

The Third Option Alaris Jinn

It was incredibly uncommon for Alaris to be caught off guard, but the first blaster bolt past his head did just that.

Nar Shaadda was generally violent enough in some areas that there was always a tingling of danger coming from the Force, but Alaris had been ignoring it as he walked the city. The lights were calming in some ways. The sounds relaxed him. The hustle and bustle were always something that soothed Alaris. It's why he lived in one of the top suites of his own hotel-casino in Aliso City.

The red bolt hit a steel crate fifteen meters away, but before Alaris could react, another bolt streamed past him in the other direction.

Crossfire!

This was not ideal. Alaris was fast, precise, and unrelentingly offensive, but trying to deflect back blaster bolts was not his forte. He normally had his bodyguard droids with him for protection; not that he generally needed it, but it was good to have to keep his general billionaire image intact. Given his circumstances, he jumped into the chassis of an old broken down speeder that hadn't been removed from the street.

How did I end up in the slums so quickly and without noticing? These were questions for later.

He had three real options here and his mind weighed the pros and cons of each one extremely quickly. The first was run. There was one con to this. The two gangs that were now blasting at each other indiscriminately and also exceptionally poorly. He could easily be hit by a stray bolt. He was exceptionally fast, but light was the fastest particle in the universe without a hyperdrive.

His second option was to stay hidden. Again, this was his self-preservation talking. The only real con to this was the fact that this chassis was not blaster proof forever and given how many shots were not hitting their intended targets meant that he was probably going to take at least one shot somewhere to his body and that was something Alaris would prefer not to occur.

The third option was the riskiest option: just kill them all.

Alaris had been studying. Since he had joined the Elders of the Brotherhood, he had changed his path and now was his chance to test his prowess. He closed his eyes for a moment and then felt every mind in this battle as well as several other animals and sentients hiding from the fray. He felt their fear and it fed him.

He opened his eyes and to him there was a moment of silence and peace; and then, violence.

With legendary alacrity, the blue blur leapt from his hiding spot and the chaos that filled the street suddenly turned into an exquisite ballet. The cerulean indistinctness flew from combatant to combatant. An emerald light slaughtered the animals like animals. The gang of thugs, whose races were as menageric as they were irrelevant, were using a lot of red in their colours. If lightsabers didn't instantly cauterize wounds, there would have been much more red. Alaris didn't waste a single movement. His Ataru was less about flurry and acrobatics as it was about alacratic attack. His Juyo was rage filled but poetic, and poetry in motion resulted in the demolition of this entire gang.

The other menagerie of thugs suddenly stopped firing as they realized their rivals weren't firing back. As the dust, and limbs, settled, the yellow gang all lowered their blaster rifles and pistols and looked at the now still twi'lek settling his breathing. His lightsaber was extinguished and just hanging loosely between his finger and thumb.

A Duros stepped forward and in broken common said, "Thanks, stranger. You kill the Bloodreapers!"

Alaris replied in perfect Durosian, "You're welcome," and then the second phase of the slaughter began.