

Mara Jade VS Ashi

(Star Wars VS Samurai Jack)

DEATH BATTLE! Fight Script by Morkez Marihser

The mountain path was harsh, rocky, with strong winds blowing smaller rocks and dust around. Every direction feels like facing a headwind. Every step feels less like bringing one closer to the top and more like one step closer to the afterlife. The only solace one might find is where the mountain quite literally breaks from being struck by the wrath of a mighty deity long ago. There, rocky shards of the mountain break off, landing to impale the ground of what had once been a prosperous village; and is now little more than an ash-colored steppe. Even as a small patch of greenery and crisp blue water can be seen in a gathering of life opposite the steppe, it never encroaches; a sharp divide between the promise of vitality and the echo of devastation.

This was all too fitting for the traveler making her way along the mountain, holding her hood down over her head as the dust kicked up, barely scratching her face. Nevertheless, she persists, and eventually makes her way down to the steppe. Her movements are deliberate, her time never wasted. She is on a quest of sorts, one really only known to herself.

Mara Jade removes her hood as she sees the divide between crag and oasis. Bright red hair, brilliant as fire, flows in the light breeze, and her green eyes pierce the space ahead of her. She turns her head slowly, eying the mountain behind her...just one of many she might need to cross in order to find what she's sensed in this direction. She'd have stayed in the ship, but a gut feeling told her that wouldn't have accomplished much. Or perhaps it was the Force. Either way, she reluctantly has taken this journey on foot so far. She continues towards the oasis, hoping this planet wouldn't test her patience for much longer.

In that very oasis, a raven-haired woman is swimming in a pool of miraculously clean water. She emerges, the view of her entirely enveloped in shadow, and dons a green outfit made of fabric and thick leaves. Her hair is lifted up, collected in a conical shape resembling the tip of a spear, but then falls to the side of her head in graceful bangs.

Ashi poses in front of the pool, admiring her craftsmanship on her appearance. She then notices a few white flowers in full bloom next to it, picking one up as it might look nice in her hair. She stops for a moment to smell it, closing her eyes.

Ashi's sharp blue eyes open in a practiced alarm.

Mara's steps come to a halt as she nearly approaches the edge of the oasis, her eyes widening for a second. A moment of silence passes, the only sounds present are that of the breeze in the sand behind her and foliage in front of her. The emerald eyes narrow, and she puts the hood back over her head, leaving them as the only thing visible of her face as she steps slowly forward.

While the cloaked stranger stalks the oasis, stepping in a straight path towards the trees behind the pond, the treetop cover makes the forest feel as dark as dusk. Hidden in the darkness, Ashi's form silently hangs on the other side of a tree. The flower she picked is still in her hand, hanging limp due to the breeze. While she is silent and still, the flower is not, out of the wind. A couple white petals fall off, floating out from behind the tree.

Mara stops her step as soon as the petals become visible, turning in a quick movement with her palm outstretched. The Force reaches out, the recoil of it letting the hood fly, and her cloak and hair float a bit in the wind. The targeted tree is uprooted, flying off into the distance, seemingly never to come down. But what is behind the tree...is just a flower stem, and one last petal flying away.

Mara does not move yet, instead trying to keep herself aware. Someone, likely what she's after, is here. But she can't quite get a grasp of where. She won't get too comfortable, nor will she waste energy lashing out unnecessarily. A *little* patience can't hurt, can it? The problem either comes to her, or it isn't much of one at all.

With the attack of a heavy metal weight on a chain coming towards her head, the former proves true. Mara steps out of the way, rolling as the weight attempts to follow up and crush her. Before the chain is even pulled all the way back towards its source, a sickle-like blade on the exact same weapon comes for her head. Reaching for a pocket on her cloak quickly, she blocks the weapon with a dagger of her own, grazing it briefly before deflecting it back at the source.

Holding the kusarigama in her hand as she leaps back, Ashi stands firm, yanking her weapon so the flail end returns to her other hand. Mara holds her vibroblade dagger up in her right hand, blade forward, and eyes Ashi directly. While she seems like an innocent woman wearing...plants? Odd as that could be, she isn't taken for a fool, appearances can be deceiving. And from Ashi's perspective...well, the red-head looks fairly dangerous and prepared already, so she needn't even remind herself of that.

