“Hades, you and I were there when it happened. We need to take care of this.”

“You know I’ve got your six Pel, you and Rekio, since the TC.”

“That I do, I also know you have skills and contacts on the black side, and I don’t mean the Dark Side.”

“I’ll make a couple inquiries, see what I can find.”

“Just don’t go anywhere without backup, and by backup I mean me.”

“You got it, Pel.”

“Probably a good idea to start with the coded transmission, see where it was coming from or going to. We were late in decoding it, but maybe it will still help us.”

“I’ll need my shuttle comms for this, let’s get back to the Sheath, and see what I can find.”

“Sounds good, Hades, let’s find out who took out Rekio.”

Pel and Hades made the short trip back to the Sheath in a tense silence, knowing that it was too late to help their comrade, but at least vengeance could be achieved. Pel hung around the hanger, letting Hades work his black magic, keeping an eye out for danger. A few hours later, Hades emerged from his shuttle, a grim look on his face.

“I’ve got a solid lead Pel, let’s go find ‘Brutus’.” Hades motioned Pel to join him on the shuttle.

“Right behind you, old buddy.”

“Hey, who are you calling old?”

“If the robes fit….”

“Whatever, you want to play good cop, bad cop?” Hades asked as he deftly piloted the shuttle out of the hanger and into space.

“No, we play pissed as hell Sith, ‘Brutus’ don’t deserve no cop, good or bad. Which estate are we headed to, planetary, asteroidal?”

“True Pel. He’s not one of the ones hiding at his estate, info places him in a cheap boarding house in Taras.”

“You take the front, I’ll take the back, we meet in the middle?”

“Sounds good, just remember not to kill him before we get information.”

“Oh trust me, he’ll wish I had killed him before you get a hold of him, I know you had training in interrogations- I was only a Sector Ranger”

“You going to keep bringing up these old rumors, people are going to start believing them….besides that was like 20 years ago”

“Ah-hah- the rumors are true…of course I should have known that when you agreed to find ‘Brutus’ in the first place.”

“Pel, you know I never confirm or deny any of the rumors about me, unless its about my private liquor stash, then I always deny.”

Pel pointed at a run-down building approaching rapidly in front of them. “That it?”

“Yep, he’s got a ground floor, corner room – probably hopes we can’t outflank him that way.”

“No problem, I can put a good illusion outside one of his windows, while I crash through the other.”

“Sounds good- I’ll put this thing down on the other side of the building, he won’t see or hear it, and we won’t have to walk as far.”

“I like the way you think.”

Hades brought the shuttle down silently on repulsors, and the two old Sith swiftly moved into position. Pel reached out to find the mind of ‘Brutus’ and implanted an illusion of a squad of armed men moving at the window where neither he nor Hades were.

“Now!” Pel thought, throwing the short message telepathically out to Hades. As soon as the thought was sent; Pel leapt through the rear window, and heard Hades burst through the front door. Exiting the bedroom he found himself in, Pel saw ‘Brutus’ already on the floor – seemingly held in place by an invisible force.

“Looks like you got him, Hades.”

“And now, ‘Brutus’, we will discuss the location of your hidden rebel base.”

\*\*Fade to Black\*\*