“Again, again!” Tra’an Reith’s maniacal laughter echoed eerily throughout the small room where he was currently held captive. Xander Drax’s brow furrowed at the insanity displayed by the former Dread Lord of Plagueis.

No matter what tools his torturers employed, anything he did to the being healed fairly quickly, and seemed to cause little to no pain. Even when they did cause excruciating pain, the only response seemed to be laughter and hilarity. It had unsettled all of his staff and made him wonder just how much of a grip the Obelisk retained on sanity.

“Give me the command codes to the Khyron Class Start Destroyer!” Drax demanded of the Shi’ido, his voice steady as he commanded yet again.

“I already told you, my command codes don’t work on it. They got it while I was busy finding out how many Twi’lek’s I could get friendly with!” Drax ground his teeth together, mouth forming a flat line as he contemplated the truth of the matter. His experience with this person in particular told him it was a lie, even while the Force told him it was the truth. The conflicting instincts warred within him as he stepped away and nodded at the torturer again.

“I don’t believe you. You’re far too clever to let them lock you out.” As the goon moved to bring the weighted hammer down on the shapeshifter’s knee, he seemed surprised to find that instead of impact, the weapon was suddenly wrested from his grip and slammed against the nearest bulkhead. As the fool moved away to get it, the sudden clang of restraints on the floor indicated that things were changing.

Tra’an stood up and slammed his foot into the goon’s back, pulling the hammer towards him at the same time, ensuring that it made visceral contact with the face. Both hammer and goon dropped to the ground together, and lay unmoving upon the durasteel. Dusting his hands off, the wild-eyed Equite turned to look at Xander Drax.

“So, you go to all this trouble to take over the station, to kidnap me, to try and extort command codes in the hopes that you might what, take control of our KSD? I hate to break it to you, but I don’t have what you’re looking for. And even if I did,” he licked his lips, “I wouldn’t give it to you. Tra’an smirked at Drax, even as the rage from within began to bubble forth.

Drax looked on in horror before pressing the alarm button he had in his pocket, triggering an alert that would bring the guards running, even as he withdrew his personal holdout blaster from the other pocket, aiming it at his foe.

“And you pulled whatever little tricks you had to escape from those cuffs for what, to get captured again?” Xander sneered at the Shi’ido, only to find that the end of his blaster had been crimped shut.

“Blasters really are a useless tool when I can see it right in front of me. Even worse when there’s nothing to stop me from making it useless with just a little bit of will.” Tra’an grinned, the edges of his smile reaching his eyes as he started to advance upon the older human. For the first time in a long time, Drax actually began to be afraid that this wasn’t going to end well for him.

Turning to run for the door, it was already too late. Even as Drax took his first step, Tra’an jumped after him, landing directly behind the man. Reaching out, the Shi’ido grabbed Drax’s shoulder, squeezing at the edge of the joint. The immense pressure forced the shoulder joint to dislocate, causing incredible pain to shoot through Xander’s entire body, bringing him to his knees. Grabbing the dislocated arm, Tra’an began to pull on it, slowly working to separate it from the human’s body.

“I bring you pain, Xander Drax. That you might feel what it is like to have something you love and cherish ripped from you as you have ripped from others. Perhaps it’ll be a leg next?” It was all Drax would do not to pass out from the pain. Every time he got used to the pain, Tra’an would twist the arm or elevate it, causing new pain to spark along the nerves.

The arm ripped free from the socket, blood spurting from the open would as the arteries splashed the life fluid into the air and on the deck.

“Enjoy your death Xander. This world is no longer your concern.”