

Word Count: 639 Words

Selen

Dajorra System

1824 Hours

“Now, Raider, I need you to remember that you’re posing as a rookie investigator in this mission. Whilst we distract these Agents, one of our other operatives will be hacking their files to alter the reports whilst another ‘accidentally’ destroys the evidence pointing to the death being caused by a lightsaber. Once that’s happened, we can accuse the Agents here of corrupting evidence - they’ll be buried under so much red tape that they won’t have a hand to dispute that the killing was caused by a lightsaber. I want you to be in the background. Talk to the lower ranked ones about sports, ask about possible crime rates in the area - maybe goad one of them to a shooting competition at the range,” Celevon murmured quietly to his apprentice as they departed the transport, walking through the spaceport at a brisk pace.

“Alright, bossman. Distract and keep attention on us. That still doesn’t explain why we’re wearing these monkey suits,” Jadex muttered in a disgusted manner, pulling on the cheap suit. The Acolyte grimaced as he tried to loosen the neck-tie. “Is there a reason we have these fake-”

“The badges are not fake - DCIS is an actual investigative branch of the Dajorra Intelligence Agency. Because of that fact, these badges will allow us to bypass almost any security in the system, save our own,” the Onderonian explained discreetly as they made their way to the Offices of the Selenian Security Bureau. “It’s show time, kiddo. Remember that these feds *will* be confrontational, since we’re pulling rank and taking over their investigation.”

“I still don’t like this, boss,” the Soldier complained loudly as they walked into the building. “Honestly, why can’t we get our own transport for these jobs rather than having to rely on civilian vessels?”

“You want to have one of these death traps, Stiletti? Start saving your paychecks rather than blowing them at strip clubs,” the former Quaestor retorted, voice purposely dropped an octave for his cover.

“That’s not fair, boss. I can’t really help myself when-”

Celevon, wearing the disguise of Jason Graus, held up a hand in a familiar gesture as he started to turn to smack his apprentice upside the head. Raider, under the alias of Julian Stiletti, distracted his mentor by pointing out that they were being watched. Both wore crisp black suits that you could find on the rack of almost any shop that sold business-wear. Between that and the clear disciplined demeanors that is beaten into soldiers who partake of specialized training, they practically screamed 'Feds'.

*'In fact, we fit the bill a little **too** well,'* Celevon mused, slightly discomforted by the thought of how easily he slipped into the role of a Federal Agent.

"Reason for your visit?" A pencil-pusher at the front desk questioned, not even glancing up to see who they were. "Please note that you are on a live holo-feed and will be subject to search should you present yourself in a suspicious manner."

"Special Agent Jason Graus and Probationary Special Agent Julian Stiletti of the Dajorra Criminal Investigative Service. We're here to speak with the Agent in charge of the Delaney Homicide investigation," the Assassin explained curtly as both he and Jadex handed over their credentials.

"DCIS? Never heard of it. Did you call ahead to schedule a meeting?"

"Now *that's* embarrassing," Celevon smirked at Raider, giving the Soldier his cue.

"Our Director called ahead to yours - I assure you that we're cleared to be here," Jadex responded coldly, eyes boring into the receptionist.

"Just... let me call and see-"

"That won't be necessary, Nigel. I just got the call that the DIA Agents had arrived." A dark-skinned female spoke up, smiling as she offered the Assassin her hand. "Jemela Harkiss, Director of SSB. Would you be Special Agent Graus?"

~(To Be Continued: Raider's Entry)~