**Brutal to Brutus**

**SBM Hades #8596**

 Brutus feigned ignorance. "What base? I am a shop keeper! I know nothing of a base of any sort!" Hades smirked before turning to Pel.

"My friend, can you please bring me a black bag I keep in the shuttle's cockpit? You'll know it when you see it."

"Oh, most certainly." Pel turned and exited the small room for the shuttle. Hades noisily dragged a wooden chair from the table to where Brutus sat. Striking fast, Hades' boot connected with the side of the man's face. Teeth smashed and cracked, and flashes of light exploded like fireworks in his vision. Hades produced a set of stun cuffs and secured Brutus' hands behind him before placing him square on his back. He then sat the chair over his torso, the bottom rung of the chair partially blocking the airway.

 Hades then sat on the chair with the back facing towards Brutus. Hades tilted his head down at his prey and smiled.

 "Comfy?"

"Screw off!" he manage with quite a bit of effort.

"That's the spirit! Keep that up. It makes this much more interesting." Pel entered the room with a black bag and smiled at his friend.

"I see you started without me."

"Oh, this? Just getting to know the idiot. Switch places?"

"Definitely!" Pel jumped at the opportunity. The two quickly switched places. Hades reached into the bag and pulled out a larger than normal datapad. He then took a small needle from the side and stabbed it into Brutus' arm then withdrew. Hades was so focused that he did not even hear the man scream, or realize that he had hit bone. He replaced the needle then hit a few buttons and placed the datapad over the man's face and scanned.

"What... what is that?" Grunted Brutus, as he starts to show his nervousness.

"Oh this? Something I picked up while working for Imperial Intelligence. Did you know I used to be in charge of counter-intelligence for the Emperor's Hammer? Such a rewarding job, that one." Hades said as Pel chuckled a bit.

"I remember that. Oh I miss the Intelligence Division. Perfect place for Sith, really." Pel lamented, smiling to himself. Hades grinned and nodded.

"Yes. The good old days." Hades turned his attention to Brutus once more, but this time his eyes held such malicious intent he knew Brutus could feel it in his bones.

"This, my poor man, is a wonderful piece of tech. This allows us to access Imperial AND Republic medical databases looking for matches."

"Matches for what, exactly?" Brutus became concerned and stared at the machine, silently willing it to fail.

"Thanks for asking!" Pel said as he smacked the man across his face. "Matches to you, of course. We are looking for any and all familial ties you may or may not have. See, we know torture works only about half the time, so how do we make that as close to 100% as we can? We kill off relatives!"

"What?! But,.. no!" Brutus began to visibly struggle under Pel's chair against the restraints.

"We have a winner!" Hades happily proclaimed. "Let's see. We have Mr. and Mrs. Dineir on Correllia. Your parents I'm guessing? And... ah! Jackpot! I see a Mira Dineir, your daughter! Mother is Yasmine Dineir, your wife. Both of.. Yridia II. Aww, how nice! So close."

"Hey Hades, guess what's for Dineir?!" Pel said. The two Sith laughed quite loudly as Brutus began sobbing on the floor uncontrollably.

"Well, they don't have to be." Hades said once the laughing stopped. Brutus slowed his sobbing to look at this evil being standing in front of him.

 "H..how?" For the first moment Brutus saw light at the end of the tunnel.

"Simple. Give us a name. A GOOD name of who is responsible for the murdering of our friend and fellow Tarenti, Rekio. Do that, and one of them might live." Pel said, peering down into the man's soul.

"But, if you give us more. Say several names and locations that pan out..." Hades looked at Pel, who nodded. "Then your family will not be touched."

"DEAL!" screamed Brutus. Pel and Hades looked at each other.

"Talk." Pel said.

"We are being financed off system. They wanted the Tarenti gone. They told us if we were able to overthrow and kill most or all of the Tarenti we would be rewarded land and freedom! I am not sure who, but they are on a station!"

"How!?" demanded Hades.

"There were a few communiqués from a station called Cit Alpha to our leaders while I was given a briefing. That is where they were supposed to receive their final orders from. They called it 'the station' from then on!"

Hades took a step back as anger took hold of him. Pel stood up from the chair and gave Hades an inquisitive look. Hades motioned for him to step aside as he took out his lightsaber and ignited it. He threw the chair and stood over Brutus.

"I told you that truth! I have more information!" he begged.

"That is why you live!" Hades then swept his blade through the man's knees, severing both appendages. He then leaned down and punched the screaming traitor, knocking him unconscious. Hades replaced his lightsaber and backed away. Pel looked at him. Hades locked eyes with his friend.

"Citadel Alpha." Hades said.

"Which is?" Pel asked.

"Taldryan.."