

Bentre's Quarters
Temple of Sorrow
Sepros, Orian System

35 ABY

"How much longer are we really going to wait?" Bentre's voice was agitated as he shuffled through his desk.

"You should know me better than that Kairn'tel, love." There was something different about her voice. "Since when have I been one to run from the face of danger? Especially when there remain traitors among us." There was something off about her tone, her intonation. There was a judgement in her eyes as she followed the Proconsul's movement from the desk to the bed table.

"I have to stay here still. We have discussed all that weeks ago. Someone has to keep the order within the Clan. This all would have been bad enough if I had just been dealing with the betrayal of Kojiro Keibatsu. He keeps pushing for rebellion in our ranks. I had planned to keep you both safe. I can't keep my mind on both things with this new threat."

"What new threat? What is going on? Surely it can't be as bad as all that." Tasha's eyes narrowed as she watched her husband going from place to place. He continued to retrieve various weapons hidden in particular points around the room. He kept throwing the weapons and tools collected into a long carrying bag. Clothing had already been shoved inside along with a small collection of books and mementos.

"There really is not enough time to explain to you, Tasha. I might still have my duties here but that shouldn't doom you and Lyna'Vel. The two of you can go into hiding or return to Ryloth. They seem preoccupied with the Brotherhood. At least there is a chance that you both can escape the potential carnage to come."

"The child will be just fine. She has the two of us to protect her."

"You have to be mad." Bentre shook his head vehemently. "This is our prodigy you are talking about. I mean, vengeance is one thing but this is an innocent life we are talking about. A life that we brought into being."

The Twi'lek shook her head slowly. "Do you have any doubts as to your abilities then, Bentre? Where you once held life by the throat, you now cower when you face death yourself? Is this the face of the Sith, the face of a Sadowan you choose to display?"

"That is not fair. You can't make that comparison." Stahoes' normally even tone cracked as his face flushed. "The laboratory experiments with Sith Alchemy are not equitable to the life of our child for a grudge. I sought the Sithspawn methods to potentially strengthen our daughter. Your plan puts her into needless danger."

The Verea family's matriarch walked over calmly and slowly, placing her hand upon the mechanical arm of her lover. As their eyes met, Bentre could see a brief flash of something- what exactly, perhaps anger or determination- flash in her eyes. "The time to run has long passed for us, Kairn'tel. If War has come upon us, let us meet it face on."

This made a kind of sense, he realized. Bentre looked from the bag to his wife and back. Heaving a sigh, he turned the container over to spill out the contents onto the bed. "Alright then. I guess we will dig in. I will gather the explosives, the guns, the armor and all the rest of my equipment. If all becomes too dire, I will leave the Hunter-Killer and astromech with Lyna'Vel aboard our ship. If all else fails, if we both die in battle, the droids will make sure our girl makes it to Ryloth. I will contact your brother in the morning and make the necessary arrangements."

Tasha'Vel Veresa gave an odd smile. "I suppose that will just have to do."