

Mergers and Acquisitions

Corellia
Undisclosed Location
Hanger Bay

The three-robed Jedi cautiously approached the data terminal and eyed the two sentries in neat yet sparse armor. With the defensive systems of the shipyard there were only minimal internal security to deter unwelcomed guests. And these Jedi of Odan Urr were indeed welcomed guests of the dissatisfied executives.

News of the events on the outskirts of Hutt Space had trickled into the Core, and those who were apprised of the situation were ready to reap a financial windfall from the ongoing hostilities. Though agents of the Inquisitorius had already utilized their contacts to ensure no contracts or consigned purchased were transacted with the wayward Jedi outcasts, not all members of the corporation had such scruples.

The lead Jedi keyed a few strokes into the terminal and the masked faces of several executives came alive. "Jedi, thank you for coming...we are sorry we could not formally conduct this transaction but perhaps that is best for all parties not to attract fanfare."

Mumbled tones transpired behind the scenes on the other end of the intercom as the executives fidgeted and looked over documents. "Indeed, is the corvette ready for launch? I am authorized to transfer the funds from our account with the Intergalactic Banking Clan at your word" stated one of the Jedi. Costs, premiums, insurance rates, and other figures were discussed in turn.

Unbeknownst to the haggling parties, a member of the Inquisitorius had already preceded them. Battlemaster Zagro Fenn sat in the pilot's chair on the CR90 *Kessel Runner*, punching in launch keys and passing orders to his contracted deckhands. Fenn smiled to himself and turned to the communications officer, "Open a link to both ground control central and hanger bay TX-19."

The executives were the first to notice, as rushed words were exchanged in confusion. The Jedi were slower to catch on but were aware something had indeed transpired against them. "What is the meaning of this outrage?" cried the Jedi as in turn they ignited their light sabers, prepared for further pitfalls. The sentries slowly backed away as their commlinks passed new orders.

From the *Kessel Runner* Zagro Fenn laughed slightly and opened the frequency. "Ground control, this is the new owner of this vessel. My ownership documentation has been provided as well as the bill of sale. Requesting permission to launch. Also, to the other parties to this transaction my orders were to ensure this

vessel was acquired on behalf of my masters. You are lucky, as I was not tasked with neutralizing other parties to the negotiation. I warn you not to try and intercept my vessel as a response team is already in system. I suggest you run back to whatever hole your kind is hiding in and hope you are not tailed. You will be, however. Good hunting, Jedi.” The word came off with all of the disdain and derision the Zeltron could muster. And in the hanger bay, three Jedi felt truly alone and afraid.