

**Augur Ceevon Werd'la (Force Disciple) / PIN: 12004**  
**Acolyte Draxion Durk (Jedi) / PIN: 16277**

**Word Count(s):**    **Ceevon (1959)**  
                                 **Draxion (682)**

**(Preface note:** Ceevon begins this cooperative fiction wearing the [tailored suit](#) in the ‘Casually semi-formal’ loadout.)

***Council Chamber, Jedi Praxeum***  
***Or'ena Mountains, Kiast, Kiast System***  
**Early 39 ABY**

Draxion Durk, having received a summons from his master to meet her at this location, came to a halt in front of the massive doors. Thoughts were racing through the mind of the Twi'lek in a manner that would put traditional hyperspeed to shame. *Was he in trouble? Had he done som—*

This whirlwind ceased when the Sorcerer realized that he could hear voices arguing behind the closed doors. One was undoubtedly his master, as there was no mistaking the particular lilt and cadence of speech belonging to High Councillor Aurora Ta'var. The other was unfamiliar and distinctly male; a smooth baritone with barely a hint of a discernible accent.

The only thing that stopped the former bounty hunter from barging in and coming to his master's aid was the lack of sounds associated with a physical encounter. The other male sounded... bitter?

Before he realized what he was doing, Draxion had knelt down and pressed his ear to the crack of the door.

“— the fact alone that I asked you to meet me here should *show* that I trust you,” Aurora argued, clearly in response to something the male had said. “Cel, I—”

“What trust you show,” the male responded, voice dropping to a sibilant hiss. *Is that a sneer?* Draxion wondered briefly before pushing the thought away. “The Praxeum is empty and I've had clumsy SeNet agents trailing my every step for days. And that's not counting the moron that was arrested after being caught by Palace security during my visit to check up on Kaltani.”

“You could have intervened,” the Zeltron retorted, clearly annoyed at having been cut off. “And that's not going into the recording equipment you destroyed when the agent in question bumped you.”

In the corridor, Draxion felt the tiniest brush against his mind. It was... cold. Furious. Then, just as quickly as it had appeared, it was gone. He frowned, realizing the male voice was speaking again, though much calmer now.

“So long as Agent Callaway is cleared of any involvement in the attack on the Palace, I doubt they will charge him. Let the Royal Guard do their jobs, Aura. They will only get angry if you interfere,” the male voice explained. Then the Twi’lek heard the same voice gently speak into his own mind. *‘You should knock before you get caught eavesdropping.’*

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Draxion, now mollified, knocked on the door. “Come in padawan,” Aura called. Drax, embarrassed at having been caught, opened the door.

“I believe I was summoned Master?”

“Yes you were. I have a task for you, Draxion meet Celevon, he’s going to be working with you.”

The Twi’lek bowed slightly to the Umbaran male, “Hello Master Celevon, I’m Draxion Durk, it’s good to meet you.”

Celevon returned the bow with an incline of his head and a small smile at the use of proper protocol. “The pleasure is all mine, Draxion Durk. However, you need not refer to me as ‘Master’,” his eyes quickly flitted to Aurora before returning to the Twi’lek. “I am neither a Council member, nor have I earned that title, though I thank you for the compliment. I’m Celevon Edraven of Clan Werd’la.”

“Well it’s nice to meet you anyways,” he chuckled softly, “By the way you can call me Drax, that’s what I normally go by,” he smiled.

Aura chuckled softly, “Alright, so as I mentioned I have a task for you. I need you two to check out a cave, particularly one of the few that are a source of kyber crystals within our system; there’s a rogue Sith involved and we want to determine where they got the crystal from.”

“Yes Master,” Drax smiled softly, “I won’t disappoint you.”

“Oh, I *know* you won’t.”

Whether it was in response to the dig or Celevon’s own issues with the Council of Odan-Urr, the Mandalorian chose that point to speak up. “Aurora, tell him the full truth of his task or I will.” The Umbaran gave no reaction to the glare sent his way by the High Councillor, merely quirked an eyebrow and tilting his head in the direction of her padawan.

The Zeltron sighed, giving a nod as she visibly calmed her breathing. “Yes that’s a good point. Drax, Celevon here, well... he’s suspected to be the teacher of this Sith. I wouldn’t be sending you with him if I believed that for even a minute, but I figure you should know that.”

“He’s *suspected* of it, that doesn’t mean it’s true now does it?”

“No it really doesn’t, I suspect you’ll come to realize it can’t be him soon enough however.”

“It will be an honor to serve among another Jedi,” Drax smiled, “After all if I am to become one myself, I should serve alongside others in our Order.”

