

## The Hunted

**Zsoldos**

**Wild West**

**Gunslinger's Cantina**

Mauro Wynter sat and slowly sipped on his drink, a glass of strong mead poured heavily from a glass carafe. His helmet was left behind in his room, a stateroom sized bunk off of the main building guarded by a sentry droid. He relaxed easily in this familiar location, seen as a second home to the man after so many years on Daleem and Kiast.

His eyes scanned the crowd as was his habit. The years of being in battle and on missions kept him akin to new threats and opportunities as they walked into the room. Three Umbarans entered slowly, scanning the room with their eyes and silently fanning out. Another two Umbarans entered moments later and took up positions at the door, barring entry and egress.

Wynter knew something was transpiring, and instinctually gripped his blasters. His eyes met the lead Umbaran who walked over slowly to approach him. He spoke in a hushed tone. "Hands up...slowly...and back away from that bar stool."

Wynter kept eye contact with the dark skinned Umbaran, a very unusual look for sure that kept him on guard. "Sure thing friend..."

He rapidly twisted his blasters forward and fired through the thick bar table. The blaster bolt glancing against the Umbaran and knocking him down. Wynter jumped over the bar and charged towards the two Umbarans blocking the door. Taken by surprise the two Umbarans fell backwards before they were able to grip their blasters.

Running through the door Wynter dodged the incoming blaster fire. He needed to make it to his room to recover his helmet and allow his sentry droid to bring its own fire to bear on the assailants. The four remaining Umbarans followed him several paces behind. He reached his room as the sentry droid moved to the side. Wynter knew he had only seconds to spare as he clipped his helmet on and grabbed the ignition key to high fighter craft.

Returning to the skirmish he fired his blasters at the incoming Umbarans. The sentry droid fired its blaster in response, between the two of them taking down another of the assailants. Wynter ignited his jetpack and spurted to the air, flying above the two remaining Umbarans who fired at him as he went. The distraction allowed his sentry droid to continue firing, taking down another of the Umbarans before it was silenced in turn.

The odds were now improving for Wynter, two to one was a bet he was willing to take at all times. The Umbarans ran after Wynter, knowing his jetpack would run out of energy shortly and could keep pace as long as he did not reach his fighter craft. Wynter gained a good vantage

point above the pursuing Umbarans and fired rapidly taking aim as best he could. One of the Umbarans was taken square in the head and another took several bolts to the chest. Wynter dropped to the ground and approached the mortally wounded Umbaran.

“Who sent you?” Asked Wynter. The dying Umbaran laughed heavily. “A message from your old friends.”