

Ashlyn's New Blade

Ashlyn sat in her study, the orchestrion playing music softly. Though the Rava couldn't focus on it. In her hands, held a wicked blade. It was true, it was balanced perfectly for her. The weight of the steel, balance of the blade. It was all perfect. Too perfect. The sharp design, there was a darkness around this blade she couldn't put her finger on.

"The Blacksmith said it was a reflection of our aether."

An all too familiar voice called out. Sighing, the Rava closed her storm blue eyes for a moment. "What do you fucking want this time Justice...?" She asked tersely. The armor of the other Viera clinked as she strode across the wooden flooring.

"What, I need a reason to talk to my other hal-well...third I guess?" The spectre sneered towards her host.

"Not like I can stop you anyways..." Ashlyn sighed once more. It was true, the old blacksmith that Ashlyn had gone to forged this black specifically for her. It took a few suns, but the Rava held the blade, almost in fear. It's design seemed almost alien. Almost as of the void. A far cry from her old Ishgardian Inquisitorial weapon she held all those years ago.

"I just want to say, I'm proud of you. This is one step to going back to how we should be. How we need to be."

Justice narrowed her ruby red eyes as a grin spread across her tanned face. Long, brown locks, pulled back in to a ponytail. White highlights still at the tips. The armor she wore was equally wicked as the blade within Ashlyn's hands.

"I'm not going back to what we were. I left that behind us. I'm doing this because of my gunbreaker honor. I've stood by for far too long. I'm going to resume the work my father and I were doing. Nothing more."

"C'mon, we all know if you pick up this blade, if you use those powers. You're going to go back to your old ways."

A new voice appeared, one that was much younger. Ashlyn closed her eyes once more. Desperately, she wished both would just go away, just leave her be. She wanted to just be with her lovers, be happy. Yet, they wouldn't let her go.

"I'm not Regret. Just...go..away..."

*"And leave you here alone with **her**? I think not."*

Justice rolled her eyes. The long overcoat of the younger Rava, a stark contrast to the heavily armored older one. Her own dark grey eyes, peering towards the Rava.

"What do you mean with that?!"

"You know what I mean about it."

"Gods you are annoying. I only want us to go back to saving this star."

"I told you Justice, we aren't. We are going to only go back to our old ways with father. We will honor father."

There was a finality within her voice. The Rava stared daggers at her dark spectre. Ashlyn was putting her foot down for once. She wanted nothing to do with who they used to be. Justice just began laughing.

"Is that really it? Do you really think you can stop it from happening? Come now you fucking bimbo. We both know you never changed. We all know you truly wish to go back to protecting the weak, protecting those who need us. This star still needs us Ashl-"

"SILENCE!"

Justice froze in place for a moment. Narrowing her eyes, she looked between the two.

"Very well, I'll just sit back and observe. I'll just be waiting for when you come back to ask for our power..."

With that, Justice began laughing wickedly as she faded away. Regret, soon followed suit, saying nothing to the Rava. Leaving her alone.

The Viera's gaze shifted downward to the blade. Was Justice right? Was her desire to have a blade reforged just her following a calling? Would she just become as she used to be?

The door to the office slammed open. A panting Elezen at the door. "Mistress Ishina, is everything okay?"

Ashlyn snapped up, and took a deep breath. "Yeah Elvone, everything is fine."

"But I heard-"

"...Everything is fine..."

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