“That’s exactly right,” Aura smiled at how far her padawan had come. How he had matured from when he first came to be under her care, how he had struggled with the Dark Side, though he still had a long way to go, he was learning, adapting to his new life.

Drax tilted his head towards Celevon, “I assume that means we should head out then?”

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The Umbaran gave another brief nod, clearly lost in thought before his eyes seemed to lose some of the blankness. “You may use my given name or shorten it to ‘Cel’, if you must. However, I am most emphatically *not* a Jedi.” Some of the visible tension left his shoulders, this time outright ignoring the glare from the High Councillor. A small grin curved his lips, concealed to the female due to the position of the Zeltron. “I’m just not a Sith either.”

Was Celevon *teasing* his master?

Without giving Draxion any more time to voice questions, Celevon started to lead the way toward the entrance of the Praxeum and out on the lawn to a ship parked nearby. It wasn’t until they were aboard that the Umbaran spoke again.

“There’s a small room over there where you can change into something a bit warmer. Our destination, Kaerls? The entire surface is frozen.” He briefly spoke to the console where the pilot’s seat should be, the vessel lifting smoothly and transitioning toward orbit.

“Where are you going?” Draxion blurted, noticing Celevon had turned to walk toward another door.

There it was again. That small grin.

The former Councillor of War brushed a hand down his tailored suit, seemingly brushing off something imaginary. “To change into something more suitable for our mission.”

~(Scene Break)~

Celevon had burst into laughter at the expressive swearing that had erupted from the Twi’lek the moment he walked back into the main area of the vessel in his full *Beskar’gam*. The combination of elements of his life as a Jedi, Sith and Mandalorian made for a startling entrance every time. Especially in those that had, at some point in time or another, seen an image of Revan.

“Blast it, if I hadn’t had to quit bounty hunting I would have loved a set of armor like that, I assume it’s mandalorian?”

“You would be correct, young one,” Celevon teased the younger man.

“Young one?” Drax asked, offended. “I’m twenty-five, thank you very much.”

“Still seems pretty young to me,” Celevon smirked at his reaction.

“Oh that’s it bucko, you’re going to regret that old man.”

“Will I? I don’t think I will.”

“You will when I’m your superior,” Drax smiled, “I expect that will be sooner than you’d think actually,” he responded showing his arrogance and his ambition, he had high hopes for the future.

“Good luck with that kiddo,” Celevon chuckled softly to himself, “We’re coming up on the approach; you may want to strap in.”

-scene break-

As the ship landed Drax sighed, “I just wish I could’ve been the one piloting I miss it...”

The Mandalorian gave another slight chuckle at this. “I’m the one who bought this ship, Drax... and even I’m not allowed to pilot it.” He then muttered something under his breath, but was still audible enough to make the Twi’lek crack an amused grin. “*Not after I crashed the last one trying to land.*”

“Now, before we start. You know how to use that, right?” Celevon asked, gesturing toward the lightsaber on Draxion’s belt. When the Sorcerer opened his mouth to retort, the Umbaran held up a hand. “I’m not trying to insult or tease you. Wearing a weapon is an unspoken challenge to a Mandalorian.”

“Of *course* I know how to use it, I’m actually better at bladed weapons than blasters, picked up vibroblades as a form of meditation.” Drax smiled slightly embarrassed. “So yeah, I know how to use the lightsaber, it’s quite natural for me.”

The Umbaran gave a slow nod, a small smirk curving his lips. “Ignoring the clear bait for a joke about phallic objects...” After Draxion sputtered for a second, then gave a rude gesture, Celevon continued. “You should wear it. Secondly, stay close to me. Do not interrupt a conversation and, only then, respond when spoken directly to... I’ll translate if necessary.”

“Got it, stay silent, not that it’s difficult for me to bite my tongue or anything...” the Twi’lek muttered to himself, “After all, I only speak my mind constantly.”

“Well maybe you should learn to keep your opinions to yourself sometimes,” Celevon replied, ignoring the glaring hypocrisy in his own statement. “There will be times when that could be the difference between life and death.”

Without another word exchanged, the ramp was triggered and both were struck by the bitterly cold wind. It seemed they had arrived during a storm, the high winds howling across the icy surface that crunched beneath every step as the duo made their way toward the Okami Enclave.

