

Wanted: Dead or Alive
Vik Colton

41 ABY
Ojoster Sector
Taris System
Taris Space

The swirling blue and white wormhole of hyperspace stretched back into real time as Shimrah's Besulic class starfighter snapped into existence in the silhouette of the planet Taris. His information had told him that Vik had been last seen along the Hydian Way hyper route and the Mandalorian had a hunch that the mechanic, slicer and pirate named Vik Colton was after another big score. The only place that would have the juicy prey he was looking for along the Hydian would be Taris, plus, it's about the only system that he'd blend in long enough to make the heist. Shimrah checked his bearing towards the center of the city and knew that's where he'd find his quarry. Once he was heading in the correct direction he throttled the starfighter up to max speed, not wanting to waste any time hunting down this low life.

Minutes went by before proximity alarms sounded inside the cockpit. Checking the radar, four vulture droids were converging on his position. Shimrah knew well enough that the Tarisian government didn't use droids in their planetary defense force. He throttled back the engines, set his deflector shields to forward and armed the hidden warheads.

A laugh came over his intercom. "You really thought you were going to bring me in?" The laughing continued. "Yes, I know who you are, *Mandalorian*." He spat it like an insult. "I've already pulled your registration."

Shimrah was not amused. "I'd tell you to call your pets off and come quietly, but I'm rather looking forward to this."

The Warlord was finally within range of the vultures, as they opened fired on him the blasts that hit him blossomed across his shields, barely strong enough to make a real dent. He returned fired with all six blaster cannons, intent on making a statement. The two heavy rotary cannons would've been enough to do the trick, but all six at the same time melted the first two vultures before he could blink. The other two vulture droids veered off into opposite directions, forcing him to choose between which one he was going to follow.

As he started to follow the vulture off to the right, he switched his deflector shields back to full coverage. At least he thought he had, his system display still showed frontal shields at just under two hundred percent.

"Now sit still.." Vik's voice came back over the intercom with maniac glee.

Alarms rang through the cockpit again as his systems were warning him that a target lock was attempting to be achieved. Shimrah slammed the stick hard to port in an attempt to evade but the ship refused to respond. The alarms blared, target lock achieved.

“It always helps to hack into your pursuers ship and leave him completely defenseless. Good bye, Mandalorian.”

Instantly a blip appeared behind him on the radar. *Cloaking*. Shimrah grumbled to himself inside his head. Blaster fire raked the Besulik that would've destroyed any normal ship, and when it hadn't, it was followed up by a missile whose explosion caused Shimrah's head to bounce off the dashboard.

Had it not been for the beskar lining the ship, he probably would've been dead twice over. But he was still dar'jetti, he knew how to escape death's clutch. While he didn't have directional control, he could still control the speed. He throttled the engines all the way up and dumped all available power from the reactor into the engines, causing them to over throttle. He knew he was killing the life on his expensive engines, but at this point, none of that mattered.

Shimrah's ship screamed towards Taris' surface in an attempt to elude Vik and his remaining vultures. He had managed to just slip outside the range of his would be killer, but knew that eventually, he'd catch up, and when he did, the gig was up.

Fire licked at the nose of the cockpit, indicating that he had just entered Taris' atmosphere. He checked his gauntlet, his beskar'gam, jetpack and weapons were reading green. Thirty seconds had gone and Vik had just gotten back within range. Blaster fire once again streaked the hull. Shimrah slammed the ejection lever and was launched into the sky seconds before his brand new ship exploded into a bright fireball.

Even with the sound being piped into his helmet turned off he could still hear the wind tearing at him. Green blaster whizzed by him as he used the thrusters on his jet pack to turn himself around and face them. He could see Vik now, a blacked out TIE Defender, no doubt the property of some Tarisian noble.

His helmet was tracking their distance, it appeared they were attempting to throttle down to keep from overtaking him, but it wasn't working. Shimrah knew that Vik had two choices, peel off, and wait for another day for the Mandalorian to find him, or end it now.

A missile launched from the Defender and Shimrah redirected its path back into one of the vultures on his wing with the Force. The explosion shook the Defender, causing Vik to veer away, closer to the Mandalorian or else be damaged by it. Shimrah took his opportunity and a bout of flames erupted from the thrusters, careening the Sith into the Defender.

Shimrah slammed into the side of it, gasping as the wind was knocked out of his lungs. He reached for his lightsaber and began cutting a hole into the side of it. Once access was gained to the cockpit, a terrified Vik looked back at him. Shimrah pulled him from the cockpit and flung him into the atmosphere, hurtling towards Taris' surface. He let go of the Defender and followed the Corellian down to the surface. The only thing left to do was to scrape him off the planet and hitch a ride back to Korus.