Bounty Hunting is one of the most complicated jobs in the galaxy. But when you take out the politics, morals, and ethics of shooting one being or bringing them in alive in exchange for payment, you’re left with two simple categories that all run the gamut from big to small:

1. The Risk
2. The Pay

Big Risk equals Big Reward, right? Wrong, scuzzbutt! Our intrepid captain had learned long ago that people would have much rather that you do literally *all* the dirty work of capturing exotic aliens, shooting criminals, and ending uppity-but-inheriting branches of family trees all across the galaxy, but for as little pay as possible.

Which is why it was *far* more profitable to pressure small-timers into paying you more, because they *think* that you’re this badass who can traipse across the galaxy. It’s all in how you carry yourself, you see?

And what’s the best way to convince people that you’re a legit merc? That’s right:

*Custom. Armor.*

It was a small investment that ultimately paid off—more than anyone ever really realized, if they weren’t in “the biz” themselves.

Bullying the kind of low-lives that thrive on the /bounty/ board of the holonet (and all too often, in person) into paying you way too much for doing *way* too little work in exchange for their safety as well as the completion of the mission was *the* most profitable way to be an intergalactic bounty hunter.

Siobhan Starr was living, breathing proof of that.

She hadn’t so much as left Persei 9 in a solid six months of Standard Time, but she’d been raking it in by doing small job after small job, using nothing but intimidation and her own good looks to get exactly as much money as she wanted from these wimpy, quivering crooks who didn’t have any other option.

“*Another bottle on me, boys!*” she raised her still half-full glass high in the club, “*Your favorite Bounty Hunter struck rich again!*”

In actuality, she was only raking in a few hundred credits more than she would have. But on a backwoods planet like this (the kind that she *thrived* on) she could take those hundreds of credits and stretch them out into months. Or one night, if she had a mind to blow them all on extravagant parties.

And really, who *didn’t* love a party? Siobhan Starr sure did. Perhaps a little too much.

After months of doing fuck-all but trudge around and drink on her off-time, hanging out in the most luxurious clubs that a mud-ball like this could offer, she was finding that her intimidating custom-fitted armor was getting tighter in the middle than she would care to admit. At first it was just a little pinch, but soon she was having to suck in just to get all those stupid fucking belts clasped…

“Alright… listen here… y’little…”

Red-faced and struggling to hold it in, Siobhan’s soft belly was pressing hard against the Cortosis that made up her armor.

*Keep it together, Starr Girl, keep it togetherrrr…*

“Are you… okay?”

“*M’FINE*.” She squeaked, her voice higher than her bar tab “*J’ST… GIMME MONEY.*”

Taking a dramaticall large breath, she continued her threat.

*“B’FRE I BRKE YER FACE.”*