

OP Celevon Edraven (Obelisk)/ Aedile, House Qel-Droma of Clan Arcona PIN# 12004

*Valley of the Dark Lords,
Korriban*

Celevon swung his cobalt blade in a wide arc, deflecting the crimson weapon that leapt towards him. The black-clad opponent lost his footing and stumbled. Instinct alone honed from years of combat and training had the Onderonian snapping out a kick to the back of the knee. Without thought, the Obelisk followed through into the next motion, his lightsaber searing through bone and sinew with little resistance.

He paid no attention to the head tumbling across the scorching sands. Nor did he give a glance to the piece of lekku that dropped next to the corpse. Almost absently, the Amnesiac summoned the weapon of the deceased and attached it to his belt. Not as a trophy, more a back-up should his lightsaber be damaged. It also kept another enemy from picking it up.

The Prelate knew it hadn't been just luck or fate on his side. It was sheer stupidity on the part of his opponent to wear black in the arid, desert environment. The fight had sapped energy from the Twi'lek as the thick fabric absorbed the heat and sweat evaporated.

The wind had picked up, limiting visibility to within several meters as the gritty substance swirled about in a maelstrom of activity. Weather had not been a factor to consider as there had been little to no forewarning in this battle.

Celevon glanced around to the team he had been assigned to for this mission. Rodell, Jedi Hunter or not, had chosen to take on the Mundane infantry when faced with several opponents wielding lightsabers. That one was beyond his vision.

Their Rollmaster and the mysterious Griever had gone ahead to hold the position at the entrance to the tomb of Darth Bane. The Elder had felt familiar to the Onderonian, the combat style even more so. Though it was hardly time to ponder these things, despite the prodding at the edge of his memory which likely would identify the perplexing Arconae.

His eyes widened as he caught sight of his Quaestor and the Sergeant of Apex Brigade locked in combat with three enemies who were clearly accustomed to working alongside each other. Celevon quickly sought out the greatest threat of the trio, quickly studying their motions to decipher which forms they were utilizing: the one that directly fought against Sorenn used the simplistic Shii-Cho, the slight clumsy motions telling the Obelisk that this one was a Dark Jedi Knight.

It was the other two that were a cause for concern. Their attacks were focused on the Sephi; one, a Zabrak, was a clearly practiced Djem So stylist. The cut of her robes indicated that she was an Obelisk. The other... it took a moment for the Onderonian to recognize the style as Shien.

They were jumping in and out, attacking at random intervals to throw Baenre off guard. It was working, as the female had issues when it came to dueling against more than a single opponent at a time.

Celevon leapt at them, having decided that Turel could handle his opponent. As he landed, the Prelate struck the back of the Djem So stylist's head. It disoriented the Zabrak, who stumbled closer to Rhiann.

As the tall Shien practitioner turned towards him, the Aedile fell into the flames within his psyche, paying no mind to the tribal tattoos beneath the lips of the Sith. Thought fled, leaving only instinct in its wake, honed through years of training and combat. The Battle Pyre had been Celevon's answer to his Master's 'Mighty Guard': a state of mind where his very thoughts were purged, banishing all distraction, his body a weapon. He used this whenever he faced off against a superior opponent or an unfamiliar style. The unfortunate fallback to this style, which Sashar had pointed out very early on, was that it limited the Onderonian to the defensive style of Soresu.

The battle between the two ebbed and flowed as blurs of dark blue and amethyst to the untrained eye. The Prelate felt his muscles contracting, moving through the motions of combat through muscle memory. The individual maneuvers themselves, however, were something Celevon could not keep up with. To do so required thought, which could be fatal in the deathly dance of whirring blades.

Following his instincts, the Aedile knew the precise moment to emerge from the Pyre, releasing his emotions in a sharp burst as he seamlessly switched forms. His cobalt blade slashed through the hilt of his opponent's lightsaber as he lunged, the tip searing its way out of the back. His mercurial gaze snapped to the side at movement in his peripheral vision.

The Sephi was on the ground, clutching the left side of her head as her opponent stood above her, saber raised for a killing stroke.

The Force rushed through Celevon's limbs, increasing his physical speed to preternatural levels. The next motions occurred in the blink of an eye as the Prelate released his own weapon, moving towards the Zabrak. His fingers curled around the right wrist, thumb pushing down at the cluster of nerves, forcing the enemy to release the weapon.

Before the Zabrak could summon the Force energy to attack, the Aedile released his grasp and grabbed either side of his head. His right hand on the chin, his left on the opposing side, Ceevon spun sharply.

A harsh crunch echoed in the sudden silence before the body was released, tumbling to the ground like a rag doll.

To Be Continued...