

Pull No Punches

By Idris Adenn

Nar Shaddaa Outer Rim Territories

"I hate this moon. Smells like piss and shit," MJ said wiping down one of the *Viper Fang's* landing gear.

"Smells like Hutt you mean," Idris responded without looking up from his datapad. MJ snorted and kept wiping. While she had been less than pleased when hearing about the job Idris had taken she knew better than to put up a fight on it. If she had refused, Idris would have just tried to fly the *Fang* himself. She shuttered at the thought of how much damage her baby would receive.

Idris tossed his datapad on to a nearby crate apparently satisfied he knew the details well enough. It was a straightforward enough mission. Break a few kneecaps, kill a few low lifes, take back some data. It had been a while since he had a good tussle. Life had been surprising tame since he had been employed by that eccentric recluse Xen'Mordin. Not that Idris or his crew particularly minded that fact, spending their days and nights in a nightclub certainly far from the worst way to kill time.

Idris picked up his helmet from the crate and slipped it on. He turned back to MJ.

"Kiss for luck?"

MJ glared and threw her grease-stained rag at him in response.

"Don't wait up for me," Idris said as his jetpack launched him into the air.

3 hours later

"I should get some ice before heading back to the Fang", Idris thought as he rubbed his hand. The plating of his glove had cracked and come loose. The Twi'lek he stood over gurgled some.

"Tilt your head forward, you don't want to drown on the blood," Idris told the man as he stepped away. The rest of the cantina remained steadfastly focused on their drinks. Idris dropped a handful of credits on the bartop.

"Round for everyone."

1 hour later

Idris stood in the shadows, eyes scanning the slime and rust covered building before him. Ull Domar either seriously underestimated the value of the intel he had or was just a terrible salesman.

“Just when you think you’ve seen every level of shit on this moon it just has to go and show you, it can get worse,” Idris muttered to himself. For as rundown as the building looked, it was surprisingly secure. He had walked around it three times. No windows. No easily accessed vents. Just a pair of thick durasteel doors and a lot of gunk to cover it.

With no other options to get in. Idris calmly walked to doors and slammed his fist on it a few times. Parts of the durasteel cracked and flaked off. Idris sighed and shook the rusted metal off his glove.

“Whachu want?” Came a voice through the intercom.

“Boss sent me. Wants me to *escort* this informant,” Idris lied.

“I ain’t never seen you before,” The voice replied.

“And you really have the entire roster of who is working for the boss memorized?” Idris pried.

“No. I err..” The voice hesitate.

“Do you know just how many things the boss has his hands in? You know how Hutts are. Bit of this, a bit of that, all over the place. Open the damn door and I won’t tell him who it was that held me up,” Idris pressed his opening.

There was a click and the doors began to move.

1 hour later

Idris shoved Ull Domar up the loading ramp of *The Viper Fang*.

“You look surprisingly clean and disappointed,” MJ said as Idris came into view.

“They literally just gave him to me. I punched one twi’lek in the face about 10 times and that is it. I know Nar Shaddaa doesn’t attract the best and brightest but I’m honestly a bit shocked the Hutts can make any money at all with these idiots working for them,” Idris complained. He shoved Ull again toward the holding cell.

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"You did well Idris, and no big mess to cover up back on Nar Shaddaa," Xen'Mordin said without looking up from his datapad.

"A bit disappointing and boring but they can't all be exciting," Idris replied. "And my payme..."

"Your fee has already been transferred to your account. Though I imagine you and your crew will be sending a fair amount of that back to me in the nightclub." Xen'Mordin interrupted.

"Well what can I say, you and your wife sure know how to throw a party," Idris said. The door to the office opened with a clean crisp hiss. Heavy footsteps rattled the floor. Idris leaned back in his chair and tilted his head back to see who was entering.

There was a momentary pause of silence as the two men made eye contact, then an awful lot of everything happened all at once.

Within seconds, the chair Idris had been sitting in was left shattered in pieces. Idris was pinned against the wall, feet dangling, a different experience for a man of his height. A large calloused hand was gripped firmly around his throat. Idris himself had one hand gripping his dagger pressed tightly to the other man's throat, and his WESTAR-35 in his other hand pointed squarely at the hulking man's chest.

Xen'Mordin remained seated at his desk pouring over his datapad.

"Ah good. So you both know each other then," Xen said calmly.

The two mercenaries remained frozen, pressed together ready to make the killing blow. Xen scrolled uninterested down the page he was reading. A second turned into two, turned into three before massive smiles broke across the faces of the two mercs. Idris was dropped back to his feet, let out a bit of a harsh cough and gave a friendly pat on the shoulder to Bale Andros.

"Good to see you Bale, been a while. Still as ugly and huge as ever," Idris said putting his blaster and dagger away.

"You'll be working primarily through Bale going forward. But don't worry I'll still be ensuring you are adequately compensated for your efforts. Now get out I'm busy," Xen said. Bale gestured with his head.

"Lets get a drink or ten," The Quaestor said.