Bounty Board Target 1

Kanal heard the notification on his bounty tracker go off. Lars Kreeg always did get the best bounties out as fast as possible. With everything that has happened since the Great Hunt, the Clans trip to the past, and the Great Jedi War, Kanal couldn’t remember the last time he had gone after a regular bounty. He felt giddy at heart.

The thrill of the hunt was a glorious thing. Kanal flipped the holoprojector of his tracker on and it showed a picture of a Rodian. This one was named Dweebo Sartoona. There was a message attached to the holo, "My contact has instructed me that Dweebo is to be brought in dead or alive. A known slaver, his last known location was too close to home, Ebon Ridge. Not keen on having citizens of Zsoldos kidnapped, you are to locate Dweebo and bring him back to Yuanming. There, you can collect payment." The message ended.

“Time to get to it. Ebon Ridge here I come.” Kanal said to himself as he donned his helmet. It was a short hop to Ebon Ridge, the lowest of the low lived there, but also the down trodden and helpless. “No matter what their situation is, no one should be a slave to anyone.” Kanal was angry at this prospect as he talked to himself about the situation.

The Drunken Rancor was one such hive of scum and villainy frequented by thieves and mercenaries. He had hoped to see the green scaled face of Dweebo at one of the Sabacc tables. With luck, he was. It didn’t look like he was doing too badly. Kanal wouldn’t put it past this scum to be pulling cards from his sleeves.

Kanal stood in the only doorwar this underground casino had, looking as ominous as a rancor who hadn’t eaten recently. Dweebo looked up from his pile of credits and saw the Mandalorian staring at him, fully clad in his Beskar armor. Spear on his back and pistols at the ready. The Rodian flipped the table up spewing chips all over the floor and startling the other criminals who sat with him. Everyone went for their blasters out of instinct and set their sights on the Reaver from Clan Vizsla.

The Bounty Hunter’s armor took the first few blasts from the low powered weapons these criminals had. He ducked behind an overturned table and then stood up with both pistols drawn. Clicking the triggers like a professional he hit target after target and then dropped back behind the table. There were at least eight more targets plus Dweebo who he noticed was still behind the Sabacc table. Shot after shot came from the back of the casino. Too much fire without a new plan.

Kanal unclipped the thermal detonator from his belt. With a quick push he activated it, held it for a few seconds and then threw it over the tables where the group of enemies sat. Ting, Ting, Ting. You could hear the sound of the detonator bouncing and a few hurried cries of horror as it went off in their faces. The blaster fire had stopped. Kanal stood up and examined the area. It looked like this casino was going to be out of business for a while. Maybe for good. He walked slowly towards the pile of bodies that lay on the floor and found what remained of poor Dweebo. The Reaver picked up the dead target and left the establishment to turn him into Lars and collect his fee.