

The Corellian glanced down at his datapad again, feeling more than a little bit nervous. He knew the way that the Sith and Krath felt about Obelisk. Too many regarded the warriors from mere pawns to bone-headed simpletons. He knew that Pravus was a Sith and that the Grandmaster was not to be trifled with. Bentre had honestly considered trying to feign ignorance, and just try to ignore the summons.

The Assassin had already seen plenty of shadows moving among his comrades. The Obelisk knew better than to let his guard down even around his allies in Naga Sadow. He had served with his master on the pirate moon and honorably represented Sapphire Squadron on numerous occasions. That did not mean he would turn his back on the Battle Team Leader of or Daedric though.

These things did not really matter when it came down to it. Given the Grandmaster's reputation he would as likely be hunted down as anything if he tried to resist the Elder's demands.. Pravus had ordered the Journeyman to report to the SSD Suffering in one of the private offices. His manic gaze flitted from door to door, counting up toward the dreaded door.

His sense of doom was slowly replaced by a very odd sensation. Stahoes felt as though his chest was being compressed and as though the very air was becoming thicker. He could sense something great and terrible rippling in the Force, though he could not begin to define it. As he came to the door of the office. Bentre pushed the door open uneasily, and a chill ran down his spine.

"Bentre Stahoes," a cool voice called from within. As the door swung open, it revealed the intimidating form of Pravus. "So you have finally come to pay tribute to your true Master."

Silent words burned in Bentre's chest. Normally, he would have uttered some snide comment, or made some jibe remark. *Here I am to to lick the hand that feeds me.* The Corellian's teeth ground together at this thought. *Like a hound I may end up licking the hand that beats me too.*

"Hailing from the Corellian system," Pravus's eyes burned a hole into him as he spoke from the large comfortable chair,, "you have made your way from Hutt space to the Brotherhood. Since that time, you have served the Clan Naga Sadow." As the Elder intoned the words, Bentre felt his chest swell with pride. "You have served the house of Shar Dakhan. You have served on your Battleteam."

"Yes, Grandmaster," the words felt bitter in his mouth, but Stahoes struggled to calm his beating heart. *Where is he going with this?*

"You have proven yourself a slicer of noteworthy skill. You have begun some projects for your Consul on that front, from what I have been told."

*Why is he listing off all these things? Is he trying to stoke my pride? Suspicion overcame his sense of pride, and the Corellian eyed his Grandmaster uneasily. What is he really wanting? The Obelisk nodded, trying to maintain a look of respectful attention.*

“Your work on those projects are placed on immediate and indefinite delay.”

“What?” the statement caught the Journeyman by surprise. Anger pulsed in the words, though subdued by fear.

“You are going to abandon your projects. You will submerge yourself in the ways of war, you will listen silently to the prattling of your comrades, and you will await my next command. You will be obedient, and when I call, you will act without thought.”

*Hazel eyes searched cold blue-grey eyes for any deeper meaning. He wants me to cease my projects? He expects me to seriously spy on my Clan and House? What kind of bantha fodder is this? Why should I spy on them? What is Pravus expecting to come out of my House? Does he really expect I will keep these things from Daedric or my Battle Team?*

The eyes boring into him seemed to answer his internal struggle. You will obey or you will perish, they seemed to imply. There was no show of mercy, of changing of mind, nor of any attempt at empathy for the Dark Jedi Knight’s obvious discomfort.

“Yes, my Master.” the words came out flat, submissive and unbidden.

“You will return to your House for now then, Stahoes.” With that, Bentre obediently turned around, and began to make his way back to his shuttle.

*I am going to find out what he is up to. The Obelisk shook his head, and growled. I am not going to be hit little pet. I will find a way out of this fodder. Kark it all, I am a disciple of Sadow, not a kath hound!* He would have plenty of time to think through how though. He was going to have to find someone to take over the production stages of the MTI project and the SSP program development. Once that was done, he would start to piece together the goal of Pravus’s orders even as he feigned loyal obedience.

*I am not a traitor. It is as simple as that.*

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