

Word Count: 1398 Words

Estle City, Estle Island

Selen, Dajorra System

35 ABY; 0953 Hours, Local Time

The Onderonian drew the lit cigarette from between his lips, absently flicking the ash off of the end of the cylinder to the floor of the rooftop as his keen gaze remained focused on the building across the street. Through the scope of his Synergy S-5 Slugthrower Sniper Rifle, Celevon watched the heat signatures of his targets maneuver around the apartment. Occasionally, he would glance away to jot down a note on a pad of flimsiplast.

On this pad was everything from the company that had taken care of and delivered their dry-cleaning to their favorite takeout restaurant. Though these would normally seem inconsequential, the pickpocketed receipt from the food delivery revealed that one of his targets were allergic to certain nuts and seeds commonly used in cooking. Now, using these two pieces of information, they could eliminate these targets by dusting the clothes with crushed seeds and lacing the material with serpent's venom from Eldar.

If the allergic reaction wasn't deadly, the snake venom would be absorbed through the skin of the collar and kill the targets within an hour - sweating would make the absorption rate increase. Without someone testing a sample of the clothing, the cause of death could easily be mistaken for a stroke, as the venom wouldn't be revealed in a blood toxicology screening.

However, Celevon wasn't here for wetwork - the new Aedile had ordered him to identify and compile data on a cell of Inquisitorius Agents within Selen's political capital.

From what he had observed, there were at least three members, two of which currently lived in the apartment the former Quaestor was casing. The third was a frequent visitor to the apartment. He visited every other day like clockwork, entered the apartment and remained for one to two hours before departing.

The Onderonian had been gathering intelligence for a week now. Today, however, he would be tracking the third to determine if there were more members of the cell.

“Heads up, Cel. Our friend is right on time, coming from the west end of the street,” Jade’s voice came through the earpiece. She and Celevon’s other Fade, Bellatrix, were seated together in the outdoor eating area of a cafe in the middle of the city block.

“Are you sure he’s one of them?” Bellatrix questioned next, tones still carrying the thick accent of her homeworld.

The *Shadicar* resisted the urge to roll his eyes at the repeated question. “Yes, I’m certain. He’s more than just an informant. Look at his body language.”

“He’s got very graceful moves like a dancer. And he likes to look at everything.”

The Mandalorian’s voice came through a second later, responding directly to the Zeltron’s observations. *“The graceful motions combined with situational awareness tells us that he’s received extensive training, though it wasn’t in any military. And he isn’t a dancer either, as his posture is very poor.”*

Trix sighed. *“Too bad. He’s very pretty.”*

“Focus on the mission, Bella,” Celevon’s lips curved in a small grin. “Do you remember what you’re going to do once our target has left the apartment?”

Without seeing her, the Onderonian could tell that Bellatrix Sa’ya had rolled her eyes whilst huffing in annoyance.

“Yes, I haven’t forgotten Cel. Wait for you to start tailing him, then go to the roof and pack away your gear.”

Though they couldn’t see his actions, the *Shadicar* nodded in approval. “And after you’ve packed everything away?”

“Go... shopping?”

Aryn “Jade” Erinos audibly snorted in amusement, prompting an indignant question of ‘What?’ from the Zeltron.

“You don’t need to sound so confused by the prospect of shopping, Trixie. It’s Cel’s promised reward to us for completing this mission.”

*“I’ve asked you both **repeatedly** to stop calling me that. My name is Bellatrix or you can refer to me as ‘Bella’. Trixie is what you would call a nine year old,”* the Zeltron Fade grumbled.

“Whatever you say, Trixie,” Celevon smirked, lips quirking in a wider variant at the resulting growl from the Zeltron and the light chuckle from Jade. “Target has just entered the building.”

“Do they at least do anything... interesting... while he’s there?”

“Get your mind out of the gutter, Bella. To answer, though, no. They sit around a table, talk and sip some kind of juice.”

“Boo. That’s so boring.”

“Not everyone meets up to have wild sex parties, dear Bellatrix,” Jade replied, the amusement clear in her voice.

“Boooooorriiiiiing,” the Zeltron sang in response.

Korda City, Atikan Valley

Selen

1432 Hours, Local Time

After an hour and a half, the third target had exited the building. As planned, Celevon followed him using the rooftops whilst Bellatrix went to pack up his gear and notes.

The Onderonian had followed the target throughout Estle Island for several hours before boarding a transport that was headed to the Atikan Valley. Celevon had never been to this part of the planet, as the majority of it’s inhabitants lived in a subterranean complex to protect themselves from the pervasive smog and chemical residue of the industrial city.

The target led Celevon into the underground structure through various winding paths, past clubs and bars, the corridors lit with an artificial, dull yellow-orange. One light in the ceiling of the particular corridor was faulty, flickering rapidly between dull and bright.

As he moved to turn the corner his target had just walked around, the Force screamed a warning. Celevon ducked and rolled as there was a *snap-hiss* that almost echoed, an amethyst blade of a lightsaber slashing through where his neck had been moments before.

The Assassin leapt to the side as his opponent unleashed a burst of violet-white energy from the tips of his fingers, using his right foot to propel himself from the wall in a spin. The side of Celevon's heel smacked into the hand grasping the hilt of the lightsaber, knocking it out of the other male's grasp. The blade deactivated the moment it left the hand of the Inquisitor, smacking against the wall.

The sound of running feet in his direction caused Celevon to grab his disoriented opponent around the throat with his cybernetic replacement left arm and turned, subtly drawing the slugthrower revolver from his thigh holster. As two figures came into view, the *Shadicar* realized that there were five members of this cell, as neither were the same height as the two Agents Bellatrix and Jade were still keeping an eye on.

Both of them drew hilts from their belts. Before they flicked the thumb switches, Celevon rapidly squeezed the trigger of the revolver against the back of the Inquisitor. As the three slugs tore their way through the body of the Inquisitor and into the one on the left, the Onderonian dropped the slack body and raised the firearm into a ready position only to have it torn from his grasp.

It clattered across the floor behind the final assailant.

The Onderonian had no time to think, barely managing to dodge to the side of an overhand chop from the crimson lightsaber. He had now seen the design enough to recognize it as a cross-guard hilt, with two ports on either side that created plasma beams on either side, only extending a few inches out.

After Celevon flitted aside from two more powerful slashes, he decided the time for subtlety had come to an end and thrust out his hand. A moment later, the hilt from the first assailant smacked into his gloved palm, the purple blade erupting to life just in time to halt the oncoming crimson.

The dark eyes of his opponent widened a fragment before they narrowed. He moved to shove against Celevon to break the blade lock, only for the former Quaestor to sidestep, sending the Inquisitor off-balance. The Onderonian released his right hand, spinning the hilt of the lightsaber in the cybernetic grasp.

He exhaled a deep breath as the head of the final Inquisitor tumbled away, the headless corpse dropped to the ground like a marionette with its strings cut. Celevon deactivated the lightsaber, put it on the back of his belt beneath his coat, then started walking back the way he came.

After several feet, the Onderonian wrapped himself in a cloak of Force energy, vanishing from sight. It was time to return home and deliver his findings to Maenaki.

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