike for violence – there are few things he enjoys more than a battle that truly challenges him – but a general disinterest in taking on opponents that don't have a fighting chance against him. That said, when he is provoked, he's more than capable of holding onto a grudge until hell freezes over and shows no mercy once he's decided that someone needs to die.

He's incredibly vain and almost dangerously prideful, but doesn't shy away from acknowledging it or feel that either is an inherently negative quality, though pride in particular has been a pitfall for him on more than one occasion.

The unfortunate string of betrayals throughout his life has left him reserved with people he doesn't know well, but he remains an open book with friends and partners, free with his emotions, straightforward in communicating, and fiercely loyal to those he deems worthy of respect. He generally expects the same from others and has never developed any skill in subterfuge, and is unfortunately still fairly easy to manipulate with the right tactics. He's highly protective of those he loves, sometimes to a degree that can border on possessive, but he's by and large learned to keep it in check (except in situations where his partner is into that, but that's between the two of them).

Though widely rumored throughout the Empire and the Alliance to have been born with no sense of humor, he has a penchant for extremely deadpan sarcasm. He also holds his own against Vette in terms of both shit-talking and jackass-style shenanigans.

Backstory: He was born and raised on Korriban, to one of the lesser branches of an old and highly respected Sith family. While they were very invested in him as an heir, particularly after his considerable power in the Force began to manifest, he had a closer relationship with most of his tutors than he did with his parents and spent a lot of his childhood seeking their attention and approval. As a result he was an overachiever from an early age but had relatively little say in the direction of his own life, rising quickly through the Academy and securing his apprenticeship to Darth Baras more because he believed it to be his birthright and duty than out of personal interest. Even so, he had immense respect for Baras (a respect that, at the time, he thought was mutual) and was loyal to him throughout his apprenticeship. He was blindsided by Baras's betrayal when it came, though any hurt he felt over it distilled very quickly into singleminded fury, and even with the war and the direct attention of the Emperor's Hand claiming his attention he pursued the resulting grudge relentlessly until Baras was dead in front of him on the council chamber floor.

He went on to make a name for himself as the Emperor's Wrath and an unstoppable force in the Empire's war effort, never wavering in his loyalty even as the Emperor grew steadily more distant and cryptic, refusing to believe that he would abandon or turn against his Empire until the Emperor declared his intent outright, casting off Kalarros in the same breath. Kalarros, though committed now to stopping him, held out hope that the Emperor would be reasoned with, or that some outside force was clouding his mind,

until the annihilation of Ziosh forced him to accept that the Emperor he'd followed either had never existed or didn't anymore. In the chaos that followed, with nothing else tangible to blame and his loyalty to the Emperor well known, many believed that Kalarros himself had had a hand in the destruction of Ziosh, and even those that didn't were eager to have a political scapegoat. Kalarros, still reeling from what had been a far deeper and more personal betrayal than that of his first master (and partially blaming himself for refusing to see it sooner), made no real attempt to stop it and instead left the Imperial core worlds to find the Emperor and hold him accountable, only maintaining contact with Darth Marr and those he'd worked with on Ziosh. He eventually found what he was looking for, though not what he was hoping to find, and avoided possession by his former Emperor only because the man with him during the confrontation happened to be Valdrynn: a walking lightning rod for belligerent ghosts.

Throughout the next five years he fought against Zakuul and attempted to track down Valdrynn, who he suspected was still alive. With more pressing issues at hand than clearing his name, he remained distant from the Empire and lost contact with his crew in the chaos that ensued, but eventually aided Lana and Theron in forming the Alliance and worked with them to keep it running until it could gain a foothold. Despite being the first choice to lead it, and being eager to regain a modicum of the influence and respect he'd lost, he ultimately chose to cede the position of Commander to Valdrynn once he was found, realizing that the conflict with Zakuul was too personal for him to trust his own judgement as a leader. He once again fell into the role of field commander and executioner, now with the additional position of advisor, and found, if not the redemption he would have preferred, at least a sense of equilibrium and purpose again.

Other:

- Outside of their renown as Sith, his family has made a name for themselves in the Empire producing several champion lines of purebred racing fathiers. Kalarros has taken a keen interest in the fathiers (though not so much the racing industry) since childhood and has a staggering amount of opinions about space-horsemanship that he will discuss at length if given any opportunity. He will also talk endlessly about his own fathier, Asha, who was given to him by his parents to raise when he was a teenager and has been with him ever since (barring the years he primarily lived on a ship while in service to Darth Baras and/or the Emperor, but he has since been reunited with her after she was somewhat accidentally smuggled to Odessen). She was never racing champion material, but he loves her more than some parents love their children and has put

an exhaustive amount of work into training and looking after her, taking on the majority of her care from the start despite his parents having an abundance of competent staff maintaining their stables.

