

Vizsla Monthly May

Darcy Avarik 307

Last Week

Roark-Cole-Tresor Research Facility Zsoldos System

As the second to last scientist hit the floor smoldering, the small strike team that had raided the Roark-Cole-Tresor Research Facility completed their mission. The only thing that remained was to extract with the prize. "Do you have it?" the squad leader demanded of an Ithorian scientist, the last one left alive, for a reason: he had hired them. He held up a datapad and two vials filled with some kind of liquid as he quickly packed his things. There was no need for that, however, as they had very specific orders about *how* to handle their extraction; the squad leader set his blaster for stun.

"Clan Vizsla have detected us. We need to leave immediately." The squad leader acknowledged his communications officer with a curt nod as he fired on the Ithorian. Caught off guard, the large alien dropped what he was carrying, but lucky everything was unharmed. Some of the invading soldiers collected the alien and his datapad, but the squad leader snatched the vials personally. Pocketing one, he held the other glass tube carefully to the light, peering at the red and green mixture inside.

"All this trouble for a drop of blood," he murmured to himself before pitching the vial at the wall with all his strength.

Vizsla Meeting Room Sundari Station Zsoldos System

With a cold, calculated stare, Colonel Lindon surveyed the gathered Vizslans before him. Several members of the Clan and their military were present, as he had requested; this was an emergency, after all, and most of the Clan had responded quickly. There were a few notable absences though, including a priority target, Darcy Avarik. The quiet conversations in Clan Vizsla's meeting room died out as the Consul of Clan Vizsla, Dracaryis, marched in and stood beside him.

"Thank you all for coming," Drac greeted everyone as an image of a building in the wilderness of Zsoldos occupied the main screen. "As some of you know, Zsoldos was attacked almost two weeks ago." Several of the military leaders were a little taken aback by this. Aside from an invasion by Clan Plagueis, Clan Vizsla had been mostly safe on Zsoldos, and with Sundari Station now fully operational no one had expected any kind of attack to come their way. "This is Colonel Lindon, head of planetary security and intelligence."

“Thank you,” the Colonel acknowledged. “Early last week, a small rogue element bypassed our security in a Sentinel-class landing craft and infiltrated the Roark-Cole-Tresor Research Facility, with near-total losses.”

“We were invaded by an enemy force?” one of the gathered Clanmates asked.

“In a manner of speaking,” the Colonel replied, holding one hand up. “*If* I may continue. The ‘enemy force’ was able to steal one of our ships, a Sentinel-class landing shuttle belonging to Strike Group Saxon.” A few eyebrows raised at this. “When the Strike Group was disbanded, a small team was able to commandeer the shuttle and raid our research facility.”

“That suggests an inside job,” someone pointed out, at the expense of an irritated glance.

“We have obtained intelligence that confirms this.” A picture of an Ithorian appeared on the screen. “This is Doctor Korast, one of our biological defense specialists. On the day of the raid, he performed several unauthorized actions, and it is believed that he is the traitor responsible for organizing this raid and stealing valuable research from the facility.”

“Thank you, Colonel,” Dracaryis announced as he resumed command of the briefing. “Our intelligence has tracked the Ithorian to a space station in the Davros system. Needless to say, this cannot stand. I am ordering the fleet to Davros, where we will retrieve the traitor. Specific orders are in the folders in front of you. Dismissed.”

After the room had cleared, the Consul turned to the Colonel. “Have you been able to prepare a final report on the attack?”

“In a manner of speaking. I assume you do not want all the details published.” The Consul nodded. “Very well. From what we can tell our rogue scientist was not working alone. The soldiers we recovered appear to have come from Strike Group Saxon as well. The site is still contaminated, however, which is slowing down our recovery and investigation.”

“So, there was a bioweapon being manufactured?” Dracaryis asked. “That was not authorized.”

“No. Doctor Korast’s orders were quite clear - no production, pure research and with a goal of biodefense. It appears he has been disobeying those orders for some time.”

“I want to know how long, and how much of the virus has been produced.”

“From what we can tell, very little. He knows how to make more, though, so it could pose an ongoing risk.”

“Not for long.”

“And what about Saxon’s former commander? I raised my concerns with the Summit some time ago, if you’ll recall.”

“He’s been... taken care of.”

YT-2000 *Covenant Runner*
Hangar
Sundari Station

Breathing in deeply and slowly, Darcy opened his eyes and looked around a little groggily. Seated across from him was Occultan, looking wonderful in his shiny Mandalorian armor.

“You shot me.” Darcy’s accusation, and accompanying glare, did not bother the Mandalorian one bit. The teenager raised his hands. “Stun cuffs? Really?!”

“A job is a job, kid. I don’t question the bounty, I just collect.”

“Do you know how much I hate being stunned? Almost as much as I hate being arrested and locked in a... is this my ship?” Some of the details around him became more clear as the after effects of being stunned cleared up. “Why am I on my ship?”

