

The Request

Zsoldos Wild West Gunslinger's Cantina

Mauro Wynter sat down at his usual seat at the bar and ordered a carafe of ale. He watched the assorted mass of smugglers, mercenaries, freighter captains, and pilots milling around telling tall tales and spacer stories as old as time itself. And Wynter drank and waited for his contact to arrive.

Wynter eyed his notebook and ordered a sandwich of bantha meat. He called the butcher over, and selected his cut of meat. The Gunslinger's Cantina was a normal dive bar but it had one of the best kitchens on Zsoldos. Wynter waited for his meal to arrive and coldly scowled, his contact was late and Wynter hated to wait for an interview with a potential client.

The short, dark skinned Umbaran walked over cautiously and sat next to Wynter. "Are you Tamarak?" Wynter asked as the man ordered a drink. The Umbaran nodded. "The drinks and meal are on you – my time costs credits and you are late."

The Umbaran nodded contently and drank from his glass. "I have a demand of you, bounty hunter. I have some...unique...charges in system on the Bystander's Trench, a Golan space station under the aegis of Clan Vizsla. Are you familiar with exotic creatures?"

Wynter scoffed heavily and slugged down his ale. He ordered another and drank that down too. "I have an affinity for creatures it is known. What do you have in mind? If they are dangerous or illegal it will cost extra."

The Umbaran nodded and began. "Well then lets be direct. I acquired two rancors from Dathomir for an incredibly large cost. Yet, my buyer needs them fully trained and domesticated and the men I hired have come up...eaten."

Wynter laughed heartily. "So, you need me to go to this space station, setup shop, and break these rancors in? After knowing your previous handlers have been eaten? What makes you think I would take such a job and be successful at it?"

The Umbaran nodded slowly and let out a soft sigh. "To be honest – your armor is a start the rancors are less likely to take a bite out of a hard target. Plus, I heard from those around here that you already own two trained rancors. Perhaps we can make a deal – I take your creatures and I give you mine?"

Wynter lowered his drink and eyed the Umbaran hard. "Those creatures are mine. I raised them from when they were cubs. They are trained and tamed for me but I doubt they will take kindly to a new master. Plus, you couldn't afford my rancors."

The Umbaran sighed again. "I am on a tight schedule. If I don't deliver the price goes down prohibitively for me. You are my only hope. Either you train my rancors or I need yours."

Mauro refilled his drink. "Then whatever price you were considering double it. If I don't take this job you make no credits either. When can we start? And I need my credits up front. I can guarantee success but we must start now."