- He has limited dexterity in his right (fortunately non-dominant) hand and a large scar down the length of his forearm from Baras's attempt to collapse a mineshaft on him. His arm was badly lacerated by a torn piece of metal, and while there was lasting nerve damage and the injury was severe enough to consider replacing it with a prosthetic, he opted to keep the arm, and over the years he's learned to compensate well for the injury and undergone a few subsequent procedures to restore as much mobility/strength as could be salvaged. It still requires some level of physical therapy to maintain, but he's long since learned to live with it.
- He's been highly active in the Sith/Imperial BDSM scene since his early twenties and is actually a well-respected dominant on the core worlds, particularly Dromund Kaas. His reputation followed him to the Alliance and he's essentially running the world's smallest makeshift dungeon out of his quarters. He very much misses the several rooms he was able to devote to it in his Kaas City penthouse but he's making it work.
- He has a low opinion of the Jedi as an Order (and one based more on Sith/Imperial hearsay than actual experience), but has no qualms about interacting with them as individuals and even knows a few that he considers close friends. Though he definitely had a different view on it for most of his life, he's come to believe that the philosophy he follows isn't necessarily going to be the most effective path for everyone, and respects mastery over the Light side of the Force as much as the Dark, seeing them as connected but distinct methodologies rather than opposing sides. He tends to meet a lot of disagreement on that point from both Jedi and other Sith.

Riska Southstar

Literally Just Some Guy

[Playlist](#)

Species: Cathar (mixed)

Age: 37 as of KotFE

Height: 6'2

Sexuality: Bisexual, no real preference. Probably aromantic, but he hasn't noticed due to his unrelated inability to commit to anything.

Relationship status: No. Regularly pretends to be married to his first mate for heist purposes, but they hooked up once out of curiosity and immediately decided they had a

better relationship as friends. His entire romantic history consists of one-night stands and exactly one romance in his teens that lasted about two weeks.

Voice: He sounds like Phil Harris. Riska is genuinely just what would happen if O'Malley from *The Aristocats* was the protagonist of *Firefly*. I could end the bio here.

Force presence: The last few stars visible in a brightening sky, hinting at something there but easy to miss. He doesn't know he has any Force sensitivity at all, but he's a suspiciously good shot with a blaster and has a remarkable ability to pick up on "vibes" that he attributes to experience and good instincts.

Personality: Absolute "that one scruffy guy in the marina who just lives full time on his wooden sailboat like a salty ornamental hermit" energy. If he lived on Earth he would listen to Jimmy Buffet unironically. He has incredibly few fucks to give at any given time and generally just throws himself into situations with unchecked exuberance, unless weird Force bullshit is involved in which case no thank you he'll pass. While it's clear he has some kind of personal moral code that he rigidly adheres to, nobody can figure out exactly what it is, and it definitely doesn't align with any known legal system. Despite appearances he prides himself on dependability and (relative) professionalism. While he has no qualms about what he does, he also has a slight hero complex and a weakness for sob stories and sad puppydog eyes that has gotten him into trouble on numerous occasions. He's an excellent liar but, again, has a strict but incomprehensible set of internal morals about when lying is acceptable. Occasionally he tells people in bars that he's Force-sensitive to seem cooler, completely unaware that it is in fact true.

He has a mortal fear of commitment and avoids it at all costs, and refuses to involve himself in politics or the Republic/Imperial war, but he's very protective of his ship and crew and considers them the closest thing he ever wants to have to a family.

He considers himself charmed with improbable good luck and to all appearances it seems to be true. Despite the often dangerous line of work he's chosen, he's managed to keep his crew and ship afloat through both the Republic/Imperial war and the conflict with Zakuul while staying independent of any faction, and it's earned him undying loyalty as a captain. And some raised eyebrows from every Force-user he encounters.

