

In the midst of the assault on Kiast, Odan-Urr's forces were spread about along the battlefield. The Consular Conclave reinforced the ground defense with the Odanite Expeditionary Forces, while the Guardian Corps was divided between land and space. Creon's duty was on the ground, as his training and arsenal was better prepared for a more direct encounter. He had not the funds for an ample ship that would only get quickly destroyed in the heat of the invasion.

The lush grasslands outside the Jedi Perineum were becoming scarred by the chaos of blaster bolts and explosives. The Children of Mortis came at every corner following crystalline meteors that fueled their enhanced power. Through a scan of the area and a quick analysis, the Jedi Mandalorian Creon de Neverse made these asteroids his priority. He had moved between each one planting seismic charges that would shatter the crystals, causing a breakdown on the enemy forces and turning the tides of morale. Just as he was about to plant another, an unexpected presence with a terrible power was within the same vicinity. Creon favored stealth upon each approach with his armor's optical camouflage system activated and his concealment in the Force dampening his presence to be sensed. Though he was hidden, his senses gave him a nauseating rush of blood to his head. Something powerful and terrible was near.

The Odanite raised his rifle in a kneeling position and aimed it towards the Sith. A bad feeling ran down Creon's spine just as his finger was about to squeeze the trigger. "Av0," he said quietly to the AI installed in his helmet, "Contact HK-77 and Elion and give them my location. I'm going to need some help." Creon was a confident warrior, but also was wise in listening to his senses. The presence in the Force of this Sith was incredibly powerful. Not even Consul Revak or Master Aura had such magnitude in their resonance of the Force. The Dark Side was like a dense void surrounding the trooper. Whatever this man was, Creon would not be able to take him alone. Yet Creon could not allow such a menace to be unleashed on the population, as it could spell defeat from this Sith's actions alone. The Ascendant was thus far unaware of his presence and walked towards the battlefield in the direction of the Praxeum.

*My love, is everything alright?* Elyon's voice echoed in his mind through the Force.

*No, I just found one of their bosses. I can't let him reach the temple, but I won't be able to take him alone. I need your help.*

*Your droid just found me; we are on our way. Be careful.*

The telepathic communication dampened his concentration on his concealment, but the Sith didn't seem to sense the wave of energy in the Force through their connection. Creon still had the element of surprise, and needed to hold out until his reinforcements arrived. Elyon's Force Meld linked their minds together, and their love strengthened their bond in awareness of each other. He could feel her presence drawing close with each second that passed while stealthily stalking the Sith. Each time he put his finger to the trigger, that same twinge of fear coursed through his body. He would need to hit the Sith with something bigger. There was one last Seismic Charge in his pack that was meant for a nearby asteroid, but perhaps it would make a bigger difference to use it on this newfound enemy instead. He took it out of his now empty assault pack. It was too heavy to toss, so he would need to use the Force to bring it within range. The Ascendant Trooper was just about to pull the aura of energy surrounding him within his body to amplify his physical power when it stopped in its tracks and turned towards Creon just after

he used the Force to push the seismic charge at him. Instead of amplification, the Ascendant switched to telekinesis to stop the charge midair. Creon dropped his concealment to concentrate all his effort in pushing the bomb further in contest with the Sith's push. Both found themselves at a stalemate of pressure, and the Sith could now feel Creon's presence in the Force. Even with both arms outstretched and all his effort into the push, the charge merely rattled in place between them. Creon clenched his fist, and fired a blaster bolt with his vambrace at the bomb. The Sith's precognitive awareness anticipated the bolt, and he reacted by summoning the Force to amplify his ability to jump backwards and away from the following explosion. Although the blast radius was huge, neither force users were afflicted by its destructive wave. An even longer reaching wave of Force, however, spread beyond and passed through them both. Creon planted himself firm and stayed on his feet despite the impact, but he had not been the case for his foe. Midair the wave of force threw the Sith off its trajectory, causing him to land on his back and tumble. Creon quickly withdrew his blaster rifle with telekinesis from its magnetic holster on his back next to his jetpack and sent three rapid shots from the secondary barrel. The bolts made its mark, with two hitting the chest plate of the trooper's armor and one at the helmet. Although there was some kinetic backlash from their impact, the bolts did little to pierce the armor at all.

