

Arena of Blood

Fiction by:

Warlord DarkHawk Sadow #264

EQ: [DARKHAWK SADOW](#)

CHILDREN OF MORTIS EQ: [JEZORA ZOSH](#)

The blood stained wood door slid open, its iron casters screeching against its rails. DarkHawk walked into the arena. How he got here is a whole other tale for another day. However, the abridged version of the story is DarkHawk and the crew of the Tāron took a mission, things went bad and now we find the assassin having to fight to stay alive and save his crew. Enter the arena...(cue ominicing music)

DarkHawk entered the arena. A large oval much like an equestrian arena, covered in blood stained sand. The arena is surrounded by what look like private viewing booths three stories tall. Below the last level were three rows of open seating booths that were completely empty. DarkHawk first noticed the pits strategically placed throughout. As he walked by the pits, they were three meters deep, its floor lined with four meter tall wooden spikes. The bones of the dead were stacked with their victims. Not to mention the stench and remains of fresh kills throughout the arena. His attention then went to the mechanisms of death to accentuate the pits. Twirling blades, swinging boulder pendulums, automatic ballistas, in addition to the opponent one must face.

As the assassin walked towards the middle of the arena, the door in front of him opened. A large Iktotchi male walked out carrying two battle axes. Seeing the seats empty, DarkHawk's first initial thought was, a private viewing. Tailored to the high rollers, lots of credits for the taking. Along with some high level targets.

The Iktotchi spun his blades around then charged at the assassin. Roaring his war cries before leaping in the air. DarkHawk dropped back to ready himself just as the Iktotchi was about to bear down on him. One of the swinging boulder pendulums careened into him. The splatter sounded like a wet back of meat dropping against a solid floor. As the pendulum reached its peak of its swing, the Iktotchi's meat bag of a body slid off and plopped into the sandy floor.

The assassin dropped his defensive position and stood up in astonishment at what just happened. Immediately to his left another wooden door opened and a behemoth of a Devaronian lumbered out into the arena. He wore leather pants with boots. He was bare chested with tattoos adorning his torso. He carried a rather large katana with a very ornate long hilt to it.

DarkHawk charged, wanting to end this exchange rather quickly as the last. The assassin drew his energy bow and brought it to the ready. A familiar feeling resonating from the base of his skull sending a river of tingling electricity throughout his body. To his right the swing boulder was incoming. DarkHawk instantly dropped into a slide, laying himself out flat as the boulder passed overhead narrowly missing him. Popping up to his feet DarkHawk saw the Devaronian charging at him.

The assassin continued his charge and closed the distance between the two to nearly to about twenty five meters before he let a volley of energy bolts go. Four energy bolts raced towards their target. The Devaronian managed to elude the first one which was high and to the right of his shoulders. The first projectile purposely aimed him to distract from the others that followed. The Devaronian squared back up on his target and caught the first energy bolt in the left shoulder. The impact twisted his torso slightly and he writhed in pain. Before he could overcome that first hit, the other two plasma bolts just burned through his upper thighs. He dropped to his knees and screamed even louder.

The assassin kept his pace, closing the gap between him and the Devaronian quickly. Calling one of his sabers to his hand, he immediately ignited it. The hulking red skinned devil's eyes widened at the sight before him. DarkHawk held his hilt in a reverse grip, and with a wide arching strike separated the Devaronian's head from its torso.

DarkHawk could hear the muffled roar of applause and chants from within those viewing booths. Then the sound of another wooden door sliding open. A dark skinned, black haired human casually walked out from the darkness and into the arena. He wore the same style of dark armor as the assassin wore. DarkHawk stowed his bow for the moment, but kept his saber in hand. The assassin began to walk towards the man stopping short at about five meters short of him. Recognizing the man to be Ranger Jezora Zosh, a high ranking Lieutenant within the Children of Mortis.

"Ahh, the assassin!" Jezora said jovially.

"I see the rumors of your demise during the Ascension are obviously false."

"Sorry to disappoint. However, the upside is that I get to add you to the list of those that I have put down."

Without hesitation the Ranger attacked. Jezora backed by the Force leapt at the assassin striking down with an overhand power blow. DarkHawk sprung to his right while bringing his blade up to parry the Ranger's powerful blow. Immediately Jezora countered with a wide, hearty backhand strike. The assassin vaulted over the top of the blade, laying himself out flat. The blades buzzed by narrowly missing its target.

