

Word Count: 1211 Words

Quaestor Apartment, Phantom Complex
Port Ol'val, Dajorra System, Outer Rim Territories
0600 Hours

The Onderonian took a long pull off of his cigarette, hissing in pain as a hand flew to his temple. He had been awoken several minutes before as the agony of a severe migraine had engulfed the Assassin.

Celevon exhaled a plume of smoke and stubbed out the cigarette in the ashtray, sheets pooled around his waist as another wave of pain came on. Unlike normal migraines, however, no pain medications or the influence of the Force could ease this.

Both hands shot to his skull as his mercurial eyes were forced shut. Every fiber of his being was alight with torturous heat. Lungs seared, clogged with ash. The Assassin's eyes shot open, revealing flames everywhere. Skin sizzling. Melting-

Just as suddenly as the flames were there, they were gone. It was suddenly cold. A creature with phantom wings gripped and bore him across Eldar and into space...

Celevon gasped as he flailed in bed, knocking the ashtray to the ground. Eyes wide with shock and confusion, he glanced around, breathing heavily. The pain from the migraine was gone as though it had never occurred.

Grabbing his ashtray, ignoring the butts and ash across the floor, the Quaestor rolled a cigarette as he tried to gather his thoughts. Though he had never before experienced it, Celevon instinctively knew that he had just had a vision. Not just any, however.

It has been a vision of his own future. His death. It would happen on Eldar and, judging by the brief glimpse of fresh snow, it would happen in winter on the planet, which was less than a month away.

The Shadow took a drag off of his cigarette, frowning as he couldn't recall having lit it. With a sigh, he rolled out of bed and grabbed the ashtray before making his way to the computer terminal.

Celevon tapped his fingers on the desk as he stared at the blank screen. The knowledge that his existence would be coming to an end had him reflecting on the past - had he made the right decisions? Had he been a good father? He regretted the lack of knowledge of everything that had occurred in his life before awakening on Onderon with no recollection of his past. The eighteen years following that day flew past in his mind, flashes of memory and conversations leading up to where he was now.

If anything, he regretted that he had never known a time of peace in his life. The Assassin had taken missions and contracts to eliminate sentients since he was sixteen. Celevon had lived his entire life on the move since that first contract until he was transferred to Arcona when he was twenty-two. In the seven years since, he had made friends, encountered lovers, married, become a widower.

Now, however? Celevon needed to get his affairs in order - the first thing would be to leave a message. He pulled out the keyboard and rapped out a few commands. As soon as part of the device had a green light, the Onderonian looked directly into the camera.

“If you’re seeing this, I’m probably dead-”

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Arcona Citadel
Estle City, Selen
A Month Later

“Why is *he* here?” Alyssa asked the Consul in a grumpy manner, glaring at the Jedi.

“Your father requested his presence in the initial recording,” Atyiru murmured quietly.

Just as it had been programmed, three days without the Obsessive-Compulsive Onderonian checking his datapad had sent out a file to the Clan Leadership. The first recording had been a simple ‘If this has been sent, I’m dead - Gather the following people before playing the next recording’.

As requested, the acting Summit were gathered along with several of the Arconae and a few Shadesworn. The notable exception, the man Celevon’s daughter was glaring at, was the Proconsul of Odan-Urr.

Feeling the stare of an impatient Arcia, the Shadow Lady nodded.

It was time.

Though she couldn't see it, Atyiru knew the holo-recording had just activated. Alyssa had gasped and stiffened in her seat.

The image of Celevon Edraven appeared before all of them, shirtless and smoking a cigarette. There were faint lines indicating he was in some pain, along with bags under his eyes. Then, he looked up towards them and began speaking.

“If you're all gathered and watching this recording, know that I am dead. I've recently been having visions that indicate that I will perish in a fire of some type. If you haven't found my remains and the news of my demise comes as a surprise, you should check on Eldar... Based on the programming, these messages will have been sent out ninety-six hours after I last checked the device on my wrist. As all of you know, I obsessively check that thing on an hourly basis, so that gives you a rough time of death to follow. All of my files and notes have a copy on the computer terminal in my rooms on Ol'val, in case the device on my wrist is too heavily damaged to draw data from it.”

The holo-recorded figure rolled and lit a cigarette before he continued speaking.

“Now then... the purpose behind gathering all of you here is to carry out my final wishes. Turel, I forgave you a long time ago. I would like you to finish training my apprentice, Violet, to the rank of Knight. Once she has proceeded that far, what she does afterwards is her decision.

Should my remains be recovered, I wish for them to be burned away in a funeral pyre on Eldar and my ashes spread to the winds. I leave this task to Thorfinn, my companion of the Eldarian Rangers. Upon completion, I consider the vow he made to serve me until death satisfied and he may choose what he wishes to do with his life afterwards.

As far as my monetary assets and worldly possessions - I leave those to my only child, Alyssa Lilith. The final wish involves the guardianship of my daughter.”

Worried glances were exchanged in the crowd - very few of them were suited to raise a child. The recording of Edraven chuckled suddenly as he lit another cigarette.

“You may relax, Uji. Neither you nor Satsi were the ones chosen to raise Alyssa.”

The Aedile of Galeres visibly relaxed.

“You either, Turel. Alyssa cannot stand to be around you... in fact, she’s probably glaring at you at this very moment.”

Several within the crowd chuckled loudly. The emerald-eyed preteen was indeed glaring at the Jedi.

“After contemplating this issue, I’ve decided to leave guardianship of my daughter to Aryn Erinos and the Patriarch of the Erinos Clan, Sashar. I would be happy to see her adopted by either of you, though I will leave that choice between you three. Aryn, once Alyssa is of age, consider your similar vow satisfied. Though, knowing you as I do, I’m certain you will keep an eye on Alyssa until your own demise.

That’s all there really is to say. So it has been said, so shall it be.”

Celevon stubbed out his cigarette and exhaled smoke before glancing from the recording, a small smirk on his lips.

“See you all on the other side.”

~(FINITE)~