Hevan’s droid shone a bright light down the wall as Hevan dropped down his rope into the cavern. His rope coiled on the floor, Hevan kicking it aside as he hit the wet stone floor, rolling into down a small slope. Hevan’s visor changed into night vision as he lifted his hand up to the control button and he walked without fear into a ancient stone archway. His comms crackled to life and his masters voice emitted through the device. “Hevan – Nora’s sent some mercenaries to find the artifact, whatever it is, be prepared that they may try to take it from you when you leave.” Hevan frowned at the news, but responded after readying his blaster pistol. “Thanks TuQ, I’ll keep watch.” He waved a finger at his droid, sending it up towards his hook. Hevan entered what looked like a large stone amphitheatre with a coffin in the middle. He walked up to the sarcophagus, dusting many centuries of dirt off the nameplate before pushing the heavy stone slab off, sending a large crashing noise echoing through the chamber, a cloud of dust emanating from the fallen slab. Hevan gazed upon what remained of a body, dusted bones and various pieces of equipment poking out of black sand. The skull seemed to smile at him as he shifted through the bones, pushing aside ancient daggers and coins. Hevan’s hand grasped a scratched metal hilt of a lightsaber. Hevan put anything he found into a sack, caring little about what it was until he found an ancient metal cylinder, inscribed with an unreadable language. He carefully put this into his pack, then turned away and walked briskly out of the chamber and cavern.

 As he climbed up the rope, his droid came buzzing down the cave, beeping wildly in alarm. Hevan climbed quicker, pulling himself up as he saw a ship land close to the entrance. Hevan dropped to the grass, crawling into a small crevice and setting his NT up, pulling his bipod out as he focused his sights onto the ramp. A second ship flew overhead and landed nearby the other ship as several white clad troopers spread around the shuttle. “Is that what Nora calls mercs?” Hevan grumbled as his sights magnified upon a troopers head, as a single figure flanked by two other white troopers walked out the other ship.

Hevan changed his sights, focusing upon the cloaked figure who pointed at the cave entrance. He chose not to take the shot, not knowing who it was in case he assassinated someone like the Questor of Ventress or the dread lord herself. He instead aimed at the approaching troopers, pulling the trigger and opening a new hole through the nearest troopers head. The others dropped to the floor as the loud ringing ceased, getting up and spreading out, moving their heads to avoid being killed. Hevan cared little for this, killing another before they found his position, firing on him as he rolled out and sprinting away into the jungle as blaster bolts shot over his head. He ran, cutting through vines and plants as he ran away, fumbling for his comm with one hand as he sprinted away. He stopped, climbing into a tree and resting. He now pulled his commlink out, calling his master in Fort Dooku. “TuQ? Those weren’t mercs, I need help now!” His masters voice echoed out the device “On it Hevan. Take care.” Hevan just climbed higher, sending his position to the nearest base, pulling himself out of sight of the approaching troopers and resting. He climbed through the trees, dropping onto the ground and pushing his way towards a plateau he knew was just a little distance away. He heard troopers walk underneath him; unintelligible words passed between them as Hevan clambered onto the overhanging plateau. He rested on a rock, waiting for his ride to come. After some time, a shuttle landed and he sprinted to it, clambering up the ramp without waiting for the ramp to hit the ground, rolling down the slope onto the metal floor. He shouted up at the pilot to leave, and the ramp stopped lowering, the floor seemed to push against him as the shuttle took off.