The Devil Within

By Blade Ta'var

Blade Ta'var's quarters
Caina, Cocytus System

Blade looked up at the ceiling and sighed, staring straight ahead as if the ceiling wasn't there. Try as she might, her mind kept going back to all of the people she had killed, especially the innocents. She had killed men, women, and children in mass quantities and still nothing could dim their final screams. There was no 'getting used' to it. Rather, their voices crescendoed until the Sith curled up defensively in fear, hands holding her head. Fear of what she had finally become: a true Sith.

"Noooooooooooo," she groaned as she suffered in relative silence, alone with her thoughts.

It had all started when she found the sith amulet during the war with Naga Sadow. The infernal thing picked and picked at the Zeltron's mind, revealing one contradiction after another. It had even goaded her to kill an innocent man. She had thankfully resisted that urge, but the mental damage it had wrought was incalculable.

After the amulet, Blade filled her time with as many distractions as possible, usually taking the form of 'justice killings'. Someone from Odan-Urr had even ensured that there was no lack of targets. Killing the guilty had become a balm of sorts. Righteous anger and hatred for the guilty seized control of her, flaring into a wild, open flame. Corrupted, yellow eyes marked her for the Sith she had become.

I am not bad. I am saving people. I swear. I am not bad...

Blade thought back to the innocents crying for help. She coldly glared at images only she could see, while tears slowly rolled down her face. She just wanted peace for everyone. Unfortunately, peace was hard to come by these days, not that she hadn't given it a try. She had tried to meditate, but all it brought was painful introspection that she tried her best to avoid. It had been two weeks since the massacres, but her conscious held onto her like a death grip.

A Jedi wouldn't do this. What would the Jedi say?

Childhood memories of the demonous Sith played on a loop in her mind, vying for attention with the screams. At first they fought for control, but then they morphed together into a veritable nightmare. Blade pulled a blanket over her for a juvenile sense of protection, but in reality she merely kept her demons closer. The amulet was long gone, but she could recall its voice as it had tried to console her guilty thoughts.

What you did was good. Take the power and use it to bring peace to everyone.

Pushing her hands against her head, she grimaced and resisted the urge to yell. She wondered how this all looked right now. Despite those thoughts, only one captured her attention: *Can I be saved?*

Despite her best efforts, the memories and voices wouldn't stop. It would be the same tonight. Sleep would bring no reprieve. The nightmares had come like they always did, unrelenting and unyielding. The dead always returned to exact their vengeance.

Frak. Just let me sleep. Give me a break.

Unfortunately, they didn't need breaks. Blade gave up and grabbed onto the only thing she felt comfortable grabbing onto: escape. She rolled off her bed, already fully dressed, and strode out of her unusually messy room. It had an unkempt feeling that often came with loss. Ignoring it, she walked down hallways she had become all too familiar with over the last month. Again and again. Circuit after circuit. Eventually she would be too tired to dream and collapse into blissful sleep, escaping her demons for a brief respite. It was better than the alternative...