

*My, how we've fallen...*

Eyelids narrowed over emerald eyes as Gui Sol looked out over a sea of bodies. Specifically, two were Odan-Urr hopefuls, beings that the young Kiffar had brought to Kiasst in order to secure better lives, to fulfill their destinies. Yet, there they were, sprawled out at the feet of the defector, Tisto Kingang. They were put on display, desecrated and mocked.

Gui forced his welling anger away from his mind, he didn't hunger for warfare as the Sith did, but he desired to put an end to it. To stop an eradication that he couldn't have stopped when New Tython was toppled and his brothers and sisters were brought to their knees.

A sharp growl from behind momentarily broke Gui's focus, but with the palm of his left hand, his fingers sunk into the fur of Worbie, his faithful companion.

"Easy, big guy, this one is mine."

Cybernetic legs slightly hissed and the various trinkets hanging from his tattered cloak, the remnants of Liam Torun-Urr, rattled against his rust-colored armor. His advance was slow and methodical, a pace he was not quite used to. Once an Ataru adherent, slowing down was not something Gui could have anticipated. When Celevon robbed him of his organic limbs, he was forced to go against his natural instinct, forced to learn the patience of the old masters.

Tisto growled at Gui's advanced and flexed his brutish physique, utterly devoid of remorse. A smirk sliced across his features and his hands slid upward to reveal a pair of his famous shock-boxing gloves.

Gui realized that if this battle were to go to hand to hand blows, he would be at a severe disadvantage. Disengaging from fisticuffs would be a constant struggle, but it was necessary for his own survival.

Gui's fingers tightened around the hilt of his saber and as he closed in on the traitor, he ignited it. Amber fury reigned down from an heavy overhead position that Tisto was able to spin away from. Gui countered, flicking his blade towards the retreat but the Battlelord ducked and in doing so, managed to align his body with Gui's exposed torso.

Tisto's muscles were tense as he fired off with two quick shots, a right and a left. Sparks crackled off of the armor and Gui took a step back as the pugilist struck twice more and followed up with an uppercut aimed for a soft spot in the Rollmaster's skull. Gui flicked his head back and the shot narrowly missed its mark.

Tisto growled and grit his teeth as he was forced to duck another Djem So swing, only this time, Gui redirected mid-strike and clipped the knuckles of Tisto's dominant glove causing it to overload and sizzle against calloused knuckles. Tisto flapped his hand and stumbled back, a

momentum that was pushed further as Gui flashed the palm of his hand and blasted Kingang straight back into a roll.

The blade of the Sentinel moaned as he rolled it in his wrist and lunged forward, guiding it downward. Tisto's burning eyes grew wide and as the blade fell, he grabbed a corpse and rolled onto his back, kicking it forward so that it lifelessly fell into the advancing Jedi.

Gui growled as the cadaver threw off his strike and twisted as fast as he could from the possibility of a retaliatory strike.

Tisto pushed himself up and laughed to himself, looking to the trees. It was enough for Gui to shift his focus. As he did, an infiltrator droid launched itself from the foliage.

"Gah," Gui spat, ducking a wild swing from the droid. Concentrating on the new threat, Gui swept his blade out in front of his body, but was halted by a visual flash and a thud that connected with the back of his skull. The blow sent him stumbling forward and as he spun around, Tisto was looking down at his bare knuckles with an rare excitement. Kingang advanced, throwing another blow that connected with Gui's jaw. *Crack...* Gui fell straight back, losing his grip on his lightsaber.

Tisto continued his maniacal laughter, but it was cut short as a howling growl caused him to twist around. A furry behemoth was at his back and clubbing down with an enormous trunk-like arm.

Tisto recoiled as he barely managed to block the blow. The beast growled and bared its teeth as it reached through Tisto's guard and clamped down on his throat. His other hand gripped onto the belt and with a violent throw, Tisto was sent crashing into a crumbled pillar.

The rampage continued as the Wookiee shifted its sights to the infiltrator droid closing in on Gui. It flew through the air with a simian precision, driving its knee into the droids metal head. DEX fell straight back and squirmed as Worbie pounded on it, large fists crashing down, one after the other.

"Systems failing... initiating self destruct sequence.."

"Worbie, run!" Gui shouted, shaking away the stars from his rattled cranium. His eyes plotted a course to the droid that began pushing itself to its feet and shifted back to Tisto who was pulling himself up.

The force swirled around the Sentinel as he dumped all of his energy into the droid's dented chassis.

"That's it, this is over!" Tisto shouted, his muscles filled with adrenaline and the Force. He leapt forward and time seemed to slow in Gui's mind. The buff Kiffar was airborne, the Jedi flicked his wrist.

DEX swiveled around and before Tisto could land, the droid intercepted him with a tackle that pinned the Sith to the ground.

"Get off of me droid!"

"3.."

Tisto's eyes were wide with horror as he realized his fate. By the time he forced the droid off, it was too late.

"1.."

A bright light erupted from the droid, followed by a ball of fire that engulfed Tisto. The shockwave sent Gui into a sideways roll and the kiss of the flames ignited a portion of his robes.

Worbie, who was taking cover behind a large boulder howled as he saw Gui's battered body and ran up to him. The Kiffar was badly damaged, but alive. A series of barks into the comm-link would call for aid, if and when it would arrive was any means guess. Worbie would not leave his side, always the loyal protector.