

Abadeer looked at his hand, still dripping with blood. On the floor was the light blue Twi'lek, Andraya. He felt the rage fade, his vision lost the red tint, and a wave of exhaustion crashed over him. He'd done what was needed, but not something he'd wanted to have to do. How had it come to this point? His mind drifted back to only a few weeks ago.

Andraya, a beautiful, young woman who'd recently been assigned to the ranks of the Apostles of Syn, Abadeer's Battleteam. She had impressed him with her perseverance to progress and her dedication to training her body to the limits. She excelled in the arena, she had a understanding for single combat, which Taasii respected highly. She spent hours training her mind to be more attuned with the Force, seeking extra training with Abadeer. She chosen to abstain from having a Master in the Clan, which left Abadeer as her sole trainer.

One late night they spent together in The Chasm, training Andraya in the ways of the Force in the Shadow Arena, they became just a little closer. Andraya sought after knowledge to be more like her teacher, seeking training in the ways of the Shadow. Abadeer had enough training himself here to teach her how to use the shadows to her advantage. They spent hours using the Force to cloak their forms and how to maintain the precise focus to continue cloaking while moving. One would cloak and the other would try to see through the veil of Force energy.

After several hours Andraya had pushed herself to the limits, and beyond. She attempted to cloak herself, beads of sweat dripping down her lekku, but the strain was too much. Andraya fell to the ground. Abadeer stared on at her unconscious form, a tinge of disappointment was quickly pushed out as he looked at the time realizing how long she'd been able to keep up the training. Most other students in the Battleteam would have succumb to exhaustion hours ago. The Knight realized that even at his level he was feeling severely drained. Taasii sighed and walked over to the young girl and picked her up, and carried her in his arms. He took her to her quarters and set her gently down on her cot. Taking a place in the chair on the other side of the room he too let the dull ache take over and fell in to the sweet embrace of sleep.

Gradually over the next week the two Sith spent more and more time together, their relationship starting to grow as their time together grew more regular. Taasii would walk Andraya to her room each night after training sessions. On one occasion he even brought her along on a fairly dangerous mission, assassinating a prominent Senator. She was a great asset in said venture. When returning to the NSD Preeminence from the assassination, Abadeer walked Andraya back to her quarters as usual, but this time she pulled him in. There were no words exchanged, just pure carnal attraction as the night wore on.

Abadeer awoke the next morning, back stiff from sleeping together in the cramped cot. Andraya was up making some kind of tea. Taasii didn't give any indication that he was awake, but stared on at the curvaceous figure before him. He was still exhausted from the night's escapades. He even began to drift back into sleep, until something caught his attention. Just a slight movement from Andraya, but enough to catch his eye. She's added something he couldn't make out to one of the cups of tea, quickly trying to be discreet, but not to the other cup. Taasii was fully awake now, but still remained still as to not alert the woman.

Andraya walked to the bed with the tray of tea and nudged Abadeer until he rose up. "Good morning Master, I thought I'd start your day off with a spot of tea." Without waiting for a reply she grabbed one of the cups and offered it to Taasii. He took it with a nod, and stared deeply at the cup. He reached out with the Force for any kind of clues, and could only get a sense of danger.

He held the cup in his hands, not daring to raise it to his lips. Andraya continued to stare at him, watching the cup. That all but confirmed it for him, and Abadeer would not be mocked. He threw the cup of tea at the Twi'lek, his own body right behind. He grabbed her forcefully by the neck and slammed her against the wall.

"I'm not particularly upset that you're trying to kill me, it's happened before, but I would ask why?" The woman struggled to break free of his grip, but the Force fueled him, contrary to his words, a rage was building quickly. She didn't have the ability to even speak anymore. She lashed out, punching and kicking at his torso, and while some of the jabs stung, they could not overcome the wall of pure rage that was his being now.

"Fine, the damn you to hell woman. I have no place on my Battleteam for traitors." Lifting the Twi'lek another couple inches off the ground by her neck, he reached his arm back, fingers pointed out ready to strike. He smashed his arm through her chest, a spurt of blood covering the front of the Togruta. He gripped his fingers around her heart, now only weakly beating at a frantic pace. *I will never be toyed with* he thought, continuing his glare into her eyes. He crushed the organ in his hands and watched the shocked look on her face fade as the light left her eyes. Abadeer ripped his arm out from the chasm he'd created, arm drenched in the dark, warm fluid. He dropped the girl, and let her body crumple to a pile on the floor. *What a waste.* he thought to himself as he walked away.