

"Come on, people! This way, this way!" Bentre bellowed, waving the prisoners of war toward the hanger bays. The crazed eyes of the prisoners were shared among long-thought lost members of the Brotherhood from a spattering of each of the Clans. There were Palatineans, Scholae, Sadowans, Taldryanites, Odanites, Plagueians and Arconans spread among those captured. Some bore the haunted looks of beings pushed to the brink, while others merely showed the grim, cruel eyes that demanded vengeance for their suffering. The others were from numerous worlds, of species the Corellian human could not recognize. Yet, they moved as an unstoppable wave of flesh, washing over the resistance offered by the impertinent strength of the Collective.

The sight of the rebelling prisoners was a sight to behold. It was a sweet sight for the war-wearied Sith, for a time. That was, as long as the sight lasted. The madness of capture by the factions of the Collective proved to be too much for some of the humanoids. A cluster of Twi'leks turned, their teeth flashing dangerously in the artificial light as they turned on their fellow prisoners. There was blood, and pain, and screaming as the fury of fist and the force turned on the forced comrades turned traitors. The coppery scent seemed to waft right to the Sadowan Consul.

"Cull out the wretched blood!" Stahoes bellowed over the rabble. "Once it has been purged from your midst, you can focus your eyes on the real enemy. Together, comrades, we will topple the three columns that represent your captivity, your torture, and your conversion! Turn to the Brotherhood, or turn back, and we will show you a conversion to true power! We will show you true freedom in the madness of this whole kriffing galaxy! To arms, all ye beings! To arms!"

Caught up in the moment, the Warlord activated his lightsaber with a crack-hiss. Whipping the now-activated ice-like blue energy blade over his head, he joined in with the charge. Joining in with the wave of sentient rage, he felt for the first time in years, at one with the flow of the Force. He did not often lend credence to the idea of the will of the Force. But in this point in time, Bentre Kairn'tel Stahoes had no doubts that he was exactly where the Force would have him to be. So sure was he of his place in the galaxy, that he did not feel the betrayal that followed him until the tip of the vibroblade emerged from the front of his chest.

That was when the pain began. As Bentre fell to his knees, he heard a familiar laughter. He swiveled his head to lock eyes with his attacker. A Rodian, the very image of an old enemy was grimacing down at him. It was as though his old gang traitor had come back from the grave.

"But you were supposed to be dead."

The eyes looked down coldly, with a pity that seemed to speak. They seemed to say "but nothing can stop vengeance. Your crimes must be judged. Death is no great obstacle." These silent accusations brought tears to the Sadowan Consul, the fleeing Corellian, the wannabe Sith Lord's eyes. As Bentre tried to blink away the eyes, the vengeful face of Garan was replaced with the insane, darting eyes of another face in the crowd. Stahoes was doomed to fall here, to the likes of a common being.

It was a sad way to die. If only he had went in with some back up. Gods only knew how badly he wished he could live. Gods only heard those silent, frantic prayers for mercy before the whole of his world went black.