

What's The Worst That Could Happen?

Port Kasiya
Taldryan Tower
70th Floor
40 ABY

In all actuality, this contract was as simple as they came. Find the target, then capture, or, if necessary, eliminate them. Clan Vizsla weren't usually too picky when it came to the minute details, this much Appius knew all too well.

Still, it was a contract from Clan Vizsla...

His old home. His old stomping grounds. They were the Clan that took him in when he had nowhere else to go, and had nowhere else to run. They trained him, fed him, reintroduced him to the Mandalorian ways, gave him positions of leadership, and how did he repay them?

He turned and left.

Now here he was, Supreme Chancellor of the Taldryan Republic with his fancy office, looking over his fancy city, sitting in his fancy office, at his fancy desk, in his fancy seat, swirling a glass of something fancy in his hand as he wondered how in Hell he was going to communicate things with Korvis.

A murmur sounded from over his desk and Appius carefully approached the tied and wounded Nautolan man. He was sure that Aylin would be less than happy with how he was treating another Nautolan if she knew, but what she didn't know wouldn't hurt her. This man had quite the list of accomplishments under him.

Murder, kidnapping, and involvement in a Slave Trade operation based within the Outer Rim. If that wasn't bad enough, the man in question was wanted in connection with the Children of Mortis.

Appius had read the list of names of people that had gone missing from Zsoldos. He dreaded finding some that he recognised, hoping against everything that it had been far too long since he was a member of Vizsla himself, or that he had simply forgotten. Alas, Appius wasn't the type to forget. Familiar names came up, fueling his ire like a supernova ready to explode.

The Nautolan squirmed. His arms and legs were bound by ropes, his neck had a fairly large shock collar attached to it, and his mouth had a fairly large amount of tape over it. Was it primitive? Yes. Did it shut him up? Absolutely.

If Ankira knew Appius still had him here, she would have told him to get on with it or she'd do it for him. Truth be told, Appius wasn't in the mood to deal with any more of this kark-eaters nonsense. He was guilty as sin, the worst kind of scum, valuing no other life than their own.

That dangerous train of thoughts flowed through Appius into the tip of his fingers. Sparks began to dance between his fingertips until he unleashed them at his prisoner. Tendrils of dark energy wrapped around the Mortis spy, they tried to scream, but the pain numbed their vocal cords. All they could do was twitch uncontrollably.

Finally, it stopped. The stench of burning flesh wafting through the room. Appius watched as the slow, rhythmic rising of the Nautolan's chest indicated they were still in the land of the living. He needed to get rid of them. Having him in his office was doing no good for his mental health.

He walked back behind his desk, pressing the communicator on top of the wood.

"Get me Darrio. We are making a trip to Sundari Station. Get a shuttle ready."

"Absolutely, sir. Right away!"

The voice called back, and Appius began eager preparations to enter Vizsla space once again. If he was going to do it, he might as well go in feet first into the den of sand panthers, arms outstretched. That was, after all, his way. Act first, ask questions later.

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