

Silvery streaks of water gleamed in the darkness of a docks as late evening arrived in Caelestis City. Where normally a beautiful sunset could be seen from the beautiful city, only dark clouds perforated the view of those trying to find cover in the storm. The dock workers rarely had such liberty as many of them were going about their work in the storm. Fishermen coming in from the bay wore scowls and cursed at the sudden arrival of the storm for shortening their time out on the water.

The only individual on the dock who didn't seem to be bothered by the weather was a man leaning back against a post grumpily watching others go about their business. Fëanor Láng was glad he hadn't worn his robes. The soaked cloth would have proven to be a burden for the job he was tasked with. Instead, he wore just a chest piece paired with a short-sleeved, tailed jacket, and a pair of pants. A black, crescent-shaped tattoo adorned his right eye, while only the lower portion of that crescent laid beneath his left. His pale complexion and purple eyes were accompanied by his long, black hair that flowed down to the middle of his back. His locks weren't entirely black as his bangs were colored purple to match his eyes.

Some of the dock workers walking by would sneak a peek at the stranger, though any that met the stranger's gaze quickly looked away. There was something about him that said he meant business, and whatever kind of business it was, they need not get themselves dragged into it. However, had they looked more closely, they might have noticed that he was rather entertained by how they feared him. The right corner of his lip was slightly up as his eyes flashed in amusement.

Fëanor wasn't at his post for long however. A man dressed in ornate clothing of gold and blue was escorted to a pier by four bodyguards while another man came out of one of the dock warehouses to meet them. Few words were exchanged, the rich man looking around now and then before he finally cocked his head towards the closest guard on his right. With a nod, his protector gestured for another guard to follow, and the two disappeared into the warehouse.

Fëanor was already on the move to another pier and hid behind some crates positioned closer to the warehouse. The drumming of the rain on the pier helped mask the sound of his movement while the darkness served in keeping him hidden. He paid no mind to the dock workers, and the distance they kept from him showed their desire to leave him undisturbed as he focused on his target.

The two guards came out a couple minutes later, one of them giving a thumbs up. The group then went inside, to which Fëanor understood they had been awaiting the all clear. He too moved, and carefully made his way to the warehouse, only to miss his chance of getting inside as the doors suddenly closed and a security droid came to life. With cat-like reflexes, he swerved to the side of the warehouse and jumped onto some crates before Force leaping onto the roof. There was a ventilation shaft closed off by a grate towards the middle of the roof. It served no problem to him as the man reached into the Force, and slowly loosened the bolts holding the grate in. Once it was removed, Fëanor slid inside carefully, and used the Force to pull the grate back into place.

The sounds of the rain outside echoed in the shaft, though the sound slowly died away as he began to crawl through it. He could feel his target's aura in the Force, getting streams of wariness and yet determination from the man. His employer had only told him that this man was wanted dead by the so-called Empire of Scholae Palatinae that now ruled Caelestis City and the archipelago, and that he wanted Fëanor to beat the Imperial clan to the punch for business reasons.

Fëanor was determined to do just that, but he wasn't aware of the extra shadow that was already inside the warehouse stalking his prey. When he reached a grate that looked out over the office area, a shimmer of movement escaped his purple gaze as something or someone moved closer to the group. Yet, he did feel a disturbance in the Force, and the Sephi hybrid scanned the area for anything out of the ordinary.

"So, where's the delivery?" came the voice of the target, the conversation taking Fëanor's attention away from his search as he focused on what was being said.

"Right here," said the other man as he removed the tarp off of a pile of cases. He picked up one and laid it on a table where he opened it to reveal its contents. A rifle of some sort laid within along with some small darts, of which then Fëanor understood it was a dart rifle.

The man picked up the rifle and handed it over to the target. "Long range shooter with backup blaster cells for last resort should the darts fail," he said before he picked up one of the darts. "Shouldn't fail, though. One hit from this, and those Force users of Scholae will be out of commission from the electrical shock for at least five minutes. Gives you time to apprehend them."

"I see...and the darts...do they have the aspect I requested?" the target asked as he studied the rifle.

"Yes sir. If you want the toxin, you just push the small button on the side, and it'll switch to the small compartment holding the venom."

"I see. Fair enough. Kidus. Give it to him."

The one of the bodyguards took out a datapad and pressed a few buttons before handing it to the man. The man pushed a few buttons himself before handing the datapad back. "One hundred thousand credits...you truly are generous."

The target waved his hand passively. "I'd have paid you less were it not for my boss. You just keep your mouth shut, and you may get some more creds later."

"Nothing shall escape these lips, sir. I swear it." The man bowed and grinned. "Glad to be of service."

“And I’m glad to be of disservice,” came a female voice. Suddenly, a figure in the shadows appeared as a silver lightsaber blade came to life and was sent through one of the guards’ chest. “You’ve messed with the wrong clan, Kalmaran.”

