

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

Throne Room

Upper Level, Arcona Citadel

Estle City, Selen

Celevon stood off to the side, his lightsaber drawn and active in his hand. The cobalt blade cast a glow over his fey features. The allies at his side and their adversaries had all drawn their weapons. Some held lightsabers, others blasters and even a few swords glimmered with reflected light from the plasma weapons.

Across from him was a familiar figure. The Assassin took in the scowl, the ice blue prosthetic right eye and the unique custom lightsaber within the younger Human's grasp. The light from the blade cast darker shadows over the man's features, harshening them further. The man was the Quaestor of House Qel-Droma. One of the men Celevon reported to before all of this mess started. They had been promoted within hours of one another. A fellow staff member of the Contract Bureau. Fellow soldiers in the Arconan Army Corps. Friends.

Not feet away was a dark-skinned Zabrak who wielded a pair of the glowing blades, one a pale shade of blue whilst the other was a shimmering viridian. This too was a familiar figure to the Prelate, though in a far different manner than the the Sith. Celevon's mercurial gaze resembled molten silver at the sight of the figure who had murdered his wife.

This person was the final reason why the Onderonian had sided with the Arconae.

Those members of the Arconae had been his mentors in one form or another. It all boiled down to loyalty. Without those men, the Assassin wouldn't be who he was this day. The deciding factor had been in the knowledge that Celevon would get a chance to avenge Xathia.

Without realising what they had done, Celevon and Valtiere exchanged brief salutes with their blades. It was a habit the two had started when sparring. Sometimes, when all prospective missions for the Contract Bureau had been released, the members indulged in friendly spars to hone their skills and test that of their counterparts.

The pair leapt at one another, their blades flashing back and forth. The Marauder elegantly and swiftly parried Celevon's cobalt blade with his silver one, his wicked riposte abruptly knocked aside by the Assassin. Their weapons hissed and spat with every motion, only touching one another for a split-second before they were once again vying for dominance.

This was different than their earlier, friendly spars. This was full-on dueling. A fight where one falls to the blade of the other.

Abruptly, they locked blades. A mismatched emerald and cold blue met with silver eyes as the two glared at one another.

“My fight is not with you, Valtiere. Stand aside,” the Onderonian hissed, his voice cold as interstellar space.

“You chose to stand against me, Edraven. If you want at another of my allies, you will have to make it through me first.”

“So be it,” Cevlon intoned, his gaze darkening with regret before he pushed the Marauder bodily away.

The Assassin lashed out with his weapon, the blade appearing to blur as he forced the younger male onto the defensive. It was clear he had been holding back before. That restraint was eliminated as Cevlon fought, his style reminiscent of the lashing tails of the nocturnal beasts that inspired Vaapad in ancient times.

A blur appeared just before the Serpentine Throne, blue-white energy glowing in the fists of the figure as it leapt over the combatants. As it landed, a shock wave spread across the room, halting every instance of fighting in their tracks.

The Onderonian recognised the figure, even before the long dark locks parted to reveal his furious gray-blue eyes. Though, inexplicably, the sensation of power that surrounded their Consul had somehow grown.

“So... In my absence, you start a war between ourselves.”

“My lord Consul, I-”

“Be silent! I never left the system, so I have seen everything that occurred. From the bombings, guerilla warfare and outright dramatic murder of one of our guards,” his normally stoic gaze locked with Cevlon’s at that.

“What have you all to say for yourselves?” Marick hissed coldly, dropping the mask he had used to conceal his identity to the floor.

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