Ashi (*accusatory*):

I don't know why you are hunting me. But I refuse to be your prey. Leave!

Mara (*cautious*):

You know, lady, immediately hiding the moment someone shows up is a bad start.

Ashi (*disgust*):

A 'bad start'? Like ripping a tree out of the ground?

Mara (*cautious*):

...Touché.

With little else to say, the fight begins. The two women leap toward one another, the vibroblade clashing with the hilt of the kusarigama as they blitz right past one another. They clash a few more times, with Ashi taking initiative to feint her blade attack on the fourth for a kick that hits Mara right in the stomach. She's knocked back, but immediately rebounds by stretching her feet out towards a tree, her knees crouching against it so she can tumble off it forward towards the ground.

Mara (*light strain*):

I think that's enough of the diplomatic approach.

As if responding to such a claim, Ashi gives Mara no quarter, grabbing the flail end of her weapon and thrusting the blade end forward at full length. Mara back-hand slashes the sickle off to the side, which Ashi uses as momentum to swing it around.

Ashi:

battle cry

Mara leaps high into the air, landing on the top of the tree as the blade swings in an arc, cleaving its base perfectly through. The Jedi senses this, and rather than let herself fall victim to the inadvertent lumbering, she lets it start falling back and runs down the extended trunk. While running down, she raises her hand, leaving Ashi ready to attack again, this time with the flail end of the kusarigama.

However, suddenly in Mara's left hand is a blaster, a compact one easily fitting in the folds of a robe sleeve. It fires, causing Ashi to flinch. She swings her flail end around in a circle, the mace and chain shielding her somewhat from the blasts due to her fast

reflexes. This, seemingly, would be enough to stop Mara...if that's what she was looking for.

Leaping forward, Mara trusts in the Force to get herself just the right timing, extending her blade-arm into the path of the flail, just in the right time that it begins to wrap around that arm as she brushes just above Ashi, ending up right behind her.

Ashi (surprise):
Huh—?

The leaf-clad warrior has little time to react as Mara, flail-chain around her hand, pulls tightly, lifting one of her legs and stomping on it past its natural tautness. This sends Ashi, tightly gripping her end, flying towards Mara and punched square in the face. The recoil from the attack knocks Ashi back a good distance, but also loosens the kusarigama's chain around Mara's arm, meaning it gets thrown back right with her. She lands just short of the tree-stump she'd severed before.

Mara (snide):
Gotta stay a *few* more steps ahead.

Mara's blaster ends up by her left hip as she holds the vibroblade forward, pointed in Ashi's direction. Ashi remains surprisingly calm despite being taken advantage of so harshly. If decisive humiliation is the order of the battle, she'll respond in kind.

Ashi places one end of the kusarigama in each hand, tossing them forward with a surprising amount of ferocity. Mara's forced to shoot either end in order to ensure the chain doesn't reach her. She could use the Force, but the blaster's already in her hand, and she isn't sure if she should give away *all* her strengths to this seemingly standard martial artist opponent. For all she knows, it won't be necessary. The shots quickly land, knocking the kusarigama away, as Ashi slides beneath.

Before Mara can redirect herself, a swift kick from Ashi strikes each of her wrists in succession. Mara is more stunned than pained, not even letting out a yelp as she takes a second to recoil. Her eyes narrow, however, when she realizes that her own vibroblade is being held to her throat, and her gaze follows the length of her arm to her blaster on the ground. Behind her, holding the unfamiliar blade firmly despite its odd vibrations, is Ashi, careful to hold the redhead in a way where she can't simply elbow her stomach and escape that way without reflexes hitting her throat.

Ashi (goads):

You rely too much on your weapons. They can easily be turned on you.

Having had enough of this, Mara all but rolls her eyes before focusing forward. The vibroblade turns away from her throat, much to Ashi's shock, before Mara ducks in order to grab, spin, and throw Ashi around with her bare hands. Ashi lands on her back but is up to her feet in second, holding the vibroblade. Mara eyes her as she does, one hand on her hips.

