

**Celevon Edraven Erinos / Shadow Gate, House Qel-Droma of Clan Arcona
PIN:12004**

Word Count: 2009 Words

Iziz, Onderon

Japrael System, Inner Rim

Early Winter 22 ABY; 2312 Hours, Local Time

The fifteen year old scaled the side of a building with the ease that came from years of practice, corded muscle beneath his arms visibly rippling with each motion. His forearms were covered by dark brown leather bracers, black straps laced beneath keeping them tight with black gloves on his hands. The lad's faintly tanned skin was visible from where the bracers ended at his elbows up to part of his shoulder. From there, his torso was covered by a leather vest of the same shade and material - diagonal straps crossed the chest and back, buckled at the front. The strap that ran from his left shoulder to right hip contained several pouches.

A pair of similar straps kept the vest tight around his waist, where it continued, covering a pair of black cargo trousers for a few inches. Barely noticeable at the back of his waist was the black-wrapped leather hilt of a blade, the sheath giving away the fact that it was curved. Past the end of the visible pockets was a pair of kneepads that went down into a pair of boots of the very same dark brown leather, a quick glance making the kneepads and boots appear as a single piece. A hood attached at the neck area and a piece of black cloth around the lad's throat completed the ensemble.

Windswept ebony hair was visible beneath the dim lighting cast by the moon as the teenager pulled himself onto the roof, startling silver eyes narrowed in concentration as he moved in a crouch. As he walked, Celevon Edraven drew the hood up and lifted the cloth to where it rested on the bridge of his nose, leaving only his eyes faintly discernable beneath the shadow cast.

His quarry were in an adjacent alley, two male figures dragging a clearly reluctant third between them. As the teenager drew the wooden bow from across his back and notched an arrow, he couldn't help but think back to the events that led to his decision.

Over a month earlier, Celevon had been lending a hand at the medical clinic where he had spent the first few months he could recall. Over time, he had learned to follow his instincts, as they had yet to lead him astray - on the contrary, he would get flashes of inspiration and almost a screamed warning within his mind at even a hint of danger. On that particular evening, his instincts had urged the teenager to hide. By the time the urge passed and only an eerie silence

remained, Celevon left his hiding place and started investigating. The sense of dread continued to rise as he spotted areas of disarray and signs of a struggle. It reached a crescendo when he caught sight of the doctor who had cared for him whilst he was a patient at the facility, then continued to ask after him long after the young amnesiac had been adopted by J'akked Eilifsson, a member of the local Security Force that occasionally volunteered to work at the clinic.

The teenager had averted his gaze as he realized Elina Brayen was nude, but the few moments he had looked were almost burned in his memory. She had not been breathing, the normal warmth of her icy blue eyes locked in a permanent expression of mingled pain and fear, pale blonde hair strewn on the ground beneath her. Celevon called his guardian immediately and reported that the doctor was dead.

The investigation had pointed to a local gang member. However, from what the teenager had heard of his adoptive father's rants, their evidence that implicated the thug in the crime had been dismissed, likely due to bribery of a corrupt government official. The end result had the case thrown out. Celevon had read the case file when J'akked had been busy, paying particular attention to the details on the gang member. The teenager, upon reading the explicit details of what previous crimes had been committed and what had been done to the kind, maternal figure, made a decision that would alter the course of his life.

Drawing his eyes away from the figure that was attempting to force himself upon a woman that appeared younger than Celevon, he focused on the other male. He felt the string of the bow between his fingers, taking in the similar tattoos and attire as the man watched, calling out the occasional encouragement to his fellow gang member between swigs from a glass bottle within a brown paper bag.

The teenager drew back the string, taking a breath to steady his aim before he loosed the arrow. It whispered on the wind, spinning until it struck the gang member in the throat, passing through where it embedded itself in the wall behind him. The body twitched as the bottle tumbled from useless hands, crimson fluid dribbling from the lips. Celevon, however, paid no attention to this as he notched another arrow just as his guardian had taught him on hunts in the jungle and took careful aim.

The second arrow flew through the air, burying itself in the knee of his target, who released a bellow of agony as the barbed tip made its way out of the other side. The intended victim, free from her captor, ran as fast her legs could carry her the moment she realized the gang member no longer had a hold on her.

As Ceevon returned the bow to where the string aligned with one of the straps across his torso and made his way from the roof to the ground, he was hyper-aware of his surroundings in a way the teenager had never before experienced. The rush of energy pumping through his veins, though mostly adrenaline, was also a subconscious use of the Force.