The figure suddenly vanished before the others could react, and Fëanor quickly kicked off the vent and exited the shaft before the attacker could take his kill. Within his hand, a double-bladed lightsaber came to life as two silvery-white blades sprung out from their prison. Already, another bodyguard was down, and his target was barking orders to the remaining ones while his contact quickly began running off.

As much as the half-Sephi was tempted to go after him, he remained focus on his target, and quickly shot out a stream of purple lightning at the guard nearest to him. His prey, being distracted by the unseen enemy, was caught off guard and screamed in agony as he spasmed and fell to the ground. His compadre was quickly cut in half, and the assassin was revealed with the exception of her face being hidden by a black hood.

Fëanor didn’t allow his curiosity to get the best of him, and he lunged for the target, his saber ready to deliver the ultimate blow. Fortune was against him however as the assassin reached his prey first, and delivered a decapitating slash. Kalmaran’s head hadn’t even hit the floor yet when his competitor quickly placed her blade next to the half-Sephi’s throat just as he landed. Her speed was truly incredible, and Fëanor knew better than to try any sudden movements.

“Hunting the same prey, were you?” the assassin asked as she faced him, her golden eyes meeting his from the darkness of the hood. “Who are you?”

Fëanor held her gaze. “I’ll answer that if you tell me who you are first.”

The woman narrowed her eyes a bit. “I would rather it be the other way around. Especially if you are an enemy.”

The man studied her for a bit before he finally nodded and extinguished his lightsaber. “Fëanor Láng is my name. I was sent by my employer to take out Kalmaran Yutachi.”

The white blade next to his throat grew closer, the heat threatening to scorch his pale skin. “Who’s your employer?”

“He’s known as the Talon...posts jobs and pays well for them,” he replied as he then cocked his eyebrow. “I think you owe me your name now.”

“For all I know...you could be lying.”

The woman was silent for a minute before she finally deactivated her red blade in her left hand. Attaching the hilt to her belt, she then went and removed her hood. Fëanor about gasped in

surprise when he saw the features that had been hidden. The woman had a pale complexion much like his own, and she had long, dark-brown hair with a single braid on the left side hanging by her cheek. Yet, what had caught him off guard was her elfin ear tips that poked out through her hair.

“...You’re...a Sephi?” he asked almost absent-mindedly.

“Not in full...just half,” she replied with a cautious tone as she lowered the silver blade a bit. “I am Shadow Palpatine Nighthunter...servant of Clan Scholae Palatinae.”

The mention of the Imperial clan was enough to answer why the woman was after Yutachi. He nodded in acknowledgement, and bowed with the tips of his left fingers laid on top of those on his right hand while his palms are facedown in front of him. “I congratulate you on the kill, Lady Nighthunter. I must say, though it cost me my award, I was rather impressed by your skills. You have my admiration.”

Shadow was slightly caught off guard by the respectful gesture, and she only bowed her head in humility. “I thank you for the compliment. If what you say is true about yourself, then I am glad I don’t have to kill someone who speaks kindly.”

Fëanor nodded. “I swear to you, I have no quarrel with the Imperial Clan...I’ve only been here a few days on the hunt. I’ve heard of your clan during my time here, but I know little still of the conflict that you’re facing. I speak truthfully. I have nothing to hide from you.”

The Sith before him sighed and deactivated her blade. “Protocol would probably have me kill you...but I sense your honesty, and I respect you as a fellow hunter. I have to admit, your display of Force lightning was...rather amazing. Surely, you have had a good mentor.”

A soft smile appeared on his face. “I had one as a child, but most of what I have learned was based off of my own self-discoveries. Sometimes, life and risk-taking serves as good teachers.”

“I can’t argue with that.” The assassin looked over at Yutachi’s corpse. “I only need his datapad and the contraband in this warehouse. You’re free to take the body.”

“But...he was your kill.” Fëanor shook his head. “I can’t claim my award for him if it was not I who landed the fatal blow. It would be like taking the credit.”

“Matters not to me. I know I killed him, and that’s good enough for me. I respect you, and I say you shouldn’t be cheated out of your pay.”

The man rubbed his chin pensively as he too looked at the body. “What if I claim the reward...and give you half?”

"I'd say that's fair, but there is no need." Shadow noticed the look of determination in Láng's soft, purple eyes, and knew that he wasn't going to let this go. "Yet, if you insist..."

The man's smile returned, a spark lighting within his eyes. "It would be an honor to share it with you. Where can I find you to give you your half?"

"Hmm...perhaps at the Crescent Moon bar? It's not too far from the palace. Everyone knows about it, so if you ask around, someone will give you directions."

"Fair enough. I should be back sometime tomorrow evening if all goes well. Say around seven?"

"Should work," the Sith confirmed. "I'll be waiting for you in my usual spot. Just ask the bartender 'where does the wolf mourn,' and he'll direct you to my booth. I don't like to attract attention."

"Understood." Fëanor bowed again. "Until our next meeting, Lady Nighthunter. You have my word. I will see you tomorrow evening. I swear it."