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

**Word Count:** 1205 Words

***Apartment 73***

***86 Nightingale Lane***

***Pride of Corellia, Port Ol’val, Dajorra System***

**34 ABY; 0901 Hours, Local Time**

The Onderonian slipped a cigarette between his lips and lit the end in a deft movement, mercurial gaze not once leaving the message that had appeared less than an hour prior on his console. The text itself was in Mando’a, but a rough translation was:

*Edraven,*

*You’re a hard man to track down. You’ve either retired from the business or you’re working for private contractors these days. Your reputation is well earned and I would like your assistance with a... personal matter. The pay is good and you would be rewarded once the mission is complete. I prefer to make deals in person, however.*

*Meet me at the Twisted Rancor in Estle City at noon and we’ll discuss terms.*

*Looking forward to working with you*

*A Friend.*

Celevon frowned, exhaling a plume of smoke above his head. On one hand, he was naturally suspicious of being contacted directly for a contract - usually, when he accepted jobs, it was done through a far more discreet manner. On the other hand, however, there were no errors whatsoever in grammar - whoever this was, they had learned the Mandalorian language perfectly, and very few outside of the Clans learned the written form of it.

His limited slicing skills told the former Quaestor of House Qel-Droma that the message itself had originated from a cafe on Selen, not far from the location where the unknown contact wanted to meet. The fact that the person had contacted him directly, referring to the fact that Celevon had worked as a Bounty Hunter - something very few within the Brotherhood were aware of - told the Assassin that whoever it was had done their homework.

For that alone, he would meet with the contact and listen to the offer.

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***The Twisted Rancor***

***Estle City, Selen, Dajorra System***

**Several Hours Later**

There was no need to blend in, so Celevon had pulled on his leather gear and every weapon he carried with the exception of the sniper rifle.

The Onderonian made his way into the tavern, slowing as he glanced around for the person who had contacted him. His silver eyes caught a gesture from someone who was seated in a darkened corner and he made his way over.

“Edraven, I presume?” The man stood, moving slightly into the light as he held out a hand.

Celevon took in the visage of the old man, from the pale gray cropped hair, hard cinnamon eyes and tan skin as he accepted the hand, grasping the other Human’s forearm in a warrior’s greeting. He glanced down, momentarily confused as to why the figure seemed so familiar until his brain connected the dots to the armor the man was wearing - off-white cloth, green and gold Mandalorian Iron, red gauntlets- the Assassin’s eyes snapped back up, seeing the small smirk on the other male.

“As far as I was aware, you died almost thirty years ago.”

“News of my demise has been greatly exaggerated, I assure you,” Boba Fett replied, taking a seat as the Arconan did likewise. His accent was similar to Celevon’s own, lilting yet cultured. The feared Bounty Hunter’s voice was a lot deeper as he switched to the Mandalorian tongue. “*I hope you don’t mind if I refrain from using Basic for the duration of this discussion. The bartender is too curious for his own good.*”

“*Not in the least. What’s the job? How much are you paying? And why do you need me?*”

“*Arcturus Drevis helped himself to everything in my home and defiled my father’s burial site in the process. He’s holed himself up with a gang outside of Coronet City. The job? I want you to help me make my way to Drevis by killing off members of the gang. You’re welcome to anything in the location that doesn’t belong to me - I’m willing to pay you five thousand just to escort me there. As to why I need you? As you can likely tell, I’m not as young as I once was and I want to even the odds. What do you think?”*

Celevon grinned, brushing a thumb across the hilt of the Sith Dagger at his hip. “I say... what are we waiting for?”

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***Molund Gang Holdout***

***Outskirts, Coronet City, Corellia***

**Some Time Later**

The Onderonian lowered the body of the gang member, his kerambit dripping with the lifeblood of the enemy, which he wiped clean on the coat of the corpse.

A cracking twig behind him had Celevon spinning around, a hand grasping one of his throwing blades, poised to fling it when a blaster bolt ripped through the chest of the gang member. The Assassin returned the kunai to its sheath as the Bounty Hunter stepped out from behind the fallen enemy.

“What happened to you needing my help?” Celevon quipped as he slipped the kerambit into its sheath on his lower back before drawing the right slugthrower revolver, drawing out the suppressor.

“I’m old, kid, not dead,” Fett retorted, the visor of his helmet turning to watch as the Onderonian screwed on the suppressor to the end of his revolver. “All of the gang members outside are dead. There should only be one or two left inside, as well as Drevis himself. We can go whenever you’re ready.”

The Assassin checked the cylinder, then snapped it back into place once he had determined which ammunition it was loaded with. “No point in waiting. Let’s get this over with.”

The old Bounty Hunter needed no further prompting as he shouldered his blaster rifle, quietly pushing the door open. His finger instinctively squeezed the trigger, a bright green blaster bolt tearing through the air, burning its way through the head of the enemy. A second gang member, drawn by the noise, stepped through the doorway, only to receive two silenced slugs to the chest.

The pair made their way through to the main dining area. Drevis spotted them almost as soon as they walked into the large room, pushing the thick table onto its side as a form of cover as he drew a blaster.

Celevon could just make out the hand holding the blaster as the helmet of Fett turned toward him. The Assassin didn’t respond as he lined up a shot and depressed the trigger. The bullet ricocheted from the ceiling, to the wall and struck Drevis’ hand. The man screamed as his hand released the blaster, trying to crawl despite the pain.

“That’ll do, kid. Thanks for the assist. I may hire you for further jobs if you’re interested,” Boba Fett drawled from under the mask as he removed a pouch from his belt and tossed it to the Onderonian. “As agreed, five thousand creds. Feel free to help yourself to whatever you want here.”

“Pleasure doing business with you,” Celevon agreed as he unscrewed the suppressor, slipping it into a pocket. The spent shells were emptied into his left hand, replaced by live rounds before the brass was stuck into a pouch - no point in leaving evidence behind. The Onderonian holstered the revolver, grinning slightly as he saw the Mandalorian draw a vibroknife, slowly approaching the fearful Drevis.

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