“You’re meant to be locked up and waiting for interrogation, but the Consul wants a word first.” Right on cue, the cargo bay opened and Dracaryis stepped inside.

“Dracaryis! I’m glad you’re h-” Darcy’s sentence was cut short as he felt his throat constrict.

“There are some who say that you’re a traitor.” The Consul of Clan Vizsla held one hand up, his fingers squeezing Darcy’s throat from a distance. “Colonel Lindon seems pretty sure of it.” The boy sputtered in protest. “Early last week, part of the Saxon Strike Group turned traitor and attacked Zsoldos.” Darcy slumped forward as he was released from the choke.

“I... wasn’t here...” he coughed. “Look, I know things with Saxon turned out badly, but I promise you I am not responsible for that attack.”

“Your access codes were used to steal the strike group’s Sentinel-class shuttle.” The boy’s face dropped, then became a little confused.

“That shuttle was then used to smuggle a squad of our own soldiers to destroy the research facility on Zsoldos and steal valuable research.”

“I wasn’t here. I’ve been busy setting up agricultural trade deals with friendly systems to feed our armies.”

“Including the Davros system. Where the traitors are hiding.”

Darcy’s face scrunched up as the penny dropped, and his voice raised a squeaky octave. “And I know that looks really bad, but...”

“But you weren’t here,” Occultan interrupted. “You were on the *Godless Matron*, stealing this ship.”

Darcy opened his mouth to continue, before glaring at the Mandalorian. “I didn’t steal it. I bought it fair and square.” Even with his helmet on, Darcy knew what kind of look he was receiving. “Ok, so I acquired it creatively. Wait, have you been following me?”

“On my orders,” Dracaryis clarified. “Your dereliction of duty from Saxon was suspicious, but you paid your bounty as promised so we gave you some leeway. However, when our chief of intelligence raised concerns with me, I asked Occultan to keep an eye on you. When the shuttle was stolen Occultan already had you in his sights, so we know you were not personally involved.”

“That’s great!”

“But there are only a few people who could have stolen your access codes, assuming you didn’t just give them to someone else; that’s for Colonel Lindon to discover.” Occultan slowly stood, placing one hand on his blaster. “Occultan, take him away.”

“Wait, what? You can’t take me away! You’ll need me on Davros! I have a pretty good relationship with their trading station. I go there pretty regularly and I can smuggle a squad in and out in the next few hours.” The Mandalorian looked at his Consul, waiting for clarification. “I’m not a traitor. I’m just trying to make some extra credits and get the Hutts off my trail. Give me a chance to prove it.”

The two adults exchanged a silent look.

Davrosian Horticulture Trading Post
Golan-I Space Station
Davros System

The YT-2000 frigate *Covenant Runner* flashed out of hyperspace and cruised ahead as Darcy opened his communications line. “Greetings trading post, how are you all today?” Radio silence greeted him back. “Davrosian Horticulture, this is Darcy Avarik on approach delivering my next shipment. Asking permission to land in docking bay alpha.”

Another awkward silence led to Darcy exchanging a worried glance with the soldier next to him. Like many of the soldiers in Clan Vizsla’s armies, they wore visored helmets in a similar T-shape

style to Mandalorians. They were, however, not made from beskar but were instead a more aesthetic choice made of regular plastoid. This one's helmet and shoulder had markings indicating he was a major, fitting for the leader of the squad Darcy was tasked with smuggling into the trading post.

"They don't seem to be responding to my hail."

"Try flying in closer," the Major suggested. Darcy complied, closing the distance carefully - the last thing he wanted to do was to risk a confrontation by being presumptuous, and he knew the bridge crew were sometimes touchy about merchants with... questionable reputations.

"Davrosian Horticulture Trading Post, this is the *Covenant Runner*, requesting permission to land... nothing. They should have responded by now." The teenager checked his main screen and ran a quick sensor sweep. "The hangars appear to be open... let's try and dock."

As the YT-2000 glided inside the main hangar doors, Darcy and the Major noted something eerie about the trading post. While it wasn't the most lucrative operation in the Outer Rim, it did a decent amount of business particularly in agriculture and horticulture. However, the frigate was overwhelmed with choices of where to park in the otherwise empty hangar. Setting down carefully, Darcy dropped the landing ramp while the Major fetched his squad from the cargo area.

"I'm not detecting any kind of lifesigns," Darcy informed the Major and his squad as he joined them outside the ship. Scattered tools had been left lying around, but there were no other signs of life. He held up a handheld scan pulse. "There's nothing within 50 meters, except for us."

"We're not detecting any clear communications either, but there is a lot of static. Do you know how to get to the command bridge from here?" The boy nodded. "Keep running that thing and stay in the centre of the squad." Moving in a tight formation, the squad quickly covered the distance in the hangar.

