

Velastari Temple
Kiasst

Ruana, clad in a large black overcoat, meandered through the walkways looking at the architecture of the old building and its annexes. She had always enjoyed older buildings and their history and it was not very often that she had time to herself after being appointed to the Council. She had not been home in more than a month, her mother expected her to run the family while she was “away on business” and her uncle was nowhere to be found.

The Chiss stopped for a moment and raised an eyebrow as she brushed her thick, lavender hair away from her eyes. The Reaver had taken to wearing it down on Solyiat because of how cold it was and Daleem was different, but she liked the style nonetheless.

Footsteps rushing through the halls? This was one of the few times of the day that the temple was free of visitors, quiet and serene in its loneliness. Ruana shook her head and continued her stately, measured exploration of the building.

“Probably just one of the caretakers that forgot to do something. It happens in a place this size,” she muttered to no one in particular.

Before long, the young woman found herself in a large antechamber filled with statues, marble pillars and men. She blinked for a moment and then raised an eyebrow curiously at the men. One of them, a large Sephi with muscles on top of muscles lifted a rather menacing looking stick.

A club?

The Sephi grinned and pointed at the Chiss. “The Dominion has declared all supporters of the Jedi infestation enemies of the Empire. I’m sure you understand.”

Ruana’s red eyes became harder than rubies as she watched the men fan out. A nice quiet trip was all the young woman wanted, a nice vacation away from the tedium of running things. She had even left her slugthrowers behind having believed herself that anything around these people was simple.

She cracked her fingers and grinned at the man. “Well, sugar. I’m not just going to let you have it. Everything has a price, you know.”

The Chiss sprinted across the intervening space towards the man, her cloak ruffling in the created wind. She planted her left foot and pivoted to strike the man in the solar plexus with her right heel. The Sephi was driven back several steps before he fell heavily on one knee, gasping as he tried to breathe.

The room was as still as death for several moments which gave the young woman the chance to survey the room. Twelve very large men glared at her, each one armed and looking dangerous. She

grabbed the overcoat and pulled it off. Tossing it aside, she stood in a black, lightly-armored jumpsuit.

“Come on, then.”

The men surged forward towards the teenager, who faced them all with well-earned bravado. Her footsteps glided her between the men, her hands redirected weapons into other combatants or landed blows against nerve clusters on her opponents' bodies. The Reaver grinned and began to laugh as she injured the men. Mother had always taught her that combat was the truest form of expression and Ruana intended to fully express herself today.

She sidestepped a blow aimed for her head and brought her knee into the sternum of one man before delicately spinning on the ball of a foot to break the nose of another with a heel kick to his face. Ruana growled menacingly as someone grabbed her from behind and began to pull her backwards. She brought a knee to her chest and pistoned a solid kick to the attacker's groin, forcing him to let go while he crumpled to the ground in pain.

She had spent a long time mastering her body and how to use it as a weapon. It had been too long since she had gotten the chance to not hold anything back. Ruana rose to the balls of her feet and clenched her hands into loose fists. Her teachers had told her that she should never use her skills to kill, only stop.

“You'd be surprised how much damage someone can take before they die,” Ruana thought to herself with a grin.

The fight, which lasted a lot longer than she expected, left her breathing heavily against one of the statues. Thirteen men lay in crippled heaps around the room. The Chiss stood slowly and started to walk back to the entrance of the Temple.

“I suppose I should let Uncle Len and Alethia know about this...if they don't already.”