

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

**Word Count:** 666 Words

*Port Ol'val*

*Dajorra System*

**34 ABY; 2134 Hours, Local Time**

The Onderonian grumbled softly under his breath as he rolled a cigarette, waiting as patiently as he could for the shuttle to land. Celevon was sore after the job he had just completed for Kordath, considering an idiot guard had caught him making his escape after clearing a vault and downloading classified data. The reason he was sore and the former guard was an idiot? Said guard had decided that it would be a good idea to tackle the Assassin, who had been standing in front of a fourth floor window. Needless to say, the guard was dead - Celevon had used him to break the fall.

The former Quaestor lit his cigarette as the shuttle landed, eyes closing momentarily as the vehicle jarred slightly as it struck the duracrete and... whatever kind of rock and metals the asteroid itself was composed of.

Without waiting for the Pilot to give the unnecessary statement that they had landed (and, seriously, what was it with the pilots needing to tell the passengers that they had landed?), Celevon stood, hit the button that lowered the ramp and walked off into the bustle of activity that was Ol'val's docks. There really wasn't much to say about them. Several dozen landing zones for vessels, workers at the docks themselves, mechanics and the like. A shop off to the side had been opened by his former apprentice as a front business, doing repairs and upgrades to ships - the main purpose of it was an entrance to the variety of tunnels beneath the main area of the shadowport.

The Onderonian made his way through Malikie's Repairs and entered the system of tunnels. Even if he had not memorized the various routes through the natural and man-made variants, the directional signs were still infinitely helpful in the almost pitch-black surroundings, occasionally brightening every twenty feet with an artificial lamp. After almost ten minutes of walking through the maze of dark rocky tunnels, Celevon heard the tell-tale thump of bass the Lucky Lekku was known to play. He secured his bag tighter as he made his way out of the tunnel and into the back area of the VIP room - a room that Galaxia only allowed Arconans to enter, as the tunnel from there led directly to the Phantom Complex.

He made his way past the sweaty and writhing forms on the dance floor, up toward the ‘ground floor’ of the hotel that had long since fallen to a state of disrepair. Stepping out of the large double-doors revealed the bright lights and sounds that drew tourists to the various gambling establishments and other forms of entertainment that made up the Besadii Entertainment District. Celevon took a sharp left as soon as his feet hit the paved ground, spotting the bar run through the alias of Rrogon Skar Agrona, Ruby’s Tavern.

The artificial lighting in the ceiling, which was turned up or down all over the station to give residents a rough estimate of what time of day or night it was on the other planets within the Dajorra System, was currently dimmed to reflect that it was night-time.

The Assassin walked into the establishment, pulling out the datapad full of downloaded information that Kordath’s client had requested. Celevon took a seat next to the Ryn, placed the datapad into the Rollmaster’s pocket, gained the Kaleesh’s attention and ordered a drink.

“Corellian Rum. A full bottle and a glass. No ice,” the Onderonian murmured just loud enough to be heard as he placed the appropriate amount of credits on the clean wooden bar.

“Job was more rough than me client led me to believe?” Kordath questioned, a slur to his voice, though he somehow managed to speak more clearly after a few glasses of whiskey.

Celevon just glared at him as Skar placed the requested items before Assassin. Without turning away, the former Quaestor poured a full glass and drank it down in a single gulp.

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