

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

**Word Count:** 1001 Words

*Apartment*

*Port Ol'val*

**34 ABY; 0812 Hours, Local Time**

The Assassin slipped a cigarette into his mouth after sealing the paper, a momentary flick of his lighter leaving a burning coal at the end. Celevon exhaled, eyes closing as he reached inward, falling into his mindscape. Deep within the recesses of his mind, it appeared as though he had entered a massive cavern, dimly lit from the ceiling by glimmering crystal. The light generated was as bright as it had ever been.

The eroded stones of the small cascade of falling water had long since fallen still - it had been that way since the Onderonian had awoken to realize that he could not reach out and guide the Force as he once could. Beneath the silent falls rested a dark, icy pool of water of fathomless depths.

When Celevon tried and failed to grasp the Force, a growl resonated throughout the cavern. He could *feel* the energy, though it remained just beyond reach, ever elusive to his attempts.

The former Quaestor of Qel-Droma withheld a sigh as mercurial eyes opened, hands reaching up to withdraw the smouldering cylinder from between his lips. A tap of his finger sent the small amount of ash into a shallow glass bowl before he took another drag.

“Cel. Got a call for you. It’s one of the Summit Guard,” Zujenia spoke up from just outside of his bedroom.

The apartment was really too large for just one person, as the Onderonian’s daughter had been sent away for her own safety whilst the Inquisitorius were still performing their purges of species they deemed ‘Undesirable’ - Celevon’s daughter qualified, as she was half Human, half Sephi. And that was not counting the fact that the Assassin had been discovered as an ally to members of the Resistance. For the time being, Celevon and Zujenia were sharing the apartment, though that could change at any time.

The former Quaestor pushed himself to his feet and made his way into the living area, ignoring the way the half-Ryn’s face twisted in disgust at the acrid scent of the burning tobacco.

He took in the holographic image of one of the many clones of a long-missing member of the Erinós family, helmet under the ethereal arm of the figure kitted out in armor reminiscent of the Arc Troopers in the Clone Wars.

“Captain Bly. How may I help you?” Celevon asked, taking a last drag off of his cigarette before stubbing it out.

“Colonel. Remember that situation you informed us to keep an eye out for? Someone without the necessary security clearance triggered the silent alarms in a failed attempt to hack the system almost an hour ago. How do you want us to proceed?”

“We already took the necessary precautions. They will have to get the information directly from a terminal inside of the Citadel. Let them come - keep an eye on them from when they access the database until they leave. I’ll be there shortly to speak with Atyiru and Uji.”

“Understood, sir. Bly out.”

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***Throne Room, Arcona Citadel, Estle City***  
***Selen, Dajorra System***  
**Some Time Later...**

As soon as the massive doors shut, the Proconsul crossed his arms and glared. “Alright. We’re all here. What’s this meeting about?”

Celevon nodded to the Clone Commander of the Summit Guardsman, who stepped forward.

“Several months ago, myself and Colonel Edraven were approached by the Director of the Dajorra Intelligence Agency to plan for the event that members of the Inquisitorius within would be ordered to obtain intelligence on our movements. Just shy of two hours ago, someone attempted to remotely hack into our secure systems without the necessary clearance to view the data.”

“What, precisely, were they after?” Uji questioned harshly, dark eyes gleaming as he moved closer.

“Troop movements, fleet positions and specific training scenarios we’ve been practicing,” Celevon replied promptly, raising a hand and gesturing for Bly to continue.

“Not long ago, one of our Journeymen infiltrated the Citadel and downloaded the files. He’s making his way to Giletta Spaceport as we speak.”

“You let him leave!? He’s bringing vital information to our enemies as we speak-”

Atyiru leaned forward in the Serpentine Throne, her delicate features highlighted by the flickering amethyst flames on the raised dias. Her voice rose, cutting off Tameike before he could get into a rant. “Though I do not share the sentiments where Uji believes the Journeyman should die for such treasonous actions, he’s not wrong. Why was he allowed to escape?”

“The information he’s bringing to them is hardly viable, nor is it accurate.”

“Explain.” The word was delivered curtly, the Proconsul’s gaze focused on the Assassin now.

“The current troop allocations, fleet positions and training scenarios are not in any danger, Uji. Calm yourself,” Celevon replied, accepting the datapad from the Clone Commando. “Timeros had the data of everything discussed moved to a private server almost as soon as it was entered into our system and locked to the highest clearance levels - even I can’t look at it. And, believe me, the Journeyman in question is not likely to survive delivering what he thinks is the information he was ordered to steal.”

Uji twitched, clenching a hand into a fist as the former Quaestor smirked, silver eyes gleaming in amusement. “Just what did he download, then?”

“Oh, the information is accurate... as of five years ago when we were preparing for the Invasion of New Tython. If I recall correctly, there is a particular section where Sashar’s part of his report is on my progress and readiness for an elevation to Knight. The only other thing he downloaded was this,” the Assassin’s grin grew as he flicked the datapad to the right image and handed the device to the Proconsul.

“... What the hell am I looking at?”

“The Shadow Lady’s notes of the discussion.”

Uji’s eyebrow began to twitch, scowl growing deeper as he looked at the glowing squiggly lines, smiley faces and stick-figure doodles in a shade of lurid purple.

~(END)~