

BOUNTY BOARD: DARRIO

Fiction by Warlord DarkHawk #264

(Prompt 1: Capture and return Darrio Klars to Clan Vizsla alive. No Disintegrations)

[DarkHawk's Snapshot](#)

[Ty's Snapshot](#)

Bright Jewel Sector

Ord Mantell

Wolport Coastal City

The VT49 Decimator callsign *Tāron* made the jump out of hyperspace with planet Ord Mantell directly in front of it. Ellee the ship's pilot droid was flipping switches on the copilots control panel while a well put together Duros piloted the ship. Tytus "Ty" O'Baieron, a retired Sergeant Major and former Imperial Air Cavalry gunship pilot. Ty adjusted the throttles back and began his re-entry procedures. After activating a few toggle switches he pushed the yoke forward putting the ship into a downward glidescope breaking through the outer atmosphere of the planet.

The *Tāron's* angular design and remarkable maneuverability cut through the planet's atmosphere like a hot vibroblade through flesh. Ty yawed the ship back and forth keeping the ship steady as they made their descent. The ship's advanced engines were a favorite of the Duros'. The new engines ran smooth as Correllian silk and were as powerful as a rancor. Ty enjoyed pushing the ship to its limits, despite taking flak from the ship's proprietor.

"Hey Ty, I can hear the fuselage trusses twisting over here."

Ty brushed off the comment and continued pushing the ship in a downward slope. "Seriously Sgt. Major! How about we make it there alive and collect the bounty before you face plant us into a mountain side."

"Oh Bollocks! Stop being such a sissy la-la! Our destination is a coastal city, there are no mountains around us for miles."

"I seriously hate you."

The Duros' devilish grin was not difficult to see hidden under the brim of his aircav hat. Ty enjoyed that banter regardless of how it came. Breaking into the planet's stratosphere, windshear streaked across the leading edges of the two front forks of the ship. Ty barrel rolled the ship over into an inverted spiral descent. Then leveling off about five meters above the Coastal Sea of Wolport. A large plume of water sprouted from behind the Decimator as it raced above the water's surface.

"Wolport, just ahead oh pretentious one," Ellee said facetiously.

“Put her down outside of town, we’ll take the *Kestrel* into town. It will be dark soon, we can keep to the shadows.” DarkHawk instructed.

“Are you solid on this intel’s source?”asked Ty.

“Directly from the Consul of Vizsla, so yeah, I am solid with it.”

Ty put the ship down on the outskirts of town near an isolated cove. Ellee stayed back to keep the ship at the ready. DarkHawk and Ty loaded up in the *Kestrel*, a customized Buirk'alor-class airspeeder. TY eased the speeder down the ramp and exited the *Tāron*. Pushing the throttles forward, the speeder’s powerful engines sucked its passengers into their seats as they raced into town.

Wolport ***SeaPort Casino***

Intel puts the target, one Colonel Darrio Klars at the SeaPort Resort. More than likely in the midst of Black Sun crime syndicate members. The resort was owned and operated solely by the syndicate. This was just one of several other establishments controlled by the Black Sun. The name alone was enough to draw in the seedest of outlaws that the galaxy had to offer.

A devotee to drink and high stakes gambling, the Mandalorian Colonel will surely be near a game of chance. Which just so happens to be exactly where Darrio Klars was currently residing. After his exploits escaping *Sundari Station*, Darrio high-tailed it here to Ord Mantell. Believing he was out of the reach of any bounty that was placed on him by Clan Vizsla.

After an all night Sabacc tourney and five or six pints too many. Darrio finds himself yet again at the table of chance. He twisted in his seat trying to get comfortable, his head felt cloudy. Fully aware he was still intoxicated from last night, he finished off the last bit of his pint and motioned for another.

However, despite his winnings from last night, the Mandalorian has found himself quite upside down in his finances. That heavy feeling in his gut was slowly moving up to his throat. Already two markers in, it was too early in the night to be under the House’s thumb for nearly fifty thousand credits. “*This hand is crap,*” he thought.

The top floor was reserved for the syndicate and its...associates. Nine stories up overlooking a picturesque view of the bay with thousands of stars reflecting off its cobalt waters. The Wolport lighthouse sat upon the bay’s lone cliff, illuminating sections of the bay with its rotating beacon. The windows reflective characteristics absorbed the light preventing the floor’s interior from being disturbed.

