

Street Fighter

The journey to her ship from the Garganta Galleria Casino Hotel with her spoils had not go as Selika had planned. A turn down an alley as a shortcut to the luxury berths had run afoul of an unaccounted for obstacle. The pair of Hylobon guards she had press-ganged into service with her mind trick were dead, messily dispatched by whatever the crystalline monstrosity that Selika now faced. It had moved so quickly the Hylobons never had the chance to draw their weapons, both of their chests caved in and their hearts pierced by the combined kinetic energy and sharp crystals that had been driven into them. The Bothan pushing the cart of credits had turned tail and run almost immediately, though he had the wisdom to take the credits with him. That, however, was no longer Selika's problem. The...well, whatever it was that stood before her was Selika's problem.

It appeared to have once been a human or something near, but that was merely a guess. Dark red crystals were jutting out in a seeming random pattern across its body. What could be seen of the limbs and torso seemed much thinner than normal, nearly skin and bone, as if the crystals themselves had grown from within the body and converted muscle and tissue into crystal as they did so. But, how it came to be was secondary at this moment to how Selika was going to kill it.

It came forward again with unnatural speed, slashing forward with its crystal arms. Selika moved to block, her saber blade flashing into existence with a distinctive snap-hiss. The onrushing attacker, however, leapt clear over her and launched a wave of Force energy into Selika's back. She was able to deflect some of it as her own Force barrier wove itself together, but most of the force of the telekinetic blow landed square between her shoulder blades and knocked her to the ground. The impact drove her into the ground with such violence that her nose smashed itself, a river of blood gushing forth from her left nostril. It was all she could do to stay focused, her iron will not allowing her defenses to falter even as stars danced before her vision.

The attacker's next assault was a torrent of Force-driven lightning that leapt not from its fingers, but from the crystal shards themselves that ran from hand to shoulder along its arms. Crackling energy expended itself upon her now solid Force barrier, washing over the invisible dome of energy and dissipating into the ground around it. Selika pushed herself up with her arms, fire in her eyes as she spat out blood that had flowed into her mouth from her nose.

Sensing the field of battle around her, Selika saw her enemy in her mind's eye and sensed the structures around them. The wall just behind where her attacker now stood seemed to be straining more than it should, likely the result of some cut rate construction firm. It wouldn't take much to fail, and so Selika reached out with her Force power and wrapped a phantom grip around one of the sections of brickwork and *pushed*. The mortar around the bricks gave way, and the wall sagged outward and down, raining down where the monster stood. Except it was no longer there, it had bounded once again and returned back to where it started even before the wall had begun to topple.

As if it knew it was coming, Selika realized silently.

The Force was strong with this whatever it was. Selika moved back to her feet, holding her saber back up before her in a guard position. Her opponent moved to face her, a grim look of determination on its face. Suddenly, as the enemy twitched and dashed at her again, Selika blanketed her adversary with Force energy and whispered one word.

"Stop," she hissed.

The crystal warrior didn't stop, but was instead suddenly stripped of its connection to the Force. No longer possessing Force enhanced agility and coordination, its headlong rush turned into a mess of limbs and dust as it tripped itself with its own feet and tumbled to the ground. It skidded to a halt face down at Selika's feet, and the Master flipped her saber and drove it directly into her opponent's chest. Then, as the monstrosity gurgled, apparently trying to speak with lungs filling with blood, Selika raised her arms over her head and called a storm of Force-birther lightning down. The energy flowed through the Force-imbued crystals and was conducted directly into the body, cooking what remained of the organic material as it went. When Selika finally halted her assault, only charred tissue remained wrapped around a crystal imbued skeleton. It was, thankfully, quite dead.

She might not have come away with her haul of credits, but something told her that whatever alchemy had created the Force abomination at her feet was of a much more incalculable value. Now she just had to find some way to get it back to her ship.

Master Selika Roh di Plagia (Sith) / CON-SM:RGT / Clan Plagueis