

**Side Notes:**

- **‘Mundane’ is the designator some within Arcona use when referring to Non Force Users.**
- **‘Shadicar’ are Arcona’s Elite Shadesworn Assassins**
- **The word count/story itself starts immediately following the finished word count.**

**Word Count:** *1615 Words*

*Luxury Transport*

*Hyperspace Travel to Bimmisaari*

*Exact Location Unknown*

“Are you certain that this is absolutely necessary, Celevon?”

“Yes, it is, my friend. A hit has been put out for your death; I know quite a few of these and some are quite dangerous, even amongst Mundanes. We’ve already had two failed attempts and I won’t risk another.” The Onderonian withheld a sigh at his Consul’s stubborn nature. He had been guarding the Miraluka for two weeks now, since the very day the contract had been assigned to the bounty boards.

Celevon had very few people he called ‘friend’, and every single one of them had earned both his loyalty and respect. He would sooner die than see them hurt.

“Have you ever done something like this before?” Atyiru queried softly, a small frown marring her usually cheerful features. “And how do you plan to explain the discrepancies in height?”

“A few times. And there’s a reason I picked these boots. They appear to make me a few inches taller, but that actual sole is nowhere near as thick on the inside,” the *Shadicar* explained as he shifted uncomfortably in the form-fitting robes made of off-white material, lined with designs in shades of burnt gold and royal blue. The off-white boots with royal blue sole and burnt golden lining came up to just under his knees. The only real difference that separated the outfit from the Consul’s was his complete lack of jewelry on his arms; something only a person who regularly encountered the woman on an informal basis would know. Instead, he had white leather bracers with a stylized raven and crescent moon design atop his wrist in the same shades of gold and blue. He rarely wore robes anymore, aside from formal occasions where such a thing was necessary. “Right.. Time to get the easy part out of the way.”

Celevon inhaled and focused on a talent relentlessly trained to Force Assassins until they could maintain the self-illusion. The coloring of his silver eyes faded first, leaving the area a startling pale gray, nearly white. The structures of the Quaestor's facial bones appeared to visibly shift beneath his skin: the masculine curve to his jaw smoothed out whilst the lips thickened slightly; his nose shrunk; the shape of his eyebrows changed. Finally, the very last change occurred as his skin darkened from the normal fair to tones to that of a dark caramel. Unless one were paying close attention, the subtleties of the change would have been missed as this particular self-illusion took only enough time for someone to blink.

"It's still very disturbing to witness that particular process, sir," Captain Bly, Commander of the Arcona Summit Guard, commented neutrally. The twitch of his hand toward the blaster at his side did not go unnoticed by either of the other two in the room. "How do you maintain that, if you don't mind my asking?"

"We're trained ruthlessly in this and taught a technique to split your consciousness in order to maintain it. That way, whilst one part of my mind is focused on maintaining the facial illusion, I can also complete other tasks with my mental clarity intact... Think of it as taking multitasking to the extreme. At my current level, I can maintain it for twenty-four hours. Any longer and it will end abruptly, leaving me with quite a migraine," Celevon explained in a dry manner, paraphrasing how it had been explained to him.

"I could only tell that he channeled the Force into his head and that he's maintaining whatever happened. How good of a doppelganger would you rate him, Captain?" The Miraluka asked curiously.

"As far as his face and skin tones go, completely uncanny. However... there are a few issues-nevermind. It's perfect. To be frank... I'm vaguely horrified at how well you pull off that particular trick, sir."

In the midst of the Captain's speech, Celevon had pulled on white gloves that seemed to mold to the end of his sleeve and simultaneously wove Force energy into an illusion that wrapped around the Onderonian from the tips of his fingers, his neck and down to upper thigh. A perfect copy of the Miraluka glanced over at the Clone Commando, a smirk curving 'her' lips.

Bly shuddered, having never seen that expression on the Consul herself. It made her entire visage colder.. more sinister, somehow. The Captain frowned as the false Miraluka slipped something into 'her' mouth. The last step was pulling a grey cloak over the thinner shoulders and shutting it, drawing the hood low over the eyes. It gave the effect of everything above the nose being cast into shadow. Then 'she' spoke.

“Close your mouth, Captain Bly. You will catch flies with that expression.”

