

Celevon Edraven Erinos (Loyalist)/Shadow Gate, HQD of Clan Arcona PIN:12004

Word Count: 1824 Words

Apartment 73

86 Nightingale Lane

Pride of Corellia, Port Ol'val

34 ABY; 1503 Hours, Local Time

The Onderonian cupped his hands around his mouth, cigarette dangling from between his lips as he flipped the lid off of his lighter and flicked the striker. His pale features were momentarily illuminated before the flame was sucked into the cylinder of tobacco, a cinder growing at the end as the black metal was flipped shut, the fire extinguished in a heartbeat. Celevon exhaled a plume of smoke toward the ceiling, an errant lock of ebony hair absently tucked behind his ear, still damp from the shower. His fingers clicked through messages, deleting the unnecessary ones or those that did not require a response, though he paused as another appeared.

Mercurial eyes flicked through the details twice before he decided that he was being given no choice in the matter. He was to be a 'plus one' at a Gala held by Clan Naga Sadow, as his favorite sparring partner's girlfriend was busy that particular evening. Celevon sent back a response informing the Zeltron that he would be there.

The Assassin sat in the chair, quietly smoking his cigarette as he thought over what he could wear to the event. It was to be a masquerade, so he needed to not be easily recognized - further, there were members of that Clan who would happily put a knife in his back to move up the ranks of the Inquisitorius after his betrayal.

Some help was required.

Celevon started searching through for a specific communications frequency, then attempted to connect the call.

"Sup Silver?"

"Satsi, I need your help with something," the Onderonian replied, taking another drag off of his cigarette.

"I'm not in tha mood for tha murder, mayhem and explosions, sugah."

"No... Nothing like that, actually. I need your advice from a shopping perspective. Can you meet me in Estle City in a few hours?"

“Our usual place! See ya then,” Satsi abruptly ended the call. From her tone of voice, the Onderonian could tell that she had been overly excited and probably leapt from her seat to go get ready.

“Just what have I gotten myself into?” Celevon sighed, stubbing out the smoke.

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Shopping District, Estle City
Selen, Dajorra System
Several Hours Later

“Sats... You know I usually prefer dark colors, right?” the Onderonian questioned, taking in the bright colors of the clothing the redhead was going through. He was tired already, and they had only been through two stores. The first had been where she picked up a few things of makeup and colored hair gel - the second had been to pick up a pair of formal shoes and a black cane with a dulled gold head.

“Mhm. But ya want to not be recognized, eh Silver?” Satsi drawled as she rapidly flicked through the selection of suits.

“That’s the point of this function as I understand it,” the Assassin agreed, his frown growing deeper as he saw the particular one she picked out, a coat and trousers in a dark shade of purple.

“Then we have ta go with things people would not associate with yah, for frak’s sake. Bright shades, fer one. Dark purple an’ pale gold, in this case. Cut yer hair, a little makeup... Why don’t we do this more often?!”

“I’m starting to realize why we don’t,” Celevon mumbled to where she couldn’t hear him.

“Instead o’ standing there like a frackin’ statue, go find a collared shirt in a green... Viridian, I think.”

Seeing as she had picked out a pale gold vest, purple leather gloves and was searching for a matching pocket handkerchief in gold, he sighed and moved to find an assistant to ask just what ‘viridian’ was supposed to be.

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Several Days Later

The Onderonian stared into the mirror and had trouble recognizing himself as he put the final touches on his makeup, just as Satsi had instructed through hours of repeated practice. A

coating of white over his entire face, neck and even his ears, dark red lipstick and thick eyeshadow around his eyes. Accent notes to emphasise the sharpness of his features, specific places to make it appear as though his face were cast in shadow. His hair had been cut shorter than he recalled it being in years - without it being slicked back with gel that made the black interspersed with bright green, the sides and bangs would have fallen to his lip and covered his ears. Without the weight the length gave his hair, small waves had developed.

Celevon ran his thumbs down the coat of pinstriped dark purple, black tie in a trinity knot set against the pale green of his shirt and tucked beneath a pale golden vest with a pocket handkerchief in the same shade of gold. The ends of the shirt peeked out just passed the sleeves of the coat. Below that was a pair of trousers in the same pinstriped dark purple and ended in a pair of black and white dress shoes, the leather polished to a reflective sheen.

"You almost ready, Cel?" his date for the evening called through the door.

"Give me a moment," the Onderonian replied as he remembered the final thing Satsi had told him. He stretched his lips into a predatory smile, showing all of his teeth, including the false extension of his canines - with the makeup, it gave him the appearance of a manic smile.

