It all started with an evil laugh.

The Battle Lord opened his eyes, looking upon a dark empty room. Hands behind his back tied down to the chair in durasteel cuffs, an evil laugh returning to the room echoing off the walls. Silent’s mouth was filled with a metallic coppery taste as he began to speak, he spit out the blood.

“You going to stop laughing and come out Sarin…sorry Pravus.” Silent said

“That’s Grand Master Pravus.” He spoke as he stepped out of the Darkness

“What do you want Pravus?”

“After all these years, you think I want something. Come on we go back years before my ascension.” Pravus said

“Yes an ascension that you killed, lied, and stole from Muz.” Silent replied

The laughter returned followed by a lighting strike to the Shi’ido chest.

“So true Silent, you know me better than my own lackeys.” Grand Master said

“I say again what do you want?”

“Information, access codes, ship movements, troop numbers, defensive protocols. You know the basics, oh and the location of you HQ planet.” Pravus demanded

This time it was Silent’s laughter that filled the room and two more people approached the Battle Lord from behind.

Two hours later, the Shi’ido had been water boarded, electrocuted, beat, cut, and pieces of his body had been cut off, but the Sith still laughed.

“I am surprised Silent, it seems I have taught you something after all.” Pravus said

“Tell me Pravus, is this how you treat all your dates? Or am I your special someone?” Silent replied

“Oh you are a special something alright.”

“Pravus if you wanted all this info why did you go after Teylas or Selika, or better yet put a mole within the clan?” Silent replied

“I could of, but then a war would have kicked off early, and you seem to be the perfect fit. High enough in rank to go out on your own, won’t be missed if you disappear for long periods of time. You have access codes that no lower ranking in your clan would have. Plus your Clan is no longer taking new members, something about keeping their new Home planet a secret.”

“I am sure there were others in the Clan who fit that description.” Silent said

“Oh Silent, like I said hours ago. You and me go way back, I miss our little chats, well minus all the torture…well I like that part, you may not.”

“Still upset that I didn’t want to follow your path.” Silent replied

“No I understand, you wanted to search the galaxy to save your dying wife. Though we have an amazing medical facility.”

“So what’s next? What else do you have left to do to me?” Silent said

“Now I will let you rest, maybe pick up tomorrow.” Pravus replied

The Grand Master once again disappeared into the darkness and soon the Battle Lord feel into a deep sleep. When he awoke he was back in his ship the Fearless, sitting in a chair looking up at his wife frozen in carbonite. *Just a really realistic dream*. Silent thought. The Battle Lord headed to the cockpit and set in cords back to Aliso.

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Interrogation room

Grand Master stood over the sleeping Battle Lord.

“I guess torture was not good enough, so now I have to trick your mind. Sorry Silent one way or another Aliso will be mine.” Pravus said.