The sky above the mesa remained clear, yet the tinge of spelt blood drifted through the air and the warmth of the sun’s light cascading gently over the forested valley held a serene sense of yearning. Flutterplume gliders soured the treetops, circling lower and lower in sight for prey.

The sky was red to him, as was the morning sand beneath his bare feet and the growing shadows looming across the lush terrain. A broken saber-hilt lay next to him, its scabbard clinging uselessly to the belt around his waist and shoulders. Blood dripped from his eyes, making an arc of crimson pools along the ground.

 Drek'ath knelt on an expanse of dry sand and gazed into the eyes of his Master. Raising the jagged edge of his bone-plate just above the stomach, he uttered a few indistinct words and brought it down hard, slicing through the soft flesh of his master's chest. The Sith Lord roared helplessly at the knight, writhing across the ground in utter agony. Drek'ath lunged to the side as his Master let out the last of several plumes of lightning, nearly thudding his head into a boulder. Rushing forward, Drek'ath force-grabbed his Master and began the inevitable choking. He thrusted his hand in a downward-circle motion, felling the Sith Lord upon the ground: plunged a shattered piece of the bone-plate straight into his masters head and coarsely whispered, " I am no longer your servant, for I have aquired my own, a secret kept hidden from such as mind-distorted and disposable as you." Skellidar, Lord of the Sith, took a shallow breath and lay still.

“*Dusk is approaching*,” said Drek'ath through his mind link. “*Sukelah will be here soon and there is no doubt she will sense our presence. The death of my Master was a heavy loss, though the cursed must one day be dealt with. Long do I for the time of peace in this now forsaken land*.” He turned and began walking beneath the shadows of the trees. "*No matter, let us collect what we came for and be as far from here as is attainable. No being in their right mind would stay in this uncharted area, and* . . .” Drek'ath was cut off by a loud screech coming from above, scattering a flock of birds into the sky. He turned and looked up and saw a great silhouette looming before him, staring at its surroundings with deathless eyes.

“*The revenant of Lord Skellidar*,” spoke Hazilah through her mind as she emerged from the undergrowth to join him on the trail.

“Indeed apprentice,” said Drek'ath quietly. "Let us hope it does not notice us," and turned to continue on his way.

Without warning another screech sounded and a swift, blurry impression of a figure swept down and plunged itself into Drek'ath's body. Drek'ath crumbled to the ground, nearly toppling Hazilah along with him. Hazilah got back on her feet, dusted hersef off and noticed a most unusual sense of disposition enveloping Drek'ath. A new entity was present and Hazilah was aware and sensed it. "What is the matter," she nervously asked aloud, though she had a rather clear idea.

Still laying there, Drek'ath's response was forced and raspy. "I . . I . . felt . . . as though my body . . . . I felt a familiar . . . . presence . . ." His voice became more deep and eery sounding and the next words greatly alarmed Hazilah even though she was expecting as much, enough to unsheath the lightwhip around her utility belt and ignite it.

"Hmm, so Hazilah is your name," spoke the deep voice. "I am Skellidar, alive, though only vary, a wraith.

 "Now that I am dead, I have become even more powerful than your Master ever could have perceived, and inhibiting this body will hence become Drek'ath's undoing. I wish to relate to you Hazilah my purpose to possess him, being as I . . " - Something of a struggle occured and Dreka'th's body began to twitch violently. A moment passed and a barely visible shadow emerged from Drek'ath's chest vanishing into the sky.

Another moment passed and Drek'ath recovered, shaking slightly. His eyes were wide and with sudden realization stated; "This is the fate I have brought upon my old Master, the living death. My soul and his are one, yet we are what the other is not. Therefore I relate to you my apprentice that I am in no need of you. For you are the only one who can continue the Way of the Sith." With one precise movement, he leapt from the ground and pierced himself with his dual-bladed gauntlet. The revenant of Skellidar appeared again, screeching, and with a wrench tried seperating itself from Drek'ath's body. Too late, it was trapped and couldn't break free of the dying host.

With an enormous effort, Drek'ath spoke one last time saying, "The one I once called Master trapped his soul within me, therefor we must both live on, yet I now proclaim that I will not kill myself to diminish new found access of ultimate power, but to become part of the Living Force and abide by my Master there.

"Hazilah, you are now last of the Sith."