

OP Celevon Edraven (Obelisk)/BTL, Battleteam Arete of House Qel-Droma of Clan Arcona  
PIN# 12004

***Hidden Encampment***

***Gethsemane***

***1123 Hours***

“You requested my presence?” the Onderonian asked as he stepped into the command tent. Their forces had been doing well. What few skirmishes and duels they had launched had been successful. By all rights, the Arconae and their supporters were winning the vendetta.

“I didn’t request your presence, he did,” Timeros drawled, nodding his head towards the youthful figure that was slouched in a chair.

“Come and speak to me, Edraven.”

“What can I do for you, Ter’ika?” Celevon queried, taking the seat next to the Executive Officer of the *Nighthawk*.

“My father spoke highly of your skills before he died. He would tell me stories about how he would send you off to do certain tasks, and that they would be fulfilled to the letter,” Teroch murmured, looking lost in thought before his gaze sharpened on the Prelate. “Can you still carry out these missions? Only for me, rather than my father. I have need of your... unique skill set.”

The Human inclined his head, his mercurial eyes focused on the Kiffar. “What would you have me do, Ter’ika?”

“I want you to travel to Selen to spread fear. Cause chaos to disrupt the focus of Valtiere and Cethgus. The best place to do this is the Citadel. Do so by making it known that no one is safe from our reach, even in the most protected of our headquarters,” the Mandalorian explained, a small smirk twisting his features.

“Make sure it’s a sign that cannot be swept under the rug,” Timeros added from the table with the plans laid upon it.

“Can you handle that?” Teroch queried, tilting his head to the side.

“It shall be done,” Celevon grinned, his eyes gleaming coldly, the eagerness in them clear.

“Then do so. Report back to us upon your return.”

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***Ground Level, Arcona Citadel***

***Estle City, Selen***

The Onderonian carefully made his way through the hallways, a cloak of Force energy wrapped tightly around his body. It was a strange feeling, to say the least. Infiltrating and sneaking about the place he had called home for years.

Almost absently, Celevon thumbed the rolled up scroll that contained the message and the dagger he had specifically chosen for this assignment. One of many Spectre daggers, emblazoned with the mark of the Shadesworn. It would clearly point to him, as the Obelisk had crafted this design, but that was the point. Make it clear that someone who was amongst the ‘traitors’ had been there.

The Assassin stopped in front of the door that held the office of the Quaestor of Galeres. Pulling out a small tool, Celevon quickly went to work, moving the tumblers into the correct position. The barely audible clicks made the man smirk as the final one went into place. A small twist and the door swung open on silent hinges.

The Battleteam Leader of Arete reached into a side pouch for the incendiary grenades, halting as the sound of footsteps approached the office. The Prelate backed into the shadows, seeming to fade from view almost immediately.

The door swung open, a guard pointing his rifle from one corner of the room to the far one. “I know someone is here. You think you’re talented, but you missed the cameras on this level recording every move you made.”

“Well, that’s disappointing,” the Obelisk drawled as he stepped out of the shadows and knocked the rifle from the hands of the guard. “You see, I was planning to burn this office to cinders and leave a message on the door. But I think you will do nicely to deliver it instead.”

“What makes you think I will deliver a message for you, betrayer?” the guard hissed, slowly reaching for the sidearm strapped to his back.

The glowing eyes of the durasteel mask seemed to brighten as he held out the scroll, slowly building the Force energy throughout his limbs. The guard quickly grabbed it with his free hand and held it close to his chest.

White-hot pain halted the guard in his tracks as a blade ripped through the lightly armoured suit he wore, the curved metal sliding through bone and sinew with ease. He looked up into the eyes of the Assassin, silently mouthing words.

“Oh, you will deliver the message,” Celevon smirked, the air around his hand appearing to contort before he thrust his hand forward, a wave of telekinetic energy leaping from his palm. The guard was flung, crashing through the ornate glass window that overlooked the courtyard. After a few minutes, a faint thud reached the Obelisk’s ears.

The smirk widened as panicked shouts erupted from below.

“Message delivered.” That was all that Celevon said before he faded from view once more.

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***Several hours later***

***Same location***

“What happened?” Cethgus roared in fury as he burst through the doorway.

“One of our enemies infiltrated the Citadel and killed a guard. This was pinned to his body,” Valtiere explained, handing over the bloodied scroll.

The Galerean unrolled it and quickly read:

*‘Even in your lofty towers, no one is safe from us. We are the debt that all men must pay.’*

*- The Arconae & Supporters’*

“What does that mean? The ‘debt that all men must pay?’” the Iridonian growled, his eyes seeming to glow with his anger.

“Death. It was pinned to his body with this,” the Quaestor of Qel-Droma murmured quietly, holding up the curved black dagger.

“Edraven,” Cethgus spat the man’s name. “Is there any way we can keep this quiet?”

“I’m afraid not. The body fell into the courtyard where several of our Journeyman were practicing drills, and that’s not counting the other guards, who are surely gossiping about it.”

**END**