Darrio stared out one of the massive bay windows momentarily watching the lighthouse's rotating beacon across the bay. He was soon distracted by the bartender's reflection working diligently behind the bar. He watched the young Lasat male pour another pint from the tap. The Lasat placed several drinks on a tray before bringing them to the table's patrons.

While fixated on the bartender, Darrio and the others neglected to recognize the translucent shimmer that just floated seamlessly across the outside ledge. Stopping against one of the outside support stanchions. Then slowly dropping beneath the sill of the window framing, the faint silhouette of a figure could be made out.

DarkHawk activated his helm's comlink, [whispering] "Ty you in position?"

"Aye mate. I have one of the big blokes about to be dialed in right nicely," Ty replied. The Duros was sprawled out on the lighthouse's top balcony watching through his J19 electroscope. Ty was nearly four hundred fifty meters away, well within range of his Merr-Sonn "Batch Edition" 773 Firepuncher Sniper Rifle. He dialed in the windage and elevation adjustments until the targeting reticles lined up.

"Just say the word ol's boy, and these wankers will feel lady luck's sweet whispa." Ty muttered into his mic.

DarkHawk's silhouette slowly faded even deeper into the night. Peering through the glass he could see five at the table, seven guards total and the bartender. Two guards stood watch at the entry doors. Luckily the syndicate does not trust anyone, so only the guards are armed. Weapons are checked before you enter the suite, to assume the guards are the only ones armed would be a vital mistake.

This was going to need to happen fast, get in and get out with the target. It would not take long for reinforcements to override the security doors and come pouring in. Roughly about five minutes tops the assassin thought. He had a few useful tools that would be very appropriate for just this occasion.

The lighthouse beacon was about to come around again. DarkHawk knelt down beneath the window remaining out of view. Activating his comlink again he whispered "Ty, we'll time this with the beacon. Soon as it passes again I am blowing the window. Start taking them out, leave the Mando to me. He is wearing full Beskar, no sense wasting your shots. Besides, I have something special for him."

From one of the pouches on his belt, DarkHawk produced a roll of Detonite tape and a small remote trigger. Silently the assassin began outlining the window with the tape until the roll was exhausted. Then he pulled out several cylindrical disks, each measuring about seventy five centimeters in diameter. He began to arrange them in the order they would be utilized then stacking them in his off hand.

The anticipation for combat washed over the assassin, it had been a good while since he went toe to toe with a Mandalorian. Regardless, a smidgen of disappointment loomed over the assassin. This engagement would not really be even keeled. The bounty for this target to be taken alive however, outweighed that feeling of disappointment

Ty kept his scope's reticle locked on to his primary target, one of the more larger syndicate goons. He was standing stoically watching the table like a hawk. Sporting a tactical rifle sling, he looked the part standing there with his blaster at the ready. "What a wanka," Ty thought to himself.

The lighthouse beacon finally began shining across the building, finally passing by the assassin. Immediately DarkHawk depressed the button on the remote detonator, *BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMM!* Glass imploded inward, sending deadly shards throughout the suite. The assassin depressed the trigger on the first disk and tossed it inside. *BOOOM!* A blinding light flooded the suite. Overloading the light receptors in the eyes of the occupants and causing significant afterimage in their vision.

Ty wasted no time, as soon as the window was breached he cracked off three rounds. The first projectile aimed at the big goon watching the table, decimated his head like a smashed melon. The next two took out the guards at the entry doors, leaving nearly a ten centimeter exit wound in their torsos. He began targeting the others quickly unloading his clip before seeing the flash bang go off.

Soon as the flash bang went off, DarkHawk activated and tossed the second of his toys into the suite. The small canister bounced against the plush carpet with dull thud. *BOOOM!* A cloud of greenish blue mist rapidly discharged from the Dioxis Grenade. The mist filled the room and all the occupants were taking heavy doses into their lungs.

DarkHawk tossed the last of his incendiary devices into the suite. This one being a small electromagnetic pulse grenade. When it detonated a loud ringing sound emanated before all the power shut down. The building's emergency lighting immediately kicked on. DarkHawk no longer utilizing his ghosting ability was in full view as he dove through the window.