"Dank Farrick" Creon cursed and primed a plasma bolt in the open chamber of his primary firing mode. The blue plasma bolt met a red plasma blade as the Sith waved it away like swatting a simply fly. He was back up on his feet with ease and grace and removed his helmet due to a busted visor. His flesh was decrepit from the draining effects on the Dark Side to one's health and longevity. It was the price to pay for such corrupt power, and came with a smoldering glow of orange-golden eyes to match. Crimson specs of glittering shards of crystals leaked from the pores of his face and glistened within the glow of the secondary ignition of his double-bladed lightsaber. Creon switched back to the secondary barrel and sent a succession of blaster fire. The Sith needn't to dodge the blasters, but simply Creon's aim. He focused on where the barrel was positioned and darted in a zig-zag pattern while on approach towards the source of the blaster fire. As the Sith grew closer, Creon launched an explosive with his attached grenade launcher. The Sith leaped in the air and over the round and found his target after coming close enough to see the opaque flaws behind Creon's stealth system when in rapid motion. The Force screamed at Creon to draw his lightsaber, and he so did after dropping his rifle just in time for his blade to meet with the Sith's upon his landing. The crystalline abomination's face leaned in closer towards Creon's helmet, with its Sith eyes leering directly into Creon's from behind his visor. "I see you..." it hissed at him, and followed with something else spoken in ancient Sith that Creon could not comprehend. Vaped met Juyo in a combination of dance-like movements that flowed smoothy together. The Sith's movements were hindered by its heavy armor, as it seemed relatively unaccustomed to carrying it as often as a Mandalorian. Yet his natural speed and enhanced prowess in the Force was enough to compensate. Creon was able to fend off the initial attacks at first but his armor ended up taking a few slashes from his foe's ferocious flurry. More direct hits bypassed Creon's defenses and slashed the armorweave body glove between the beskar plates. One of the stabs pierced Creon's skin at the thigh, with a slash sending second degree burns from under his right arm. With a cry of pain, the Jedi took a knee and brought up his other left arm with a shield raised just as the Sith came down with an overhead executing swing. The Child of Mortis pressed deeper until his blade until it brought through the shield and onto the beskar vambrace. A flickering twirl whirled Creon's arm away, and the Sith removed his helmet forcibly by a twitch of his finger and telekinesis.

The Jedi closed his eyes, expecting death at the sound of a waving blade. Although he heard the blade move, his lungs still drew breath and his heart still beat strong. When he re-opened his eyes, he saw the Sith deflecting blaster bolts from HK-77's arm cannon while driving Elyon's speeder with her seated behind the droid. Creon raised one of his arms to fire with his vambrace, but was quickly thrown away by a push along with a primed shock of Force lightning. The Sith intended for the lightning to be sent towards the droid, and prepared to prime another combination while deflecting the wave of blaster fire. HK-77 curved around to position the bike between the Sith and Creon, to which Elyon leaped off and rushed towards her husband to heal him. The wave of light was massive and breathed newfound life into Creon. His cells rejuvenated the slash marks and his heart was ringing with joy by the touch of his true love. She hugged him and brought him to his feet. Emotionally they communicated, but there was little time for words. The enemy had thrown Creon's droid off Elyon's bike and sent a shock wave that temporarily took it out of commission.

A Duel of the Fates transpired at the spark of Creon and Elyon's blade before the Child of Mortis. The Sith could feel the strength of the Light that emanated from them together. A devilish grin was brought from ear to ear at the thought of tearing their bond apart out of malice.

Creon kept the attention of his enemy on the reactive by launching himself forward with a boost from his jetpack. The collision of their blades sent the Mandalorian in a spin behind his foe, but with the launch of Creon's grappling hook that followed once he was readjusted on his feet. The Sith was able to push a wave of telekinesis sent from Elyon with his own and follow with a spin of his blade that broke the hook's hold on his leg. Creon followed with martial art movements that sent soaring strikes in the Force directed at the Child. The Ascendent took the telekinetic strikes and recognized this way of fighting, though the Jedi's style was unorthodox to his Echani training. He replied in kind with the movements of his form with following strikes of his own towards Creon. Creon contested with counterstrikes that crashed against the Trooper's attacks, but just as his offense grew in time in their lightsaber duel, so too did the contest in prowess of Force enhanced martial arts. The landing blows caused him to buckle to a knee and left him exposed for a coupe de gras. The Sith tried to seize the opportunity in leaping towards him but was yanked back by Elyon's pull. She then sent a wave of healing to her husband that was felt through the senses of the nearby Ascendant. He now recognized her as a healer and his prime target. He twirled in a kata-attack with the intent to give her an overwhelming offensive. Much to the Sith's surprise the girl was able to hold her own in her defensive movements. As he continued his assault he found an opening, but just before he was able to cripple her, he felt his movements being slowed by the Force. Elyon took the opportunity and counterstruck against him and left a slash across his waste. The healing process was almost as automatic as the cauterization of the wound. Elyon was shocked at his ability to influx energies of the Dark Side into a Light Side healing ability at almost the same speed as hers. The Dark Sider would have to heal even more as shots fired from HK-77's rifle, Ctrl+Alt+Delete, pierced through his armor.