"This doesn't make any sense," Darcy muttered as he checked to make sure the scan pulse was working. "Davrosian Horticulture wasn't a big operation, but they still had a decent population."

"How did they get their hands on a Golan station then?"

"It was a leftover from the Empire. They were only using maybe half of it. Pirates weren't an issue and they were a breadbasket planet; outside of customs and a squadron of fighters, I don't think they had many ships at all. They were quite happy to make connections with Vizsla, and our horticulture scientists. I ferried a few of them back and forth while they were trying to solve some problems with crop production."

"Including Doctor Korast?" the Major asked, turning his attention to the teenager.

“Big guy? Hammerhead? Always ‘better than everyone else’ and ‘has to be in charge’?”

“Yeah, the hammerhead. Ithorian. One of our chief biological scientists.”

“He was actually Ottegan. Ithorians have two mouths, while Korast only has one. They’re like a subrace.”

“Where’s the closest command bridge?”

“This way.”

Bridge
Davrosian Horticulture Trading Post
Davros System

The doors slid open. Like the rest of the trading post, the bridge was empty of people, however scattered tools, datapads and other miscellaneous items suggested that the station had been evacuated in a hurry. There was no apparent reason why though, no signs of a fire, and strangely no communications. Darcy was quite troubled by this, but tried to keep a calm head. Being surrounded by a squad of Vizsla’s finest troopers certainly helped. While three of the squad members cleared the room, the Major stepped up to a control panel and tried pressing a few buttons.

“The system is locked down,” he reported.

“Let me try. I’ve got some technical training.” One of the other troopers took his place and started entering in commands while Darcy surveyed the room. “It looks like the station is jamming all internal communications.”

“That would be why we haven’t been able to hail anyone,” the boy commented as he examined a half-eaten sandwich.

“I cannot override it. We’ll have to use the ship to send a message to the fleet.”

“What kind of message?” Darcy asked.

“How about ‘don’t blow us up’?” the technical soldier replied.

“That’s actually a good idea,” the Major replied. “Darcy, get back to your ship. These two will escort you. Tell the fleet the station appears to be abandoned for unknown reasons, and tell them to send the skakoan. He’ll be able to slice in.” The teenager nodded and left the bridge, escorted by two soldiers.

“Actually, sir, I can slice some of the information. Travel logs, some of their last communications. I just can’t disable the hardware.”

“Make a copy of all the data. I want to retrieve everything we can.” The soldier nodded and inserted a spike.

The Major removed his helmet and set it down on a nearby console. “I don’t think we’ve met before, soldier,” he said. “Which division are you from?”

“Strike Group Wren. 2nd battalion.” The two men exchanged a handshake before the console beeped. “Here’s the data, sir.” The technical soldier handed over the spike as the rest of the squad circled in close. The Major held up the spike and examined it.

“All this trouble for a drop of blood... we’re from Strike Group Saxon,” the Major continued, indicating everyone else in the room.

“It’s a shame it was disbanded.”

“It’s a shame you weren’t serving with us.”

**Planetary Security and Intelligence Main Office
Sundari Station
Zsoldos System**

Colonel Lindon clicked the button on his communicator. “Consul Dracaryis,” he greeted with a crisp salute.

“Colonel. I trust that your infiltration squad has succeeded?”

“Of course, sir,” the Colonel answered. “They arrived back here a few minutes ago, with no one the wiser.”

“Excellent. We are not sure why the station was abandoned, but there is no evidence of an outbreak or a firefight. Ricmore has been able to slice into the trading post’s systems and retrieve a lot of data for the intelligence division.” The doors to the Planetary Security and Intelligence Main Office slid open, and a lone soldier stepped inside, removing his helmet and placing it on a nearby chair before helping himself to some Corellian brandy.

“He says that a lot of the data has been damaged and corrupted, but he was able to retrieve partial travel logs, and some scrambled communications. Looks like Doctor Korast ran some kind of computer virus.”

The Colonel sighed a little pensively as his guest placed a computer spike on the desk.

“Have him retrieve whatever he can, Consul,” Lindon replied. “I’ll have our intelligence division analyze it to the best of our abilities, but we may need to consult an outside slicer to restore the data.” Colonel Lindon held up the spike, a faint smile touching his normally cold and lifeless lips. “Without an uncorrupted set of data, it may take us a while to trace Korast’s ship, but we’ll find him. Now if you’ll excuse me, Major Davu has just arrived for his debriefing. I thought I would handle it personally, considering the... sensitive nature of the matter.”

“I can’t think of anyone better. The fleet will return tomorrow, we’ll debrief then. This is the Way.”

“Your confidence in me is greatly appreciated, Consul.” Colonel Lindon locked eyes with Major Davu as he pocketed the stolen spike. “This is the way.”

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Reaver Darcy Avarik (Mercenary) / House Wren of Clan Vizsla
Dossier 307