

Fear as an Ally

A deep metallic taste was the first sensation to hit. It was joined by a warm soft light behind the fleshy eyelids of a human brain regaining consciousness. A brief moment of serenity before all the senses came flooding back.

Harsh aromas of burnt flesh came in the first gasping breath. Bright flames reflected off the pools of blood all around him amidst the piles of unrecognizable body parts and corpses. Only a high pitched hum could be heard, limiting the lithe human's ability to discern what was going on beyond his limited view from the ground.

The present was starting to look rather chaotic. None of it made sense.

His body felt weak, most of it wasn't responding to him, he couldn't even confirm it was still properly attached. Laying on his back in a pool of blood, hopefully not his own, he couldn't even muster the energy to look.

His mind began to take considerations for the future. Of what permanent damage his body had sustained. What sort of compromised state was he in to prevent anyone from inflicting even further damage?

The future was uncertain, not just the future of his own wellbeing but of the city on fire around him.

Evant Taelyan lay there, unable to move or call for help amongst the corpses wondering, stuck in his own mind. The Force tingling at the edges of his mind but unable to respond out of sheer exhaustion. What then had happened, what could he piece together of the past few hours?

One Hour Earlier

Ducking into a dark alleyway as a small patrol of Scions rolled past, Evant Taelyan held tight to his lightsaber hilt just in case. He was hardly a master of sneaking around but he knew the city of Ohmen well enough to avoid detection. After hours of fighting on the front lines in the city plaza it became apparent someone was going to need to make a move so he decided to go behind enemy lines himself and try and turn the tides of this ongoing war.

Sounds of blaster fire, explosions and screams filled the air of the city around him, bouncing off all the buildings. It was almost impossible to get a sense of where the action was, because it was almost everywhere. Between the clusters of enemy soldiers, the debris and fires blocking passages and clouds of green fear toxin seeping from different areas Ohmen quickly became a maze of dead ends and Evant wasn't even sure there was a solution to it.

He wasn't even behind enemy lines yet, he was making his way to a known supply cache that held the most recent delivery of anti-toxin. Not wanting to take any of the precious supply from those holding the front line and maintaining the only demilitarized zone in the city, he decided to add a pit stop to his solo trip of chaos. He didn't even like going solo but if he could get behind the lines and demoralize their forces they might finally gain an edge.

As he ran down the street he looked up and noticed incoming strikes, ducking into a nearby building to avoid being blown to bits. With only a few inches of ferrocrete to protect him he quickly closed the door and braced himself. Moments later he reopened the door and stepped back into the scarred street.

Evant hesitated for a moment. Looking down he knew why. Green toxins that had been venting into the building he just left came pouring out. He could already begin to feel its effects. His heart rate began to race, all the muscles in his body began to tense up and time almost seemed to slow down. A Dark Jedi was no stranger to fear, but from what he had seen of the effects hadn't prepared him for the actual experience.

The Sith shielded his mind from the toxin for now, controlling the functions of his body as much as possible pushing it to take steps forward the last hundred yards to the supply depot for the anti-toxin at the end of the street.

Looking up he spotted the soldiers at the outpost, his goal. His brain shut off all audio to focus internally on the effects. The Force itself fighting the effects on the body. Evant let it get caught up in his mind alone, creating a small uninterrupted signal to his body to just keep moving no matter what.

With all efforts on physically moving his body, he began to intelligently understand how this particular toxin was eating away at his conscious mind. Sith are no stranger to fear, they draw their power from passion, and there is no more passionate emotion than fear.

Simultaneously Evant had managed to channel the Force to keep his body under control and moving, while experimenting and feeling out the effects of the fear toxin now flowing through his body and consuming his mind.

It was a weird feeling to give up control of his body, but walking was second nature, and he had no real choice either way. His conscious mind focusing on the increased adrenaline now applied to all his muscles, the rate of his heartbeat pumping blood more quickly to the entire body ready to fight that which it feared, a sharpening of all his sense as all doubt and uncertainty or inhibitions fell aside to focus on the present. At the core of the debilitating fear was the natural reaction of his body to fight it, when it had no option but to succeed.

He reached the outpost and a soldier quickly approached to inject the anti-toxin into his body. Evant reached out to grab his hand to stop him. A lingering fear of the anti-toxin itself. Hallucinations of where he physically was. Muscle memory kept his body present in the real world yet the Dark Jedi was caught up in his mind.

"Stop," Evant stuttered, holding out his hand, "Give that to me."

It was a painful statement to make with all the conflicting images, thoughts and feelings in his mind. The Force had opened a path but it was slowly closing. Looking down he watched the anti-toxin go into his hand and he tucked it into his robes.

His brain mapped out the entire city from memory. He knew the greatest blow to the enemy would be the death of one of their leaders, perhaps the one who they loved most, Kelac Lasha.

Evant centered himself, thinking really hard about what his next step would be. He fed the fear that was all consuming in his mind, the one thing he feared above all else, the loss of his Empire. Nothing else in

the world mattered, and he had no other choice but to succeed in the war they waged on their streets. The Sith wielded this new fear as a tool and used it to focus all his attention and energy on the destruction of his enemy.

He formed a conduit in his brain to channel his Battle Meditation and clear message through the Force to his body to act. The decisions made by a fear driven brain at the helm of an adrenaline fueled body, were guided by what little consciousness Evant could hold onto as he could sense himself moving through the city towards the Imperial Palace.

Evant maintained control at first, letting fear and instinct guide the actions. His lightsaber engaged now, cutting down an enemy who didn't expect to see him so deep behind the lines. His memories became further in between as the control became harder to maintain.

Messages of intent, and what it meant to succeed above all else were the last thoughts to make it through the Force aided conduit before it closed.

Now alone in his mind, not even sure if he was alive, his existence maintained by the physical cage of his body, or sustained by the Force alone.

All he knew was nothing else mattered, and he was afraid of losing it all. Making him more powerful than ever.