Wolport
SeaPort Casino
High Roller Suite

The bartender had been the furthest away from the flash bang, but the toxin was setting in nicely. The Lasat had already armed himself and was staggering about searching for a target. DarkHawk floated two shurikens from a weapons pouch into his hand, then in one smooth swift motion launched them toward the Lasat. They

hit with such sheer velocity, sinking deep into the bartender's flesh. The force spun him around crashing into the stacked bottles behind the bar.

Darrio was up and he had snagged the big goon's blaster rifle. He managed to get a couple of shots off near the assassin but DarkHawk quickly closed the gap between them connecting with a right cross square to Darrio's helm. *CLANG!* The blow would have KO'd anyone not wearing full Beskar armor. But the blow just staggered Darrio back and down to one knee. The Madalorian's peripheral vision was closing in and out, only being able to make out objects in his center field of vision.

The Madalorian's lungs felt heavy, he could feel his heart rate increasing, numbness and tingling set into his appendages. He fought off the urge to purge the contents in his stomach as the abdominal pain quickly increased. Darrio was trying to get to his feet when the assassin struck again. This time the DarkHawk kicked him in the left flank, sending him careening into the bar.

The other guards were struggling the same as Darrio. Each one struggled to breathe and two began vomiting blood. Without wasting any more time, Darkhawk went to work finishing off the other guards. The two closest guards took the brunt of the attack. DarkHawk, utilizing the Synergy Vibro-claw Talon gloves, slashed at the torso of one of the guards. The blades lacerated the man's torso wide open leaving a bloody trail pouring from the wounds. The second guard was hit with a left uppercut buckling him over. DarkHawk then buried the gloves claws into his flanks before activating the built in shock pulse emitter. Delivering a stout surge of electricity into the man's body. He collapsed to the floor with a loud *THUD!*

The last guard was staggering towards the window. He began to fire his blaster aimlessly throughout the suite. Executing a front handspring over one table avoiding the barrage of blaster fire. Landing on his feet, the assassin scurried behind available cover before going on the attack. Producing one of his specially designed throwing knives from a weapons pouch. He threw the blade in a sidearm manner sinking the blade into the guard's chest almost to the hilt. The guard slumped over a table before hitting the floor.

Darrio was now up to his feet. Trying to maintain a balance. "What the hell did you do to me!" he growled.

DarkHawk moved into the room's clearing in order to square off with the Mandalorian one more time. Cautiously approaching, DarkHawk began to speak. The helm's voice modulator synthesized his words in a deep baritone manner. "You have ingested an alchemical dose of concentrated Nightshade and Wolfsbane toxin. Not enough to kill, just enough to wish you were."

Darrio, still with his vision impaired keyed in on his assailant's position by the vocal sound. Subtly turning his body toward the direction of vocalization. Darrio quickly raised his arm up and made a small hand gesture, dumbfired his *Whistling Bird* mini

rockets in the direction the vambrace was pointing. Immediately following up that attack with the firing of the knee pad mounted rockets.

DarkHawk dove under a table in avoidance of the onslaught. The munitions slammed into tables and chairs sending impaling objects throughout the room. Shards of wood and debris came flying in towards the assassin. A large piece of shrapnel lodged into the assassin's left shoulder just underneath the protection of his Dark Armor's shoulder pauldron.

The assassin writhed in pain as he pulled the long piece of shrapnel from his shoulder. Blood poured out from the wound staining the breastplate of the armor. Darrio staggered, shaking his head trying to clear the toxin's effect. The Mandalorian tripped over a downed chair and crashed to the ground. The assassin bolted towards the Mandalorian. As Darrios made it to a wobbly stance, DarkHawk dropped down nearly sliding past his target.

Carefully targeting the gaps between the Beskar covering Darrio's legs, the assassin managed to sink the blades of the Talon gloves into unprotected flesh. Three of the gloves' semi-curved blades lacerated the inner thigh wide open, causing Darrio to collapse sideways falling to the floor screaming in pain. Blood seeped through his fingers as he clenched his wound, "What the hell frak do you want!" he exclaimed.