The wounded gang member caught sight of Ceevon when the teenager was within feet of him. He refrained from his attempts to remove the thin shaft of wood through his leg in favor of the slugthrower at his waist. Braza had the pistol free of its holster, arm swung towards his attacker, finger on the trigger before he found his wrist caught in a grip that seemed almost preternaturally strong. In a brutal motion, his attacker's free arm came down. A flare of agony passed through the thug's body, accompanied by a harsh snap as both bones within his forearm were broken. Beneath the scream that tore itself out of his throat, Braza was vaguely aware of the pistol's grip being maneuvered out of his grasp.

Murky brown eyes, dulled with pain opened and focused on the wide barrel of his own slugthrower pointed at him. Fighting through the pain, the gang member managed to gasp out a few words as he looked beyond the barrel to the shrouded eyes and covered mouth of his assailant. "You don' have the stones for this, kid. You won' escape for wha' you did. And we won' stop wit' you. Anyone yeh care abo-"

Braza's threats were interrupted by the sharp retort of the weapon's discharge, head jerking as the slug tore its way through his skull and erupted out of the back in a spray of bone, blood and gray matter.

As the body collapsed, Ceevon breathed heavily, eyes appearing as quicksilver in his anger. He snapped himself out of his thoughts with everything ounce of willpower, shoving the pistol into his belt. *'It won't be long before someone comes to investigate the sound of gunfire,'* the teenager reminded himself as he looted the body of any valuables. Ceevon moved to the other corpse, which was pinned to the wall in a standing position by the thin shaft of wood through his neck. He ripped the necklace free first, before moving to the pockets. A few credits, what appeared to be an ivory-handled stiletto knife and a ring were removed swiftly. On a whim, the teenager pulled up the leg of the thug's trousers and found a smaller slugthrower before he fled the scene.

He was halfway home when the energy that had lent him further strength and speed wore off, replaced by a surprising weariness. Despite this, Ceevon did not give into the temptation to rest once he entered his empty home - J'akked was on the clock. He hurriedly packed a duffel bag with most of his personal effects, only stopping on his way out of the door to pen a note on a sheet of flimsi and leave behind several items he had looted from the bodies, as well as one or two items from previous acts of thievery.



Several Hours Later

An exhausted J'akked Eilifsson pulled his key free from the lock and stumbled into his home. He had been called to a crime scene and forced to work several hours beyond his shift, as one of the bodies was a suspect from a previous investigation. They were unlikely to put too much effort beyond the bare minimum, as each and every one of them knew Braza Trent had been guilty of the rape and murder of a beloved local doctor.

As he made his way towards the kitchen for the almost always full pot of brewed caf - his adopted son had practically become addicted to the stuff - he stopped in his tracks at the sight of a pile of credits, several pieces of jewelry, a small-caliber slugthrower and a folded note on the dining room table. A sense of dread rose within him as J'akked lifted the note and opened it.

He read through the note twice before pulling out his lighter and burning the note in his ashtray. The Security Force Officer quickly glanced into the bedroom of his ward, though it revealed just what had been written - the lad had packed almost everything he owned and left. A cigarette was retrieved from the pack in his pocket and lit as he thought over what Celevon had said, violet eyes distant as smoke trailed off of the burning cylinder.

The teenager had essentially confessed to the crime, though there were only vague references here and there. Celevon's decision to leave had been more out of a desire to protect J'akked himself, both from possible retaliation and to keep the former Special Forces Operative from any internal conflict over the knowledge that his ward had been the one to commit the crime.

The truth of the matter was that his adopted son had done well at covering his tracks. The only thing left at the scene had been a pair of arrows, which led to a dead end - they had been stolen from a hunting and outfitting shop months before. Celevon had never touched the arrows with his bare hands, so there was no evidence on them. Trent had clearly been executed with his own slugthrower, evidenced by both the empty holster and identical oil on said holster which also matched oil found on the remnants of the slug itself.

J'akked gave a small smirk as the evidence came together in his head, moving to the kitchen to pour a mug of caf. A small measure of whiskey was added to the black nectar. He raised the mug in a silent toast before sipping, a frown creasing his brow as he internally debated upon what to do with the stolen merchandise Celevon had left for him.

Though he was worried about the teenager, J'akked knew the lad had a good head on his shoulders and was clever enough to get by. He was also proud of the fact that Celevon had put J'akked's teachings to such good use - the use of Mandalorian Core to shatter Trent's forearm showed that the martial arts training had been time well spent.

“Good luck, kiddo. You're going to need it. He better keep his damn promise to keep in touch,” the man mumbled to himself as he swept the stolen items into a drawstring pouch and made his way into his bedroom.

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