Mara (confident):

I'm a Jedi. I'm my own weapon.

Ashi is ready to charge forward again, thinking Mara is daring her to do so, but before she can...

Snap-HISS!!!

The glow of a magenta plasma blade is close, pointed right between the eyes. The glow reflects in Mara's eyes. The redhead can't help but give a smirk as she holds her lightsaber in a more poised position, her dominant right hand seeming perfectly still.

Mara (bold):

But the *right* one can't hurt.

Ashi charges with the vibroblade, thinking she's able to handle this weapon too. What she doesn't recognize is its sheer efficacy as she gets ready for a forward thrust. Mara, with a wide berth, slashes across where Ashi's shoulders would be. As Ashi ducks, she's barely in time to slide beneath the blade, feeling the heat come close to her. She sees a shard of the vibroblade, along with a couple of singed black hairs, fly over her eyes as she slides beneath. A mix of fear, anger, and stubborn determination fill the assassin's eyes, as she realizes she really doesn't have an advantage. At least, one she wishes to use. Until then...there's only one answer: Run.

Ashi dashes towards a thicker clearing of trees, and Mara's confidence brims as she senses this fight turning into a bit of a game. If that's what her opponent wishes to do, she'll play along. Mara follows, not finding Ashi directly but noticing when something is tossed at her. It's a stone, quickly sharpened to act like a shuriken, but easily blocked by her lightsaber. More similar projectiles, along with odd bits of wood and even hardened leaves follow, thrown with such precision that they would be

dangerous if ever they struck their mark. However, with deft lightsaber maneuvers, that concern is rendered moot.

Leaping between the trees, Ashi tosses a few more, grabbing a few leaves and pressing them together in her hands to be a flat, solid throwing weapon. The assassin has tossed so many hard-pressed leaves and hard-shelled fruit at the redhead in order to get a grasp on her style, but she's increasingly becoming more frustrated. At one point, the various projectiles are stopped just by Mara holding her hand up, creating a Force Bubble, then dispersing them all.

Ashi:

low snarl

The assassin changes tactics, using her foot to axe-kick a branch she's about to land on before either her hand or her other foot send it launching at Mara like an impromptu spear. The baseline of the branches she strikes also increasingly seem to be covered in a small amount of inky black substance where she struck it. And then more. And more. It is enough that the Jedi's senses are alarmed by the presence of something...dark, but acidic. This leads to her calm being somewhat disrupted, and she has to play defensive, deflecting these branches more individually with her saber. Even so, she decides to test her opponent's patience.

Mara (snarky):

If we're dancing instead of fighting, I've got better robes I could wear.

From the taunting, Ashi doesn't even wait to see if her gambit worked, instead using a karate chop in order to snap a couple trees at her level, then guiding their fall in Mara's direction. Despite her small frame, she effortlessly grabs and throws them the exact way she wants them. And at the point of severance, they too are covered in inky black.

Mara sees a couple of the tree top-halves heading towards her, dodging one and guiding it via the Force to topple away from her. Another couple begin barreling down, and she tosses her saber in a practiced maneuver. Guiding it with the Force, it spins like a buzzsaw and slices the trees into thick disks that fall and roll harmlessly beside her.

The Jedi cannot relax, though, as before the blade even returns to her she notices another thick tree barreling toward her head from the opposite direction, nearly level with the ground...somehow. Eyeing the log and holding her hand behind her, she calls

the saber back to her hand just in time to strike it forward, but stopping when perfectly vertical. This allows the log to barrel into the blade, split cleanly in half, go right over her head, and then collapse in the far distance behind her.

Ashi's teeth grit even harder and she can't help but turn it into a primal yell, in which she leaps from the ground fist-first. The aim isn't centrally on Mara, but her instincts tell her to dodge rather than counter anyway, so she backflips neatly a safe distance away, landing between some of the severed log disks.

CRACKA-THOOM!!!

On landing, Ashi's fist strikes the ground with enough force to cause it to shatter and quake around the epicenter, shaking the trees above and a good distance. Even as Mara lands, her footing is somewhat less than stable. The smoke and dust clears, with Jedi holding her lightsaber towards—

Mara pauses when she notices Ashi, standing with her fist lifting out of the point of impact. At first, she thinks it is covered in blood, but that wouldn't work...unless the assassin's blood was pitch black. And dripping. *Upwards*. Even among all the darkness she had faced, she'd never seen it expressed so...literally before.

