

OT Celevon Edraven (Obelisk) / TRP, Battleteam Dark Forge of House Galeres of Clan Arcona
PIN# 12004

Private Room
BAC Darkest Night

The Onderonian held his head in his hands; the mask he had not been seen without since his return to the Shadow Clan lay discarded on the ground beside him. The words of the song blaring throughout the room spoke numbers about his feelings, though it was but a distant murmur to the Templar:

Politicians
Banking in their greed
No idea on how to
Be all they can be

Have you no honour?
Have you no soul?
What is it they're dying for?
Do you really even know?
Have you no backbone?
Have you no spine?
Whatever happened to
NO ONE GETS LEFT BEHIND?!

Celevon had felt an emptiness within he could hardly describe for nearly a year. During his time in the Arcona Army Corps, he had made a friend and companion in a young Corporal named Darius. The news of his death had been devastating to the Assassin. Incident reports had claimed the young Nagai had perished in an 'unfortunate training accident'. The autopsy report had proven otherwise: massive sub-dermal bruising, internal bleeding and torn muscles. All signs pointed to the fact that the recently promoted Sergeant had been beaten to death.

Without warning, the Obelisk shot up and slammed his fist against the durasteel wall of the room. The Templar didn't bother with healing his hand whilst he stared in apparent interest at the dented metal. The pain just served as a reminder that he was still living.

His eyes went distant as the memory enveloped his vision...

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~Memory: Several months prior~

Blue Sector, Coronet City

Corellia, Corellian System, Galactic Core

'Finding these di'kutse was far too easy,' Celevon mused as he walked into the Sleeping Dragon Cantina. The Onderonian had taken great care in choosing the disguise for this mission after getting his contacts to keep an ear to the ground. A worn leather jacket, jeans, a mesh shirt along with a few fake tattoos and synthetic scars meant that no one gave the Obelisk a second glance. Contact lenses ensured that his eyes didn't draw attention.

Research had revealed that the five men sat in the corner booth had been discharged from the AAC following the accidental death of their new CO. It had been interesting to say the least when the Templar had realized he recognized all five of them. They had been picking on one of their squadmates and Celevon had intervened. That was the day he had met Darius.

The Nagai had asked for help after seeing the Templar fight off all five of his tormentors. So the Onderonian had done so, carefully training the young man how to use the Force to improve his bodily functions. By the time Celevon had finished his own training, Darius had begun to excel and improve without apparent limit. It was a safe bet that they had killed him out of jealousy.

The Assassin lit a cigarette and took a drag as he listened their conversation.

"C'mon, Ivan. We need to take this job. We're starting to run low on funds," Erik, the youngest of the bunch whined.

"You will do what the boss says and when he says it," Viktor snarled. Celevon withheld a smirk. It wasn't surprising how quickly Viktor had stood up for his 'boss'. It was expected, if you knew that Viktor and Ivan were closeted lovers.

"Settle down, lads," Ivan drawled, puffing on a cigarra. "We've got a big job coming up. Even better is that it gives us a chance to give the finger to the bastards that kicked us out of the Army."

"I've got to hit the head. I'll be back," Viktor said, draining his glass. He stumbled his way towards the bathroom.

As soon as the door started swinging shut, the Templar ashed out his cigarette, pushed back from the bar and made his way into the bathroom. Once the door swung shut, Celevon reached into the left inner pocket of his jacket and pulled out a weapon he had made just for this occasion. Rather than using

piano wire, the main part of the garrot was made from barbed wire.

'You would think this di'kut would pay more attention to his surroundings, considering his military training,' the Onderonian thought to himself as he wrapped the wire around the Mercenary's throat, spun and yanked hard, using his weight as leverage. The wet thunk of something hitting the ground, the body behind him becoming limp and the steady drip of liquid hitting the filthy floor told the Assassin he had achieved his first objective.

A small smirk curved Celevon's lips as he picked up the severed head by the hair. "Looks like you're about to become a weapon, my friend."

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A few minutes later

"Hey, you lot!" Celevon shouted, adopting an accent similar to that of the locals. Once they turned, he continued. "If that's your friend in there, he's pretty messed up. Vomiting everywhere."

"Oh, for frak's sake. Jesse, Erik, Alek, go check on Viktor," Ivan sighed, starting to stub out his cigarra whilst the other three went to check on their friend. "You look like the capable sort. How would you lik-

"Erm... boss..."

"What?" Ivan growled, a fierce glare directed at Erik for interrupting him.

"Ivan, you better come see this," Erik replied hesitantly, his skin pale.

The Onderonian lit a cigarette to block off the smell. He knew from the sound that at least one of Ivan's men were ejecting their meals.

"You. Come with us," Ivan snarled, grabbing Celevon by the collar of his jacket. "Don't let him leave your sight," he spat at Erik whilst shoving the unresisting Templar towards the other man.

"D-Don't try a-a-anything," Erik stammered, grabbing the Obelisk by the left arm.

A loud 'What the frak!?' came from within the bathroom. Erik jerked Celevon through the doorway in time for them to see Viktor's head with a frozen expression of mingled terror and agony on a towel rack. A second later Ivan grabbed his lover's head before the entire bar shook with an explosion.

The Templar's ears were ringing, though he had closed his eyes when Ivan had grabbed Viktor's head. "Perhaps an impact grenade stuffed into his head was a bit much... oh, well," he muttered to himself before opening his eyes.

The explosive had turned Viktor's head into a frag grenade. Ivan was quite clearly dead, if the missing part of his face were any indication. The concussive blast had sent the other two through the bathroom stalls. Alek had multiple shrapnel wounds. Jesse had broken his neck on impact with the wall.

Celevon turned his head and smirked at Erik. He had dropped to his knees and, by the look of things, his eardrums had ruptured. The other man was staring in horrified silence at what remained of his team. The Assassin lifted Erik by his shirt and pressed him against the wall, silently drawing the dagger that had been left for him after his induction into the Shadesworn ranks.

'This is for Darius,' the Templar forced the thought into the Mercenaries mind. Once Erik's eyes widened in comprehension, Celevon drove the blade through the base of the man's jaw and up into his brain. As soon as the Amnesiac pulled the blade free, Erik's body collapsed bonelessly to the floor.

"You are avenged, my friend," Celevon whispered, wiping the blade clean before making his way out.

~Memory End~

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BAC Darkest Night

Present

The Equite sighed and sent a tendril of healing energy around his hand. Darius had been avenged, though it had been nowhere near as satisfying as he thought it would have been. In fact, it had been quite the opposite. Celevon felt the emptiness that remained in the aftermath.

"Edraven, you in there? Come on. We've got work to do!"

The Templar sighed and pulled his mask back on. At least with a physical mask he didn't have to present a facade to the rest of the world.

~End~