DarkHawk transitioned into a one handed cartwheel positioning himself at the Ranger's backside. The assassin wasted no time and moved in, his insides frothing with excitement.

Jezora had little time to react as DarkHawk attacked with sheer furocity. Wielding the saberstaff high and low, each strike setting up the next. Spinning and vaulting over and around Jezora, the assassin managed to pin the Ranger's blade down against the ground. A quick backfist to the mouth caused the Ranger to retreat back. DarkHawk spun towards his prey whirling his blades around striking in rapid succession.

Jezora swung his blade around parrying the onslaught he was facing. The Ranger grossly underestimated his opponent. That underestimation was solidified after overextending one of his blocks. The assassin capitalized the off balance of the Ranger as a spinning heel kick connected to his jaw with a loud *CRAAAAAAACK!!!!*

The Ranger staggered back, his vision completely impaired. He shook his head trying to regain his bearings. His mouth filled with blood before spitting out a wad towards the assassin in anger. His mental resolve not backing down from the fight drove his desire to be victorious. Jezora spun his saber around and moved to a reverse grip. He charged at the assassin and began a flurry of long sweeping strikes aimed at the legs and midsection of his opponent. Jezora whipped his blade forward as if he were throwing a punch. DarkHawk maintained a solid train of concentration, with tightly controlled parrying motions he weaved his blades and body as two separate entities. Adapting to each incoming attack, biding his time to unleash his own counter attack.

Jezora pushed himself, confidence building as he continued his powerful blows one after the other. The blades clashed *Kksssshhhh, Kksssshhhh, Kksssshhhh* sending emerald and crimson sparks flying around them. DarkHawk pushed off against the Ranger only to catch a spinning side kick to the abdomen in return. The blow staggered the assassin back, the pain resonating through his body. That slight hesitation allowed Jezora to plant a downward blow to the left pauldron of the assassin.

DarkHawk tumbled backward before rolling away to a safe distance. Jezora felt the tides turning and knew he would obtain yet another kill. Switching hand positions he held his saber close to the emitter. Again with an overhead stance and blade to the rear assuring himself this was the killing blow, Jezora once again drank from the Force. The Ranger leapt at the assassin bearing down with all his might.

As Jezora soared through the air, DarkHawk reached out with the Force and faded from sight. A translucent shimmer quickly moved out of the Ranger's way. Jezora's saber bore down on nothing but dirt causing a cloud of sand to erupt into his eyes. Now his vision impaired, he quickly tried to remedy the problem. DarkHawk took advantage of the situation and charged at the Ranger. Lowering his right shoulder and planting it all his force behind the blow. Hitting the Ranger dead square in the chest, sending him crashing against the pole that held one of the swinging boulders.

All the air left Jezora's lungs, he could feel his broken ribs as he gasped for air. Before he face planted into the sand, the assassin caught him from falling and stood him upright. "You killed a lot of good Sadowans on Seperos with your little incursion." sneered the assassin.

"Ahh yes, less of you to worry about," Jezora said gurgling blood.

Three quick jabs landed on Jezora's face, reconstructing his nose significantly. Blood poured from his nostrils and the Ranger began to weez for air. Then the body blows came. One right after another deep punches to both kidneys, Jezora felt his knees collapsing from underneath him. He managed to throw a wild haymaker of his own, but it glanced off the assassin's shoulder. Then DarkHawk connected with a right cross to the jaw that sent the Ranger staggering back. Jezora tried to regain his bearings but not in time. As he stood upright, he saw the assassin charging towards him. DarkHawk leaped into the air and landed a flying side kick to Jezora's chest. Sending him tumbling back into one of the pits. Jezora screamed as he was sent to his untimely demise. The wooden spikes pierced the Rangers body and blood spilt to the sand like someone opening a whiskey barrel tap.

Watching the lifeless body of the Ranger sprawled across those spikes was somewhat fulfilling to the assassin. Retribution needed to be paid and a part of it just was. Another wooden door opened, this time instead of a dark corridor light could be seen. Then a booming voice came over the arena's loudspeaker, "Your Exit..."

DarkHawk paused for a moment, then cautiously walked through the door.

The End