The dark mass, whatever it is, spreads up Ashi's body. The raven-haired woman pants in a mix of anger and recoil, but as the darkness spreads up her limbs towards her abdomen, she seems to calm, compose. Her eyes become singularly black as the darkness spreads above and all but consumes her plant-like tunic. By the time the darkness has covered all but Ashi's face...she seems fully one with it. Even her hair is up in the pose of a spear, making her seem to be some weapon of dark design.

The wind between the two women howls, and one can almost hear a demonic cackle in the wind, hollow and hoarse like burning gravel. It fades...but it doesn't matter. The only presences here are a daughter of darkness and a Jedi warrior no longer sure just what kind of opponent she is facing.

Mara (*curious, concerned*):

I sense something...unspeakable about you.

Ashi (*darkly*):

I am a daughter of Aku.

Mara (dry):

...I guess that explains it.

Ashi, not pleased to be in this scenario but too furious at Mara to care, lets out another scream.

Ashi:

primal scream

Fire emerges from out of nowhere behind the dark daughter, subsuming the severed plant matter and beginning a blaze all around them. Mara shields herself from the heat, but her outermost cloak is singed. She keeps a small supply pack, showing she's not simply a warrior with a few weapons up her long sleeves, but discards the rest to the flames.

The daughter of Aku glares at her foe so fiercely that lasers streak out of her eyes, burning even the wafting smoke on its way to Mara. The saber is raised, horizontally blocking the beams for a select few seconds. The sheer power and heat of the blast even sends Mara's hair back. The moment the beams cease, Mara leans down and charges forward, her feet skimming the ground as if she doesn't even need gravity any more.

Mara holds her saber forward, running forward to meet Ashi and attacking with a diagonal slash upward and outward. While it feels like she struck something, all she managed to damage was shadow. Ashi, behind her, back-hands Mara aside, striking right at the back of her head.

Mara:

scream in pain

Mara, knocked aside, gets back up. She's suffered worse damage from some rocky piloting, she tells herself. But before she's even able to slash again, a pair of sickles not unlike the blade of the kusarigama are thrust at her; in truth, a dark and twisted form of Ashi's arms. Mara doesn't miss this time, slashing both in sequence...but it hardly matters. Ashi's arms simply retract, all but unharmed and balled up into fists.

Mara tries one of Ashi's own tricks against her, ripping a tree out of the ground with the Force and tossing it at Ashi, full-force. Ashi's limbs reach out to catch it, covering the entire log with more of her inky black form. Rather than toss it back at her, though, Ashi runs forward with the log, barreling it right into Mara. The saber is deactivated almost immediately due to the shock.

Mara:

pained shout

Ashi:

extended scream

With a feral rage, Ashi pushes her impromptu barricade—and the Jedi with it—through the forest behind her. So many more trees are knocked down aside, visible from a long distance above. Mara, taking the damage of being knocked through a few of them herself and rolling with the blows as best she can, lifts her hand up to focus on a particular speciality of her husband's.

Her open palm slams on the tree, causing the whole thing to begin splintering at a shatterpoint. With one more impact, the whole tree breaks, but that hardly stops Mara's movement. She is flung back into what appears to be the sandy crag, a far more open side of it with nowhere else to go. Ashi herself ends up with her hands on the ground, her barricade unexpectedly shattered into splinters.

Pained, Mara does not get up first, instead Ashi seems to coldly and mechanically stand up before her. She shows no signs of damage, not even a drop of blood, which cannot be said for the Jedi.

Ashi (*threatening*):

You are resilient, but I was made for one purpose: to kill. Our fates were sealed the day I was born.

The Jedi stands up, taking a quick breath to center herself and begin healing any wounds she can manage with only the Force as her ally. Her left hand clings to her lightsaber tightly as her right tries balancing herself.

Mara:

I get it, more than you think. But the thing about fate?
It's like an old stubborn master.

