

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

Word Count: 1151 Words

The Den, Sub-Levels

Port Ol'val, Dajorra System

34 ABY; 1023 Hours, Local Time

The Onderonian grumbled under his breath as he rubbed his temples, staring down without seeing the information on the pad of flimsi on the desk. His disguise held despite the efforts it took to maintain it. A temporary dye in a certain shampoo every three days to maintain the lighter shade. An alchemical elixir he had to drink every twenty-four hours to have his eyes a glacial blue rather than the normal silver. It was expensive, but the colored lenses grew itchy after a certain amount of time passed and could fall out if he moved the wrong way. Not to mention the fact that the elixir gave a more natural appearance, without the barely discernable clear ring around his irises.

The goatee, on the other hand, had to grow naturally. Even if it went against his urge to shave his face clean every time he pulled himself out of bed. Thankfully, however, it had grown past the itchy stage. After two weeks, he would always give into the impulse and shave his face clean.

The Assassin's head jerked up as he became aware of someone knocking on the door. "Enter," he called. The horned head of a female Iridonian peeked in.

"Lucian, some girl here that says she knows you. Really thick white hair, curv-"

"Right. Thank you. Please send her in." He watched as the new Gate Wardeness entered the room, choosing to wait until the door closed behind her to speak. "How can I help you, Zuj?"

"Some kind of communication system here would be helpful," she grumbled, digging into her pocket.

"If we find a better location for a base, I'll look into it. We can only tap into so much power for the lighting and ventilation without people getting curious."

"Kord needs your help with a job. You can find him at this address," Zujenia explained as she handed Celevon a folded card.

“Why couldn’t he come here himself?”

“He’s moonlighting as a Private Investigator, remember? Thieves and PIs don’t work well. He was worried he would get lynched.”

The Assassin nodded, rising to his feet as he held the card between his fingers. “I’ll head there immediately. Thank you for passing on the message.”

“Give him your comlink number so we don’t have to go through this process every time you’re needed. I didn’t accept this job to play messenger. Oh... Don’t bother changing clothes. He needs to meet with Lucian, not Celevon.” With a last, slight glare of her dark amber eyes, Zujenia turned and left the room.

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“Thanks fer comin’, Cel. Did Zuj give you the details?” Kordath asked as soon as the Onderonian shut the door behind him.

“Just that I needed to get here because you needed my help with a job. And... really? You’re calling it ‘Bleu’s Clues Investigative Services’?”

The Rollmaster shrugged, offering Celevon a cigarette. Once each of them had lit them and taken at least one drag, he got to business. “It fits. Though I’ll admit tha’ I’m getting more customers than I ever expected. I’ve got one tha’ I would normally handle meself, but the amount of work I have means I need ‘elp. But ‘tis right up yer alley. Good pay as well. Interested?”

“I might be. What’s the catch?” Celevon asked in return in a noncommittal manner.

“Eh, the lad who wants the job done ‘ad specs of the building and the exact location where the items could be found. ‘E was a bit shifty about it, though. Guessing what ‘e wants stolen isn’t ‘is to begin with. And the amount ‘e paid tells me the job could be dangerous. That a problem?”

“Not at all. I’ll take the job. Forty percent alright?”

Kordath coughed, pulling out a file for the Assassin. “Suppose it’ll ‘ave to be. ‘E paid ‘alf upfront, then ‘e’ll pay the other half when the items are ‘anded over. ‘Ere’s the details.”

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Industrial Sector

Selen

“‘Might be dangerous’, my ass. Should have asked for more than forty,” Celevon grumbled, tightening the hold he had around a guard’s throat. His struggles became more slow until he slumped in the Assassin’s arms. “Must be a cheap hire. Everyone knows the more you struggle and exert yourself, the sooner you lose consciousness.”

Amongst his mumbling about stupidity, the Onderonian drug the guard’s unconscious form into the bushes. He had been forced to get rid of that particular guard, as he had been patrolling the area that maintained an almost constant line-of-sight on the entry point.

Celevon ran across the courtyard, several steps up the wall giving him the leverage to reach the first handhold. From there, it was easy to scale the next two floors to the window to the office where his target lay.

The Assassin grumbled under his breath as he realized that the window was locked. Whilst maintaining a three-point contact with his left hand and both feet, Celevon pulled one of his throwing blades, slid it through the crack and undid the latch. Once the knife was returned to the sheath, he slid the window open and crawled in.

A datapad with preset codes to hack the console was inserted, starting the download of all files. Whilst that was taking place, the Onderonian pulled out his lockpick set and got to work on the safe, occasionally glancing over to see the progress bar of the download.

At the sound of a click, Celevon pulled the bar and smiled to himself as the safe door unlatched and opened. He slid his lockpick set back between the bracers and his leather gloves before retrieving the bag. The Onderonian took in the pile of credits, pieces of expensive jewelry, physical files, a pistol and an envelope. With a shrug, he moved everything into his bag before turning to retrieve the datapad.

The Assassin had just put the device into his bag and zipped it shut, moving toward the window when a guard pushed the door open. Celevon could see the dark brown eyes flicking quickly from the open and empty safe to the Onderonian himself before the guard rushed toward him. The pair of them struggled and fought until they broke through the glass and felt the rush of air, only to slam to a halt on the grass, the Arconan’s masked face bouncing off of the guard’s shoulder as he landed atop him.

Celevon lifted his head, glancing into the blank eyes of the guard. “So much for not killing any of the guards... Need to get out of here before the others arrive.”

After he secured the bag, the Assassin quickly made his way across the courtyard and over the gate with seconds to spare. He had barely swung over the gate when a guard looked out of the broken third floor window to the body below.

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