

Become the Hunter

Coruscant never failed to surprise Evio Nezsa as he left the busy streets and ambient sounds of the ecumenopolis and slipped into a high-end brothel. An entire planet covered in city and it felt like he just entered another world entirely. Plush fabrics in deep rich violet and blue covered every surface of the oval-shaped room where all design lines drew the eyes to a small reception desk on the far wall.

The Mandalorian always felt uncomfortable when his business took him into a brothel, high-class low-class or otherwise, he hardly had an appetite for spending his hard-earned credits on sex. Yet his line of work constantly found him walking into them.

This time in search of yet another target, an information broker. One who didn't hesitate for a moment to spend his credits to satisfy his desires and get that rush of power over a woman. What information he had that his client wanted was of no concern to Evio as he took in the brothel and decided his next steps.

"Is there something I can do for you?" the young Mon Calamari behind the counter asked sweetly, a small hint of concern and fear in her tone.

Evio smile as he hesitated, taking in the room around him to decide his approach. He had forgone his usual Mandalorian helmet but was still wearing the rest of the armor with his blaster pistols clearly in view. Not an uncommon sight in this section of town but slightly alarming for the young girl behind the counter.

He tried to look unthreatening as possible as he relaxed his posture and emphasized his smile as he took a few steps forward without a response.

Frankly speaking, what she could do for him was lead him to whatever private room his target, Manu Maurfai, was satisfying his flabby green body in. Somewhere beyond the reception, he enjoyed himself at other's expense.

It reinforced why Evio did what he did. Why he chose this contract. The lowlife.

"I'll see you fired you incompetent whore!" a male voice yelled angrily from somewhere in the rooms beyond the desk before Evio could respond, "How dare you put your hands on me without asking permission."

The receptionist jumped to her feet and pulled a small holdout blaster from below the desk, pointing it down the hallway towards the commotion.

Her concern for Evio obviously the last thing on her mind now. Yet the Mandalorian instinctively drew both his own blasters set to stun while taking a few steps back. Both aimed down the hallway as a fat green twi'lek threw aside a tapestry and strode towards the poor receptionist.

Evio's blasters followed the man's torso. His target.

He considered just shooting him right on the spot. Anger built up in him as he looked at the hideous lump of entitlement. All hanging out with no shame. A reputation built on deceit and broken promises. Everything wrong with the galaxy.

The Mandalorian switched one of his blasters from stun, to kill.

Manu had covered himself hastily in his raging retreat from the room with a sheet, managing to conceal most of his misshapen body as he approached the receptionist and her holdout blaster. "Do you have any idea what your whore just did to me? She rejected me. How dare she!" he spat out arrogantly before noticing the blaster pointed at him, unphased.

"Put that thing down you wretch you aren't going to use it," he laughed as he grabbed the weapon from her hand and tossed it behind him at one of the security droids and missed. "What is it with this place and your disrespect. Do you have any idea who I am? Do you?"

The receptionist looked petrified.

"I do," Evio spoke up with enough volume to catch his attention from his fit, quite fed up with the whole ordeal. An outburst that saved him pulling the trigger.

Manu spun around quickly towards the sound of the voice and spotted Evio standing there in full Mandalorian armor with two WESTAR blaster pistols pointed at him. Yet his arrogance and sense of invulnerability knew no bounds.

"And who the frak are you?" Manu asked as he looked Evio up and down.

Evio didn't respond. He stood firm.

The bounty hunter's mind was racing with the names of every prideful, arrogant, narcissistic humanoid he ever came in contact with. A flame burned deep in him that never extinguished that wanted to see the man dead.

There was no chance he missed.

"I'm talking to you boy!" Manu laughed as he approached. Not being immediately shot had elevated his already heightened sense of invulnerability in the situation.

“He’s just another customer who came in before you ran into issues with one of the girls. I’ll help him as soon as I finish helping you,” the receptionist said in a shaky voice.

Evio flashed a slight smile at the girl’s bravery. She had no idea who he was and yet she protected him by diverting attention. His eyes fell on her for a moment that spoke thanks louder than words. Not for the diversion, but for her display of compassion that calmed the fire burning him that wanted to see Manu dead.

The still angry Twi’lek turned back to the receptionist, disregarding Evio again. “I didn’t ask you who he was so shut the frak up!”

As he rose his arm to strike her a bright blue ring illuminated the rich fabrics of the room and struck Manu in the back. Evio had landed a square hit to the torso with his blaster set to stun before aiming it down.

His other blaster followed the body to the ground and stayed pointed directly at the short fat lekku coming out of his limp body laying on the ground barely covered by a blanket. He took a second to finally abandon his target and put both blasters into their holsters again.

Target acquired.

Alive.