Celevon turned, snatching the cane from beside him and moved to the door, swinging it open, wide smile still firmly in place as he took in the appearance of his date.

Her skin had been dusted to give a more Human appearance, in this case an olive tan instead of her normal red. Elegant white heels led up to a single bared leg, ending at a slit in the dress at her right thigh. The dress itself was a single piece with a lone strap over the Zeltron's right shoulder, mostly white with a royal blue under-piece and royal blue designs lightly accented with the barest hint of gold. The strap over her shoulder wrapped around her upper right arm. Both of her forearms and hands were covered by light fabric that perfectly matched the designs of her dress. Her steel gray eyes, beneath an elegantly styled head of blue-black hair, appeared to have a pale blue hint in their depths, likely due to the royal blue shades in her attire. Those eyes were looking him up and down.

"... Definitely not your usual digs, Cel. Very sharp, though. Good costume. You clean up nicely."

The Onderonian's grinned, if possible, grew even wider than before as he grasped her gloved hand in his own and let his lips hover over her knuckles. "You look quite lovely yourself, Qyreia. I'm ready whenever you are."

She laughed lightly. "I'm looking forward to seeing how much you startle people by smiling like that, dressed like some demented clown."

Celevon chuckled, fighting off the urge to let it develop a sinister edge. "I'm looking forward to it. Shall we?"

Qyreia linked her arm in his, slipping a pale gold and dark blue mask with off-white accents over her eyes and nose. “We shall.”

The light was flicked off before the door shut behind them.

Neither of the two bothered to stop and talk to anyone on the path to the hall in use to house the venue of the Gala itself. Each step toward the location brought the sound of many sentients in the same area along with the clarity of the music itself. Every motion closer to the heart of the party caused the Onderonian to stiffen his back further, his discomfort at the thought of being surrounded by so many unfamiliar sentients.

By the time the pair made their way into the party itself, Celevon looked as though the posture had been drilled into him from an early age. His head remained on a swivel, silver eyes searching everyone around him for threatening gestures. The paranoid thoughts were interrupted by a sharp elbow into his side.

“Relax. Everyone has been told to remain on their best behavior for this Gala or face severe repercussions,” Qyreia whispered, pretending to straighten the Assassin’s tie and remove invisible creases from his suit. “The only people who have weapons in here are the Summit’s Black Guards. Anyone found with one will probably be escorted out after a rigorous series of questioning.”

The Onderonian had to stop himself from clenching his fist around the head of the cane, which doubled as the hilt of a thin, short sword hidden within the wood. His musings were cut short by the familiar opening notes of a popular dancing song on Corellia. He leaned the cane against the punch bowl, looking down at the Zeltron. “Care to tango?”

“It’s been a while, but I’m sure I remember the footwork,” Qyreia smiled. “Will it help you to relax?”

“It’ll keep my mind occupied,” Celevon lightly corrected his favorite sparring partner, momentarily confused by his reflection in her steely gaze. “Relaxing?” A more genuine grin grew upon his lips. “There’s nothing relaxing about a tango.”

“Less talking, more dancing,” the Zeltron retorted, grabbing the part-Echani by the wrist and pulled him onto the dance floor.

Every step of the dance the pair performed was sensual, eyes locked as their noses and foreheads touched during the long periods of closeness, steps in line with the tempo of the music. At one point, the Onderonian slowly twirled Qyreia and, when they came together, it was close enough that they could feel the breath of the other on their respective lips.

Their clothing rippled with their movements, oddly matched despite the Assassin's attire consisting of shades of black, purple, green and yellow to the Sadowian's white, royal blue and gold. Near the end of their dance, Celevon held her left hand in his right and the pair exchanged nods. When Qyreia moved back in, the Onderonian bent to lift the Zeltron by her left leg, which he placed over his shoulder as they continued to twirl. The Privateer was dipped from her position on his shoulder, moving back to an upright position with her arms elevated as the Arconan spun them faster, lowering her to the ground as he slowed, gloved left hand cradled beneath her left knee.

They continued the intricate steps of the tango as the music slowed to a halt, the final note accompanied by dipping Qyreia, their lips a mere centimeter apart before they stopped and returned to an upright position.

Amongst polite applause for the unknown duo, Celevon whispered. "Sorry about that. I got caught up in the moment and-"

The Zeltron cut him off with a soft peck to his lips. "No worries. At least you've relaxed. Now... about that drink?"

The Onderonian grinned, silver eyes almost glimmering in the ambient light. "A drink sounds... refreshing."

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