

## Interview a Vampire

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Arx

Interrogation Room

41 ABY

The lights flickered in the damp room. The whirring and buzzing of machinery echoed throughout the large, rectangular space. Within the centre rested a single Human being strapped to an interrogation chair, his arms and wrists bound in place. He tried to move his head, but found himself too weak to do so.

Anders looked through the dossier for the third time today. He didn't bother to look the Human in the eyes as the durasteel blast doors opened, allowing him into the room.

The Human hissed at him like a cornered viper. He struggled against his restraints, his black locks of hair sticking to his face from sweat and exertion. Anders dropped his datapad on a small durasteel table beside him and wiped the locks out of the Human's eyes.

"Good morning, Arnestus. I trust you had a good night's sleep?"

BUDD-E peered its head on Anders' shoulder, waving one mechanical leg at Arnestus in a sort of mocking greeting.

"This is day three now, Arnestus. Every day you put yourself through this misery. Why? Why go through such resolve for a Master that cares little for your wellbeing?"

The Human spat at Anders. "Heathen! You dare speak lowly of my *Lord Scimitar*! I will tell you *nothing*. NOTHING!"

Arnestus bared his fangs, two sharp canines that had been purposefully filed to be sharper and more pronounced. He truly was *The Vampire of Dantooine*. A blood-sucking menace that preyed on helpless villagers as part of a promise from his *Lord* for immortality. He had gotten too bold, especially after Scimitar's first artefact was destroyed, leading to his capture.

Anders smiled at him. "I admire your conviction. For how futile it is, you remain faithful to your beliefs and for that, you have earned yourself some water."

"I would rather feast on your blood!"

The threat was idle. Anders was unperturbed as he brought the small cup of water to Arnestus' face. The Human pursed his lips to receive liquid nourishment until Anders threw the cup of ice-cold water in his face.

Arnestus shuddered, spitting, shaking, shivering, and coughing.

"There, that should bring you back to reality," Anders didn't let the smile drop from his face. "You are going to die here, Arnestus. Whether your eventual demise is quick and painless, or riddled with agony is entirely up to you."

"I will tell you nothing!" Arnestus snapped.

"Oh, but you already have. Over the last two days, we have learned the origins of Scimitar's second artifact and the planet it is located on. Now we just need to know the *exact* location on Dathomir where it presides."

Arnestus squirmed in the chair as Anders loomed over him. He twitched as the Chiss opened the palm of his hand, hovering it inches over his head.

"N-No. Please. I can't take anymore..." Arnestus pleaded, tears forming in his eyes.

Anders shook his head. "Unfortunately, you have decided to be uncooperative. As such, you leave me no choice. Buddy, please record the following interrogation. I am about to interview the vampire."

Buddy beeped happily as Arnestus writhed and twitched uncontrollably before finally succumbing to his mental torture. He screamed, his cries of horror echoing down the hallways...

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