

Cross Examination

Selika Roh pushed the heavy door open and looked into the cell that housed Farrin Xies, the man bound to a chair by metal restraints on his limbs and across his body. The doors in this section of the Grand Master's Royal Guard headquarters on the Spike were old style, manually operated doors, lacking the automatic functions of other parts of the facility. This was because these cells had been designed to fulfill the specific purpose that this one was serving presently: holding a Force user. There were no automated systems to disrupt, no sensors to trick. Just massed, heavy duranium and huge, manual bolts.

The light that framed her form spilled into the chamber, providing illumination to Farrin's eyes for the first time in days. Other members of the Guard, acting in concert with troops of the Iron Throne, had taken the dark jedi knight from the Shadow Academy on Lyspair while he was persuing his duties there, his master Dacien having been told that he had been called back to Antei on business of the Guard. It wasn't a complete untruth, but in fact it was he who was the "business" that they were concerned with.

"What do you want from me?" he croaked, his throat parched, his lips cracked. He hadn't been allowed to interact with anyone since he had first arrived, and had spent the the intervening time alone in his dark cell.

"I have questions for you," Selika said, the hint of a grin on her face. It wasn't often that Selika was presented with the opportunity to interrogate one of her fellows, let alone handed the carte blanche mandated to do whatever she wanted to get her answers.

"You have information we require, about Dacien's involvement in actions that are, shall we say, not in our best interest," she continued.

His eyes finally focused on her as he lifted his had and fixed a confused gaze on her face. "Aren't you *his* Guardsman? You're there to protect him..."

Selika chuckled at the simplicity of what he had said. "It is the *Grand Master's* Royal Guard," She explained, using a condescending tone fit to describe complexities to a child. "We are their to ensure the saftey of the Grand Master. That often means guarding his councilors, but if that council becomes a threat, then we will make sure to eliminate that threat as well."

"Then you'll get nothing from me, *schutta*," Farrin spat, showing more defiance than Selika had expected this far into his captivity.

"Oh, I think I will," Selika replied calmly.

Selika reached out and slashed violently into his mind, making short work of his initial mental defenses. His long captivity had done nothing to strengthen the paltry walls around his mind.

"Another product of the Hammer's Brotherhood," Selika scoffed. "I remember Drax telling those of us who served as his students about the pathetic skill of their so-called Sith."

Farrin's body tensed as she pushed against his inner defenses, his back arching as much as it could in his restraints. His head inched backwards as he squeezed his eyes shut. And then, suddenly, Selika encountered another layer of resistance. It wasn't the Force, but something else.

"Oh! You're actually blocking me! A relic of your ISB training I take it," she chided him. "Singing little songs, nursery rhymes, doing math... hey, you forgot to carry the seven."

"Get fracked, boltbrain," Farrin cursed through gritted teeth.

Selika's eyes brightened with sparkle of dark glee. "That was a mistake. When you got mad, you distracted yourself from distracting yourself and I slipped in."

Farrin's head snapped back violently as she pushed her way farther into her mind, driving it into the high back of the chair. The force of the blow elicited a loud crack as the back of his head drove into the duraplast of the chair.

"I can do this all day you know," Selika said, reaching out with her telekinesis to pull his head forward so she could meet his gaze again. "You might as well give up what you know."

Farrin's only response was to stare at her defiantly, his eyes blazing.

"Well," she said, "Don't say that I never gave you a choice."

* * *

Selika had been at the task for nearly seven hours straight when Valhavoc had finally arrived to observe. It had been nearly another hour before she was finished, the interval filled with Farrin's screams and her soft speech. Valhavoc couldn't really make out what she was saying to him through the holo display, but it was usually occupied a short-lived lull in the other man's cries.

Whatever else she may be, Valhavoc mused, she is most definitely a woman who enjoys her work.

She never seemed to tire, working Farrin over without ever laying a hand on him. At least, not a physical hand. Even her telekinesis, however, wasn't a blunt instrument. She would move him here, prod him a bit there. Her torture wasn't physical, instead existing all within his mind.

Finally, the last twenty minutes were simply her standing there silently, immobile, as Farrin screamed his throat raw. Even Valhavoc was somewhat taken aback by what he saw. In the end, Farrin's head slumped forward into what was, for him, blissful unconsciousness as a trickle of blood dripped from one of his nostrils. Valhavoc watched Selika walk out of the room on the display, the woman emerging from the cell into the antechamber Valhavoc occupied.

"What was that last bit?" Valhavoc asked.

"Oh, that?" Selika answered, "A bit of mind trick there, the illusion of fire there. For anyone to feel what he felt, they'd have to have been on fire."

There seemed to be an almost mischievous undercurrent to her words and body language.

Valhavoc nodded, then changed the subject. "So, he seems to have an almost uncharacteristic loyalty to his master."

"Especially for one who doesn't actually know anything," Selika revealed.

"All of that and he knows nothing?" Valhavoc asked, slightly aghast.

"Well, I did have to be sure. Leave no stone unturned."

Valhavoc thought for a moment. "Then it looks like we should move on to the next name on the list. Lord Ashen has made this investigation our top priority"

"Good," Selika said eagerly, "I welcome the chance to slice my way through another of Victae's lackies."

KE Selika Roh (Krath) / House Ajunta Pall of Clan Plagueis [SA: XII] [GMRG: XI] [ACC: Q]

AK / SB / GCx2 / SCx4 / ACx5 / DCx6 / GNx16 / SNx13 / BNx13 / Cr:3D-5R-14A-5S-8E-5T-3Q / PoBx25 / CFx5141 / CIx26 / DSSx9 / SIx5 / SoFx5 / SotMx3 / LSx42 / SoLx4 /

S:1D-1Dk-3U-8B-3Ret-28Dec-25Aff-33Cr

{SA: MVC - MVF - MVH - MVL - MVPH - MVS - MVW - DPE - DPV - SGG - SGL - SVLC - SVS - SVTC - SVWP}

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