The voice was impeccable, down to the intricacies of Atyiru’s vocal inflection. The smirk widened as the real Consul’s face first appeared shocked, then gleeful.

“Oh, my... It’s still odd hearing my own voice and not speaking. How will you protect yourself?”

A gloved hand came up before the doppelganger flicked ‘her’ wrist. A blade erupted from the inner part of the bracer, extending slightly past where Celevon’s longer fingers ended. A similar motion sheathed the weapon.

The Commander winced at the barely stifled squeal from the actual female.

“I feel so much better about this plan now! Let me put one final touch on this,” the Miraluka moved toward the Obelisk quickly, placing the first two fingers of each hand on Celevon’s temples when he obligingly bowed his head.

The Archpriestess was slightly startled as his mental barriers slid away to allow her access. This show of absolute trust, a welcoming to an open under an orchard of falling blossoms and moonlight, rather than the jealously guarded vault she often encountered. It was as quiet as a river stone, as smooth and deep as the black ripples of water at night. There was nothing and yet everything, somewhere, just another step ahead on this shore, a league deeper into the depthless sea. Distantly, the Krath had the faintest impression of smelling flowers and blood..

The Consul smiled and walked deeper down those mental paths, straight into his subconscious, There, Atyiru carefully planted a suggestion to reinforce the absolute need to maintain his body illusion until the mission was completed. It would be difficult and leave the *Shadicar* utterly exhausted at the end, but the illusion of her body would remain.

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***Governor-General’s Estate***  
***Bimmisaari, Saari Ha System***

The Obelisk resisted the urge to shift uncomfortably as ‘she’ stood calmly in the gardens, awaiting the arrival of the Governor-General.

Despite Captain Bly's assessment, the doppelganger knew the disguise was far from perfect. From a purely physical stance, it was. Most operatives underwent weeks of training to take the place as a double to perfectly mimic the mannerisms and habits of the person they were impersonating.

Anyone who knew the Miraluka would be able to tell in an instant that Celevon was a fake. Despite many attempts, the Onderonian couldn't manage to pull off the cheery nature and excitable mannerisms that made the Consul so unique amongst their brethren.

In the case of this mission, however, physical deception would suffice.

Spotting the approach of the near-Human Governor-General, 'she' gave a bow of greeting. The Prelate raised from the bow and spotted the near-Human's eyes widening. A split-second later, the Force screamed a warning.

Time seemed to slow around the Quaestor for a seemingly infinite moment. Due to the influence of the Force, the *Shadicar* knew exactly where the blade was headed as soon as the would-be Assassin stepped within three feet, just as he knew the precision of the footwork and position of the Assassin.

The doppelganger pivoted, a gloved hand shot out; an iron grip clenched around the wrist of the assailant. The false Consul took in the weapon and instantly recognized it for what it was: an Assassin's blade, designed specifically to deliver a lethal dose of whatever poison was within the concealed vial in the hilt with the first stab.

The would-be Assassin had only enough time for his dark brown eyes to widen; nowhere in the contract had it stated just how quick his target was. Then, the doppelganger struck in a manner eerily reminiscent of a viper.

A lightning-fast, brutal open palm struck at the already hyper-extended elbow. The snapping of tendons and ligaments alongside the limb bending in an impossible manner seemed impossibly loud in the stillness. As the blade tumbled useless fingers, the assailant had no time to even register the agony before a cloaked elbow struck his temple. Blackness overtook the contract killer's vision as he slumped to the ground, unconscious.

The doppelganger turned back toward the man who had facilitated this capture with a smile, ignoring the vaguely unsettled look about the Bimmisaauri native. "You have our thanks. We'll be in touch should we require your services further, Governor Jayr."

Not giving the Governor-General time to reply, the false Miraluka turned towards the would-be Assassin, drawing a pair of cuffs from an inner pocket of the cloak. As the stun cuffs were locked shut, the two Summit Guardsman assigned to escort the doppelganger to give the ruse legitimacy approached. It wasn't until the Quaestor slipped the blade into his belt that his attention focused on the Guards.

“Grab that trash and let us be off. It's time we got answers,” the doppelganger ordered the pair as he dropped the illusions. Beneath the hood of the cloak, the change went unnoticeable.

Ignoring the confused Governor-General, the Summit Guards hauled the unconscious assailant between them. The three then set off, dragging the unconscious assassin between them.