*As this is an out-of-canon battle, the match takes place not long after* **(SPOILER)** *Ahsoka parted ways with the Jedi Order and is wandering the galaxy in search of purpose…*

Aidan Kincaid waited discreetly on a street corner in the Blue Sector of Coronet City on Corellia, eyes following the robed and hooded figure as it made its way slowly through the warrens. As the figure turned a corner, Kincaid moved to follow, keeping his distance from his target. She would be wary, he knew, especially given the unseemly nature of the Blue Sector.

As he turned the corner to keep her in sight, he heard the unmistakable sound of running footsteps. He had been discovered. Obviously, she could sense the presence of an enemy lurking nearby. It seemed that even a mere Padawan had the power to pierce through the deception of his concealment. This made things a bit more difficult, but no more than a small hiccup in his plan.

Abandoning the need for discreetness, Kincaid sprinted after her, slightly augmenting his speed with the Force to catch up. He followed her down several back alleys and through a dizzying array of twists and turns, but she couldn't lose him. He was too good at this game. Finally, she made the wrong choice and wound up running into a dead end.

"So you're the one the Jedi discarded," he called, walking towards her. "Ahsoka Tano." Instantly, the young Togruta turned to face him and narrowed her large, blue eyes. Her hands dropped warily to the lightsabers on her belt.

"*You've got the wrong person*," she said in a cold, commanding voice. "*You want to move out of my way*."

Kincaid felt the compulsion wash over him, but was far too weak to penetrate his mental defenses. He allowed himself a small grin at her brazen assumption. He had dropped his concealment earlier, so she would now be sensing him at his full power. That she had even attempted to trick him was either very desperate or very arrogant. Judging by the fierce glare she was giving him, he assumed the latter.

"Nice try, little Togruta," he said, "but that won't work on me."

She stiffened slightly at the 'little Togruta' remark, but otherwise remained poised. "What do you want?" she demanded.

Kincaid took another step forward, forcing her to take a step back. She bumped into the wall behind her. "I suppose I've come to recruit you," Kincaid told her. Her eyes widened slightly in surprise.

"Recruit me?" she asked, a little less aggressive now.

"That's right," Kincaid said. "I belong to an organization that would be well-suited to someone of your talents. A place that would test your abilities and give you challenges. And," he smiled, "not seek to hamper your growth with unnecessary rules and guidelines."

"You're talking about the dark side," she challenged, her hands once again resting on her lightsabers. "I may no longer be a Jedi, but I'll never fall from the light!"

Sensing the strength of her will, Kincaid merely shrugged. "So be it," he muttered.

Kincaid drew his own lightsaber and activated the amber blade. Not wanting to draw this out further, he didn't bother to slowly engage her and discover her weaknesses. Instead, he went on the offensive. He kicked off the ground, launching himself forward with his weapon extended for a powerful slash. The girl reacted instantly by nimbly jumping to the side. She activated her dual blades—green and yellowish-green—and crossed them like a figure 'X' to catch Kincaid's attack.

Her hood had fallen back at the first blow, revealing her orange skin and prominent white and blue-striped head tails. Kincaid noted the lack of a Padawan braid—a clear sign of her separation from the Order—and allowed himself another grin. Using the leverage of her two blades, Kincaid pushed off and leapt backwards.

The little Togruta dashed after him, slashing with quick, sharp jabs with both weapons. Kincaid didn't bother to defend himself, instead simply avoiding her sweeping attacks by dancing backwards. After another round of slashes, he stopped avoiding and leapt, flipping over her head to land behind her. His blade swung in an arc behind him and he sensed the girl roll forward to avoid the strike.

Even her speed and reliance on her two blades could not help her. Kincaid moved around the alley like lightning, striking in short, rapid bursts that had the little Togruta desperately trying to defend herself. The difference in their skill was becoming abundantly clear, and Kincaid felt the ripple of fear spreading from the girl. It was time.

"Is this all the apprentice of the fabled Skywalker can manage?" he asked her. "Pathetic." He swung at her—a powerful, overhead slash, which she barely managed to block by crossing her blades again.

"I'm not… pathetic," she cried through gritted teeth. The slight against her skill and her master resulted in a flash of rage.

Kincaid laughed and spun to break the lock. He flicked his blade around in a semi-circle, forcing her to over-extend herself, and then landed a hammering blow against her offhand weapon. Against the strength of the attack, she lost hold of her lightsaber and it went spiraling away. Once she was off-balance, Kincaid turned and kicked her in the side, throwing her back. She clutched at her side with one hand, kneeling in pain. Waves of anger seemed to be emanating from her. She had not given up yet.

"Betrayed and abandoned," Kincaid continued to mock her. "Nowhere to go. The poor little would-be Jedi with no home and no friends. What will you do now?"

"Shut up!"

"There's no master here to protect you," Kincaid noted. She must have felt the realization at the same time because her will seemed to waver slightly. "Join me. You will never be lost again."

Confusion and pain clouded her features. Kincaid knew that, having lost her place with the Jedi, she would be more susceptible to the taunt. Based on her young age and sheltered life, she would be desperate for a new place to call home. It was exactly the kind of opening he needed to turn her. All it would take was a little time.

The little Togruta shook her head side-to-side, as if casting off his words and her own doubts. "No," she screamed. "I won't fall. I will… never fall."

"Too late for that," Kincaid mocked.

She screamed in anger and fear and jumped at him again. Kincaid easily avoided the blow by spinning to the left. The girl followed his movement, pirouetting on her right foot to keep her eyes on him. As they faced each other, they both raised their left arms and unleashed a torrid blast of Force. The two attacks collided in mid-air between them and Kincaid gritted his teeth as he fought against the pressure. However, despite all her strength, a mere Padawan was no match for him.

Raising his other hand, Kincaid channeled greater pressure into his attack. The girl slowly began to give ground, beads of sweat forming on her face as she struggled to hold him back. Then his power overwhelmed her. With a sound like a thunderclap, the lock broke and Kincaid's telekinetic wave crushed the little Togruta's feeble resistance and sent her flying backwards. She hit alley wall with a powerful thud, then slid to the ground crumpled and unmoving.

Kincaid stepped forward to stand over her still, unconscious form. "Well," he mused, "I suppose now we'll have more time to change your mind." He returned his lightsaber to his belt then stooped to pick up the unconscious girl and take her back to the Brotherhood.

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