

Cat Fight  
By Aura Ta'var  
36 ABY

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"Alethia Archenksova, I call you out to the combat circle for getting me kicked out off a club, deceiving me so I would send out embarrassing pictures of myself, and not kissing Mar Sul when you lost the bet. Get your ass out here so I can kick it!" yelled Aura over the crowd of Odanites as we walked inside the ring.

Aura didn't care who knew their sordid business right now. It was going to come out eventually. Dirt always did. The Zeltron felt cheated and swindled by someone he had come to view as a friend, someone she just wanted to help. That friend stabbed her in the back instead. Alethia couldn't help but smile in amusement, her dyed silver hair falling across her face as she looked back at the Jedi.

"Did our favorite Ryn's enjoy the holos?" Alethia asked, trying to hold back a chuckle.

"They invited me to Selen! Now answer the charges," the Zeltron shot back angrily.

"Sounds like a compliment, but charges you say. If you weren't a drunk schutta, the first two wouldn't have happened. As for my love life, I've told you to stay out of it. I won't say it again," warned Archenksova, eyes narrowed as she stared Aura down.

"Don't play innocent. The owner of the club told me what happened when I tried to go back. He even let me see what we owed him. I won fair and square. You lied and didn't abide by the terms we settled on. Now fess up and fight me or forever be a schutta." Aura challenged Alethia as she purposefully knocked over the Consul's food and drink, expensive wine and bits of food covering the front of Archenksova's dress.

The silver-haired woman's smile disappeared as she stood up and brushed the debris off. Her 'war face' was on, a combination of cold steel and a rigid determination to crush the opposition.

"You want a fight? Then come at me like a real woman. Hand to hand combat only, no Force, and no laser swords here. I'll get you thrown out of this arena as well," growled Alethia as she kicked off her heels, walked into the ring wearing only her ceremonial dress, and raised her fists. Her cheeks were already flush with anger.

"Fine. I'll take you with my bare hands," replied the Zeltron as she stripped off her weapons and tossed them safely outside the ring, leaving only her basic Jedi garb.

"Ladies, the rules must be abided by. Please wear the official dueling garb," interrupted the mandalorian officiator.

The two women looked at the cloth bikini's and growled in assent, no longer caring about the absurdity of the clothes. After a few minutes, the two circled each other, fists up, for seconds as the tension cut the air, not a sound to be heard except the soft patter of rain drops starting to hit the tables. They both struck at the same time, trading air jabs to jockey for position as they crept closer together. The more nimble fighter drew first blood. Archenksova dodged a punch, and quickly struck back with a strike to the neck and a sucker punch to her breast. Aura cried out in pain and backed off, slightly choking from the one-two combo.

"Aww, can't fight without the Force? Go ahead, make this easy for me, Ta'var," goaded Alethia as she advanced mercilessly.

The Zeltron took a deep breath and glared back at the Consul, her pride wounded ever so slightly. The two women squared off again. Aura watched as Archenksova led with a nasty kick to the groin and took it instead of dodging, squeezing her legs tightly together to prevent another painful hit. Sure enough, Alethia followed up with a strike to her nose, but Ta'var had already gotten too close, the attack's momentum harmlessly redirected to her upper leg. Betting on her own superior strength, the Zeltron grabbed hold of Archenksova's silver hair and brutally pulled her downward, falling on top of her as the pair fell into the slightly damp earthen arena.

Aura pounced on the opportunity and quickly struck at Alethia's nose. It's aim was true, the blood apparent already, but Archenksova wasn't going down easy. She grabbed at Aura's cloth top, willing to use anything in her reach to throw the Zeltron back into the dirt.

"Tear it off, show no mercy," mumbled Teikhos in his sleep, his head slumped against his arms as Aura and Alethia verbally sparred over Clan matters.

The two women paused for a moment, eyeing the male Zeltron in bemusement.

"Uh, Teikhos, you ok?" asked Aura.

The male Zeltron woke up suddenly, the scene in front of him coming back into focus before he grinned, his embarrassment momentary.

"You know it."