Backstory: He had a fairly normal upbringing, as upbringings in the Star Wars universe go, but was regularly pinged between his aunt and uncle and his single father throughout his childhood due to his father's work (his mother is presumably still alive somewhere, but she left him with his father shortly after he was born, and he never looked for her). He had a very close relationship with his father and learned most of his

current relevant skills from him, including but not limited to flying, shooting, extremely hazardous makeshift ship repairs, and sabbac, but was under the impression that he was just a regular freighter pilot until he was killed over a series of debts when Riska was around his mid teens. Due to the debt situation he inherited nothing except for Foxfire, his father's ship, but after working through what he'd learned he decided not to hold it against him. A few years later, financial trouble and a less than stellar academic record left him with the options of "enlist in the republic military" or "run off in dad's old ship and do crime/odd jobs" and he chose the latter, at which his aunt and uncle were mildly disappointed but not even slightly surprised. He's never regretted his choice and is still flying the same floating OSHA violation of a ship two decades later. He's primarily a smuggler (usually spice or other drugs, sometimes artifacts or weapons but not if he can avoid it, and, on a few memorable occasions, livestock), but has been known to take on the occasional heist. He's also happy to take legitimate private jobs when they crop up, if only so he has some verifiable receipts to show port authorities, but refuses to work with anyone connected to either the Republic or Imperial governments. In part because both have warrants out on most of his crew.

Crew:

- **Jorell Lenteni** – Human, 38, the closest thing Foxfire has to a first mate, first member of the crew to start flying with Riska and considers him a close friend as well as captain. Was a journalist, until she was publicly framed for a crime she never committed in order to cover up corruption within the Republic military and narrowly escaped arrest. With a warrant hanging over her and her journalism career over, she decided to give actual crime a try until she had the funds to get herself out of trouble and start over. She ended up liking crime better. Has a keen interest in stellar cartography that makes her a decent if improvisational navigator, and a talent for forgery. Since joining Riska's crew, she's also become an excellent shot with a blaster pistol, but prefers to avoid using it.
- **Lutra** – Selonian, 29, mainly the muscle of the crew and a decent sharpshooter in a pinch. Originally ran with a particularly violent group of Selonian mercenaries-turned-terrorists who wanted both the Republic and the Empire off of Corellia, but joined Riska's crew after he saved her from execution by the Empire in exchange for help on a job. Has a strong dislike of politics and lengthy conversations, along with most other things that aren't credits or her beloved automatic slugthrower rifle, but extremely loyal and protective of the rest of the crew. First language is Mandaba but she is more or less conversational, though

not fluent, in Basic. Absolutely refuses to adopt the broader galactic custom of wearing pants.

- **Holden Paph** – Human, 43, ship’s medic. Formerly an Alderaanian veterinarian who originally met Riska after hiring him to transport the stims and tranquilizers he was skimming from work to a buyer. Later saved Riska’s life after a job went bad enough to get him impaled, but didn’t start living aboard Foxfire until he lost his license and was nearly imprisoned for the whole stealing drugs thing (he was not acquitted, he just managed to get in contact with Riska to let him know he was about to lose his only reliable source of medical care if he didn’t get him out before the trial).

Itahr “Mittens” Sodo

Bounty Hunter

[Playlist](#)

Species: Cathar (northern)

Age: 49 as of KotFE

Height: 6’0

Sexuality: Gay in the most “cigar smoking bear” way imaginable.

Relationship status: He considers himself single and available, but has a string of semi-regular hookups scattered around places he visits frequently.

Voice: Same in-game chainsmoker voice. He chooses to talk like that.

Force presence: N/A, he’s absolutely Force-blind.

Personality: Depending on who you ask, Mittens is either a friendly, good-hearted guy you could easily trust to watch your puppy and/or child for a day, a consummate professional who runs a tighter ship than some Imperial captains and has one of the cleanest reputations you’ll find in his line of work, or a menace to society with no manners and no regard for sentient life. All are at least partly true. He’s extremely discerning about the jobs he takes, but makes a point of never backing out of a contract unless the client was less than honest from the start (or, in one case, blackmailed him into taking the job in the first place), regardless of any sob stories, threats, or bribery attempts his target might try. He finds high society deeply annoying and will not bother to hide the fact or alter his behavior in any way if he’s forced to interact with it, and has similar feelings about anyone he thinks takes themselves too seriously (this list particularly includes Mandalorians, overly patriotic soldiers, law enforcement, and most Imperials). He generally responds to these people (and sometimes also people he likes)

by trying his damndest to get a rise out of them. The best way to win him over is generally to trash talk him right back; he can come across as aggressive but in actuality is mostly just here for a good time. Contrary to what everything else about him would suggest, he's also the only one here who has any clue how to interact with or care for children; he has a huge soft spot for them and can be fiercely protective of them when he needs to be, to the point that they're the only thing he'll willingly compromise a job for. Children also tend to like him, mainly because he is gigantic, extremely fluffy, and very willing to literally murder anything that tries to harm them.

