

Word Count: 1716 Words

Quaestor's Office

Phantom Complex, Port Ol'val

34 ABY, 1124 Hours (Local Time)

The Onderonian frowned as he reread the summons from the Shadow Lady of Arcona, demanding his immediate presence on Selen. The brusque, if formal, tone of the message had set off alarm bells within his mind, hence why Celevon was reading it again. The use of his surname as a mode of address as well as the overall feel of the missive was quite out of character for the bright and bubbly Consul.

Just as a precaution, he quickly sent an emergency alert to the Fade assigned to his daughter's protection. They had gone over the protocol enough times that the Assassin knew Jade would have Artemis out of his apartment through the secret tunnels that were built throughout the Shadowport within a matter of minutes. Within the hour, Artemis would be off of the Port and headed to a safe house that only Jade knew the location of - if the Quaestor went twelve hours without sending the agreed upon signal, the Mandalorian would get his daughter out of the system. Either way, the pair would remain hidden until Celevon contacted Jade with the all-clear signal.

The Onderonian believed he knew *exactly* why he was being summoned in such a manner - Despite the fact that he knew he had left no evidence behind of his recent activities, he was likely under suspicion by the higher-ups within the Inquisitorius Order due to his past affiliation with those deemed 'undesirable', as well as a few sentients that openly disagreed with their aims.

Somehow, despite his disagreement with the aims of that Order, Celevon had been promoted to the rank of High Inquisitor and given the Force-applied tattoo of a Master Inquisitor. This was likely the only reason he had been sent a summons, rather than being snatched, drugged and brought in for questioning.

The Assassin flexed the fist of his cybernetic arm and flicked the wrist, releasing the hidden blade on that arm from within the bracer. Very few knew that he had lost his left arm at mid-humerus on Lyspair a little less than a month prior, as he had acted in complete secrecy in order to free those deemed 'undesirable' by the Inquisitorius Order. However, the reason so few knew about the cybernetic replacement was due to the fact that the Onderonian almost always

wore long sleeves, his bracers containing the retractable wrist-blades and gloves whenever he was not in the safety of his own home.

Whilst his blades were on his body at almost all times, the pair of slugthrowers remained within a drawer of his desk whilst within the confines of his office. The Onderonian pulled the drawer open and retrieved both of the Reynolds' DE-21 slugthrower pistols, slipping each into the leather shoulder holsters as well as several full speed loaders with hollowpoint slugs.

The drawer was slammed shut as the Assassin stood, swiftly grabbed his coat and threw it on as he made his way out of the office. On the way out, Celevon quickly sent off one last emergency alert before he crushed the untraceable device within the grasp of his cybernetic arm.

As he made his way through the streets towards the docks, the Quaestor dropped piece after piece of the device in junk piles and trash cans.

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Citadel Courtyard

Estle City, Selen

Celevon made his way through the courtyard towards the largest tree in the middle, where he could see a cloaked figure leaning against it. Whilst this in and of itself was not an uncommon sight, the weapon the male was flipping in his hand marked the man as a Grand Inquisitor - a Sith Dagger.

Since there were only two males within Arcona's ranks of that level, the Onderonian could tell that this was neither Kordath nor Marick.

The Assassin suppressed his emotions, facial features well-controlled beneath a facade of icy indifference.

"Attempting to sneak up on me, Inquisitor Edraven?" the Grand Inquisitor chuckled, though there was no mirth. The other male's voice was a sharp, drawling bass with no discernable accent. The tones however... those were as cold as interstellar space.

Unbidden, the Onderonian had to withhold a shudder. He had encountered Force Users who had enough blood on their hands that their very being had twisted to where they gave off an aura that chilled even Mundanes.

“Not at all. Merely waiting for you to acknowledge my presence,” Celevon shrugged lightly, mercurial gaze focused on the other male. “That blade is rather... distinctive.”

“It is, isn’t it? Looking forward to earning your own?” the figure turned, shrewd brown eyes studying the Assassin beneath shortly cropped flaxen hair.

If his voice alone were chilling, the eyes and sharp smile made the instinctual connection with a predator all the more apparent. The Inquisitor had the eyes of a killer. And the smile...

The Onderonian restrained yet another shudder - He now understood why people were put off whenever the Assassin gave a bloodthirsty grin. Yet this being’s smile was all teeth and almost... ghoulish. Malicious, yet eager.

