**NPC**: Alexis Quinn - <http://wiki.darkjedibrotherhood.com/view/Alexis_Quinn>

**CS:** Aidan Kincaid - <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/character_sheets/556>

Four Dark Jedi were attacking a single opponent. The loner was wearing all black—black cloak, black body armor, black leg wraps, and even black boots. The only bit of color I could see came from a few blue plates on his armor. Guy was really hung up on playing the Dark Jedi stereotype. The five were fighting in the training grounds outside of the Clan Headquarters on Karufr. And it was a seriously one-sided battle. The thing was, it was the loner who was kicking all the ass. His attacks were swift, flawless, and brutal.

Part of my Zeltron inheritance is the ability to easily grasp the emotions of others. This guy, Aidan Kincaid, was cold as ice. I mean, sure, it was just a practice match, but still. There were no fluctuations in his emotions, whereas the one's scrambling against him were practically glowing with anger and hate. But then… they were the ones being schooled.

Kincaid was like a shadowy, indistinct blur. His cloak made constant swishing sounds as he moved around the training grounds in short bursts of incredible speed. He wielded a single, amber blade, but he kept swapping it from one hand to the other as necessary to attack or defend. It kept throwing his younger opponents off-balance. He was also incredibly agile, dodging attacks by twisting his body this way and that, like he was always *just* avoiding the blow. The guy was obviously reckless. Or, worse, stupidly overconfident.

"That the guy?"

"Yeah."

A fellow journeyman leaned beside me on the railing. Sara. She was a nice enough girl, but we rarely saw much of each other. It's not like I had joined the Brotherhood to make friends. We were both standing in the viewing area overlooking the training grounds, watching the fight below us. It was clearly one-sided, even though there were so many against just one guy. It was lucky they were using training sabers, otherwise it would have been a massacre. Kincaid was brutal. He never let up or gave his opponents time to regroup. He just leapt towards who he saw as the weakest link, struck, then moved on. It was like the fight was just one big calculation to him. It looked beautiful—in that lethal savagery sort of way—but every move he made was to strike a killing blow.

It was hardly training.

"So. What do you think, Alexis?"

I frowned, unsure of what to think. In my opinion, having a chaperone for my first trial was annoying and unnecessary. But, the guy did seem to know how to fight. A sudden commotion down on the field drew my attention again. Kincaid had leapt high, performing a somersault in mid-air to avoid a pincer attack. His hood had come off partway through the flip, revealing his features for the first time.

His face was grim, rough, and unshaven. The sharp angles of his cheekbones and jaw gave him a terrifying visage—the face of a killer. Even from a distance I could make out his dark eyes, piercing everything they swept across. For a moment, I felt them glance over me and forced myself not to shudder. The guy was seriously intense… at least while fighting. His brown hair was just long enough to be blown back by the velocity of the flip, then fell forward to just above his eyes when he landed. He wasn't what I'd consider hot, but he was a striking figure all the same. As he landed, he was moving in a blur again, landing a strike on two opponents in quick succession. I couldn't hear the sound of bones breaking from that far up, but I was pretty sure the two he had hit had broken ribs.

Ouch.

Despite the mad skills and reaper-like face, however, he was still a guy. And, if the rumors going around had any truth, he couldn't be trusted at all. Typical of a guy. "Whatever," I finally answered Sara, and turned my back on the scene. "I just have to put up with him for a few hours. That's it."

I walked away from the training grounds like it didn't matter to me. But the truth was I was a little nervous. This guy who was supposed to mentor me was strong, emotionless, and not trusted by anyone in the Clan. And we were going to be alone together on my trial.

"He's no big deal," I said. Hopefully, Sara couldn't hear the false ring of bravado in my voice. It was punishment, I bet. Because I had an "attitude problem", the jerks in charge had made the psycho killer my "mentor". Somehow, I was going to have to survive my first trial with Aidan Kincaid watching my back.

Sometimes, life just sucks.

Aidan Kincaid

Clan Taldryan

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