

Legendary Headache

Entry for Legendary Encounter

Atra Ventus #11708

"Is this a joke?" Atra Ventus asked with a raised eyebrow.

The cantina was dimly lit, making it hard to make out shapes as it was but Atra's dark clothing compounded the issue for others. He wore a grey zipped jacket with a second hooded black jacket left open over top. His completely black eyes were fixed upon the man sitting across from him, the gold starbursts at the center belying the subject of his gaze. The Combat Master ran his hand quickly through his dark grey hair and pushed back the medium length strands.

"It is no joke. I assure you!" the Weequay announced with a dramatic flair. He straightened and adjusted his goggles before pressing his hands to his chest in a mockery of pain. "Hondo takes credits very seriously, Master Jedi!"

"I'm not a Jedi," came Atra's sharp, monotone reply.

"Oh, so you're saying you killed a Jedi and took his weapon then, eh?" Hondo stood up as he spoke, crashing a fist against the table.

That brought a grimace to Atra's lips. How did the pirate know about his lightsaber? He had been careful not to let it be seen. Perhaps someone had a scanner on the way in and he hadn't noticed.

"Well then," the Weequay continued without giving the Combat Master a chance to get a word in. He ran his fingers down the edge of his long, orange coat before flicking the edges and sitting back down. "Those artifacts are worth a little something. If you know the right people. Which Hondo does! I can help you sell it, for a cut of the profits of course. I'm thinking 70-30 split, yes? I'll be doing you a favor, after all!"

Somehow, Atra was fairly certain the man had specified the larger amount for himself. He merely raised an eyebrow in reply.

"You drive a hard bargain, 'Master Jedi'." Hondo chuckled to himself and pointed at Atra accusingly as he spoke. "Fine then. 60-40...50-50?"

"How has someone not shot you yet?" Atra asked sarcastically.

Again, the Weequay put on a dramatic scene as if he had been wounded. "Why would anyone want to shoot me?! Everyone loves Hondo! A deal with me is a deal for profit!"

"Let's get back on track," the Combat Master asserted and folded his arms across his chest. "The artifact."

Hondo's expression changed in an instant, a flash of a cunning mind before hardening into a serious glare. "The price is set. 200,000 credits for the artifact, or...a favor," the pirate said with a grin forming.

"A favor?" Atra's incredulity seeped into his tone.

"Yes! I have found working with your kind can be quite profitable. When I'm not being shot at, of course."

The Combat Master's chest rose and fell as he exhaled through his nose. "What kind of favor?"

"There's this associate of mine: Lobo. One too many bad business deals from this man, you see, and he's gone into hiding with all our goods! I merely want what's mine to be returned...with a nominal fee, naturally."

"And?" Atra interjected, pushing Hondo to get to the point.

"And the problem is it's all locked away in a rather expensive and well guarded vault! I could use someone of your talents to get back Hondo's stolen property!"

So, that was his angle. The price the Weequay had quoted wasn't a joke after all, but it wasn't serious either. A ridiculous amount that he knew would cause most anyone without the deepest of pockets to be more inclined to take 'option two'. The favor was what Hondo was really after.

Fine then. It was no sweat off Atra's back and, frankly, he could use some excitement that didn't involve the Lotus. Whenever he dealt with that resistance movement it always ended up with some sanctimonious speech about their supposed moral superiority. He could only handle so much hypocrisy without his eyes rolling out of their sockets.

"Sure, whatever. When you planning this trip to the vault?" Atra asked.

"I knew you were smart, 'Master Jedi'! You have made the right choice in helping your dear friend Hondo."

"When?" the Combat Master asked again, louder this time.

"Whenever, my friend! We can go now!"

Atra nodded and pushed up from the bench to stand at his full height, watching as Hondo did the same. The Combat Master made sure to swing by the counter on the way out and leave a

few credit chips for the drinks he had ordered. He used the extra time to keep an eye on Hondo as he excitedly readied his crew.

There was something very off about the Weequay pirate. Off in more ways than just his obnoxious personality. Still, Atra was confident in his own abilities and figured he could handle any curve balls that might come his way. So, he didn't pay much more thought to it as he fell into step with Hondo and boarded the pirate's waiting ship. The Weequay strode proudly into the cockpit and claimed his chair as the systems began to power up.

"So, where's the tablet?" Atra asked as he settled into his own seat.

"Why, it's in Lobo's vault, of course!" Hondo answered as if it had been obvious all along.

The Combat Master merely blinked several times before staring very hard out the viewport. "I'm going to shoot you," he grumbled as the ship began to set off.