

Whispers and Murmurings

Bentre had heard all the whispers and muttering that seemed to persist in his House. It was one of a few things that he could not stand about Shar Dakhan. The younger Journeyman seemed to so easily give themselves over to the spread of petty gossip and similar tomfoolery. *That is probably why so many of those fools seem to drop off of the face of the fleet after so long. They never get their act together.*

For this reason he would usually more or less ignore all but a choice few. Before he had been transferred to Devil's Shroud, he had developed some deep relationships with his former Battleteam. He wouldn't have called them friendships exactly.

They were more like close comrades. At least they seemed to keep their head about themselves a lot better than most. Those roots, however short-lived had run pretty deep. He still hadn't acclimated to his new Battleteam yet.

This latest rumor made his ears perk up immediately. His blood had began boiling the moment that he heard the word traitor. *The idea that a Son or Daughter of Sadow could decide to betray our House in any capacity is unforgivable. I can't even begin to think about what I would do.*

At first the idea did nothing but cause his stomach to curdle and his teeth to grind. However as time passed on the idea began to make more sense. There had been some anomalies during his time as a member of Sapphire. Bob was certainly

There had been odd times when his BTL would disappear for a time only to return with no explanations for his absences. *He always joked that it was protocol we would receive no explanation for his going AWOL. I always figured that he was trying to put us at ease, but what if that was not the case?*

These suspicions had brought him back to his stomping ground, the *Reaper's Call.* Thankfully Scarlet and the others still held him in high regard. He had also left some of his personal belongings on the Marauder Corvette. Most of the thing he had left behind were just a few mementos of the campaign against the Red Fury pirates. Still these trinkets held a special place in his heart, and gave him a good reason to sneak about Sapphire Squadron's home.

The ship was not too large and in the short time he had been away little had changed in the way of datalinks, encryption, and passwords. *Hells, my security credentials are still good,* he thought. *This will make hunting through the database systems that much easier.* His eyes darted back and forth even more erratically than normal.

"Well look at this here," a firm, familiar voice called from the doorway. Bentre Stahoes felt a shiver ripple down his spine as he turned to face his former commander. There was no

judgement in the words, which for some reason made the Obelisk feel more ill at ease. “Here I was, heading off toward my quarters to collapse onto my cot after a long night of drinking. Imagine that I find one of my allies here virtually unannounced. First he denies us a chance to really sit down and drink to the good times, and then he is scouring through our computers.”

“You expect me to believe that if I told you I were conducting an investigation that you would just open the databases to me?”

Robert Sadow seemed taken aback a bit by this. “We served together for the better part of your tenure with Naga Sadow. You trusted Sapphire Squadron to watch your back on a number of campaigns. Did you really believe that just because you switch Battleteams that a mutual trust would crumble?” The words had a tinge of disappointment mingled within.

“I needed to find out if we have traitors,” the words seemed to flow too easily from his mouth. Bentre had no chance to stop them.

“So you thought that one of us is a traitor?” Bob’s hand went to his side. His fingers rested uneasily on his lightsaber.

“I don’t know,” Bentre admitted. “I just heard the rumors floating about, and-”

“You let doubt grip your heart.” The Sith BTL shook his head. “Finish what you are doing, Stahoes. Clear your mind about traitors in our ranks, and search out where these rumors are coming from. Search for the truth as you need to. However do not set foot back onto this ship until you get your head screwed on straight.”

The words were like a shot to the chest. *Why should I feel like this?* The Obelisk drew a steadying breath. *I was so sloppy, I got found out so easily. I need to stop acting so comfortable just because I am around the Dark Jedi Brotherhood.*

He looked back at the data downloading to the datapad. *Don’t think that opening your doors will throw me off of you. You may be a Son of Sadow but something stinks on our ranks. I won’t stop pursuing until I find the source of the stench. If it isn’t Macron or Bob then I will move to Keibatsu, Vexatus, and Ashen. I will pull the corruption out of the shadows.*

Bentre Stahoes (Pin #14185)