

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

**The Drunk Side Tavern,
Dreshdae, Korriban, Horuset System, Outer Rim Territories,
1140 Hours**

Celevon Edraven tapped the gloved fingers of his right hand restlessly on the table in front him, unknowingly sending ash flying across the table from the smoldering cylinder between the digits. The Aedile's mercurial eyes flicked through the information on the screen of the datapad held in his left, refreshing the information his Consul had passed onto him several days prior.

~Flashback~

**Ensuite, Aedile Quarters,
Bothan Assault Cruiser Shadow**

The Onderonian pressed his forehead against the wall of the shower, the lukewarm jets of water that impacted and cascaded down his back soothing his battered muscles. The mixture of blood, grime and sweat had been quickly cleaned off of his body and out of his hair, swirling down the drain in a rusty hue.

Celevon had completely lost track of time, having taken advantage of the respite to perform several mental exercises. The images of his fallen brethren, their bodies twisted, charred or even outright vaporized for the most part haunted his psyche. The thoughts were quickly compartmentalized into the area of his mindscape that had been labeled 'Those Who Will Never Be Forgotten' in his subconscious, the depictions overlaid with those of the very same sentients alive and whole.

The incessant ringing of the communications console drew the Prelate abruptly back to the present. He quickly shut off the water and moved through the rooms to the machine, weaving a basic illusion of robes across his body moments before activating the holo-call.

The translucent figure of whom the Obelisk vaguely recognized as one of the Communications Officers saluted the moment the call was activated.

"At ease, Comms. What is it?"

"A communications on the secure line of the Eye of the Abyss II for you, Lord Edraven."

“Very well. Patch them through,” the *Shadicar* ordered, a hint of impatience creeping into the icy timbre of his voice.

The image of the Communications Officer dissipated with a salute, only to be replaced moments later with the visage of Marick Arconae.

Celevon bowed his head respectfully. “My Shadow Lord.”

“*Commissioner Edraven. I must regretfully inform you that your return home must be delayed,*” the Consul intoned, not bothering with small talk.

The Equite’s attention was peaked by the use of his position within the Antei Contract Bureau. Piercing silver eyes rose to meet those of pale sapphire, a dark brow rising in silent query. The pair had interacted enough that verbal communication was entirely unnecessary at this point.

“It seems you have been chosen to perform a task assigned by the Grand Master on Korriban. The encrypted details are being sent to you as we speak. Report in once you have completed your mission, Wraith.”

The Onderonian smirked, his eyes alight with eager anticipation as he bowed his head once more in a respectful manner. The communication deactivated, an icon showing a message had arrived. Celevon opened it, beginning a decryption script with the tap of a button. His lack of experience with electronics had prompted a DIA Agent to install the application that appeared whenever he entered his information.

The Aedile shook his head, remembering the conversation where the Consul had assigned him the callsign of ‘Wraith’.

‘You will be simply referred to as Wraith, in reference to your callsign from your days in Soulfire as ‘Spook’ and it also suits the founder of Spectre Cell. Wraith, the omen or specter of Death.’

Celevon decided to make productive use of the time it would take to decrypt the document by getting dressed and checking his weapons.

~End Flashback~

The Prelate took the last drag off of his cigarette before stubbing it out in the ashtray on the table, the datapad dutifully erased and placed next to it.

The Onderonian's attention was drawn away from the chronometer on the wall by a figure dropping into the opposite side of the booth.

"Got a light?" an older male drawled, his voice altered by the cigarette dangling from his mouth. The features and shock of messy blonde hair matched the image that had been included in the mission details.

Celevon pulled a primitive silver flint device from his pocket, lighting the other's smoke. He pulled one from his own pocket and lit it before snuffing the flame by closing the lid.

"I'll not beat around the bush," Grey murmured as a haze of blue-gray smoke enveloped their pair. "Our job, as you are aware, is to retrieve certain ancient writings. They were plundered by competitors in one of my areas of expertise before I could ascertain the location. I've been trailing the holders of the scrolls for days and requested assistance. Your name came up. So... what we're going to do is swap the real thing for a forgery before the bidding war can begin. Any questions?"

"How detailed is the forgery? As in, who would it be able to fool?" the Prelate queried in turn, exhaling a plume of smoke above them.

"It's damn near perfect to those who don't have a mastery of Sith Magicks. Even then, it would fool anyone who had not memorized every last detail of the scrolls themselves. Considering that no one has seen them in a millennia," the Battlemaster's expression was alight with predatory, unholy glee before he trailed off. "Let's just say that.. were someone to attempt my version of the Rite, their soul will be ripped from their body and lost in the Abyss. So... we're going to sneak in, swap out the real scroll for the forgery, then leave without making any guards of security in place aware of our presence. Any other questions?"

"Just a comment," the *Shadicar* replied as he took another drag from the smoldering cylinder. "You might want to get your coat tailored. Don't think I can't see that bulge where your slugthrower is."

"I'll consider it after I get paid for this job." With that icy deliverance, the Rogue Jedi stood. "Shall we get this mission accomplished? I would prefer to leave this dustball behind before the sun rises."

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The second-tier Equites made their way through the location, sticking to the shadows to conceal their motions despite the cloaks of Force energy wrapped around them. The pair of them had concluded beforehand to remain within feet of one another, the Battlemaster always several steps ahead of the Prelate.

As they stepped into the room where the Thief's intel showed the scrolls to be located, Celevon caught sight of a security cam on the wall.

Reaching out with the Force, the Aedile projected his thoughts as simply as he could manage to the older male. *'Hold. Camera.'*

The Arconan received a feeling of understanding from the Rogue as well as a swell of impatience before he took a deep breath and glanced carefully around where the device was pointed. Celevon took a snapshot within his mind before he reached out with the Force.

Gently, the Qel-Droman wove an illusion before the lens, taking care to make the drapes in the background sway from the artificial cooling unit blowing throughout the room.

'Holding. Illusion. Continue mission. Quickly.'

The Onderonian maintained the apparition of everything within the view of the device being normal, pouring his mental focus into it. The smallest flicker in Celevon's concentration could blow their cover, alerting the guards to their mission by the shimmer of Connor's motions near the case that held the scrolls.

A gentle breeze moved past the Arconan, the agreed upon method for alerting one another of movements. Celevon dropped the illusion and followed the Battlemaster, adrenaline coursing through his veins at the thrill of success. However, the Prelate wouldn't allow himself to get distracted or over-confident.

This must be why Grey does these tasks. It's exhilarating! The Shadicar mused. *However, I will not let my guard down or start celebrating until the writings have been delivered successfully.*

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