As she speaks, Mara reaches for one of her smaller devices behind her back, a simple button trigger she presses before reaching for something else. It's unclear if what she just accomplished did anything, but she doesn't act as if it had. Rather, she's already grabbed the other device, and is holding it firmly in her right hand.

Snap-HISS!!!

Mara (smug):

And I'm a *terrible* student.

Mara holds her two blades beside her. In her left hand, her magenta lightsaber, reactivated and held with its long blade in a defensive pose covering her upper body. In her right hand, her blue-bladed shoto-saber, its short blade by her hip ready to thrust forward.

Ashi (superior):

...fool.

Ashi does not seem daunted by the blade this time, instead her hands shifting form into flails. Rather than a kusarigama, this time Ashi's hands resemble something between a kyotetsu-shoge and a halberd. Her intentions are clear...she's not in this to defend, she's in this to *eviscerate*. There's nothing but directed rage in her face, and there's nowhere to hide in the open air.

Mara moves forward a hair sooner than Ashi, but the assassin strikes first, the blade-ends extending fluidly from her arm. Mara slashes away at it with her lightsaber, slicing off the black mass. This leaves her shoto-saber able to stab at Ashi's center of mass...or so she thinks. Instead, more black mass comes from the arms, circling around the Jedi's body, aiming to skewer her.

Mara is forced to slash her shoto-saber behind her, leaping in a backflip up and over. Ashi does not waste the opportunity, her arms held wide into chiropteran wings, with spearheads forming along the leathery folds of her arm. The spearheads then launch at Mara, who turns to slash repeatedly against harpoon after harpoon, more approaching her as soon as she manages to slash one away.

As she keeps throwing various weapons as extensions of her body, the daughter of darkness almost seems to be...enjoying herself a bit? Perhaps finding it...natural? But as Mara lands, she's not wanting this game to go on forever. Ashi runs closer so she can ensure her next attack strikes true, no more games.

Ashi (dominant):

You cannot fight me forever.

Ashi tilts her head back, before focusing it forward, more lasers coming out of her eyes in one big concentrated beam. Mara attempts to block it with both her sabers in a cross, but the force of it is still strong enough that she can't simply deflect it away. She steps forward a few times, pushing against the brunt of the blast, the demonic blaze burning harder and harder as she pushes back on it using a combination of her blades and the Tutaminis technique. As she gets closer and closer, her own anger wells up and surrounds her head like a veil, the Force now doing all the work.

Mara (strained):

Try me!

Mara thrusts her own head forward, the Tutaminis bubble expanding until it knocks Ashi back, though far from down. Mara doesn't hesitate, tossing her ignited shoto-saber into Ashi's abdomen, striking center-of-mass.

Ashi:

pained yell

This isn't everything Mara has in mind, far from it. Instead, she focuses on her right hand, snarling a bit herself as she unleashes an arc of power right from her fingertips.

Mara:

low snarl

Out of her hand comes bolts of lightning, a form of the Force she does not tap into often as it reminds her of a side of the Force she tries to reject...and the influence of one man in particular. Right now, though, with her shoto acting as the perfect lightning rod into Ashi's form, it would be foolish of her not to try it.

Ashi (agony):

sustained scream

Ashi collapses to her hands from the pain, her body smoking and almost seeming to melt into the ground below her. Even the shoto saber, which is burned a bit, slides out of her body and falls to the side. But she's not down yet, turning around to glare at Mara with gritted teeth and eyes blazing with fire. The Jedi, however, is nowhere to be seen. The daughter of Aku looks left, right, all around, in as much anger as panic, until she hears something from above and behind her.

BRRRRRRRAAAAOOOOOOWW....

A SoroSuub *Horizon*-class Star Yacht, summoned by Mara's earlier use of a beckon call, barrels through the atmosphere, blazing towards Ashi who is close enough to directly in its path. What the *Jade Shadow* will do on impact is something Ashi does not wait to find out, her eyes blasting it out of the sky with a single strike. The beam splits the ship down the middle, as it falls in two...and those halves explode, illuminating the dull sky with even more fire and rage.

