Goddammit, Elms. Why does everyone you do business with double-cross us?

Maybe we just have that effect on people.

They aren't with Nova. She made good on her deal. They're working for someone else. I know it.

Snag some for myself. No one will notice a little piece missing or...

I can hear their thoughts. They don't know the Jorium's gone.

Yong, get us off this rock.

The ship's pretty banged up. Not sure how much thrust the engines can put out until... Brrrrrrttttt

You were saying?

Hold on to something. It's going to get bumpy.
Take us as high as you can. I'll get rid of the dead weight.

SHNK

BLAM

BEEP

BEEP

BEEP

KLANK
YOU GOING TO GIVE ME A HAND OR JUST SIT THERE?

THAT DEPENDS. YOU GOING TO SHOOT AT ME AGAIN?

ELMS! COME ON!

ELMS!

I CAN'T CONTROL THIS THING!

KRRRRMM!!
OOF!

CEASE FIRE! CEASE FIRE!

I WANT TO KNOW WHO THE HELL IS COMING AFTER US.

WHO DO YOU WORK FOR?

SCREW YOU.
...and the scan matches the one he sent us. This is the ship. Search and destroy is the priority. Cargo recovery is... ...and he won't try anything. He's Dominion Brass. He tries to double-cross us, and we'll air his dirty laundry.

Who do you work for?

Dominion?

Who do you work for?

Acts more like a wannabe cartel boss though. His name’s--

Captain Hogarth.
How the hell did that shifty weasel find us?

Maybe after Adena, when the Dominion scanned our ship, it’s registered to Hogarth’s fleet.

Or is this guy so corrupt that he has a contact here? Someone who told him that Jorilm was being shopped around?

Forget about him. We have our money. Let’s get out of here before we have to kill anyone else.

Blam

Bastard almost started a war on Adena to get rich, and we’re the only ones who know the truth.

Yeah, he won’t stop hunting us until we’re dead... or he is.

Two Marines against a Dominion Captain. That’ll end well.

We have back-up, Nova.
If we ask her for something, we'll owe her.

She said if our luck changed, she'd help us.

Everything has a price.

Well, good thing we're rich.

She won't want money.

We don't have another choice.

Unless you want to spend the rest of your life looking over your shoulder. That your idea of freedom, Elms?

Damn it.

If this goes to hell, don't say I didn't warn you.