Due to how loud the winds were, the Umbaran chose to touch on Draxion’s mind and ‘speak’ to him that way. *‘I’ve been here enough to tell you that there’s a long way around the Enclave to the cave itself. Mandalorians are suspicious of anything mystical, so a cave full of crystals that are borne of the Force? Their only reason for staying close is that it’s a natural source of pure water, deep within the cave.’*

Celevon paused as the Sorcerer looked in the direction he had pointed, then erupted into a string of profanities. A smirk curved his lips as he received, in return, a mental image of a rude gesture.

It only took minutes to reach the entrance to the Okami Enclave, a fully armored and armed guard flanking either side. The Umbaran removed the hood and pulled off his helmet, earning an instantaneous action from both. Their right fists slammed into the chestpiece before giving a bow, which Celevon returned before speaking in a tongue Draxion didn’t know when they looked to the Twi’lek.

A moment later, whispers filtered into the mind of the Sorcerer. *‘I vouch for this one. We are on a mission for both the Empress and the Noble House of Odan-Urr.’*

Draxion was ripped from his musings and realizations when one of the guards said something clearly rude and the Umbaran was... no longer at his side. Instead, with a surge of Force energy, he had slammed that particular guard against the reinforced wall and lifted him by the throat. The *Mandalorians respect shows of strength* comment from earlier suddenly made all the more sense.

*‘It seems you’ve forgotten your Clan Chief’s edict... shall I remind you?’* Draxion couldn’t help but notice that, when Celevon said ‘Clan Chief’, his mouth formed the word ‘Mandalore’. *‘Because I already vouched for him, an insult to him is an insult to me. By right, I could kill you where you stand and feed you to the wolves you raised without anyone questioning me... especially with your brother standing there as a witness.’*

As soon as what was clearly an apology was spoken by the guard in question, Celevon released his hold and walked through the gate. It did not escape the notice of the Sorcerer that both guards had given *him* a bow almost as deep as the one they had given the Umbaran earlier.

When he caught up with the Seeker, it was only to freeze in realization. That threat had been quite literal, as Celevon was petting a rather large wolf. Even seated, the white animal’s head

reached the Umbaran's sternum. It took the Twi'lek a moment to realize that Celevon was speaking to him.

"This is [Orion](#), my daughter's companion." The Umbaran seemed to recognize something in Draxion's stance, as he sighed. "He won't hurt you unless you threaten either myself or my daughter. They are the guardians of the cave." Without warning, the Cythraul took off, coming to a halt across the enclave in front of a young woman with dark auburn hair.

When looking between the man that had brought him here and the woman in question, there were no doubts about the biological link between them. Her eyes were an almost identical shade of silver, though it was tinged green... and, when she brushed a lock of hair back to pet Orion, it revealed the pointed ear of a part-Sephi. It took Draxion another moment to realize that she was a teenager... and the amount of trust Celevon himself was showing.

The Twi'lek looked back toward the Umbaran in question, only realizing that the man had went to shake the hand of... an absolute mammoth of a man, which was no doubt the 'Clan Chief' Celevon had referred to. A warrior's embrace, grasping the wrists of one another before the much larger male lifted the Umbaran in a bear-hug, laughing as a woman that was clearly his wife watched on with amusement.

Quite suddenly, Draxion had another realization... this one much more of a blow. On one hand, he realized that he was looking at the man behind the mask. This was the Umbaran with his *family*.

The second came with a chill that had nothing to do with the ambient temperature. If these people were threatened, there was no question whose side the former Councillor of War would take. However, the Twi'lek had been given clear access to Celevon's mind when he opened the link between them for translation.

He knew, without even a flicker of doubt, that the man he had been assigned this mission with was not the teacher. His master had been right, the Twi'lek realized with almost frantic cheer.

Celevon, just like Odan-Urr as a whole, had sworn an oath to come to the aid of the Empress of the Vatali. His personal sense of honor would allow for nothing less... meaning that the Seeker would have **never** sent someone to attack the palace.

A hand on his shoulder made Draxion's hand fly to his blaster out of instinct, only to realize it was his partner.

"You have good instincts, *ad'ika*. Never let that go," Celevon murmured, giving the younger male a brief pat on the same shoulder. "Artemis had Orion scout ahead to alert the others that we'll be checking out the caves. There hasn't been any issues of note and none of the trackers found evidence of anyone entering the caves without permission."

Drax, not quite knowing what the word ad'ika meant could still sense the warmth behind them, the general gist of it. He smiled, "Well instinct comes hand in hand with what I was taught by my parents. That and survival, only the strong survive, never the weak after all, and just because there isn't any evidence doesn't mean it hasn't happened."

This comment made Celevon smile slightly, "That's exactly right, yet we should be wary anyway. Come on. I don't want to hear complaints that we didn't check it out ourselves."

~(END)~