

# DOUBLE PENETRATION

△ △ △ Casino

Tipool City

Dandoran

He sat, legs crossed on the bed, back upright, quietly meditating. Taking deep breaths, Revak Kur, a Jedi of Odan-Urr, could feel the presence of others in the casino. Twisted, vile, and full of lust, they meandered aimlessly through the rows of slot machines, card tables, and the various other games that only the wealthiest on Dandoran could buy a hand in. He was never one for casinos or any place that one would typically use to satiate their deepest, most carnal desires. It wouldn't be long until someone found him there, and he would be forced to participate in the mindless slaughter of innocence. So he waited.

Outside on the street, he heard the screams of a woman as she was chased by the mindless zombies that preyed upon those unfortunate to be out that evening. As of late, things like this had been a common occurrence once the highrises cast their long shadows and blanketed the city in darkness. Her screams grew distant, signifying that she had successfully evaded her attackers and was safe. For now.

The low murmur of voices, breaking of glasses, and the shuffle of footsteps once again reclaimed his attention. One set of footsteps he paid particular attention to. They seemed close and slowly drew closer.

Those footsteps, while not in any particular hurry, seemed to have more of a purpose than the others. A chill washed over the Jedi as the intense dark side energy the being, a woman, possessed grew stronger, giving away her proximity. The Jedi, who for some time hid his alignment to the light side and projected the same dark side aura he could feel outside his room as a way to remain hidden, suddenly dropped the veil and awaited the woman. Not long after, he felt her lock onto him and could hear her heavy breathing outside his door.

The door to the room *whooshed* open. Revak stood. Standing in front of him was a human female. Attractive by any measure, with flowing long auburn hair, pale bluish skin, and a deadness to her eyes. She stood motionless in the doorway, backlit by the flickering hallway lights behind her. The red crystals that adorned

her thin frame shimmered with each strobe of light. This woman could have been anything but instead had given her life to the Seer. A pity.

The two stared each other down. In her, he felt nothing but emptiness and rage. Indeed she could sense, if the abomination still retained some form of her human consciousness, a subtle unease in him. Not fear. No. He was a seasoned warrior. Countless enemies fell before him, each one though could have been saved. His unease came from the thought she could not and had lost all sense of humanity during her transformation. This woman, if his assumption about her consciousness was correct, was nothing more than a mindless drone, so far from redemption that even the slightest attempt to spare this life, if you could still call it that, would mean certain death for those with pure intentions. This saddened him as he saw the absurdity in giving one's life away to a futile cause. A pity indeed.

She made the first move. Unclipping her lightsaber from her belt and tightly clenched it in her right hand. She took her first step into the room. Her body had a rhythmic sway to it. Either she retained her human gait, which undoubtedly attracted the eyes of many a man, or from the weight of the crystals and the zombie-like trance she was in. The cacophonous moan she let out quickly erased any notions that there was still a human standing in front of him. He unclipped his lightsabers and locked them together.

The Ascendant raised its left hand as blue lightning crackled from its twisted fingertips. Revak held out his saberstaff. With an ear-splitting scream, the creature cast a bolt of lightning at the Jedi, then ignited its lightsaber and leapt towards him. In one fluid movement, he twirled his saberstaff to catch the lightning, the energy crackling violently. He stepped forward with his right foot, planted it, and swept the other end of his saberstaff in an upward arc to meet the crimson blade of the Ascendant. Using the creature's momentum, he pushed hard as the blades locked and tossed the beast towards the corner of the room. It spun in mid-air to land on both feet and slammed its left hand down to gain its balance. Revak stepped backward with his right foot and waited for the Ascendant's next attack.

It leapt for him again, this time landing in front of him. The creature violently thrashed at him with its lightsaber. Revak fought to find the rhythm in the movements to make the deflection of each blow more automated, but its attacks were growing more and more sporadic, forcing him to sense and react to each assault. He shuffled backward to try and force it off balance again and open the

creature up for an attack, but it pushed forward with each step. Feeling he would put himself into the corner and not allow himself the room he needed to use his saberstaff effectively, he shoved himself hard against the creature. Revak drove his knee into its midsection, then spun around his stunned opponent. This only halted the onslaught for a brief moment. It quickly turned and swung with a wide arc. The tip of the crimson blade grazed his left arm. He bit down hard as the pain raced through him but he remained focused. Revak brought his left-side blade down to lock with the Ascendent's to prevent it from recovering. He then kicked the creature hard in the chest. Revak twirled his saberstaff, planted his feet, and thrust his left-side blade into its stomach. The beast let out a blood-curdling scream that was cut short when he removed the blade and thrust once more through its open mouth. A forceful, upward motion on the saberstaff sliced its head in two. The body fell onto the bed and seized for a moment. Then silence.

He observed the creature for an instant, then took a deep breath. Behind him, the scuttle of footsteps clamoring up the stairs, the same low inhuman growl, the long night he had ahead of him. He turned towards the door and saw multiple dead eyes staring back at him. He gripped his saberstaff tightly, twisted, and separated the two halves.

“Let’s do this.”

-End-

As told by,

*Revak Kur*

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