

Word Count: 920 Words

SCIF Communications Room, W/GSP Broken Blade

Exact Location Unknown, Dajorra System

34 ABY; 0628 Hours, Local Time

As soon as the Onderonian stepped into the room and hit the button beside the door as directed, the door slammed shut. His ears popped as the air pressure in the room increased significantly, showing that the room itself had been sealed to keep sound from escaping.

Celevon shook his head, lightly rubbing his ears for a moment before leaning forward to type a command, activating the communications. A screen behind the console winked to life, a seated figure appearing within, long fingers steepled in front of the mouth.

“Edraven, reporting in as ordered.”

“Operative, we’ll skip the pleasantries - there’s a situation on Selen that requires your immediate attention,” a cold, feminine voice spoke up, features barely visible on the screen. At those words, the Onderonian went from slightly distracted to fully alert, piercing silver eyes focused on the woman. “One of our analysts intercepted an encrypted transmission using markers similar to those of the enemy that recently attacked our infrastructure. We managed to halt the frequency before it passed through our borders, though it was a close thing. Simply put, Operative Edraven, we have an enemy spy operating not far from the Citadel itself. The details are being uploaded to your device as we speak.”

The Onderonian nodded, glancing over the intel as it appeared on the datapad. He rapidly flicked through the information, committing pieces to memory before he read through the translated message. “What’s the job? It isn’t often the DIA requests the SCIF room for a mission.”

“That’s because Styx is a reactionary team that doesn’t usually carry out wetwork. This mission has been assigned to you by the Director himself, as you’re currently one of the few freelance assets with the necessary security clearance to carry out this assignment. As far as the rest of Styx is concerned, this mission will never appear on the books - the Operations Director will provide cover for your activities.”

“I’ll get started with all due haste, ma’am.”

“That’s what I wanted to hear, Operative. We traced the origin of the transmission to one of the older buildings in the warehouse district. Your task is to eliminate the spy whilst making it appear as though his or her death is purely accidental, by their own hand. At the same time, ensure none of the information within the spy’s files remain for civilians to find. One of our Field Agents will assist you in this mission and provide you with anything you require. Good hunting, Operative Edraven.”

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Warehouse District
Outskirts, Estle City, Selen
Some Time Later

Celevon quietly made his way up the side of the building, the large duffel strapped to his back swaying with every motion. The sheer weight of the materials contained within forced the Assassin to move even more carefully than he usually did. Two quick bursts of static in his ear, using their pre-arranged signal, told the former Quaestor that their target had left the area. After a few seconds, the Onderonian returned his acknowledgement with a single burst before proceeding to enter the warehouse through one of the large windows.

Once the dark-haired male’s feet silently touched the floor, Celevon sent another burst of static to the DIA Field Agent to inform her that he was proceeding as planned. As soon as he received the acknowledging burst, the Operative swung the duffel around and gently placed it on the ground - better safe than sorry, after all. The Onderonian opened the bag and pulled out the drawn diagram at the top, paying almost no attention to the numerous improvised munitions.

As the Assassin began setting things up according to the specifics of the diagram, he couldn’t help but think over their plan. There were a number of ways that the pair could stage the scene to make the spy’s death appear accidental, though ‘Management’ seemed to have a plan of their own in mind by pairing the Onderonian with a Demolitions Expert. Their plan to accomplish both objectives in an oversimplified manner: several directional frag mines would be primed by the door opening, then triggered by the door closing would fire hundreds of ball bearings at the spy. Then the recoil of the mines would trigger the secondary explosives - incendiary devices, strategically placed to ensure the most destruction and flames at high temperatures.

The *Shadicar* quickly packed away his gear after double-checking to see if the set-up matched the diagram, then exited the building the way he had entered.

By the time the emergency personnel arrived, very little evidence aside from a charred corpse and bomb fragments would survive the raging inferno.

Less than an hour after the freelance DIA Operative left the location, the calm silence of the evening was disrupted by several large explosions.

Dorn and Edraven watched through binoculars from a safe distance as the spy, an unassuming Humanoid with tanned skin entered the building and set off the explosives. Once the emergency personnel arrived, the Demolitions Expert and the Assassin went their separate ways. The male glanced at a slip of flimsi the female handed him with a smirk, eye twitching as he read the list.

As soon as the DIA Agent exited hearing distance, Celevon pulled out his comlink and dialed in a frequency with a slight scowl. When the familiar voice answered, the Onderonian got straight to the point.

“Seriously, Strat? My cover story is picking up cigarettes, booze and... ‘fashionable clothing’?”

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