

Terentatek

Death.

There was so much of it. Was this the price of her revenge? Nilim swam in so much filth it tainted her skin. It was almost a perfect match.

Under no circumstances was she supposed to be able to defeat the terentatek. Greater Jedi and Sith than her had fallen by such a beast. It practically *fed* on the Force, and was considered the ultimate counter to anyone considered a Sith, Jedi, or anything in-between.

J'hon was sadistic like that.

Nilim refused to call him Master. Why should she? The only one that deserved to be called Master was Sterion Wight. She was so close, and yet so far from her revenge. Kasiya was stones throw away from Elysia. All she'd need to do is take the first transport to Kasiya, find Taldryan's so-called Supreme Chancellor, and jam her lightsaber down his throat. She was looking ever so much to that.

The terentatek beneath her stirred. Nilim dug her heel into the beast's scalp. "Shut up if you know what's good for ya!"

The beast simmered down, seemingly whimpering. Its lower back was caved in with a stone spike that had pierced its spine. Below, near its jawline, were the corpses of several of the nearby villages. Heaviness panged her heart. Of all things she thought she'd never become when she joined the Children of Mortis, a murderer was not one of them. Master Sterion would never have approved.

Was this worth it for her revenge?

A noise from the edge of the cavern drew her attention. A necessary distraction, if she'd ever seen one.

"I'm impressed, Nilim. J'hon taught you well."

Unless, of course, it was Norman Reed. She fracking hated that voice. The biggest kiss-ass in the Children of Mortis was nothing short of an annoyance at best and downright insufferable at worst.

The worst part? He wasn't even part of the Lightbringers. No, Norman was a part of the Shadowseers, one of Rose Telsniw's little Acolytes, or *pets*, as she liked to call them.

Norman was, without a shadow of a doubt, the most insufferable of them all.

"You don't need to do anything else, Nilim..I will handle it from here."

He spoke with an arrogance that grated on her ears. She fiddled with her lekku, trying her best not to let his nasal tones, and gravelly voice get to her.

It was a losing battle.

She shot him a piercing gaze. "And let you take all the credit for this? Do you think I'm stupid?"

Norman smirked at her. "Do you want me to answer that?"

Nilim hissed. "You've been watching the whole time, haven't you?"

"Guilty," Norman raised his hands in mock surrender. "I must say, I never took you as the type to be so..."

"Brutal?" Nilim raised a brow.

"Heartless. It's a shame, you are a pretty little thing too. Why are all the hot ones so crazy?"

What remained of Nilim's heart sank into her gut. The worst part was that he was right. What she did to these villagers, feeding them to the tarentatek, was nothing short of evil.

She smiled at Norman, dropping down from the head of the beast. She sauntered up to him, and grabbed him by the scruff of his shirt.

"You wouldn't dare.. " Norman's smile faded.

Nilim planted her lips on his, taking him by surprise. There was no reaction at first, until he started to lean more into the passion and the heat of the moment. Nilim felt his hands wander.

Men were really predictable.

A crimson blade tore through Norman's abdomen. Wide eyes struck with pain and fear looked back at Nilim before they rolled into the back of his head.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure they pick up the beast... and your corpse."

Norman's body dropped to the floor. Nilim wiped her mouth and spat on the corpse at her feet. Master Sterion would not approve, but he could forgive her eventually, right?

Right?