***In Short***

 Stepping off the scaffolding leading to the hanger bay of the Jedi Praxium, Mauro Wynter eyed the awaiting security team. He knew his departure would be contested, and the path to his ship heavily barricaded. Slowing his stride, he unbuttoned his duster and let his hands drop to his sides.

 He watched the reaction of the eight gunmen ringing the perimeter to his shuttle. They eyed him coldly, not averting his gaze and slowly thumbing their blasters. The closest gunman blocked Wynter’s path, and the two adjacent to him started to fan out. “Well then, shall we?”