

Face to Face Dealings

Corax eyed the young human inquisitively as he walked into the warehouse's executive office. Odan-Urr's Roll Master had scant time to resolve the present fire before another was sure to pop up. With the impending assault of all of the Sith forces of the Dark Council and the Grand Master searching for their new home, a logistics error could not be tolerated.

"Thank you for coming on short notice, mercenary, it is nice to finally meet you," stated the Aleena male.

Mauro Wynter eyed the slight man wearily, forcing all of his diplomatic and genteel sentiments to cover down on his rage at the slight of a stranger. "It is an honor to meet you as well. I do not consider myself a mercenary, sir, but a businessman. But, for the time being I am in your employ. What is it that we are here to discuss?"

The Aleena furrowed his brow, the long conical skull casting a slight glow, reflecting the artificial lighting of the office. He sat down and looked at the Human gloomily. "Well, Wynter, there are forty crates of weapons that we cannot afford to replace that have gone missing.... somehow..." he trailed off.

Mauro entered into the void and took the baton. "Forty crates of modern weaponry cannot be fenced in this backwater without being noticed. Also, the Viteli Empire is highly secretive and all trade occurs through middlemen before going to any major trade lane. The movement of such weapons outside of the system would not be allowed as the Viteli would be hard pressed to acquire this gear."

Corax sighed heavily. "Good, then you understand the implications we face. Inside threats are everywhere and corruption is rampant amongst our new hosts here on Kiast. How do you propose we solve this dilemma?"

It was Mauro's time to sit. He tossed his cloak over his shoulder, allowing his left arm freedom of movement and revealing a comm-link with a keypad. Typing in a few digits Wynter's eyes narrowed and he began to frantically depress keys. He glanced at the walls and then at Corax for a few moments and then continued, letting out a gasp of air before getting back into his work. He stopped, rose, and smiled.

"Roll Master, the crates are still here at the warehouse. It appears we have some small scale skimming occurring amongst the customs and trade inspectors of the Viteli Empire. I was able to track shipping manifests and cargo dimensions logged for the next two weeks. They were wise enough to split up the shipments and put them on the local market." Wynter said in a matter of fact tone.

The Aleena rose as well, and put an arm across Wynter's forearm and grasped him. "How the hell did you do that?"

"I told you, I am a businessman. I sliced into the company's banking accounts once I tracked who was selling our crates and diverted enough money to purchase them. Then, I contracted the purchase and sent them to a shell corporation based on Kiast. This automated shipment is being diverted back to this warehouse immediately and should arrive within eight hours. I have also logged this and sent it to the investigators assigned to Strike Team Ooroo to handle." Wynter smiled broadly, happy with his progress and the impact he was making with his nominal superior.

The pair began to walk out before Corax stopped the Human. "Well, Wynter, I must say I am impressed...it was a pleasure meeting you and we shall see each other again soon I have no doubt."