

Broken Bones and Regret

The first punch hurt the least.

The second one hurt more.

By the third punch, Severin could no longer feel the side of his face he was being punched on. The Dowutin that had leveled the punches at him rolled his shoulders, chuckling, as he watched Sev stumble back. The Kessurian-echani retreated in till his bare back felt the bite of cold metal and a strong electric shock.

Of course the karking bastards electrified the cage.

The pale-blue male's vision swam and he felt his body jerk away from the electricity and could smell the fine hairs on his back being singed from the current. He let out a shuddering breath of pain as he willed his body to stay upright, willed for his knees not to buckle as he heard Coeur screaming for him from the crowd.

His body wouldn't listen. His knees gave out first from the exhaustion. He had held himself against this monstrosity for the last three rounds, barely keeping up, and now he couldn't anymore.

Sev caught the Dowutin's knee as he went down and the massive beast brought his leg up, cracking the hard surface into Severin's face. This sent the Kessurian flying back once more into the electrified cage wall— and this time his entire body made contact.

“SEVERIN!!!”

He could barely hear his sister's voice over the ringing in his ears, the sound of the electricity flowing through his skull, but he easily recognized the panic he heard there. That was the cry of someone about to lose their loved one.

Holy sithspit, he was about to die, wasn't he?

Every muscle in Severin's body tensed at the same time, his entire being tensing up as the charge ripped through his body, singing organs and skin in waves. He fell forward, unable to support his weight anymore, and the Dowutin stepped aside to let him hit the metal floor with a worrying 'THUNMP'.

He couldn't feel anything. For a second he couldn't even see— couldn't breath, couldn't hear, couldn't think. Everything was gone. And then pain hit as his entire body convulsed on the floor of the cage. Muscles screamed and spasmed, causing his entire body to shake, aggravating the broken bones he already had.

He could hear the guards restraining his sister, telling her that she couldn't get in the cage for her own safety. In all reality, they just didn't want anyone to help him. This was a rigged fight, and no one had had the decency to let him know that. He had lost this match from the second he stepped foot in the metal ring.

The Kessurian-echani's eyes rolled back and he had a few blissful seconds of unconsciousness before being brought back to reality by a massive foot stomping down onto his abdomen. Despite his impressive musculature, he felt ribs break and his spleen burst. A loud gasp ripped from his chest and he started to scream, trying to push off the boot covering most of his torso.

"He's had enough, Anat'u. You've won. I still need him for other fights."

Silver eyes landed in disbelief on his handler as the Dowutin lifted his foot. The Cathar loan shark and fight organizer was smirking at him from the safety of the exterior of the ring.

"No tricks? I win the pot?"

"Yes, yes, you useless sack of muscle. Now get off my prized fighter before you kill him."

Gritting his teeth, Severin used every drop of strength he had left to roll himself onto his stomach and reach forward to try and pull himself towards the Cathar.

His arms didn't have the strength to pull him along the metal surface..

His lips wouldn't form words.

So obviously there was only one thing left he could do.

The Kessurian hybrid slowly raised his head, then his right hand, and slowly raised the middle finger on that hand towards his handler with a smirk on his face. *Kark you*, he thought, *you knew exactly what you were throwing me into, you massive pile of bantha shit.*

The Cathar frowned and made a gesture to the Dowutin that was now standing over him. Severin didn't even have time to think before the thick boot of the brute he was fighting found it's way against the side of his head.

He not only felt, but *heard*, his skull crack as the Dowutin made contact. His vision went black and he heard Coeur screaming, hysterical, somewhere near his handler.

I'm so sorry, little flower, he sobbed mentally as the world fell away in a haze of black and red, *I'm so sorry I won't get to do all those things we promised. I'm so sorry....*

Coeur couldn't take care of herself, not yet. She was smart but she was fragile. She couldn't defend herself in the underworld. And now she was all alone, and he had left her without ever meaning to.

His last thought was that the cost of his burial would seal his sister's fate to be a slave forever. She wouldn't be able to afford it, and that Cathar bastard would make sure he'd take advantage of it.

I'm so so sorry Coeur... I'm sorry Momma... I'm sorry Dad. I was a poor son and a terrible twin till my last breath.

If I had the chance I'd do it all over.

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....

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And then breath filled his lungs again and he opened his eyes to a dark room, the faint dripping of a sink sounding somewhere to his left.

He was alive.