Darkness and the Delight of Crimson Pools

By Misium

With so much misanthropy, so much hatred and disgust for sentient lifeforms, Misium found it tough to be around others for very long, even the other members of Plagueis. Truly, it was what really cut his tenure short as Battle Team Leader of the Disciples of Dreypa. He just didn’t have the necessary social skills to maintain any sort of group of people. But that was okay. He was better off on his own. Or, as alone as one can be while being a member of a clan.

But now was one of those times. He needed his solitude. To bathe in his darkness. And so it was that he found himself on some nameless, forgotten planet. In the dark of night, under the light of the full moon, he could meditate on the dark side of the force. Alone. Away from the cacophony of the comings and goings of daily life among the Plagueian forces. He could revel in his hatred, in his darkness, in his despair, uninterrupted. Or perhaps not.

He felt the presence before he saw or heard it. A disgusting source of light rippling through the force. So repulsive, he could almost vomit. It seemed some grotesquery had detected his presence on this nowhere planet and had come to play the hero. Though he had wanted to be alone, he couldn’t really complain about an opportunity to flay a jedi.

Sitting silently in the grass, he continued his activities, careful not to give any signs that he was aware of his visitor's arrival. And when flash of blue saber ignited and arced down towards his head, he could only grin as he rolled to the side, drew his own blade, and positioned the tip of the crimson blade over the wretched lightsider’s heart. There would be no battle, the jedi had underestimated his opponent.

The sapphire blade disengaged and its hilt fell to the ground. It almost amused him that this new victim thought surrendering would get him anywhere; that mercy was a word he even recognized the meaning of. He supposed that, if he had share someone’s company, this was truly the most appealing way to do so. The pained screams of one’s enemy can be just as glorious as the magnificent sounds of silence.

Bound firmly, the jedi’s chatter was endless. Bargaining, begging for mercy, to be allowed to live, to go free. He was anxious to replace these annoying noises with the delightful sounds of pain, the gurgling of blood. And so, now ready, he produced a series of dark, sinister tools. Blades and hooks and all manner of horrifying toys. It was exciting, he could feel it welling up inside of him. And when the first cuts began, and the first cries of pain rang out, he couldn’t help but cackle with joy. His eyes were wide with maddened delight, which thoroughly painted his victim’s face with horror. He could tell now what his fate would be, that there’d be no escape, no rescue, no mercy. It was clear that there was no motive and that there was nothing that would passify or bribe him out of it. The only thing Misium wanted was the destruction of this life form. And he would have it.

The cries of pain had been endless, and hours had passed. When he stepped back out under the night sky, he found that the moon had already descended down from it’s high perch above and now sat lightly upon the horizon. But that was okay, too. It had been a wonderful night. Inside, the blood pooled on the floor, leaving no clear area to keep your boots clean. Something mangled, disfigured, and entirely unrecognizable hung crudely from its bindings. Had that mass of viscera and gore really been a person once? There was nothing discernable about it now. It was beautiful to him, however. He’d even made sure to record the entire ordeal upon his holocron, that he might watch it again and again in the future, to relive it over and over.

His eyes rested on the moon as it began to disappear beyond the horizon. A satisfied smile grew upon his face, as he closed his eyes and drank in the darkness, the scent of blood, and the vivid scarlet imagery now burned in his memory. It had been a glorious night indeed.