

OT Celevon Edraven (Obelisk) / BTL, Battleteam Shadow Phyle of House Qel-Droma of Clan Arcona **PIN# 12004**

The Templar tilted his head to the side, silently contemplating the woman before him. She had only just finished speaking. Celevon's long dark hair concealed the smirk that spread across his lips. "Well, I suppose we should get the hunt started, shouldn't we?"

Without warning, the Assassin leapt towards the woman, using his body weight to his advantage. The Twi'lek grunted as her torso slammed to the ground. Simo felt hands on both her chin and gripping the back of her head.

"An application of torque and I could have easily snapped your neck. But you want a hunt. Unfortunately, a hunt you shall receive. I wish you the best of luck, Bounty Hunter. But first... I think you need a nap," Celevon hissed into her ear before bashing her head against the ground, knocking the female out.

The Onderonian took a step back, stretching as he surveyed his surroundings. His eyes widened as he inhaled, the familiar aroma reaching his nose. "Dxun. So close to home, merely an atmosphere apart... You picked a poor weapon for this environment, *ad'ika*."

With that said, the Obelisk took off into the dense jungles. Going against his instincts, Celevon left a trail that even a novice tracker could pick up on. A broken branch on a bush here, a heavy boot impression there. Just enough to make the woman think he was being careless whilst not arousing the Lethan's suspicions.

A grin curved his lips as the Templar came upon a clearing. "Perfect," the Onderonian murmured as a glance revealed many different opportunities. "First thing I need is some pliable vine..."

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Less than an hour later, Simo sat up with a groan, a hand immediately going to rub just beneath her lekku. "*Nawar'avin* bastard... I should have seen that one coming. That was an amateur mistake I won't be making twice."

The Twi'lek pushed herself to her feet, blinking as a wave of dizziness struck her. Once it passed, Simo immediately searched for her rifle, finding it only feet away. "I'm glad I didn't buy one of those cheap, delicate ones. That drop would have damaged it," she mumbled before trying to figure out where her target had run off to.

Several minutes of searching finally revealed a clue: a simple black cloak, tossed into the shadow of a tree. The Lethan continued her search before she located a second and third clue in quick succession.

Crouching, Simo let the clues speak for themselves. “He stopped and stood here for several minutes... Then tore a long strip from this leaf. Now what reason would he have- ah, of course. His hair.”

The Twi’lek continued on, following the trail left behind by the Force User as best she could. It began to grow harder to track him, revealing that her target had come to his senses and started being more careful. She growled under her breath, moving faster as she realised she was only a few kilometers from where his ship had been.

Her instincts practically screamed at her to stop moving. The female had learned to trust these the longer she lived, as they had saved her life on more than one occasion. Crouching, Simo caught sight of a taut vine less than a foot in front of her. “Traps,” she hissed, glancing around with a heightened wariness.

Curious to see what the man had come up with in the little time since she had been knocked unconscious, the Lethan grabbed a big stick and pushed the vine down. The very air seemed to hiss as it was disturbed. She released a breath that she had not been aware had been held as the Twi’lek caught sight of several black spines embedded in the tree trunk just to her left.

“He’s resourceful, I’ll give him that. Poisoned spines from a tree that only grows in the jungle wilds in this system,” Simo said to herself, vowing to be much more careful as she continued on.

She found several more traps along the way and decided to leave them armed rather than wasting unnecessary time, skipping over them as she moved quickly.

The Bounty Hunter leapt over another taut vine. Only this time, the instinct that screamed danger heightened as her feet struck the ground. Simo barely had time to think before she felt something tighten around her ankle and yank her off her feet. Before she knew what had happened, the woman was hanging upside down from a branch of a tall tree, at least ten feet off the ground.

“You did quite well, Miss. Your reputation is well-earned,” the Onderonian said as he stepped out of the shadow of the tree Simo hung from.

“Save it! I would rather you kill me than mock me,” the Twi’lek spat.

Blue-violet energy danced across Celevon’s fingers for a moment before dissipating. “I think not. Consider this a challenge. If you manage to get yourself down, I will teach you how to properly hunt

someone. If you do happen to survive and want that training, you know where to find me.” With that said, he turned and began to walk away.

“I never pictured you to be one for merciful acts. Especially against someone who is trying to kill you!” Simo shouted, glaring at the retreating figure.

The Templar paused, smoothly pivoting with a raised eyebrow. “Mercy? Far from it. You see, there are a number of predators in these jungles. And you, dear lady, would make a fine meal for any of them,” Celevon said as he picked up the woman’s rifle and propped it up against the trunk of the tree. “Should you get yourself down and survive, I will consider you worthy of training. If not... well, you will have at least one beastly fed. Or a Mandalorian scout will find your corpse hanging from that vine.”

“Bastard!”

“I love it when you talk dirty. I’ll see you around,” Celevon laughed before he faded into the shadows.

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