Such fire and rage is turned as Ashi instinctively senses Mara, whose attempts to keep herself invisible via Force techniques and standard stealthy habits fail next to the senses of the daughter of Aku. Mara doesn't quite realize how easily she's seen on her way back to finish the job, and Ashi won't let her get the chance. The assassin's mouth opens wide again...but what comes out is no scream.

WREEEEEEW!!!

A series of white rings emerge out of Ashi's mouth, combining in the air right above the Jedi. They quickly form a cylinder, and then a hole forms in the ground. Mara notices, her instincts kicking in too late to prevent herself from falling in. But her reaction time won't let that all be in vain. She reaches out with the Force, grabbing for anything that could pull her out of this place...or drag her opponent in with her.

Ashi's moment of triumph fades quickly as the shoto-saber, burned out as it was, is still enough of a projectile to knock her in the head. The force of impact is enough to catch her off-guard and send her tumbling into the portal, right alongside Mara.

Two deadly women plummet through a black-and-white tunnel, the surrounding patterns an overload to their senses. Their lives flash before their eyes, especially the parts they wish to forget of their past.

Mara sees her younger self, fresh from her life collapsing all around her, with hollow yellow eyes filling her mind and a cackling voice screaming in her thoughts.

Sidious (commanding):
YOU WILL KILL LUKE SKYWALKER!

Mara (screeching):
Never!!!

Ashi sees herself and her sisters, an elite fighting squad raised in nothing but ash, suffering, and her initial purpose in life. A masked face falls away to reveal the green visage of unspeakable evil. The voice, once her mother's, is entirely replaced with that which gave it its purpose.

Aku (*commanding*):
DESTROY THE SAMURAI!!!

Ashi (*screeching*):
 I'm not you!

The only thing either woman can do is wail into the void, their voices lost to their own minds before, finally, the agony is over. Both women land on a stone and metal precipice close to a lake of lava. The sky is now pitch black save for the illumination of the occasional star or spouts of fire. The time portal has deposited them both somewhere else, *somewhen* else, and neither truly knows the specifics. Nor does either care.

Holding nothing but her unlit magenta lightsaber, all else seemingly lost with the ship or the earlier combat, the Jedi stands, her other hand grabbing her wounded side. She straightens herself, forcibly sets a bone back into place, and doesn't even scream. Instead, she turns around to see...

...Ashi. Or rather, what *used* to be Ashi. Where her body was, the silhouette of a human woman's form sinks into the ground, a puddle of pure black where Ashi used to be. Mara feels that this might be the assassin, dead, but she couldn't be further from the truth.

Mara (*apprehensive*):
 Got a bad feeling about this...

The Daughter of Aku, forced to embrace her heritage, emerges to its full dark height. The body is all-black, its contours few but illuminated by the surrounding blaze. Her eyes are white and act as the base of a burning candle. Her hair is gone, replaced by a pair of curling horns on either side of her head. Her form remains slender, but in the way a shadow can be...stretched tall until she towers over Mara's entire body a time and a half over. And in her hand, appearing from it, is an ebon sword lit ablaze with demonic rage.

Mara (*horror*):
 Saber's Grace...!

The Jedi does not have time to contemplate as the blade comes down to her. The lightsaber, held in both hands for maximum grip, blocks the mass rather than severing it, for some reason she won't get to understand. Where it strikes, the ground cracks, and earth flies at Mara, difficult to block with the Force. Where she is about to land, a leg sweeps, forcing Mara to leap again, though she can see flames follow where the daughter's heel has scraped the ground.

Throwing the saber at a horizontal whirl into Ashi's 'neck' appears to succeed...but hardly, as a new head grows right back, horns and flaming eyes and all. It returns to Mara much the same, but not before Ashi rams her with a dark rush of physical mass. It is to Mara's skill and the Force-blessed presence of a jutting rock that she isn't knocked into the magma behind her, the heat barely able to singe her hair. Still, she's lost the high ground, and has to stabilize her grip.

Mara (gritting teeth):

Come on...

Mara's grip on the rock becomes shaky as the ebon form of Ashi approaches, sword dragged against the ground and sparking mystical fire along the terrain it grazes. Looming over the Jedi, who stows her saber on her belt so she can use both hands, Ashi is silent as she lifts the sword into the air, preparing to plunge it into Mara and send the redhead plummeting into the immolating abyss. If the Jedi is to act, she has to act now.

