

During his time in the Brotherhood, Bentre Stahoes had been through quite a lot. Yet, it did not prepare him for this. He had expected many things as he stood as a Consul. He had learned many things in his research. Yet, it did not prepare him for this. He had fought a number of interesting or frightening threats to both the Clan and the Brotherhood over the years. Yet it did not prepare him for this.

These crystalline monstrosities were horrible. The creature twisted by the Children of Mortis that stood before him, it couldn't be true.

"Fewdili." Bentre could not believe it. He had seen this man, months ago, upon visiting Ryloth. The two of them had shared words and traded stories. Now, as the Corellian Elder held his lightsaber uneasily, the Twi'lek stepped forward with frightening speed. Stahoes was barely able to raise his black-beamed lightsaber in a desperate upward swing as the first strike of the energy whip moved past his head. He barely stopped the initial blow before it had struck him.

"You have got to be kidding me!" Bentre snarled as he called a secondary weapon to hand through the Force. The white-blue beam ignited, floating out about a foot away from his hand. The Shadow turned his fingers a bit in anticipation, causing the weapon to turn a bit in the air. There had not been many calls for the Sadowan to duel over the last few months. He needed to do something, however. That lightwhip was going to be a problem.

As the Siths' mind raced, the crystal-plated Twi'lek closed the distance between the two sentients with an animalistic cry. The energy whip snapped in the air in an unpredictable arc as Bentre moved forward to close the distance between the two. The less room there was to manipulate that whip, the better the position that he would be in. The Crystal Ascendant raised his left hand, with lightning crackling between fingertips and the crystal plating on the Twi'lek's arm.

The arc of white lightning struck Bentre Stahoes hard in the chest. The impact drove the air from his lungs and racked his body with pain. With a feline-like grace, the crystal-plated Twi'lek almost glided backwards, increasing the distance between Sadowan and Ascendant, raising the hand which had once crackled with energy and punching the air. The Force almost seemed to ripple as pressure drove the Sadowan physically back. It was, Bentre imagined, almost like getting hit by a rancor or kicked by a tauntaun.

Bentre Stahoes was not prepared for this combat. He had focused on many things, from the esoteric to the crafty. This kind of straight-forward combat was not to his benefit. The most poignant and sensible thing was quite clear to the man. Bentre turned to run.

Lightning exploded in the trees as the Elder ran. He had to change the dynamic of this fight, he realized. He would disappear into the trees. He would find a different position. He would fall back on guerilla tactics or regroup with the others of the Clan. For a moment, his mind called back to the Eye of the Overlord in his bag.

If it came to that, perhaps he would call upon the other Elders of the Clan. But until he could change the dynamic of this fight, his primary goal was evasion. He needed to survive.