

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

Commissioner's Office, Antei Contract Bureau Offices

Dungeon, Arcona Citadel, Estle City

Selen, Dajorra System

0715 Hours

The Onderonian's head shot up as the device that the Dajorra Intelligence Agency passed on their information through activated, indicating that a high-level encryption was coming through. As soon as the datapad popped out, Celevon grabbed it and activated the device, taking a drag off of his cigarette as the decryption software did its work.

'Prelate Edraven

A mission of the highest priority has been tasked to yourself from the Dark Council. You are to investigate the suspicious actions of Warlord Dacien Victae di Plagia in however a manner you deem necessary and report your findings as soon as you are able. Delete all evidence of this transmission as soon as you have finished reading this missive. You are to speak to no one about your mission as it comes with the highest level of secrecy. We wish you luck in this mission.'

The Obelisk clicked the button to erase the message from the datapad as one of his Fade, Aryn, walked in. The Assassin took a drag off of his cigarette, flicking the small amount of ash that had gathered into the ashtray.

"A new mission from the DIA?" The female queried at the sight of her Master frowning at a datapad.

"That's a negative. Either a clerical error or something with so much redacted information that it would be impossible to set someone to accomplish this," the Qel-Droman replied with a weary sigh, putting the now-blank device on his desk. "I'll speak to one of their Agents later and see to it that they recalibrate things on their end."

"Heh. Anything I can do to help? I'm bored after spending so much time at the range training the Journeymen how to shoot properly."

"I won't be around for roughly two weeks. Think you can keep everyone out of trouble whilst I'm away?"

"Where are you going?" Jade asked with a scowl towards the Obelisk. The thought of being left behind yet again whilst the Force User went off on yet another dangerous mission irritated the Mandalorian to no end.

"Remember that I set up some vacation time? I could have sworn I heard my daughter babbling to you incessantly about our 'time away from things' over breakfast a few mornings past..."

The Gunslinger's lips curved in a slightly sheepish grin. "Yeah... About that. It seems the both of us shouldn't be spoken to prior to several mugs of caf in our systems."

"Understandable, I suppose. Maybe you and Lilly can take on a mission to keep your skills from getting rusty whilst I'm away. Try to make certain that no one burns down the Offices whilst I'm away," Celevon smirked as he stood, draining the mug of tepid caffeine. His mercurial gaze narrowed as his Fade sat down and pulled the cleaning kit for slugthrowers towards her.

"No worries there, Master. Everything will still be running smoothly upon your return," Jade murmured distractedly as she ejected the live rounds and disassembled the six-shooter with well-practiced, deft motions. The twin to that slugthrower rested within the shoulder holster beneath the Mandalorian's left arm. "Speaking of caf, do you ha... Typical," the female snorted.

The Qel-Droman had vanished without a whisper of sound. The door had been left ajar when Aryn had entered the Offices.

"I'm going to catch him pulling his disappearing act one of these days," she grumbled to herself moments before an obnoxious, repetitive *beep-beep* echoed from the direction of Nortorshin's desk. "Oh, dear slice. What the *frak* is that?!"

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***Mick's Cantina, Second Level, Arcona Citadel
Estle City, Selen, Dajorra System, Outer Rim Territories***

The Obelisk walked up to the bar and ordered a strong caf from the Rodian behind the bar. Within minutes, a steaming mug of the bitter brew was placed before him.

As Celevon reached into a pocket within his robes, Mick waved it off. "So long as there's no fighting, first one is on me. You visit every so often and order the same thing in the early hours: Caf, black as the abyss; no sweetener, no cream."

“Am I really that predictable, Mick?” the Onderonian queried quietly, habitually keeping his head on a swivel before he inhaled the familiar scent. It had become an instinct to smell the drink ever since Sashar had played a prank on him by serving Spiced Caf years before. The words of the former Consul rang in his ears as though a shadow of the Mandalorian’s spirit remained.

*“Be glad it was only spice mixed in. I could have just as easily slipped one of the more **gentle** poisons in my arsenal in there and left you to suffer the effects of your di’kutla actions. Be careful who you trust, kiddo.”*

“Hardly,” the retired soldier snorted, glancing over at the other patrons in his cantina. “You forget that I served with the man who taught you? If it weren’t for the different scented cologne and lack of stale cigarra with a hint of brandy, I would think you were the General in disguise.”

The Prelate withheld a wince as the comment provoked a memory of the one and only time he had disguised himself as a young version of his Master. It had not ended well, considering the drunken female had assumed he was a restless spirit and attempted to banish him.

“Any of the Shadow Academy types around?” Ceevon asked, abruptly changing the subject.

The one-eyed Rodian didn’t even blink at the topic shift. He merely pointed to a table where a patron was clearly sleeping. “That one seems to have confused my cantina with his quarters. Which reminds me, you keep leaving that book full of scratch-marks. Take it with you,” Mick grumbled, grabbing the leather tome from beneath the bar and placed it before the Human.

“It’s hardly scratch-marks. That’s an ancient tongue that I’m trying to translate.”

“Exactly. Until I can understand the words, it’s odd scratches and scribbles.”

The Onderonian shook his head, not bothering to argue with the bartender as he tucked the tome within his robes. “Can I get this in a travel mug?”

Mick poured the caf into one of the disposable containers, topped off the liquid, capped it off and handed it back to the Obelisk. Ceevon grasped it with a nod of thanks and made his way over to the slumbering Sith.

“Wake up, Karthdo!”

Sleep-dulled blue eyes gazed at the Prelate after the younger male’s head shot up, instinctively having reached for the hilt of his lightsaber. “Wa’ssit?”

The Assassin frowned as he tried to interpret the half-asleep question. “Ah. It’s morning. 0802.”

“What do you want?” the Sith asked with a grimace after swallowing the liquid that had likely gone cold hours before.

“Information.”

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‘- all intel I was able to gather have indicated that Victae is trying to protect and likely convince the traitor to rethink his or her actions. Awaiting further instructions.

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~Fin~