Sweat trickled down Mirado’s face, coming to a bead at the end of his hawkish nose, before dripping onto the floor. Every muscle in his body burned from fatigue, his lungs ached, his heart rate was at a permanent increase, and his skin was numb from exposure without ample time to acclimate. Unlike the foes he’d faced across the galaxy on Ashen’s drive for conquest, this time, he couldn’t just kill or be killed. No, this was more like torture. And the worst part, the torturer had come to him, on his own planet of Aeotheran, tasked by the Dark Council.

“Quaestor L’eonheart, if you’d like a break, feel free. This isn’t an interrogation, it’s post traumatic therapy.” Doctor Dreea Habutai said, the perky human woman said with a warm and genuine smile. She was alone with the assassin, not a place most people wanted to be, but she’d met him before, when she was still working for House Tarentum. Mirado and the rest of his clan had come to aid during the Rakghoul plague a few years ago. Then, she was charged with making sure there were no traces of the ‘ghoul saliva in any wounds he may have received. She’d since left Tarentum with Anshar’s blessing, to work directly for the Throne, one of the very few non-Force powered people to do so.

“Sooner done the better,” Mirado grumbled, acutely aware of the high temperature in the woman’s office.

“Ooooh-Kay,” she said, exasperated at his terse reply. Of all the Dark Jedi that she’d been called upon to speak to, this one was probably the worst. Not due to his temper, or his arrogance, or his hygiene, but instead the utter lack of desire to talk. Most females felt comfortable speaking to her, and many males seemed happy to talk about their exploits, but this one seemed not to care at all. “So, what can you tell me?”

“I killed people.” Mirado replied, obviously fidgety. The doctor made a note of that on her datapad, adding that the previously observed claustrophobia in the subject seemed more advanced. “I don’t mind that.” He added as an aside.

“And how does that make you feel?” Dreea asked, that most classic of responses had been drilled into her before she started this job. Evaluating these Dark Jedi as threats or security risks was not her area of expertise. She was a physician after all, but she was a physician who’d survived working with Dark Jedi.

“I have to feel something?” Mirado retorted, genuinely surprised that there was some expected emotion or feeling associated with terminating all function in a living being.

“Well, most do,” Dreea answered as she noted psychopathic tendencies on her datapad.

“Oh,” Mirado said, and pondered a moment. “Well, better them than me. We had a job to do.” He added, causing her to change her opinion from psychopath to disinterested.

“What do you have to say about your mental and physical state?” the Doctor asked next, moving onto the self-evaluation portion.

“I’m fine,” Mirado grunted. “Just tired mostly. I’m not seeing things or hearing voices.”

Along with the evident signs of both mental and physical exhaustion, the admittance was probably the final piece of information that Dr. Habutai needed. Her datapad, connected to a heuristic database, collated the data from her notes and the biometric recorders in the office, combined that with previous evaluations, and silently gave a reply.

“Combat fatigue. Minimal security risk.” It said. It wasn’t enough for the human woman.

“Do you think it was worth it?” she asked, her voice slightly more meek than it had been. Everyone she’d spoken to had said it was. Even the people that were collected by Royal Guardsmen to be escorted… somewhere based on her opinion and that of the computer.

Mirado sighed, almost too tired to scowl. By way of response, he reached out to her casually, grasping her datapad. The last time they’d met, he’d all but pounced her, leaving her to think for a moment he was going to rape her, kill her, or worse. This time his actions were slow, languorous. “Why?”

“I, I talked to a lot of you. I just wanted to know.” She replied, more surprised that he’d moved so slowly than he’d done it at all.

Mirado shook his head and inhaled slowly, using the moment of misdirection to flip the power switch off on her datapad. He rose from the exam sofa then, and squatted in front of the usually perky human woman. Placing his hands on her knees, he finally glanced up at her through the sweaty mess of his hair.

“Ashen wanted conquest,” Mirado said slowly, and very quietly. So quietly that the doctor had to lean in to hear him. “He wanted his enemies to know that they’d stepped too far.”

Mirado rose, bringing him face to face, noses almost touching with the woman. “He was embarrassed that we were attacked before, and to satisfy his own sense of bushido, he made every one of us fight each other, and his enemies all at once, like he was showing them he was willing to sacrifice more than they were.”

Dreea was acutely aware that she hadn’t taken a breath in a moment, and when she did, it hitched in her throat a moment. “You felt used?”

Mirado nodded, taking her hand in his for a moment, giving a small squeeze, and then slipping the pen from her grasp. “Worse. I felt used up, forgotten.” He said with quiet conviction, still barely speaking above a whisper.

With an underhanded flick of his wrist, the assassin sent her pen sailing towards the pinhole holocam concealed in the corner of the ceiling. For those with light based vision, it was very well hidden. For those who saw only in the Force, not so much.

When the pen impacted, it made an ugly popping sound, startling the doctor. She cursed herself for letting his strange animal charm get over on her again. “Do you think they’ll miss you, when you’re gone?” Mirado asked her, immediately taking her mind off the surprise of the noise.

“I, uhm, I doubt it.” Dreea answered honestly. While not a psychologist, she still knew enough to realize if he was going to kill her, it would have been without the theatrics.

“You’re smarter than most.” Mirado replied.