

Sundari Station

The promenade was abuzz with activity as usual. Nefarious individuals mingled with high end clientele. Korvis looked around suspiciously wondering which of these individuals were spies, either from the Brotherhood, the clans, or the pirates they were preparing to attack on Daemunn. Once oblivious to all the politics and subterfuge that all changed after he became the leader of Vizsla. Someday, he still missed just having a blaster and a target.

Ducking into Wagglehorns weapon shops he was immediately like a kid in a candy shop. Every conceivable type of armament was on display. Wagglehorn himself was expecting the Mandalorian leader. Once, a fighter and warrior Wagglehorn found a less risky way to make credits. Well mostly, if you asked properly the shop owner could acquire some less than legal weapons if the price was right.

"We don't cater to your kind." Wagglehorn said with a smile. As Korvis and the shopkeeper grasped each other by the forearm in the customary greeting. "Honestly, can't you just order a crate of weapons now?"

"And deprive myself of the joy of seeing your ugly mug?" The Consul retorted, before adding, "I don't trust them, and I do you."

Almost taken aback by the praise, Wagglehorn pulled the newly modified Westar-35 from under the counter. "We added a tripler to it, vented the barrel and a linkable targeting reticle so you can see the crosshairs in the helmet. Damn thing will nearly shoot through that Beskar Armor you guys love so much."

Withdrawing a stack of credits Korvis placed them on the counter and picked up the pistol. He linked the reticle to his visor's heads up display and gave it a few practice aims. Satisfied with it he placed it in the holster on his right hip and turned to thank the former bounty hunter.

"Your credits are no good here."

"Nonsense, you did excellent work and I always pay my debts." Korvis replied. "Now I have to go check on a special piece even you couldn't acquire."