As was common these days, Arden was lost in his thoughts. Being the Dread Lord was more of a responsibility than he’d counted on. He not only had his own finances to manage, but that of the entire clan. While it was worth it, it still frequently required long days in his office to get the job done. He’d taken to listening to various types of music depending on the work being done. Yesterday it was Rodian pop music, today called for the latest opera from Corellia. He was just coming to the end of a piece as well as watching the latest financial reports from Muunilinst when comm chimed and the soft voice of Karra, his droid assistant, chimed in through the music.

“Apologies on disturbing you sir. While I’ve done my utmost to keep him waiting as instructed, Mr Reg is here to see you. He says he has important information that he needs to share immediately.”

Arden shook his head and sighed. “Whatever it is, he can bug Tavisen with it, I’m busy.”

“I tried that sir. He insists on bringing it to you directly,” Karra replied. “Something about a business opportunity.”

Arden took a deep breath and nodded. “Fine, send him in.”

A moment later, the Reg entered the room. His fur was matted, and he looked like he hadn’t slept in a long time. The Bothan practically hurled a datapad onto Arden’s desk and shouted to be heard over the music which Arden hadn’t turned down.

“Dread Lord, I found it. The ultimate business opportunity.”

Arden quirked an eyebrow and glanced down at the datapad. After a few seconds he glanced up at the harried Bothan. “The Vault of Erised, seriously?”

“Yeah!” The Bothan exclaimed. “I have a source on the inside, they said there’s something that you’d specifically want in there. You know the stories, pretty much anyone can find their heart’s desires in there. And I have us, well, you, a way in.”

Arden glanced back down at the datapad for a moment, giving it slightly more attention than he’d given it before. After scrolling for a moment, he looked back at Reg and spoke in a level tone.

“Don’t care.”

“What?” Reg replied, a perplexed look coming across his face.

Arden didn’t respond for a moment and the finale of the opera was coming to an end and he wanted to savor it. Once it was done the Dread Lord finally looked Reg directly in the eye.

“Reg, I have known people on the inside for years at that place. Comes from working for the CSA and in private security. If I’d wanted to acquire something in that Vault, I would have done it by now. Besides, there’s never been anything I’d wanted in there.”

Reg looked deflated by Arden’s statement, but still wouldn’t let up. “But there could be some powerful artifact we could use there, or a weapon, or something.”

Arden exhaled and then answered. “Reg, I don’t need to get into that place to get anything I want. I have money, lots of it. Sure, people may say there’s things objects that are ‘priceless’. Those people just can’t afford them.”

Reg’s face didn’t move for a moment, nor did the rest of him for that matter. Even being around all these odd Force-using types, it was very rare for Reg to hear something he couldn’t process. But he just had. He just had given someone the chance to get into a place which was rumored to hold the most cherished objects in the known galaxy and that person had replied with a hard pass. What do you even say to something like that? It took Reg a few moments to even scrape together words and when he did manage it, they came out slowly.

“There’s nothing you want there? At all?”

Arden shook his head. “Reg, I still like you and all, but no, there’s not. If there were, I wouldn’t want to steal it anyway. Besides, the only thing I want that I haven’t been able to buy yet is something that’s simply not in that vault.”

“What’s that?” Reg inquired.

“The production rights to Blind Chicks.”