The sound of multiple muffled footsteps could be heard bearing down from the hallway. *BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!* The sound of the door being kicked caused the assassin to move post haste. DarkHawk unsheathed his Technocratic-electro staff. The assassin carried the weapon in two sections favoring to dual-wield in melee combat. The sound of the batons whirling around caused the Mandalorian to look up slightly. Carrying the weapon's momentum forward, DarkHawk immediately struck the side of Darrio's head. The baton's built-in EMP generator upon contact emitted a full body electric shock. Darrio's body convulsed as the electricity flowed through his body. Finally the body movements ceased, DarkHawk checked Darrio's vitals, finally he was unconscious.

DarkHawk activated his comlink, "Ty, package is secure. Extracting now. Reinforcements are about to breach. Coming in hot!" the assassin scoffed. Picking the Mandalorian up off the floor, the assassin dragged him to the window. DarkHawk backed up against the blown window frame and without hesitation, leaned backwards and let himself and Darrio fall into the night. The two tumbled nearly two stories before DarkHawk activated the glider wing pack. The wings extended, catching the crisp night air briefly slowing their rapid descent.

Backup generators now were online restoring emergency power to the resort. Reinforcements had breached the suite only to see the state of dismay it was left in. Couple of guards rushed over to the window to see the faint spiraling escapees. They immediately opened fire, blaster bolts shredded the sail fabric of the glider.

DarkHawk tried to maneuver himself further away but it was too late. The left wing collapsed and the two went tumbling toward the beach below. Falling nearly six meters, the assassin released his prey letting the Mandalorian tumble across the sand. With the assistance of the Force, DarkHawk utilized a Force Push to telekinetically-push against the sandy beach. Slowing his descent enough to land nimbly next to the fallen Mandalorian.

The assassin picked up Darrio, slinging him over his shoulder and began running towards the northwest corner of the building. Even on the good shoulder the wound was screaming as the assassin scurried across the beach. The roar of the *Kestrel's* engines could be heard racing towards their locale.

Ty raced in for a rescue fishtailing to a stop kicking up a wall of sand. "GET IN!" the Duros barked as the rear door whisked open. Diving in through the door, Ty began to speed off before the door could begin to close. Ty had the throttles mashed forward as he raced through the city and back to the cove where the *Tāron* was parked.

Ellee was ready and waiting when the *Kestrel* returned. Ty docked the airspeeder and the pilot droid began a hasty evacuation.

Zsoldos
Sundari Station
Wild Space

"*Sepros One*, this is *Sundari Station*. You are clear to land in hangar one six. Consul Corvis and his Summit will be awaiting your arrival."

Copy that *Sundari Station*, we are glidescope for hangar one six," Ty replied.

Ty pitched the *Decimator's* nose down slightly before leveling the ship off to bring the ship into the hangar. As the crew made their way from the tarmac and into the main hangar they could see a small arrival party waiting. Ty landed the craft in front of the *Vizsla Summit*. The *Decimator's* engines powered down and the ramp lowered. DarkHawk and Ty disembarked with Darrio slung back over DarkHawk's shoulder.

DarkHawk approached the *Summit* and then laid Darrio at the feet of Colonel Korvis, Consul of Clan *Vizsla*. Corsair Judas Graves, Pcon of Clan *Vizsla*, looked down at the Mandalorian making a visual assessment of their prize. Darrio's lower extremities were covered in blood, a neat and tidy bandage covered the leg wound. "DH, he looks awfully dead, why bandage him up?"

"He looks worse for wear, but he is intact. We had the med droid bandage him up and give him the antidote to counteract the toxin. He was also given a sedative to keep him quiet, he should come too in a couple hours." Korvis nodded to his fellow

Consul. "I did not expect it to be you to claim the bounty DH. Although I am very pleased that it is you."

"I could not resist sir, too good of a payout. Plus, I figured since the bounty came directly from you. There was an insinuation of significance regarding his return."

"Indeed my friend. He has much to repent for."

The Colonel called over a young Ensign and motioned to the man at his feet then to the Decimator. Hangar crew members immediately began executing the Colonel's orders.

Korvis turned his attention back to his fellow Consul and noticed the wound on the Shaevalian's shoulder still dripping blood. Pointing at the shoulder, Korvis spoke, "Come my friend, let me have my people tend to your wounds and your ship. Then we can celebrate this accolade properly over drinks and you can tell us all about this exploits."

The End