**Arden Karn diPlagia**

**Objective 2**

<<Cantonica – Canto Bight>>

<<Overlook Social Club>>

Arden was staring out over the view of the ocean, taking in the sounds and smells when Karra, his droid assistant approached.

“Your guest is here sir.”

Arden responded without turning around. “Excellent Karra, show him over here.”

The droid silently walked away and a moment later Arden heard a familiar voice.

“Nice place you chose, Karn.”

Arden looked over his shoulder and then stood to greet his guest. “Montressor, it’s been a long time. And yes, I thought a setting like this would be conducive to our discussions. Neutral planet, civilized space, generally competent local security, and one hell of a view.” What Arden didn’t mention is that he was awaiting a signal from Corran’s people to meet him somewhere in the vicinity of Cantonica.

The Vizlan nodded. “Neutral planet, sure. But somehow I still feel like we’re on your turf.”

The Plagueian couldn’t help but chuckle as he gestured for Montressor to sit. “Well, technically we are. I do own this establishment. Indirectly anyway, I tend to not to keep all my holdings in my own name.”

Montressor got an odd look on his face, but took a seat anyway. Arden could have explained the network of shell entities and holding companies, but it would have taken forever. Galactic finance wasn’t everyone’s cup of tea. After both former Dread Lords had a moment to take in the view and Arden had a chance to take a sip of his brandy, he finally broke the silence.

“Lets get straight to the point. Why’d you send someone to kill me?”

“Business.” Montressor responded directly. “Plain and simple. It wasn’t personal.”

Arden put his drink down and nodded. “I figured as much, I just needed to hear you say it. If it were personal, you would have sent someone more competent. What did you do with, what was his name, Gogh?”

The Vizlan shook his head. “Exile.”

Karn visibly cringed. “Knowing what I know about Mandalorians, it sounds like I was right. Sending him back to you would be worse than shooting him or sending him to Tavisean.”

“Indeed.” Montressor answered. “But you bring up an important point that I think has led to the situation we face now. Why did you have to involve Tavisean. We could have dealt with this like civilized people a lot sooner before there was any unnecessary destruction.”

Arden took a long swig of his brandy. “I honestly didn’t think all out war would have been her response, though I had to tell someone. Your assassin interrupted an important mission I was on.”

Montressor seemed curious. “For whom, Tavisean?”

“Taelyan.” Arden answered. “Before he was taken anyway.”

Montressor quirked an eyebrow at the notion that Arden was on a mission from the Deputy Grand Master, but he also knew better than to ask any more questions. He might not have known the whole story, but he knew enough that it would take something extremely critical to get Arden to come all the way to a planet like Ord Mantell, much less back to the Corporate Sector. Arden had told him before he’d left for a reason, but that’s all he wanted to know.

“So, how do we end this?” Montressor asked. “I strongly doubt Tavisean will relent if you just tell her to.”

The Plagueian nodded. “Probably not, and neither will Roark if what I heard about him is true. Your people will want to save face and Tavisean, and especially her underlings, will want blood.”

Montressor nodded. “Exactly, and I think I have an idea on how we could manage this without too much more bloodshed.”

Arden wasn’t as proficient at the mental side of the Force as some of his compatriots were, but he didn’t need the Force to guess where Montressor was going.

“If I’m pondering what I think you’re pondering, Tavisean would definitely go for it. She’d really fancy a good duel.”

Montressor nodded. “Precisely what I was thinking. Hopefully your business will conclude in time for you to witness it, should we manage to convince them.”

Arden sighed. “Somehow, I doubt it. This business also involved family, and with my family, it’s always complicated.”