Vacation.

 The idea kept dancing in the Umbaran’s mind. What would he do? What could he do? His experiments kept him busy, the study of rate of decay and ways to prevent it were something that he felt were crucial in understanding the ways of mastering the Dark Side. Necrosis was common in dark side users, the Umbaran had studied long and hard on the effects of delving too deep. But a vacation? He wanted one, but what would he do? Fly away to some far off land with a beach, sleeping in some resort where he could relax and unwind? The Umbaran wanted that, craved that in fact, and decided he would accept the vacation. Sith Bloodfyre claimed it was a suspension, citing the Tarenti for releasing one of his experiments on a volunteer bacta infused drug that the Proconsul was working on.

 But Samael knew deep down that what Sith really wanted was for the Umbaran to enjoy a vacation. The man had a smile when he informed Samael, who chuckled when he heard the words. It wasn’t long before ole Sammy hopped on a shuttle and headed for Nar Shaddaa, his old stomping grounds when he was young and craved an entirely different kind of power. Maybe that’s what this would be, him finding his lost self. Rejuvenation, he thought to himself. Maybe he’d find the real Samael once more, tasting the fruits of former glories as he strode along the catwalks and streets of the Smuggler’s Moon.

 It wouldn’t be long for Samael to find his way to a local cantina, filled with scum and lowlives. The Umbaran was home. When walking around, he found it prudent to use illusions and trickery to hide his necrotic face. He found a table in the cantina and sat down, hailing a scantily clad waitress. Zeltron, real nice. If the Umbaran was younger, he may have tried to flirt with her, but his path had led him to do things that rendered those impulses a thing of the past. Now, she was just another future cadaver waiting to be studied. He politely asked for whatever was their strongest alcoholic drink, he didn’t care what kind, and then told her to keep them coming. As the Sith took a swig of his drink, he began to think. What were his plans for the evening? The Tarenti could stroll the streets and just enjoy the air, exist and think of what his life turned out to be, reflect on what his choices have given him. Or he could forgo that, and instead make the same choices he always did.

 “Should I kill her?” he whispered to himself. “I mean, I could not. I could have a perfectly normal time, drink my drinks, pay my tab, and walk to some local hotel, have a nap and find some entertainment of a more normal variety. I could do that right?”

 The Tarenti gulped another mouthful of his drink, some of the liquid spilling down his lipless face, holding the empty glass in the air as he continued to talk to himself.

 “Or I could kill her. I would so enjoy doing it. Feeling the warmth of her blood spill over my fing--”

 “Excuse me?” asked the Zeltron, “Are you talkin’ to yourself, dear?”

 Samael stopped, slowly raised his gaze to meet hers, and placed his glass down. The Umbaran blinked as he nodded his head, knowing that the Zeltron need to be removed from this galaxy. She was rude, interrupted people in the middle of a sentence, Samael hated people who did that. He asked for his tab, which he hastily paid, and waited for the Zeltron in the darkness of the alley behind the place. When he spotted her, he quietly followed her, carefully remaining undetected as they made their way to her apartment. When she opened the door, Samael rushed her and pushed her through…

**Back at Castle Tarentum**

“And that’s where it kind gets fuzzy, next thing I know, she’s dead and in pieces, and I’m naked and covered in blood.” said Samael.

“Naked?” replies Darknyte.

“Well yeah, even black out Me knows to remove your clothes before doing stuff like this. Makes it easier to clean up. And it feels all tingly when their blood splatter gets you.”

“Your vacation’s are strange, and I’m honestly surprised you haven’t been reprimanded more from the Summit about this behavior.” said the Knight.

“Not their citizens, not their problem.” replied Samael, “It’s the Smuggler’s Moon, people go missing or found dead all the time.”