

**OP Celevon Edraven (Obelisk)/BTL, Battleteam Arête of House Qel-Droma of Clan Arcona
PIN# 12004**

(Make certain to count the words from below this, as the above doesn't count in the overall word usage)

The Onderonian carefully cleansed his hands of the viscous crimson liquid that coated them, words mentally directed in every direction. *May the blood of the hunted sate you, dearest Lady Night.*

Celevon was hardly a religious person, though this had become a practice after every assassination mission he completed. The first time the Amnesiac had taken a life at a young age, he had felt as though something were gazing at him in an approving manner.

Rather than the feeling leaving, it had only grown with every kill.

The Assassin had continued on for years, the feeling growing until he had come of age. That had all changed during a mission his Master had sent him on several years before.

As his target had hung an entire two floors above ground level, his innards dropping to the ground, Celevon had glanced from the balcony to where his Master's son sat. Before his gaze had reached Teroch, the man caught sight of a woman.

Her hair was as black as the void, spilling into her face. Her eyes appeared to reflect every light around for miles. But it was her smile that had drawn the Onderonian's attention. It was proud and approving. A man had walked in front of her and, in that instant, the figure had disappeared. Gone, without a trace.

In the times since that incident, Celevon had caught sight of that very same woman whenever he made a kill. Though sometimes she had been accompanied by an animal. Others it had just been the animal, one he could not identify no matter how hard he tried. But it gave off the same feel of that woman.

Every time following that, the Prelate had felt that he had made the woman proud. He could see her smiling as he blinked, washing the blood from his hands as he offered it to her.

It was clear that she was no figment of his imagination. As his senses and skill in the Force grew, he could almost taste the power left in her wake.

Celevon watched the water swirl into the drain, wiping away the evidence before he glanced in the mirror. Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted her figure. With a nod, the Obelisk muttered:

“Until we meet again, Lady Death.”