

GMRG Society: Trial of Blood
34 ABY
Blade Ta'var

The sounds of steel on steel rang through the air, loud clangs and the scraping of metal forming a dynamic battle song. In addition to this song, the training grounds on Antei were a cacophony of desperate yells, and the exhausted grunts of exertion. Usually there would be a variety of weapons in the battle, but today was the Trial of Blood, which demanded sharp steel and large groups of fighters versus a single opponent. The training grounds were arranged into twelve circles with a person in the middle of each of them. Their job was to stay alive, and beat as many people as possible by cutting them with a sword. The poor soul in the middle had to stay there until utterly defeated or until they claimed triumph over everyone in their circle. Blade stood with knees slightly bent in the middle of one of the circles of flesh, and waited for the oncoming horde armed only with her sword.

“Group One, Attack!” screamed the Battle Master.

A portion of the horde ran straight at her, yelling to the obsidian ceiling as they rushed to slice her to pieces. Blade allowed the Force to flow through all of her muscles, relaxing them enough to quickly move in any direction with explosive power. She also used the Force to feel the battlefield around her, and used it to create a field of awareness around her that would help her through the chaotic stream of flesh. The first blade had already reached her, its telltale swish music to her ears as she side stepped to the right to dodge it. She then proceeded to kick off her right foot towards the nearest cluster of bodies, using her momentum and enhanced speed to surprise the oncoming combatants. Her blade cut through the air with a velocity that made her steel sing, and any flesh that got in the way was marked with a splash of crimson. The Battle Master kept a keen eye on the battle, already calling the marked participants off the battlefield.

Blade continued to face the oncoming swarm, dodging with quick motions and swiping at any combatant that was within range. Her sword rang loud in her ears with each parry, sending a shock wave through her body that stoked her inner flame. Despite the elegance of a lightsaber, she secretly relished this sort of fighting, since it was real in both consequences and feedback. Her battle continued as she relied on the Force to help her plot a path of bloody rain through the crowd, feeling each strike come faster and faster as she strung them together. It was the sort of beauty not everyone could understand.

Sword against sword, body against body, and sound against sound. This was Blade's world for five minutes straight, until she had felled her final combatant in Group One. She had a few scratches but nothing she couldn't keep under control. She didn't even feel winded yet, but she doubted that the Battle Master would let her rest too long.

“Group Two, Attack!” screamed the Battle Master.

Blade smiled as she waited for the next horde to come within range. This was her idea of fun, the swords clashing against each other and each person testing her limits to the very edge. It was a wonderful sort of chaos, and she relished it as she imagined cutting them like a knife through butter. She dearly loved to dance, and today she was just getting started. She would

suffer wounds eventually, but every drop of blood spilled would be a reminder that she still had weaknesses to defeat. The dance would be worth it.