

The man on the floor looked nervously up at the balcony. He never thought he would be a proxy bidder for a Mandalorian, in fact he thought they were extinct. The Empire wiping them off the face of the galaxy and destroying their homeworld. So far his client had said nothing after handing him his fee. Negotiations were short as well, he named his price and the man in the armor agreed without a single question. Just a warning that when he said to bid that he had better walk out with what he wanted.

The auction had been running for hours now, one of Py'zah's more extensive collections it seemed. There were some familiar faces of others who made their living placing bids for anonymous buyers. This floor however was larger than usual and much more heavily armed. Only three items remained, they always saved the best and most expensive items for last. All three were now brought out on the stage in ornate boxes.

"The best for last," The auctioneer stated and gesturing with his hands his attendants started showing the contents of the boxes, "A case of T-7 Ion Disruptors, Next we have a rare treat, Pure Beskar Armor taken from Mandalore during the war with the Empire. But First, this crate of rare Jedi Crystals taken from the Jedi Temple itself. Who will start the bidding?"

It was the last thing the man ever heard as chaos erupted, blasters bolts rang across the auditorium as the bidders turned on each other. Turning to flee he ran through the crowd trying to exit the bloodbath. He smelt burning flesh and blood as he looked down only realizing it was his flesh and blood before collapsing onto the ground the last thing he saw was the Mandalorian flying from the balcony towards the stage.

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There it was, finally within his grasp. This was no bounty for Korvis, this was about honor, the honor of Vizsla and all Mandalorians. Before him set the armor of Pre Vizsla. Taken as a trophy by Darth Maul after he killed the Deathwatch leader. Despite the battle raging around him Korvis couldn't help but look in awe at the armor of the man that almost restored the Mandalorians to their rightful place. Gathering the armor Korvis searched but could not find the last item he had hoped beyond hope was there as well. The Darksaber was still missing.

Ducking out the back of the room Korvis made his way through the maze of service corridors. Eventually ending up at the private Hanger for Py'zah the Hutt. Unfortunately, it was currently being guarded by a squad of Guavian Death Gang members.

Drawing his Amban rifle Korvis took aim at a nearby fuel cell. The bolt hit its mark as an explosion ripped two men in half. Shrapnel injured most of the rest. As usual they refused to back down though. The firefight was intense as both sides fought for their lives. With their injuries though the Death Squad were much easier to pick off.

With the last of them dying at the hands of the Mandalorian he made his way into the pleasure yacht intent on it being his get away vehicle. However, the surprise was his as he came face to face with Py'zah.

"Consider the armor as a down payment, we have much to discuss Korvis, leader of Clan Vizlsa." The Hutt said.