

In-Transit Shuttle

Upper Atmosphere, New Tython, Yhi System

Everything evolves. We come upon the winds of change, a new sunrise on the horizon. I never understood what that meant until now, the Onderonian mused to himself as he checked his weapons once again. They had received a request to lend aid to the Jedi of Clan Odan-Urr, a group that had been a recent enemy in the Battle for Korriban at the end of the Eleventh Great Jedi War. The request had been answered with the swift action of the Arconan Fleet.

Celevon flicked both wrists, an almost sinister sound echoing in the silence as twin blades erupted from the bracers on both arms. Another movement of his hands and both blades retracted into the lightly etched metal bars attached to his forearms. Though the design was primitive in comparison to the current technology, the weapons themselves were invaluable in the Prelate's line of work.

Their Consul had proposed more than simply lending assistance to the Odanites; Atyiru had proposed an alliance. Not only that, the Miraluka had explained that Arcona itself needed to adapt to the shifting tides. Since its inception, the Shadow Clan had been labeled a Dark one.

That was the furthest from the truth. Few of their members were 'Dark' in a traditional sense. For the most part, the Arconans could be described as 'Grey'. Some of them even leant more towards the light. From that, their Consul took it from a logical standpoint: Arcona should be a Neutral Clan.

A number of those members were against the change to the point where they sought to shatter the fragile peace of the proposed alliance. The Prelate would gleefully eliminate anyone who acted against their Consul's wishes. Atyiru wasn't just Celevon's Consul; she was a friend and had been long before taking the Serpentine Throne.

His mercurial eyes reflected from the blade of his katana before Celevon glanced over at his companions. The first to swear loyalty to him had been the svelte redhead in a seat across the shuttle. Jade Erinos was also running a weapons check, the cylinder of one revolver opened as she stared through the chambers. Apparently satisfied with what she found, the Mandalorian popped the cartridges into place with a speed loader before she snapped the cylinder into place. Her glacial eyes looked up, catching the Onderonian staring at her and nodded.

The Assassin heard the words reflected from memory at the nod. *“I may have been raised under the crest of the Erinós Clan.. my first loyalty, however, is with you.”*

The second, Sergeant Mindon, looked up from checking the pockets of his jacket. The Demolitions Expert’s golden brown gaze locked with silver as he raised an eyebrow in question. Celevon cocked his head. Thorfinn rolled his eyes. “It doesn’t matter what my orders are. I’ll follow you, in this life and the next.”

The Qel-Droman gave a ghost of a smile as he sheathed the katana over his shoulder. There was no need to check the blade of the kerambit on his belt; no matter how he used it, Celevon had never found so much as a scratch on it.

Whereas many held grudges or an irrational hatred of the Light, the Aedile was different. Even despite the battles he had taken place in years before, when the Arconan Forces had bombed New Tython, the Onderonian had merely been following orders.

The only contracts the Aedile took and carried out were those against the filth of society: slavers, drug dealers and the like. Even then, he was respectful when carrying out the sentence. It had confused those who worked with Celevon on the rare occasion that he worked a contract alongside another. How he would close their eyes as the light within dimmed.

The thought of this brought about a flash of memory to his most recent assignment. His own voice: *“May you find the peace in death you could never grasp in life. Requiescat in pace.”*

Rest in peace.

The truth was that Celevon was Grey, neither Light nor Dark. He was more than willing to go along with their Consul’s plans. The alliance, the neutrality of Arcona. The Obelisk would carry out Atyiru’s wishes without a regret or hesitation, especially as they coincided with his own beliefs.

He hadn’t always been this way. In his early days in Arcona, Celevon would have gleefully killed anyone his Master had pointed out. For Arcona. To sate the dark hunger in his own soul.

The Onderonian himself was unaware what had changed or even when. Perhaps it had been when he learned of his wife’s death at the hands of Cethgus and Saskia? The closest to the truth would have been months earlier, when he faked his death to escape the warmongering ways of the Ascendant House, Plagueis. It seemed as though the battles had been neverending, one after another.

There was one thing the Obelisk knew for certain. The tides of change were upon them. And Celevon...

He would rise with them.

THE END