Backstory: He grew up in, to say the least, an unhealthy environment. He was raised (to use the term loosely) by adoptive parents who weren't much better than his original parents, and fairly early on got involved with a local swoop gang who were established enough and well-intentioned enough to make sure he survived to adulthood at least somewhat well-adjusted. On the downside, they also got him involved in spice running, which in turn led to him falling into bounty hunting after he discovered that he was better at it and it paid more. After a few false starts (and a stint in a republic prison) he managed to establish an independent reputation and a decent number of contacts in the underworld.

Eventually, he agreed to sign on the the Great Hunt purely out of a desire to show up the Mandalorians, with whom he'd been butting heads endlessly for the last few decades, and mildly irritated every Mandalorian involved by winning and then immediately going back to bounty hunting independently and ignoring them.

His relationship with the Alliance is purely a contractual one, but he enjoys the job security and the ability to continue taking other jobs on the side, and has no intention of leaving any time soon.

Talak Jul

Pirate King of the Rishi Maze



[Playlist](#)

Species: Cathar (mixed)

Age: 35 as of KotFE

Height: 6'4, probably like 7' if you include his mane

Sexuality: Completely aro/ace, but spiritually immensely slutty.

Voice: More or less in-game but when he's doing pirate shit he purposefully pitches it down and does the piratey whisper-growl thing, which is something cathar are conveniently very good at.

Force presence: N/A, but his regular presence is more than enough to deal with.

Personality: Talak has a spectacularly grandiose opinion of himself but, unfortunately for everyone else, it's not wholly unwarranted. He's highly ambitious, and despite his chaotic methods and outward lack of formal structure, he has more than enough savvy and ruthlessness to back it up, usually in the most loud and theatrical way possible. Reputation means everything to him; you might walk away from an attack on his operations, with the right combination of apologies, tribute, and bribes, but anyone who dares to insult him or make him look foolish is unlikely to live out the month (and he's been known to hunt down and execute them personally in front of an audience, if they upset him badly enough). He never takes sides or makes formal alliances in the larger ~~star wars~~ galactic conflicts, but he'll deal with anyone on a temporary basis if it benefits him enough and has at least a few local authorities of most significant commerce hubs in his pocket. He's considered surprisingly affable and well-liked by his "business partners" as long as they never make the mistake of infringing on his territory or double crossing him, and to the eternal frustration of port authorities and law enforcement everywhere he has never actually been convicted of so much as a parking infraction, let alone any of his innumerable serious crimes. He takes great joy in rubbing his status as an apparent model citizen in the face of authorities who know perfectly well that he's loudly running one of the biggest criminal empires in the galaxy from just outside everyone's jurisdiction.

Backstory: He was born on Nar Shaddaa and orphaned at a young age, and spent a lot of his childhood surviving via pickpocketing, petty theft, and scamming tourists in the red light sector. Even early on he had grandios aspirations, inspired by the ostentatious displays of wealth and power from the Hutts and local crime lords, but realized quickly that the existing power structure on Nar Shaddaa was too well entrenched for him to make much headway there and talked his way onto the crew of a smuggler's ship, where he found himself with an abundance of new opportunities and, eventually, his own small ship.

He worked for some time as a Republic privateer but never had any loyalty to them, and quickly turned to piracy once the arrangement was no longer advantageous to him.

From there he made his way to Rishi, where he continued to grow his influence and

reputation, and remained in constant conflict with the Nova Blades until a few years later, when the fight between the Republic, Empire, and Revanites made its way to Rishi. Talak quickly allied with the Revanites' enemies and offered aid against the Nova Blades in exchange for the promise that he would be left all their holdings and operations after they were defeated. Once a final victory against them and his position was secured he promptly declared himself Pirate King, wasted no time in ensuring that the locals would see him as a savior rather than a new oppressor, and has overseen a wildly successful criminal empire ever since, eventually coming to own nearly every part of Rishi not controlled by either the Mandalorians or the Rishii themselves, both of whom he maintains amicable trade relations with.

He has virtually no personal interest in the conflict with Zakuul and has used the war entirely to his own advantage, even growing bold enough to threaten the Hutt Cartel despite the agreements he supposedly has in place with them.

Other:

- He has a bad scar over one side of his mouth that gives the impression of a permanent sneer, as well as one gold fang on the same side.
- He straight up takes the Blackbeard approach when personally raiding ships, tying burning rope into his mane and winning his battles through reputation and theatrics.
- He refuses to deal in slavery or other forms of trafficking, and shut down the Nova Blade's operations when he took over, repurposing the land and hiring most of the slaves he subsequently freed. It's one of very few hard moral lines he draws, but he refuses to compromise on it, though whether it's out of the goodness of his heart or simply a means of ensuring his continued popularity among the civilian and small-scale criminal population may never be known.