

Redemption

Entry by: Mune Cinteroph-Palpatine

Dossier #3607

Upon the field of battle, a cold rain fell. A cold so chill it bit to the very marrow of the figures that danced the dance of war below a miserably black sky. Through churned up earth their feet did squelch, mud and water did threaten to fill their boots to the brim. No cold, nor rain however quenched the fire that raged for battle. Fire, that raged through the veins of every man and woman that danced the dance of chaos and madness that was war. It, like the rain, threatened to drench the very earth in the blood of the fallen and broken.

Mune twisted his body to the left sharply. The lightsaber of an enemy rent the air harmlessly. The Shistavanen's eyes narrowed, the thirst yet slaked; his hand lashed out and caught the wrist of the shocked man. He thrust his open palm into the man's chest and the Force reaped its havoc upon him. The man was sent hurtling through the mud and left a gasping mess. The Palatinaean Seer had no interest in such as him, rather, his attention was for he whom he knew was but a handful of time away.

He had seen it. Though seeing into the innumerable threads of the future bore fruit so little at best of times; he knew well his true adversary was soon to be upon him. Mune saw his current assailant begin the fight back to his feet. The predator practically leapt with glee. The calculating mind of the hard trained Seer only grew annoyed. He moved upon the other man and with a swift motion, a sword was drawn and he relieved his opponent of his head. The soft hum of the vibrosword a cold farewell to a life extinguished.

"I am surprised to see you able to kill so coldly," spoke he whom Mune was waiting.

The battle that raged around them grew distant. Mune turned his ruby eyes upon his new opponent. The opponent that proved truly worthy of his passion. "He would not stay down. Had he done so, he could have lived."

"So you will kill if it means your life. I wondered, since last we met you were so hesitant to end a life upon your sword."

Mune observed the slow circling of the other Shistavanen, a true blood. Untainted by genetic experiments. The Seer's eyes locked with the others, ruby meeting amber. The fur of his spine and tail stood on end. He sensed it before he saw it. The wicked amber of the full blooded Shistavanen snapped to life and slashed the air all at once in a brilliant arc of destructive power. Mune twisted. His eyes never left the face of his opponent, never once ceased their analysing of the danger before them. With the flick of a wrist, Mune's own saber unlatched from his the holster on his left upper arm and ignited in a cascade of vicious violet plasma. He deflected his enemy's saber upon his opponent redirecting the strike to take Mune in the side.

Their sabers locked. A snarl, not from the locked energy weapons, filled the air around them. Fangs bared what could only be called a bestial sneer, brows furrowed in concentration. The rain pelted them from above, a constant pattering upon their wind whipped cowls. Gray faced dark. Where Mune was fair

in complexion, light haired and light furred; the other was of midnight black fur and a body rough with regular battles fought. Even their eyes were in sharp contrast. Mune's ruby coloured eyes bore into the amber of the other Shistavenen's.

"You will die, here, on this battlefield this night, Mune Cinteroph," his opponent proclaimed.

"I am afraid that is but one possibility of many, Barroth Cinteroph." Mune grinned impishly at his cousin, "Never latch onto one thread of the hundreds that are laid before those that stare into the future. You close yourself off to the other paths."

"You talk too much," Barroth shot in annoyance.

"You think too little," Mune shot back.

He used the mud to slide his leading foot forward, dropping his center of gravity lower to the ground. Barroth felt the weight against his saber shift. Through the Force he saw the ignition of Mune's second saber. His feet slipped, and he leaned into the slide to let the slash pass through the air above him as he took to the mud. He hit the ground with a grunt, mud squelching deep into the fabric of his clothing. He rolled sideways in time for Mune's violet saber to stab into the mud where he had been but a fraction of a second before.

They both lashed out at once. The Force lashed out and slammed into their frames together. Telekenesis sent both sliding apart. Regaining his feet, Barroth stared down the grinning Mune.

"You've gotten better," he muttered.

Rain ran down their faces, into eyes, dripped from heavy, water laden clothing. The glow of their lightsabers flickered across their forms. Mune's violet and blue, Barroth's amber; sending their images into stark contrast to the darkness that seemed to only swell and swallow the other battles that raged all around them. Never had Seraph been so far away, while they stood upon its soil. Lightning flashed, and Mune charged.

He whirled around, his feet just barely finding purchase upon the slippery mud underfoot. He thrust and slashed. Barroth parried and countered. The wind and rain lashed at their pivoting, attacking forms. Each strike was met by an equally quick defense. Every movement caught and countered, measured and acted upon. Every action met with equal reaction, a wicked formula that could only work out to equal death for but one of them, if not both. One misstep, one error was all it would take. Both knew it, neither knew who would rise above.

The snarl of saber upon saber. The cry of plasma raging against plasma. The Force whispered a warning here, cried for action there. It came to their call, and to their call answered in equal parts. Perspiration ran with rain through brows furrowed in concentration. Muscles ached, sore with repeated amplification of strength and agility.

Barroth threw a hand up, rocks whipped up from underfoot and launched through the air. Mune twisted, the shards grazing flesh and blood joined the rivulets of moisture that streaked hair and face. Mune did not call upon the surroundings to aid him, rather, he grabbed with an invisible hand at the other fighter's right ankle and Barroth found his world flip. The mud rushed to meet him and the air

exploded from his lungs upon impact. In an instant Mune had deactivated his secondary saber and leapt to bring his single saber crashing down in a vicious strike. Weapons collided in a bright flash of energy. Their eyes locked, Barroth's teeth were bared in a grimace of exertion.

"I will not be defeated by a half-breed with no pack!" Barroth managed between his teeth.

The ache burned like fire through their muscles. Mune was faster, Barroth stronger; the hybrid had the advantage of leverage and pressed it as hard as he could.

"What did you see...?" Barroth growled out between clenched teeth.

"My end," Mune calmly replied between panted breaths.

Confusion flashed across Barroth's features. Mune drew the Force then, and with the subtlest of motions, he jerked their lightsabers free. Together both sabers flew aside and into the mud. Mune's second saber ignited and before Barroth understood, the other predator's weapon had plunged through his chest and confusion turned quickly to pain.

"It is however in the nature of all things living, to fight against its fate. There is no correct path, or any single future." Mune muttered, as if lecturing an apprentice. Mune stood over his dark side cousin. His saber crackled angrily, a point of light that drew a nasty line that vanished into the chest of the downed warrior. "I saw my end, but one of hundreds if not thousands of futures."

Barroth fixed his blurring gaze upon the firm glare of ruby eyes above him. He tried to speak but only blood gurgled up from his throat to run from the corners of his mouth. Blood, washed down in streaks by the rain.

"Did you forget? Just by knowing what is to come, we have altered it. I chose to live, I have too much to do still, old friend."

Barroth's eyes stared forward without seeing. His breath ceased and life fled his limbs.

The battlefield returned in sharp relief. He knelt amongst the chaos of a battle coming to a slow close. Blood and bodies littered the soil. The breaths shuddered out of Mune's lungs, exhaustion crept in quicker than he could have thought possible. It was, however, done. He rose and turned to the light that began its rise in the distance, a slow break of the clouds beyond signaling the dawn and an end to the storm. Another battle was sure to find him, he knew well. It was time for retreat, his nemesis dead at his feet. He turned and took leave of the field of carnage.