

The streets of Ebon Ridge were as grimey as the ever were. Though a little less populated after the attack on Yuanming by the Children of Mortis. It was never a safe place, or clean one. The main attractions being bars, casinos, and fighting rings. But, lately something even more sinister was happening in the town. People were coming up missing.

The muck in the streets clung to Korvis Beskar boots as he strode confidently down the main street. He had a contact to meet. A young human that he had met in Dandoran. Smuggler by trade though Korvis knew he once had ties to the Revenants. Korvis was wary of trusting most outsiders but Race had helped him get off Dandoran and asked nothing in return.

Stepping into the bar it was typical of most in Ebon Ridge. The tables were worn and haphazardly placed. Blaster marks were seen in several places along the walls. Race sat in the back of the room. The table pulled towards the wall and the human sitting so that his chair touched the wall. He wasn't stupid Korvis gave him that.

"Race, it has been a while."

"Too long, and yet seems like only yesterday I was hauling you off Dandoran." It was an obvious attempt to lighten the mood but even the drunk man in the corner would have been able to tell Race was worried about something.

"You said you had some information that I needed. What is it gonna cost me?"

"Not credits, if that's what you mean. Instead, I want in."

"In?"

"In Vizsla. You know full well the Collective will kill me or worse if they catch me. I can be a runner and spy for Vizsla. I get the protection I seek you get an asset that can operate outside the normal sphere of Vizsla."

"I will consider it. But first I need that information. Second, we have rules you would have to follow."

"Following the rules is not exactly my specialty. However, exceptions can be made. You're looking for a slaver, Rodian, with a scar on the left side of his face, right?"

"I am not gonna ask how you know that, but yes."

Race slipped a piece of paper across the table to the Mandalorian who stood up and left the bar. The paper held the coordinates to what Korvis could only surmise was the Rodian he was looking for. The other information was Race's bar tab.

Behind his mask Korvis couldn't help but smirk at the smuggler. He was bold enough he thought as he paid the tab and threw in a little extra before leaving the bar. He knew the locations of the coordinates to be a warehouse on the outskirts of Evin Ridge. A place that until recently had been used by squatters and the homeless for shelter.

The walk was not far and it helped him survey the scene around the community. Still in shambles and that would likely not change anytime soon. Vizsla stayed out of the Zsoldos governments. They ran themselves as well or poorly as they saw fit. In Ebon Ridge's case very poorly. Vizsla protected the planet as it was mutually beneficial to the clan. But, the clan was not into running governments or setting up an empire.

Stopping across the street from the warehouse he instantly became enraged. The sign out front was an advertisement recruiting members to Vizsla. Obviously, something he had not approved or was even how members were chosen. Even the rank and file troops of the Saxon military were found elsewhere the vast majority of the time. Vizsla didn't like conflicts of interest and citizens of Zsoldos would be conflicted on their loyalty being this close to home.

"I would like to sign up." Korvis stated as he strode up to the two guards at the front door. He obviously caught them off guard as one tried to open his mouth with a reply. The backend of a Beskar spear sent him reeling sideways before the words even formed in his throat. The business end of the spear caught his partner in the thigh causing him to cry out. In a motion that many would feel impossible for Korvis size he had already turned and caught the first guard in the chest impaling him with the spear.

The remaining guard lay on the ground trying to crawl away, blood pouring from his artery. A smooth downward thrust to his neck ended his life efficiently. The few people in sight of the carnage fled down the street as Korvis kicked in the door. The door frames by his armor and almost blocked the sunlight from entering the warehouse.

"We are closed." A voice shouted from the back in a thick Rodian basic.

"For good." Replied the consul as he entered the facility. Sweeping the room he saw a young female hiding behind a desk pointing towards the back room. He nodded and left her to flee.

Sprinting through the doorway Korvis caught another guard in the chest with shoulder. Knocking him from his feet and sprawling on the floor trying to get up. Pointing his right arm at the man he ignited his flamethrower covering the man in flames and causing him to writhe in agony as the flames consumed him.

A blaster shot ricocheted off the shoulder of his armor and Korvis turned in his gauntlet shield advancing towards the Rodian firing at him. He was not a good shot and Korvis shield only took two impacts as he closed the gap. Twirling his spear in his right hand he caught the Rodian square in the temple knocking him into the desk behind him. As the green skinned alien clamored to regain his footing his blaster hand was cut off still holding the DI-44 in its hand.

"There is a bounty on you, and I am here to collect. Usually I bring my bounties in alive but I will make an exception for you." The consul if Vizsla stated as he shoved the blades and of his spear into the throat of the slaver with enough force that is separated his head and sent it rolling.

"Less I have to carry." Korvis thought as he grabbed the head and headed to collect his reward.