

ASPECTS IN WRITING
BY BLADE TAVAR
ASPECT: Warrior with a Twist

Kul was a curiosity to her, and in all honesty she wasn't sure what to make of him. He wanted to protect his clan, something she might have labelled a noble cause were it not so foolishly misguided. Did he not realize he was defending a ruthless animal? She felt frustrated at his willingness to overlook his fallen comrade's proclivity for harming others.

"I see. At least you give me a challenge. One last question, are you fighting for that dead animal you call family or is there part of you that is fighting for yourself?" Blade asked bluntly.

Kul's face took on a hurt, annoyed, expression. *A hit nerve?*

"How dare you insult Taasii? How dare you mock ME! I fight for my clan. I fight for the hunt. You will understand this when I rip you to shreds!" argued Kul passionately.

That was all Blade needed to hear. She knew she could hold nothing back, for this fight would be no sparring session. This was life or death. It melted away her doubts and made her decision very easy. She quieted her mind and put her focus on what mattered most now, winning.

"Then I declare you guilty. Prepare for your punishment," Blade declared with an air of finality.

Kul stood tall, body turned at an angle, knees bent slightly, arms relaxed but ready to spring into action. His eyes were focused. He licked his lips as he waited on Blade to make her move.

"You can certainly try," the Zabrak responded with an angry growl.

Blade took one deep breath as she called upon the Force. Then, like a flash of lightning, she leapt into action. Taking full advantage of her saber's reach, she nipped Kul's shoulder even as he swiped his claw through thin air. She followed up with a flurry of deceptive, random slashes. Much to her frustration, she hit nothing but the wind.

Blade was sweating profusely, she had been for the better part of the day. First against the Massassi, then against this Zabrak. And with her sweat, she had released an endless stream of pheromones. The arena was positively flooded with her delicious scent and it was only a matter of time before the Zabrak was swayed by it.

"Come closer, Kul. Join me in a dance of light," said Blade alluringly.

Kul paused for a moment, his chest rising and falling with each quick breath. His right hand wandered to his lightsaber as he stared hungrily into Blade's crystal blue eyes. Blade smiled and stared back.

"You want a light show? I'll give you one," promised Kul with a grin.

She felt an all too familiar urge to flee, one she had grown to trust. Kul reached his left arm out to her. Blue-white tendrils crackled and danced on his fingertips. Bad memories returned,

memories of white-hot pain and the sensation of uncontrolled body spasms. Blade turned and leapt towards the nearest fallen pillar, urging herself forward as fast as she could go.

“Don’t run away now. I want to come closer,” implored Kul.

It wasn’t fast enough. Kul smiled as electricity jumped from his fingertips and arced its way towards Blade. As her feet touched the ground behind a fallen pillar, Kul’s electrical projectile connected. Her body shook violently to the floor as Kul’s lightning engulfed her. The vile discharge pulsed through her, ripping an agonized wail from her lips. She used the Force to focus inward on her shaking body and urged her muscles to relax. First, they eased into longer, slower contractions, then they yielded to a soothing stillness. Her reprieve was short. She heard the discomforting sound of approaching footsteps and the beginnings of an ominous crackle.

Blade searched nearby for anything she could throw. She smiled as she saw a pile of rubble from a pillar crushed long ago. Taking a deep breath, she chucked several small rocks with the Force towards the approaching Zabrak. An annoyed grunt accompanied silence. She pressed Kul further and continued her onslaught of small rocks as she stood up and ran to meet Kul halfway. His claw was ready.

Blade unleashed a wave of quick, staccato strikes towards the Zabrak. Kul flitted away from each one, slowly backing up towards an erect pillar as he gave ground. His labored breathing urged her forward. She pressed her attack. Kul continued to evade, keeping Blade’s lightsaber from scoring a hit. The Zabrak grinned as his back hit the pillar behind him. It was time...