Fiction, week 2 GJW

Aynar cornered the Twi’lek female in a cave not far from where his house was attempting to retrieve a relic for Grand Master Muz. She was wearing small tan shorts and a thin, nearly see through tank top. She had a bag slung over her shoulder, with her gear in it and her lightsaber strapped too it. She was like something out of a cheesy action flick. The chimpanzee looking Dark Jedi briefly considered whether or not she was wearing underclothes as the realization dawned on her that he was a sentient being and not some sort of clothed primate.

Her wrist flicked and her lightsaber blue lightsaber flew into her hand and sizzled on. Aynar laughed as he gathered the force around him and then released it around his sides, propelling him forward. In one motion he grabbed, activated and extended his lightsaber. It made contact with hers and sent hers flying backwards and then clinking across the dusty ground and shutting off.

“Be careful with that thing, you’ll poke an eye out!” an amused Etah quipped as the terrified Twi’lek slumped to the floor.

“You don’t know who Iiiiiii am, but I sure know who you are missy” the Obelisk Exarch taunted the sullen Jedi.

The Jedi Assassin would have had a hundred different responses in the past and most of them either violent and effective or just highly effective. But he spirit was crushed. She sat back onto the wall and began softly weeping.

“Oh what’s a matter little deary? Lost your sister? Lost your purpose in life?” Aynar questioned her in a mocking tone.

“None of your business beast,” she said in a hushed tone, lacking conviction.

Aynar reached out and slapped her in the head. It wasn’t hard enough to hurt her but it was hard enough to get her attention.

“You have no idea what I am capable of,” the Obelisk threatened.

“Cause you’re super scary and evil right? Ohhhhhhh I’m terrified” the light skinned Twi’lek said cracking the faintest smile.

“Evil is relative. The concept of evil and good is entirely human. Among my people, the Coynight, there is only survival or death, dominance or submissiveness. So call it what you want, but you’re not calling the shots here” the Tarentum Equite informed her.

“And the Jedi aren’t the good guys like you fancy yourself. The Jedi are unfeeling, they fear love as much as they do hate. That makes you monsters.” Aynar said, making his point.

“Now I know what they mean…. attachments bring pain. Attachments make you weak. I will never love again.” The attractive young woman swore somberly.

“Boohoo hinous, Your sister was killed? So fracking what? You should have allied against the Dark Jedi Brotherhood. She deseeeerved to die Jedi” Aynar said, spitting on the ground.

“How dare you speak of her!” Rhiaen shouted, this time with passion in her voice.

Gathering the force around him and directing it through his arm, he grabbed his lightsaber and clocked the Jedi right on top of her head forcefully. She rocked backwards again, opening a gash on the top of her head. Aynar immediately activated his lightsaber and buried it in the rock just above Rhiaen’s head. She sat back, he face draining of color.

“Relax, I am not gonna kill you,” Aynar said, which resulted in a quizzical look from Rhiaen, as if to ask, ‘why wouldn’t you?’

“Oh no, not gonna kill you,” Aynar continued. “I tell you what I will do; I’ll make sure you are expelled from House Odan-Urr for treason. Then I’ll make sure every single Jedi in the entire galaxy knows that you served a Dark Lord of the Sith. None of them will having anything to do with you, thinking you to be a spy.”

“Then you will have two choices. The first choice being to give in to your desires and become one of us. Then your sister’s death will be truly meaningless and nothing less than the result of your poor decisions,” Aynar said with a disturbing look on his face.

”And the second option?” the remaining Jedi sister asked of Aynar.

“That you live the rest of your life, alone and abandoned, loved by no one.” Aynar replied chuckling the least little bit. “I don’t care which fate you chose, both results amuse me!”

The Obelisk Exarch reached over and called the womans deactivated lightsaber into his hand, before tossing it up into the air and slicing it in half with his lightsaber, completely shattering the casing. He turned from her and walked away, leaving the Jedi sullen and completely broken.

* (#8075) OE Aynar d'Tana (Obelisk) / Battle Team Jen Kaari of House Tarentum [SA: V]