Closing her eyes, Mara focuses, trying to find the assassin's mind. If she can't, she may as well attempt this as a form of broad-range distraction. And at the moment the blade is about to hit her final saving grace...

Mara (mental projection):

You have slain your enemy. The battle is over.

The voice, coming from everywhere and nowhere, halts Ashi. The daughter is still as the grave, definitely having heard it, yet is unconvinced. Her attention, for a split second, wanders from the precipice in order to seek out the source of the voice.

That chance is all the Jedi needed. Advancing to another handhold in the rock, Mara circles around Ashi, dodging a flame spout which seems not to disturb her in the slightest. When Mara leaps herself back onto the ground, though, Ashi turns around, hostile and facing her with a burning rage, already beginning to pounce like an oncoming dark tide.

Mara holds out her hand forward to intercept, and blasts out sheer waves of the Force like a howling psychic wind right at Ashi's body. The air, the heat, her own concentration, all hurled in a Force blast at the oncoming wave of darkness. Even her eyes seem to be casting some form of Deadly Sight to intensify the attack. While it begins to repel Ashi, it doesn't seem to damage her, just pushing back or tearing off some of her dark mass from the whole. More would appear to take its place, but with a second push from Mara, more would be torn away...

...and amidst all the black sludge, Mara sensed something. The whole world goes quiet as within the flood of evil, a human girl lies within. Only her arms and her face seem visible, and the sound of her struggles is drowned out by her own being trying to drown her...but brief eye contact is made. The pain is understood. The Emperor's Hand knows exactly what she must do. Her attack falters, and Ashi is consumed again by the power of Aku. Her form crashes down in the shape of an amorphous blob, steadily reconstituting itself into a shape it can use to attack.

Mara:

Keep fighting a bit longer...

The lightsaber is reignited, held in both hands close to the Jedi's face. The magenta glow cuts through the harsh atmosphere of dusk and fire and focuses its wielder's gaze, just as Ashi's returns, glowing red and about to fire.

Mara:

...and I'll end this.

Ashi's eye-lasers erupt harshly, and an entirely calm Mara is able to catch and deflect them with her saber, sending the attacks right back into Ashi. While she's still able to regenerate, it's clear her own attacks damage her. This makes what Mara does next a lot easier. As the Daughter of Aku's murderous rage takes over, even superseding any rationality about hurting herself in the effort, Mara deflects eye-beam after eye-beam to strike around where she saw Ashi's human form within.

With an outstretched hand, Mara reaches around where she's carved a 'shape' before the burned darkness can reform itself. With a *squelch*, the Jedi's Force pull tears Ashi right out of her larger form. She's still wrapped in black, much of her dark nature sticking to her like a residual curse.

Mara (solemn):

May the Force give you peace.

SFX

A single slash of the lightsaber cuts through Ashi's body cleanly in half, down the abdomen. The strike is quick, done so to end the pain as quickly as possible. Ashi, just a human girl for a split second, can finally relax her expression, her pupils returning to normal before going white and lifeless.

Ashi's body doesn't get the chance to fall. Erupting from beneath her is another fire spout, cremating the two halves of the former tortured assassin. It too is quick at its work. There is no more pain, no more anger, no more voices. Ashi is now ash, floating off on the volcanic winds, finding some form of peace now that she has been put out of her misery.

Mara keeps her gaze forward, looking slightly down at the puddle of black ooze that was part of her opponent. It shrivels and fades until it is indistinguishable with the dusk air, gone as well. She doesn't look back, extinguishing her lightsaber and putting it back on her belt. Now, the battle is over.

The Jedi takes a deep breath, her eyes turning to the sky. The constellations here are unfamiliar, but that hasn't stopped her before. But first, she'll need to find a way off this planet, if it is even the same one she landed on. She might just need a way to *survive* it first. But once she figures that out, she knows exactly what she has to do, her eyes sharply looking off into the distance as she prepares to wander once again...

Mara (determined):

Got to get back...

[K.O.!]