

**Commissioner's Office, Antei Contract Bureau Offices
Dungeon, Arcona Citadel, Estle City
Selen, Dajorra System
1800 Hours**

The Onderonian lit a cigarette and exhaled the smoke of his first puff, resting his boots on the desk. The office had been quiet for the past several weeks, though the work itself never ended. After action reports on completed contracts, updating the various dossiers on the targets from all of the missions to name a few of the activities he had to carry out.

Celevon was momentarily distracted by a now familiar presence approaching his office, though he continued writing up the summary on the report, detailing the events that occurred. Very few people were aware that, when accepting a contract, a tail was assigned to them. In some cases, such as an A-Class mission, it qualifies as a joint training opportunity for rookie Intelligence Agents.

The Prelate flicked the ashes from his cigarette into the ashtray, not ceasing in his writing as the new Captain of the *Nighthawk* entered the office. A silent gesture had the Galerean standing quietly before the desk.

Absently, Celevon took note of the Templar's parade rest stance as he finished the summary and stubbed out his cigarette.

"I know you're not here for training, as our next session isn't scheduled yet. So... you're either here for a mission or some other reason. Which is it?" the Qel-Droman asked, glancing up at Uji.

"You would be correct, in a way. I'm here for a mission." At the questioning eyebrow quirked from the Aedile, the Templar continued. "I've been assigned a mission to shut down a drug-running operation on Port Ol'val and I have permission to choose my partner for this one. You interested?"

"Oh, I am most certainly interested." The Prelate glanced over the outfit the *Nighthawk* Captain wore, then the gleaming lightsaber hilt on Uji's hip. "The clothes will suffice. The lightsaber should either be left here or concealed appropriately."

The Coruscanti narrowed his eyes. "Is there any particular reason for that?"

"Arcona's presence on Ol'val is best done whilst operating in complete secrecy. It is as it has always been. Our members are taught to conceal the fact that they are Force Users by not

carrying lightsabers, wearing robes or utilizing flashy Force Powers to give away our presence there,” Ceevon explained as he stood, pulling on a trenchcoat over the loose-fitted black shirt, black cargo pants and boots. The hilt of his kerambit gleamed at his waist as the younger Human grabbed the katana from his desk and slid it into the *saya* on his back.

Uji watched as the Qel-Droman rapidly typed out a message on the console and sent it before shutting it all down. “Are you going to leave the office without telling anyone?”

The Onderonian smirked and tilted his head towards the console. “That message I just sent was to the rest of the staff, informing them that I have taken on one of the more pressing contracts. In Marick’s case, he will see it as a Shadicar mission. Any other questions?”

“Where is your lightsaber?”

The *Shadicar* reached into the trenchcoat and tugged something from beneath the *saya*. He then held up the curved hilt by the bone grip, the dark metal giving almost no reflection or gleam in the artificial lighting before Ceevon replaced it into the concealed holster.

“Let’s get this started, then,” the *Nighthawk* Captain intoned with a small grin.

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Besadii Entertainment District

Port Ol’val

Some Time Later

The Templar sighed to himself in annoyance. “Shouldn’t we be doing some active investigating? How are we supposed to find out who is running Red-Eye through the Port by hanging around a bar?”

Ceevon exhaled a plume of smoke, his disguised dull blue eyes flicking from person to person as he flicked some ash off of his cigarette. “We don’t need to investigate anything. We’re waiting for an informant to arrive.”

Uji glared slightly, entirely unamused by the Onderonian’s short answers. “And how do we know we can trust the information from this *informant*?” The last word was sneered out.

“You will find I can be very persuasive when I want to be,” the Qel-Droman purred, smirking at the Templar.

“That doesn’t answer my question..”

Celevon sighed. “He’s a card shark. If he were to give me false information, the Besadii Hutts would suddenly learn that someone has been cheating them out of their earnings at various casinos in the District. In this information packet would also be a list of times and days of the week when he appears at certain clubs that they own. He’s a creature of habit. Takes the same routes to everywhere he goes, goes to the same restaurants and orders the same meals. Things of that nature.”

“... You’re blackmailing him?”

“Blackmail is such an ugly word. I prefer-”

“Don’t finish that sentence. Let’s get this over with so we can get rid of these drug runners,” the Templar growled under his breath, ignoring the mock pout on the Prelate’s face. “I’ll be having a walk. Comm me once you have the information.”

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“Are you going to tell me where the location is?” the Templar growled quietly, keeping pace with the Onderonian.

“We’ll be there momentarily. How would you prefer to handle the situation?”

“We’ve been ordered to shut them down permanently, using any means necessary. How do you think I want to handle the situation?”

“I was thinking of having my Fade handle their base.”

“The redhead pilot that likes dual-wielding pistols?” The *Nighthawk* Captain asked, slightly confused.

“You haven’t met Thorfinn?”

“Who?!”

The Onderonian nodded several feet ahead of him where a tall Humanoid with wavy brown hair approached them.

“I completed the task as ordered, Captain,” the Fade reported, his accent lilting with a thick burr. “Shall I... carry out the orders?”

“This is my Fade, Thorfinn Mindon. Staff Sergeant Mindon, Uji, Commander of the AGV *Nighthawk*,” Clevon handled the introductions, a small smirk curving his lips.

“What’s his special skill?” Uji asked curiously, taking in the almost dark gold hue of the Fade’s eyes.

The Aedile nodded at the Staff Sergeant who gave an answering smirk, holding up a device before depressing a red button.

About a hundred yards ahead of them, fire erupted from an adjoining corridor seconds before the concussive blast reached the trio. A klaxon immediately went off in response to the explosion.

“Situation handled, sir. I’ll meet up with you again at the Citadel,” Thorfinn explained before turning a corner and vanishing from their sight.

“... Your other Fade is a Demolitions Expert?”

“I would say the situation is handled, wouldn’t you?” The Onderonian winked and faded from view. The Templar swore quietly and wove a cloak of Force energy around him, managing to disappear from view moments before emergency services arrived.

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