

When Selika decided to have her little summit on Cantonica, and more specifically in Canto Bight, Arden was happy. He was finally able to slip back into civilized space and check on some investments while doing some much needed in-person networking. One of the things he wanted to look into was a security company that he had purchased a controlling interest in that had contracts with several of the Canto Bight Casinos and other tourist venues. He was touring one of the casinos with Kelvin Voss, the human Operations Officer of the company and was sitting in the security control room along with two guards.

“Quite an impressive operation and team you have here Voss,” Arden said as he glanced around the room. “Good to see my credits are going to good use.”

“Thank you sir. That’s especially good to hear from someone with your credentials,” Voss replied. “Rumor has it you used to be an Espo.”

Arden smirked a bit though at the same time he cocked an eye at one of the monitors. He thought it a bit odd to see Selika here and even odder to see her slipping into a lavatory.

“That feels like ages ago, but yes, I did head up spaceport security on Bonadan for a few years. Worlds away from this sort of work.”

Before Voss could respond, Arden noticed someone else on the monitor, Revak, the Odanite consul heading into the same area Selika had been. Seeing Selika in a casino was one thing, but seeing a Jedi, that was quite odd. Arden could hear Voss saying something, but he was transfixed on the monitors, his eyes dashing among them with a trained ease. After a few moments he spotted other Brotherhood Consuls around the casino, all making their way to the so called lavatory. Voss eventually broke Arden’s concentration.

“Sir, is something wrong?”

Arden stared for a moment and then pointed to the monitor as he saw the Taldryan consul walking into the room. “Is there anything special about that particular lavatory?”

Voss looked to the guards who nodded. “There’s a secret VIP conference room back there. Most of the staff don’t even know about it, it’s something that only senior management could arrange.”

Arden didn’t seem phased by this as he’d seen such things before in other clubs in the Corporate Sector and elsewhere. As he stared at the monitor Arden looked to the guards. “What do you have back there.”

“No visual surveillance sir, but we do have audio.” The guard responded. “I take it you know those people?”

Arden nodded. “Yes, quite dangerous people, all of them. Give me the audio if you would.”

The guards looked quizzically at Voss as if to ask if they should. Voss simply nodded in return. “Our contract gives us discretion to monitor potential troublemakers anywhere.”

Without further questions, the guards keyed in a few commands and an audio stream crackled to life from his console.

“Based on that, it’s very clear what we must do now.” The first voice he heard was that of Selika.

“And what’s that Selika?” Arden wasn’t sure who was speaking, but it sounded like Appius, the Taldryan consul.

“We need to kill Evant.” Selika replied. “That’s what we need to do.”

“Kill Evant?” Revak seemed to inquire.

“Indeed, kill Evant.” Korvis, the leader of Vizla answered.

After that there was a constant murmuring of ‘Kill Evant’ coming from all of them for several seconds. Arden was briefly torn. As an Inquisitor, it would be his duty to report this potential treason to Adenn and the Iron Throne. The problem with that is making such an accusation would require quite a bit more proof. The bigger problem though was that, as much of a sense of duty that he had, he actually agreed with the sentiment being expressed. He too wanted to kill Evant.”

Voss looked at Arden with a confused expression. “Who is this Evant character they’re all talking about. Should we report this to the police?”

Arden shook his head. “I know of whom they speak. He’s not the worst, but he’s pretty close. Further, he’s well outside Canto Bight or even Espo jurisdiction to deal with, so it’s not your problem. I don’t think they’ll try anything here, I’ve heard enough.”

“If you’re sure sir?” Voss asked.

Arden simply nodded. “I’m sure, it’s not your problem.”