

Sledgehammer

The ephemeral glow of the artificial light radiating from the outskirts of Ohmen City overcast the stars above. Nearby vision, normally aided in the wilds of Judecca by the nighttime concert of distant suns, was negligible for most travelers. Battlemaster Fenn, stalking his prey, was not most travelers.

The Zeltron was sure he would find his target. Beyond the natural Force abilities, Fenn's innate pheromones were casting a calming, and sensual aura in the nearby area. The errant Sith was strong, able to mask his presence in the Force from Fenn, but was his resolve strong enough to overcome the forces of nature?

He had been tasked to find the lowly Sith apprentice, and find out who had turned him. Counterespionage was Fenn's strong suit; however, waiting in the open plains below the mountains of Ohmen City was not a welcome proposition. The chances of an opportunistic sniper shot, or of a highly agile enemy surprising he was probably. Yet, Fenn simply sat and stared, straining his eyes to see the welcome stars above as he reached in the Force, calling to his query and exerting all of his efforts to maximizing his pheromone concentration, knowing the winds in the plain would negate much of its effect. Hope was still his best ally.

"So, they have sent *you* to lure me out? How fitting" stated the shadowy figure, slowly emerging from behind Fenn. The man seemingly appeared from the distance glow of the city. Fenn was surprised, but not completely taken aback. He responded "It appears you got the drop on me...you must really focused on the assassin traits in your character sheet", a slight smirk rising on the Zeltron's face.

Fenn's old associate was stocky male, late thirties, clothed in light armor and a brown tunic draped heavily over the right shoulder, concealing the light saber that was sure to be there. "Well then, shall we dispense with the cliché dialogue that only serves to further explain the characters and their back-story and get on with the ubiquitous light saber skirmish?" asked the hunted man.

The Battlemaster ignited his yellow saber. Purple. No, it was indeed yellow. Fenn often forgot, he changed his dossier settings so often. "Kereek, why must you take all the fun out of this? If it wasn't for such useless banter how would any outside audience know that I am hunting you for the coded information you have been providing to other Clans? Indeed if I didn't discuss this while casually circling you, saber drawn, and this entire story would make little sense."

Before Kereek could respond, he glanced down at his arms, now heavily bucked and braced inside shackles. "How the hell did you do that?" asked the male. Fenn smiled at him dismissingly. "My friend, why, I simply deleted the rest of this post, omitting the sword-play and the twist ending of me saving your life only to take you in for more gruesome torture. Haven't we all have had enough of such things?" Fenn now smiled, and turned off his saber, as a shuttle touched down in the distance to pick up the new prisoner.