

## **Target Sighted**

By Darcy Avarik 307

### ***Garganta Galleria Casino Hotel, Tipool City***

**Qotho Peninsula, Dandoran**

**Doran System**

**39 ABY**

“Peedunkee, kee baatu baatu!” Darcy was unceremoniously thrown out of the Garganta Galleria Casino Hotel, landing roughly in the dirt. “Yoka me chasa hopoe ma booty na nolia?” The guards who ‘escorted’ him out leveled a blaster in Darcy’s face. “Cheeskar goo!” With his hands in air, Darcy shuffled back.

“Me no killee mah bukee. Cheespa bo coopa, e Nalya bu Hutt murishani killee bo.” Satisfied, the guards returned inside the casino, and the teenager returned to his feet and dusted himself off as dawn broke across the planet.

“Call me a cheater,” he grumbled under his breath as he slipped a few extra credits into his pockets. “It wasn’t *my* scam.” As for the threat of Nalya the Hutt’s bounty hunters, well, he had protection. He’d spent the better part of six months setting up some deals for Clan Vizsla, helping to ‘trim the fat’ from their existing supply chains by connecting them with better merchants. Of course, it didn’t hurt that he was getting back some of the fat himself, but that was the price of doing business with this boy. Good deals all around - best deals for himself.

Speaking of deals, he had an appointment to keep. He may be a little late, but how could Darcy pass up the opportunity of a faulty jubilee wheel when it presented itself?

### ***Fortified Tenixir Camp***

**Qotho Peninsula, Dandoran**

**Doran System**

The Rodian before him presented himself in the worst possible way: with his smell. Dwipp Bruskars reeked as badly as every other Rodian did, but years of slavery under Nalya the Hutt had taught Darcy to mask his aversion for their pheromones. His appointment was to negotiate a bargain or treaty of some kind - something about wanting to use Clan Vizsla’s reputation in a show of force - but now an invasion had begun. Darcy was almost glad he had been thrown out of the casino when he had, but now the scope of Dwipp’s demands had changed.

“I will not be satisfied with anything less than a full fleet response,” Dwipp stated quite clearly. “Clan Vizsla will be suitably compensated with our victory.”

“If you win,” Darcy pointed out. The rodian fixed him with an annoyed glare. “This started out as a simple muscle flex on Torridan. Now we’re talking about war?”

“The war is already here,” Dwipp countered. “Whether you like it or not, these slavers have launched a full-scale attack! If Vizsla wants any future relationship with the Revenants, they must intervene now!”

“We aren’t able to utilize our fleet.” Dwipp hissed in irritation. Negotiation and patience were clearly not his strongest suits. “Our fleet is held in reserve at Arx. We’re under contract from those above us.” The Rodian snorted indignantly. “I can call in some friends, get a few good starfighters here...”

“THAT’S NOT GOOD ENOUGH!!” Dwipp lashed out, nearly striking Darcy in his anger. “We have to stop the Severian Principate’s fleet. If you want your bargain, you *must* help.”

“I can offer ground support,” Darcy countered, “but our fleet has been hired by the Iron Throne to protect Arx. Shall I discuss this with them instead?” Dwipp calmed down rapidly. “I didn’t think so.”

“We have some ground targets we could be interested in,” the Rodian started anew. “There is a small enemy force that has taken command in the southern reaches of the planet. What kind of support can you provide?”

“I have my ship with me, I can ferry soldiers across.” Dwipp shook his head. “It’s a fast ship, heavily armored, I can drop in very-”

“For what you are wanting, I cannot agree.”

“If the Tenixir Revenants are serious about expansion into Wild Space, they’ll need more resources: food, supplies, hardware. I can hook you up with some good deals.”

“I’m a military commander, not a flower picker,” the Rodian retorted.

“Then just the introductions. I can negotiate the rest.”

“How many squads can your ship carry?”

“Let’s take a look. It’s a YT-2000.”

***YT-2000 Covenant Runner***  
**On approach to South Dandoran**  
**Doran System**

Three squads of soldiers crowded his cargo bays and corridors, with some of their support equipment. This wasn’t the kind of cargo he was used to smuggling, but on the bright side, he had done this once before. Flicking on his sensor bafflers and dropping his engine and shield

power would allow him to reduce his sensor signature, but moving slower without shields wasn't something your everyday pilot should attempt. The teenager guided his ship carefully across the surface of Dandoran, close enough to fool any basic radar and slow enough to not crash along the way. Gliding across the treetops, Darcy would have these soldiers delivered shortly.

"We're approaching the landing area," Darcy notified the commanding officer behind him. "I can see some hardware nearby, so I'll sweep above first."

"We can hot drop on top of them," the commander replied. "Just open the ramp when you're close." The boy nodded and flicked a few switches, shunting power across to the shields.

"We are close, so get ready." The YT-2000 tilted upwards and shook as a pair of ground turrets locked on and fired. "Taking fire! I hope your gunners know what they're doing." Luckily they did; the first volley of return fire destroyed one of the turrets as Darcy flew forward and tilted his freighter, allowing both gunners to take out the second turret. He levelled out and came to a hover, flicking a switch to lower the exit ramp.

"We're clear," the officer barked over the radio. With the enemy camp just ahead, Darcy flew his frigate past, much to the enjoyment of the gunners. More turrets took aim at his ship, ignoring the squad on the ground as they made their rush in. Sweeping up and back, the gunners cleared out another pair of ground turrets as Darcy looked for a landing site.

"We're landing, get ready to move!" Darcy announced over his ship's PA system.

The remaining squads of soldiers rushed out of the YT-2000 as soon as it landed. Darcy trailed closely behind as a short firefight ensued, but caught off-guard in a rush against a hastily prepared camp - Kalee would be captured within the hour...

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