Without consciously realizing it, the Quaestor was certain that there was something terribly wrong with the other man. Sociopath?

“If I’m proven worthy of it,” Celevon replied in clipped tones.

The other male gave a bark of laughter. “Very measured with your responses. I like it. Walk with me.”

The Assassin fell into step with the Inquisitor as they walked towards the Citadel, quickly making their way into its very halls.

“Your Consul has assured me of your cooperation with my investigation. Even offered use of Arconan facilities for testing purposes.” The Grand Inquisitor spoke slowly, drawing out every syllable with relish whilst keeping an eye on the Quaestor.

“Oh?”

“Yes. During the Purge on Lyspair, one of our own was killed while carrying out her duties. She had reported that *someone* wearing the basic version of our armor was freeing Undesirables and was in pursuit. An hour later, we discovered her body - there had clearly been a struggle. She had been killed by two slugs to the heart and a final one fired into her head at point-blank range. Our investigation revealed that the final shot was fired when she was already on the ground, bleeding out. The patterns on the slug itself also told us that the traitor used a suppressor.”

“I fail to see how this involves me,” the Assassin dryly replied, keeping pace with the Grand Inquisitor.

“Normally, we would not have chosen to question you at all - however, you’ve been known to acquaint yourself with those of lesser parentage. Really? Sleeping with a Cathar?” the Inquisitor shuddered, a pinched expression of disgust on his lips.

“It was just sex,” Celevon shrugged. “Just how am I supposed to help in your investigation?”

“We’re going to check you for injuries, test your slugthrowers and other weapons for evidence. Her lightsabers were also missing from the scene.” Those shrewd eyes focused on Celevon. “You’ve been known to take trophies from your kills. As we speak, my team is going through your belongings to be thorough.”

The Onderonian raised an eyebrow in response. “You could’ve just asked - There’s a safe behind my award case in my office where every trophy is. If you feel the need to check my other weapons, the code to the locker is B9-R7-2309.”

“I’ll be certain to pass that along.” The Inquisitor shut the door behind them, ignoring the lab techs scurrying back and forth as he made a call to one of his teammates to relay the information.

“Colonel Edraven?”

“Aye,” Celevon replied, turning to the lab tech. “Need something?”

“I need you to lay all of your weapons on this table, then your clothing on this one,” the female Twi’lek pointed from one gleaming table to another. “If you require a robe or something, you can find one in that locker.”

“Very well,” the Assassin agreed. Without another word, the Onderonian stepped toward the first table and began removing his weapons. Both slugthrowers were unloaded and laid side by side on the table, followed by the speed loaders and individual slugs. The sheaths containing his kunai were next, then the kerambit. A small smirk curved his lips as the Twi’lek’s eyes got wider and wider with each weapon. Celevon took off one bracer and stopped as the woman spoke up.

“Um... Clothing items go on that table,” she explained hesitantly. Her eyes widened as he triggered the mechanism manually, releasing the blade. “Nevermind.”

The Quaestor kept the smirk as he removed the other bracer before moving towards the other table. His leather gloves were the first to go, placed together on top of the other. The coat was quickly removed, followed by the leather shoulder holsters. His shirt was almost carelessly

draped over the table, revealing a well-toned lithe figure, as well as the full extent of his tattoos and the cybernetic arm.

“When did you lose your arm, sir?”

“Last month. A mine was poorly stored and triggered when I went to move it,” the Assassin curtly replied, watching as the female wrote that down. “After the shrapnel was removed, they removed the damaged tissue to where it was an almost clean cut to have an easier time prepping me for a cybernetic replacement. It should all be in my medical file.”

The female nodded, making more notes as Celevon quickly removed the rest of his clothes. He pulled on one of the white lab coats and buttoned the bottom shut, folding his arms over his chest.

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Several Hours Later

“You’ve been cleared in the death of one of our fellows. Your gear is ready for you to retrieve as soon as we are finished here,” the Inquisitor explained as shot a disdainful glance at a passing sentient who was clearly of mixed birth. “Anyway... there are definite traitors to our Order. You will be assigned to take out several, as assassination is clearly your speciality.”

The last was said as the unnamed Grand Inquisitor watched Celevon return the bracers containing his hidden blades to his forearms.

As he was facing away from the creepy male, the Onderonian let his eyes close for only a moment. When they opened again, all emotion was carefully wiped away.

“When do I begin?”

“Immediately.”

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