

Nath inhaled deeply, her lightsaber poised at the male's throat.

*Kill him, kill him NOW.*

A snarl emanated from her throat as she heard her mother's voice yet again. It grated on her nerves but she ignored it for now, deactivating her weapon and firmly placing her boot against the opponent's chest as she clipped it back at her belt.

Pain danced along her nerves as she moved, each sensation used to only fuel her connection to the Force which grew day by day. She drew one of her daggers and with no remorse knelt plunging it into the gaping hole in the armour. A scream of pain was ignored as she twisted the keen blade and pried away the damaged plates, exposing more.

Blood welled swiftly, his stomach quickly expelling the crimson liquid. Removing the weapon she pressed down, watching as it began coating the pale skin.

The Iridonian kept him like that for hours, allowing the acids of her opponent's stomach to burn the internal organs. Eventually the screams ceased as they lost consciousness.

Growing bored she used her lightsaber to take his head; it would make an excellent trophy. Bloodied fingers smoothed across her face with a sense of satisfaction. She secured her prize upon her belt.

As she walked away she leant down plucking the discarded lightsaber off the dusty ground. It seemed a shame to waste such a fine weapon. It too was clipped to her belt, the body left for the carrion eaters.