Wuntila tumbled over the table in the makeshift interrogation cell in a most unceremonious fashion. His dancing partner, Braecen Kaeth, had just put him through several *advanced* steps in their tango. Apparently, the Sith Elder was not an advocate of resolute silence during their foray into partner’s discussion. The Battlelord felt almost nostalgic being tossed around by his former Quaestor – having once served as Aedile under the Adept. He choked out a laugh and further infuriated the Corellian.

“I will have your ass for this one,” Braecen raged. The Equite could not help but think of all the times members of the Erinos Clan had made similar proclamations. Wuntila was not sure that both parties had the same intentions, but he felt reasonably safe in the assumption he would not like what Braecen was offering.

Wuntila grinned evilly, “If you want my ass, at least buy me a drink.”

The Elder’s eyes widened in disbelief and outrage. ***One. Two. Three.*** The right fist of the Sith Elder lanced into the left temple of the blue mountain of a man before him. Each strike seemed to bring a small modicum of euphoria to the interrogator while it diminished the will of the interrogated. “I will have answers, Wuntila! I will know why you slaughtered an Elder of the Brotherhood, an ally of Clan Arcona, and a personal friend!” The Elder bellowed his frustration outward and in its wake an uncomfortable silence fell over them.

“Does it make you afraid, Kaeth?”