"Instant Kill Mode Activated: DPS.exe fully online," the droid proclaimed with more shots fired on approach.

With the Force slowing his movements and the pain from both a lightsaber and blaster bolts, the Child of Mortis resorted to anger. What was left of his power in the Dark Side gathered into his heart and burst

forth an aura of rage that surged throughout his body. This overwhelming power broke the hold of Creon's Force Slow and helped ignore the Elder's pain by focusing on eliminating the Jedi and their droid at all costs. The first of his movements flowed smoothly with a clean z-like pattern of slashes that hit Elyon unexpectedly across her torso. Her scream and collapse caused Creon to shout and fly towards her. The Sith's attention switched to the droid and dashed towards it while deflecting the rifle rounds. Realizing the rounds no longer had an effect, HK-77 used the scattergun on his arm cannon to spray slug rounds. At point blank this tore through the Sith's armor and entered his flesh, but pain no longer inhibited him under the influence of the biotech implant. The lightsaber tore through the droid's arms and torso like butter, and the Sith hacked at the collapsing droid until it was shredded into nothing but a pile of junk.

"Aru'e!" Creon shouted in anger. When the Elder turned to see him, he was holding his wife in his arms. The Mandalorian rose and set down his jetpack and unbuckled his vambraces. "Verd ori'shya beskar'gam!" he roared as the armor on his arms and lightsaber dropped to his feet.

Although the words were not understood, the Elder felt it to be a challenging call. As an expert of Echani, one can only fight to their true potential in the form by relinquishing all arms and armor, therefore he relished the thought of fighting unbound by the tools of war. He accepted the terms by removing his own arms and armor just as Creon had removed his. It took them both a minute but once their outer shells were shed, they took the primary stance of their martial art forms and honed their anger and energy. The Child of Mortis could feel the Mandalorian's rage growing in the Force over the flickering light of his love. The Dark Side surged within them both and permeated the field around them in the heat of fury.

Cortisol releases in the brain with the induction of stress, fear, and anger. Too much without cannabinoid inhibition releases adrenaline, which flowed through the veins of them both, sending their minds into a gamma frequency and slowed their perception of time during fast movement. Thoughts faded and so too did their environment from everything else than the opponent that stood before them. Creon's emotions were more sensitive over the fear of loss for his wife, yet the Elder was more adaptable under the duress that these types of feelings produce within them. To first test the strength behind the Jedi, the Ascendant dashed towards his opponent, leaped above him, and brought down a heavy cross punch with his dominant hand. Creon responded in kind with an uppercut with his dominant hand. Both fists met one another in the middle of their strike, bring both of their maximum potential strengths in a clash. The Sith was mightier, causing the force behind his blow in a heavy wave to course through Creon's arms. His muscles ripped apart and his bones from within shattered from the knuckle to shoulder. The Sith then brought his knee to Creon's abdomen, and jump kicked with his other leg to the chest that brought him in the air and landed with a backflip. A telekinetic palm strike followed that pushed Creon across the dirt, yet he still stood tall.

Shock was setting in, and the fatigue from the drain of the Force was taking its toll. He could feel Elyon healing despite being semi-conscious.

*I will give you what I have left,* her voice whispered in an echo in his mind.

*That will risk your death,* Creon objected.

*The risk of death stands before you. Finish him and we can recover.*

Energy filled his body like warmth to a cold stone that melted his heart. Fatigue from the Dark was taking from the Sith just as the Light was giving to the Jedi. They both had enough energy for one last attack. Creon harnessed as much as he had left and from what was given by Elyon. He brought his hands together and concentrated all the energy between his palms, and the Sith mirrored the same. Each breath they took poured in more energy until they both reached the peak of what they could compress and launched a Force Wave at each other simultaneously. The two waves collided and cause a sonic shockwave that scattered the winds in all directions. The area of collision was so dense that if one were to look upon it, it would appear like a heated mirage of the surrounding area. Both Creon and the Child's arms were outstretched towards each other in channeling as much energy as they could feed. Elyon's spirit stood behind him as he struggled. He felt her warmth as if she were a ghost with healing hands paced on his shoulders. His energy surged in synergy and it took the upper hand in the struggle until the colliding forces pushed further towards the Elder Sith. The Ascendant roared for more power, but it had all been taken from him. His body was then blown apart by the massive impact of energy from the two Jedi harmonized as one, and the backlash of his own darkness.

The explosive impact caught the attention of a platoon of Odanite Expeditionary Force soldiers who had just secured the area after a long firefight with the forces the Elder was in command over. Creon directed them to recover Elyon's body and the parts of HK-77 to be sent to the temple. Struggling to move from exhaustion the warrior gathered his things and retreated to rest.