



## A KISS IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE

*Savant Varuk Kru of Clan Naga Sadow  
(#9056)*

**Interrogation D-2**  
**Warhost Temporary Command, Temple of Sorrow**  
**Sepros, Orian System**  
**34 ABY**

Sevarus looked from Bentre to the brains and blood splatter on the exit and accompanying wall, then to the body of his brother Archibald on the floor; his emotions holding steadfast. The perfectly machined black barrel of his BR-5010 Slugthrower Pistol was still warm to the touch. The Proconsul smiled, satisfied with what had just transpired, and departed without other comment. Thaad had proved he was dedicated to Clan Naga Sadow and was willing to sacrifice familial ties to prove it - exactly what was expected of him.

The Ace looked away from the lifeless body of his former brother to one of the two guards, both of whom were wiping the spatter from their armour. This was likely not what either of them had expected when reporting for their shift.

“What will you do with his body?”

The soldier on the left side of the door stopped his wiping motions, looking over at the black armour-clad Commander. Thaad showed no sign of negative emotion over his recent actions, almost relieved he was able to prove his loyalty by murdering a traitor; family or not. It wasn't hard, after all - he had been a capable yet soldier for almost ten years, and the time he had spent fighting had shaped his way of thinking. His loyalties were to Naga Sadow, not his family.

“The traitor's remains will be incinerated,” the guard began, “We don't give funerals to scum like this.” Sevarus looked back down at his brother's body, before holstering the one BR-5010 Slugthrower Pistol he *did* have on his person and grabbing his matte-black helmet off the table. He didn't care what actually happened to the remains, he just wanted to ensure the body wouldn't reach his estranged mother back on Tarthos. The guard he had been speaking to escorted the Tarthosan to the remainder of his weapons and equipment, all of which he was more than happy to retrieve.



**Personal Quarters Inside Coil  
Kar Alabrek  
Tarthos, Orian System**

Thaad returned to his quarters in Coil following his exhausting trip to Sepros, avoiding conversation with everyone. On the hyperspace jump home, it had sunk in that he had just murdered his own brother in cold blood. Immediately upon entering his room, the towering human began shedding equipment and weapons, stripping down to the skin-tight body glove of his armour and leaving the floor a cluttered mess.

A glass of amber liquor was poured a moment later, consumed almost as fast as it had been poured. Sevarus repeated the process until no more liquor remained, and fell asleep on the floor. After waking with a killer headache, the Loyalist contemplated what he was going to say to his mother, whom he also hadn't spoken to since enlisting with Dlarit ten years ago. How could he tell her after all this time that he had put a slug between the eyes of her youngest son? Her favourite son. Surely it would destroy her.

The contemplation took up most of the morning, before Thaad decided against delivering the whole truth to his mother. Although he knew it was something he should tell her in person, part of him was afraid she would figure out the truth; she always had a knack for telling when he was lying, and this was one subject she was better off not having the whole story to. By midday the soldier had written an appropriate message, reviewing it one more time.

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*Mother,*

*It is with immense regret that I must inform you of some news regarding Archibald Thaad. Your son has committed high treason, and has been executed accordingly. I'm sorry.*

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With a slight nod to himself, believing that was the best message he could draft, Sevarus pressed send on the datapad screen and sent the transmission. His mother never responded to the message, and was found to have killed herself a day later. The Loyalist visited her grave shortly after the funeral to pay respects to the woman who birthed him, emotions absent.

He spent the next two weeks drinking, as talk of conflict began to stir.

