

Word Count: 1292 Words

***The Warrens, Beneath the Besadii Entertainment District
Port Ol'val, Dajorra System
34 ABY; 1527 Hours (Local Time)***

A pale female Iridonian by the name of Myar Sadi, one of the first recruits to the Guild, glanced warily over her shoulder at the violet-skinned Twi'lek that had requested a meeting with the Guildmaster. Lucian Grey had gathered thieves, black market dealers, smugglers, former prostitutes and former gang members all across the Dajorra System months before and managed to unite them under a single banner. Though he had attempted to have the group be a gathering of like-minded individuals, the first six he had recruited had agreed with each other and voted him to be their leader. These six had reached out to friends and allies in their own recruitment efforts: thus, 'the Guild' was born.

The Warrens were the unofficial headquarters of the Guild and, though Lucian disliked the unimaginative name, it stuck until something better could be agreed upon. The first six members had heard rumors that their Guildmaster had earned some of his credits through contract killings, despite the lack of evidence - even if he had, they could care less. A portion of any funds he brought in was added to the Guild's general fund, which the now-thirty current members under Lucian agreed to honor themselves. A percentage of what they earned through jobs or miscellaneous fenced goods went toward that fund in order to improve their Headquarters.

Sadi glanced back at the Twi'lek once more, blatantly checking her out before knocking on the door with two sharp raps. After a moment with no response, the Iridonian opened the door enough to stick her head through the gap. "B- Lucian?" Myar swiftly corrected herself; though they had named him Guildmaster, any deferential titles were a quick way to some kind of terrifying lesson. Sadi gave a small shudder as she recalled how one of the newest recruits had called Lucian 'sir' and had been subjected to an impromptu lesson on parkour.

As incentive to remember to *not* use honorifics with him, Lucian had turned it into a lesson for everyone that was present. She shivered as she recalled the almost evil smile as he leapt from rooftop from rooftop before urging them to do the same.

"Hmm?" Lucian asked, icy blue eyes glancing up from beneath a curtain of ebony locks. He paused from something he had been writing, raising an eyebrow as his goatee twitched. "You need something, Myar?"

“Lucian, the leader of the 27’s is here to speak with you.”

“Thank you, Myar. Send her in. You may go and close the door behind you,” the Guildmaster gave the Iridonian a ghost of a smile.

Myar nodded in understanding, gestured for the Twi’lek to enter the room, then closed the door behind her and walked off.

After hearing the Iridonian walk off, K’tana giggled and skipped over to ‘Lucian’s’ desk. Completely ignoring the cigarette that dangled from his mouth, she lightly tugged on the goatee. “Huh... You didn’t have this the last time we met, Cel.”

The Onderonian sighed, exhaling smoke away from the Gate Wardeness. “It’s part of my cover’s disguise. Helps me separate just how different ‘Lucian’ is from myself. I let it grow for a few weeks, then shave it off and start over. Do you need help with something, minx?”

The Twi’lek snickered, plopping herself onto the paper he had been writing on minutes before, crossing one leg over the other, grinning impishly at him. “Caaaan’t I visit a friend without needing a reason?” K’tana asked, making her emerald eyes wide as she stuck her lower lip out in a pout. Without giving him a chance to respond, she dropped the playful air. “You’ve got work to do. I think the person in the call said: ‘Spook. No rest for the wicked. You know where to be yesterday.’”

Celevon stiffened, looking up as he stubbed out the cigarette. “Are you absolutely sure that’s what they said?”

The Gate Wardeness bobbed her head rapidly in a nod. “Yep,” she popped the ‘p’ at the end with her lips. “What does it mean, though?”

The Assassin pushed himself to his feet, lightly rubbing his temples. “It means I’ll be away on a mission for a few days. Soulfire is to gather.”

“That clone kid?”

“Unfortunately,” Celevon agreed. “Don’t burn the Port without me.”

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Sashar Erinos Arconae stood on the roof of the base, awaiting the presence of his son. He could feel Teroch's approach through the Force, the shiver brought upon by the powerful energies emanating from the boy.

No. Ter'ika is a man now. The Patriarch of the Erinos Clan mentally corrected himself.

Though he disliked having to leave his team to launch an assault on the strike team Teroch had gathered, Sashar knew Soulfire could handle the task they had been given.

"Father," a young voice spoke up as a cloak of Force energy rippled away, revealing the figure of Teroch, the former Arconae who had been banished.

Though spiritually father and son through clone technology, the two could pass for fraternal twins. When Sashar's physical form had been destroyed in the sacrificial act that ended the Tenth Great Jedi War, his spirit had clung to life and attached itself to Teroch. Just a year prior, Sashar's essence had been split from that of his son and, using the DNA of Teroch, given a new physical vessel.

Where Teroch kept his messy black hair just falling into his eyes, a cocky smirk on his lips, Sashar's hair was shorter, though just as dishevelled. The Erinos Patriarch's expression, however, was severe and disappointed.

"You wanted my attention, *Ter'ika*. You've got it. What now?"

"Now you can't ignore me or shunt me off to a distant land," Teroch growled in a mockery of his father's vocal tone.

"You orchestrated the destruction of our allies, the murder of our family and friends. You *betrayed* us and for what? To get back at me for keeping you safe whilst you recovered?"

"I just wanted you to be proud of me!"

The Erinos Patriarch moved forward in a blur, hands grasping at both upper arms of Teroch, chocolate gaze almost gentle as he looked down at his son. With a sigh, despite the attempts of the former Arconae to squirm away, Sashar hugged him tightly, refusing to let go.

As Teroch began to struggle more, his father tightened his hold, whispering in the Shadow's ear. "I *was* proud of you."

With that said, the Juggernaut gave a sharp nod of his head, keeping the slighter figure in place as Teroch's Force senses screamed a warning at him before something struck his back, piercing beneath the skin. Before he could even summon the Force to push himself away from his father, the Shadow felt his vision darken as the echoing crack of a rifle reached them.

Sashar waited until he sensed that his son was unconscious before he lowered Teroch to the ground, pulling the dart from his son's back. He slipped the empty container into a pocket, then gave the order for Soulfire to enact the rest of their plan.

Almost a kilometer away in a sniper's nest, Celevon Edraven Erinos, otherwise known by his Soulfire callsign 'Spook', placed the Tranq Sniper Rifle down, ignoring the smoke drifting from the tip of the barrel. "Sorry, *vod'ika* (little brother)." He then turned and lifted the camouflaged sniper rifle from his side as he chambered a lethal round, leaning to look through the scope towards the area where Teroch's own strike team were awaiting orders.

As he took a breath to steady his aim, the Assassin squeezed the trigger. The first of many bodies dropped as Soulfire Strike Team began their assault.

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